

Over the Rainbow Bridge

By the pool
with my Danes,
and the old Bull Mastiff.
His muzzles gone white,
And he refuses to cross.
Because he knows the
pot of gold is a lie.

So he hobbles
where he pounced.
Lets the squirrels get too close.
And sometimes he poops in the house.
The Danes give him shit
cause they know he's got old
And maybe they know I've gone soft.

His one eye's is bad, cuz he
couldn't see the stick.
He looks like a submarine from above.
He thinks he can break
the no-begging rules.
Maybe he knows I've gone soft.

He sleeps a lot more,
But still wags his big tail.
And chews up his nails
to the quick.

I tell him to stop, but he pays me no mind.

Maybe he knows I've gone soft.

Each morning I check to see

if he's still here.

And sometimes he gives me a scare.

I get down on my knees

to watch his chest for a heave.

Maybe he knows I've gone soft.

But I secretly I hope the

Decision is his,

And he floats in the wind

past the clouds,

Chasing the birds like Garland did

Over the rainbow bridge.

ENough

Micro-plastic in the water – GMO's abound

Round-up's in our cereal - Hormones in the cows.

Chickens are in prison – Skeeters got the Z

Climate's getin warmer – “just by a degree!”

Trash floats in the oceans - Amazon's mowed down

Arctic ice is meltin - Hurricanes comein round.

Fires in the forest - Kim has got the nukes

Herbicides, insecticides - Birds just wanna puke!

Radiation fallout - meltdown on the cusp

Frackin for the oil - we can't get

E Nough.

Holes in the ozone – methane's in the air

Species are depletin - Galapagos are rare.

Shootin in the synagogues - God ain't got our backs,

Trump is in his tower - Terrorists attack!

War is never ending - Devil's at the helm

Ice is killin youngsters - poverty overwhelms.

Children are for sale - babies by design

Traffickin of women - Isn't that a crime?

People are illegal - wall is going up

“Murders and rapists”?- We have had

E Nough.

Viruses migratin - Covid in our eyes

Lookin for the answers - what we get are lies.

Pangolin, bat, civet cat - Animals to blame

Can't be Chemical warfare – that would be a shame.

Creepin in their territory - Maybe they're fed up

Time for our come-upins? - Earth has had

E Nough.

Ending Lines

#1

Digging for dirt.

My fingers found it hiding in his drawer.

Back as far as the boundaries could be pressed.

Under argyle socks and old man boxers

my flanges felt for what lay in wait.

And found it. An unassuming envelope.

My emancipation proclamation, though I didn't know it.

Guilt aside, deft fingers pried.

Glided over lines decoded. Words unhinged.

By him who I called husband,

Get out and get out quick!

I didn't cry. I seethed.

#2

Free floating.

Swimming against the tide of sleep

through concrete walls of sand.

Slammed by sorrow when I woke,

Body bleeding away the cocoon

that held him or her.

They said fetus, because they didn't know.

Dissipating soft lost soul.

Clinging to him who I called husband two. He said,

I didn't want it anyway.

Those words dismembered me.

#3

Waiting.

For his arrival. Too damn long.

Holding onto promises like water streams.

Shored by memories made of morning fog.

Reconciliation cradled in my arms,

He pressed for me to sign another,

His emancipation proclamation.

He who was called husband three by me.

I declined, and he retorted

Greedy, selfish, little bitch

His words burned my ears and singed my soul.

#4

He said,

I love you

I got out quick.

I didn't want it anyway

I'm a greedy, selfish, little bitch.

The Cricket's Song

I listen to the cricket's trill. Thinking
there is nothing else, until the breeze
joins them in concert, skittering
leaves and clattering my wind
chime.

I attend to the contour
of the Mango tree, against
the clouded sky. The wind rustles
the leaves and washes my face. In
cold embrace.

The dog sneezes, then yaps
at some distant howl. A chorus
of barking commences. Echoes.
Crescendos, then halts
for the Crickets' refrain.

What I would have done
is call you. But you have ceased
to be. I listen instead
to the crickets.
Cadence.