

Title: Torquent et Vociferor

Deep in our bones we suffer,
Cut and cast in agony.

Muscle -
Fiber -
Tendon -
Ligament -
Each compels the last
Iron chains ripped across the floor.

Hardened bodies,
 twisting and
 shouting and
 straining for escape,
Expose flesh to serpent's strike.
Constricted in coils as torment burns through veins.

Like tethers to this earth,
Our limbs are heavy with the weight of a slowing heart.
Every beat closer to expiration.

Our eyes stretch to the skies
To once more defy the dust,
Before our unending bondage below.

Deep are our bones when we at last rest.

Title: Chalice

I really wish somebody would have
told me this is how it feels.

How sunlight
doesn't warm you anymore
with loving touch but
berates you with licks of fire. How water
doesn't plump your cheeks with
cool satisfaction but instead
leaves you cracked and dry in its wake.
Or how everyone's unknowing, comfortable laughter
sends angry pulses into your skull
and fists.

I have a pain that floods body,
but I'm not ready to let others take a sip.
Until then, I take my grieving Communion alone.

Title: Early

We all felt it when she died.

The earth shuddered
as the girl, almost a woman,
was dragged out of Sky's sight.
She'd be here any minute now.
I am always certain.
Like Death and taxes - and I do both.

Clink.
The coin's toll was louder than usual.
At least she could afford it,
unlike those unfortunate ones.
I watched her climb in,
her blank face staring into nothing,
not a thought in her eyes.

Woe is me!
the current was strong today.
I felt unrest in the water.
No one wanted to see her here.
After she stepped onto shore,
I watched her move away.

That damn dog was barking
like crazy on the other side.
All those ears must've heard something.

But I heard it then
getting louder and louder
towards the door.
It was coming from outside.
By gods, it was sweet.
Gushed inside like honey
from a slice of the comb.

He broke
out of the darkness,
treading straight towards me.
We didn't speak,
but the flesh was striking,

his complexion hopeful
and eyes searching.

I sighed with reluctance.
Even I wouldn't dare refuse Him.
I was damn sure going to keep her coin, though.
I never liked these kinds of bargains.
That stupid box
gave them all sorts of ideas.
This was fuel to that fire.

She was waiting
right where I left her.
This time we drifted
across smooth glass,
only a slight wake
to tell us we were moving.
No one wanted her to stay.

A soft thud greeted us at the shore.
She was ready, but reserved.
He led her single file
up the well-worn steps
towards the door.
Even the dog kept a keen eye
as they disappeared into the dark.

Modesty is foreign to me,
but I was as close as I ever was to it then.
A mortal with four strings
and decent lungs
had turned the under over.

As my acceptance was brooding,
I heard a faint whisper.
"Farewell."
She soon drifted out of the same darkness
into the red glow.
He was too early,
and then it was too late.

I was certain again.

Title: Fresh Ink

Human beings tell stories.
We live our lives as stories,
and thus,
in a sense,
add to a great narrative of mankind.

The Great Impulse
to explain who we are
so aptly describes our compulsion
to reach out our arms
open our hands
face our palms up
and let others touch.
To let the drops of human connection
fall down
and make our hands wet.

We can't bear the droughts
when we are so dry
that sometimes our eyes
make the drops for us.
Some people carry buckets
trying so hard to hold on to each and every droplet
that they strain under the weight.
Too much or too little -
(quite often enough they occur together)
I don't know which is worse.

The rain washes us clean and renews our spirit
and freshens our ink.

Our story begins long before and after we are gone.
Our chapters are the way we weave our lines
in and out and under and over the great
letters written to us all. Sometimes
letters are too big for us to see
and others covered up or too small
for us to notice.

I hope that I write big.
I pray that I get my hands really wet
and keep the presses hot.
Dreaming with eyes wide
to read in my sleep.
Filling the pages, margins be damned,
to craft my story.

Title: keystrokes

a soft beat in my ears.
a soft air across my arms.
a soft tickle on my neck.

a hard floor under my foot.
a hard bench beneath my legs.
a hard crack before I go.

creating soft and hard waves under my fingertips
putting hard and soft breaths in my lungs.

hard keys

making
soft sounds

soft fingers

making

hard music

like pen across paper
black litters white
vertical and horizontal moves
creating something lasting
a different dimension altogether.

things move up you
through you
from you
to you
with you
[insert preposition here] + you.

the alphabet is suddenly 88
instead of 26
not a sum of their parts
but the emergent qualities
that arise
from your fingers' evolution.

breathing, pushing, stopping, starting, ebbing, flowing,

playing.