

SixFold February 2013 Poetry Entry

A Frequent Flyer Dreams

It's always the same, this dream.
I'm at 20,000 feet and falling to earth.
The air at this altitude is unnaturally
 warm and calm, comfortable even.
I have no idea how my body has
 loosed itself from the fuselage.
I know only that I am falling,
 my back arched to the ground
 my face turned toward heaven.
Neither arms nor legs flail.
My mind does not race through
 tasks unaccomplished, goals unrealized.
If anything, I am at peace,
 knowing that soon
 it will all be over.

###

SixFold February 2013 Poetry Entry

On the Apocalypse

12-22-12

See, they say,
December 21st came and went
And the world
Did not end!

But I'm not sure they're right.
What if the Apocalypse did happen,
And Hell is nothing more
Than the same dull
Daily doldrums of life
For all eternity?

Or worse, what if this is Heaven,
And what we've always had
Is as good as it
Will ever get?

My friend reminded me
that the Mayan calendar
is cyclical, and the end
is just the beginning of
the next cycle.

But, I explained,
That's what I'm afraid of.

###

SixFold February 2013 Poetry Entry

Here I lie

Here I lie,
bloody and broken,
amid the smoldering wreckage,
still hoping for
a smooth landing.

###