

Supernova

I will not go easily

Into the infinite dark.

These forces will end me.

I will implode in a brilliance of molecules and a sudden beam of light.

But I will not go easily.

I will stand here, on the edge of time

Grit my teeth

Tuck my chin

Throw my head back and roar.

Faced with the unknown

I resolve to fight this war

As an equal and opposite.

Planting my feet deep in undiscovered substances

That pull away from me.

This feeling is a sun-lit memory

Of rolled up laughter

Harmonizing with the stony stream

Fumbling and slipping on slime

Working to stay upright in the fast currents of Spring

And I cry out

Because there is no sunlight here.

The shape of this place is infinity.

From the safety of land I know it must seem beautiful.

Make your observations, Earth-dweller.

From a distance.

Wonder at the phenomenon pulling at me.

Ask yourself if there is an end.

Will I emerge into a deafening silence,

Blinded by the light?

Or will this perfect black shred me forever?

I am too consumed

To concern myself with these matters.

Too close to the warping pull

For any real perspective.

So I just dig my feet in deeper

And lean in.

Hail Mary

It's a blind shot.

One in a million.

The flexion in my bow pulled into tension

Reflected bodies

Our slight and slender limbs proving more resilient

Than this constricting heart

Dying inside the tangle of strings attached

Boomerang operations underway

To reel in the moon and the stars.

Escape plans disguised as midnight dances

Fairy rings and daisy crowns

Pulled into Pagan roots and bloody thorns

Right where they belong

So break bread.

Blood drinkers, take the offering of my exposed soul.

The steel pressed to my throat was

Forged in Samurai fires for a thousand years

Unmatchable.

I take great pride in this warrior's honor

So drink of me.

I've entered the ring of fire

With a killer's grin on my face.

You stand no chance against the flames

But I was born of them

And will gladly thence return

Ashes to ashes

Blowing free

Dust to dust

Wiped away.

Hail Mary, full of Grace, you are my Mother.

Blessed are thou among all women staking small graves

Hammer falls shuddering heavy

Leadden and rageful

Echoing into the night

Screams muffled into blue mantles

No prayers in the bellies of these sacrificial souls.

Mama

Be with me at the hour of my death.

Sacred Smoke

Release me where the the earth rises

Scraping the sky in great peaks

You are the fiercest thing I can remember

Ever approaching my grassy hill

This is the greatest weight I can remember

Ever taking up

I watched you approach from a long way off

Your rhythm matching the green so perfectly

I was sure you were just another blade of grass

Thundering drum beats coming from your feet

From deep within the earth

Living in the air between us

The look in your eyes said you knew me from before

When I was a drifter

I watch the grasses parting under your feet

Inviting you to walk

Listen as you tell me the green is sacred

More ancient and more lasting than our upright blip

So I learn to move around the holy blades

And they begin to move around me

Until I am holding woven braids of grass

Burning in my palms

Cleaning the dirt from this place

Dispelling evil in perfumed smoke

A tradition felt by all people in all places

Inherently knowing the power of fragrant fires

I would go up in flames if I could

So build me a pire in quiet reverence

I will perfume it with my last exhale.

Rain

I welcomed the rain

Because it hid my tears

No one would know now

Or maybe we would all understand.

A lamentation for all

Shared under the falling veil of summer rains.

I did not hide my face from those I passed on the street.

I did not look away from them

And they did not look away from me

Our eyes speaking of the collective spirit

Felt among all people in pain.

We understand the fears, the anger

And most of all the exhaustion

Great pain causes.

Walking in the rain

My fellows listened to my story, told in a glance, of how

I clenched my jaw and balled my fists and

Turned into the wind.

They nod as we pass, telling me they see the remnants of death

Clinging to me.

And I smile, to tell them yes, oh death

Death rolled over me
With a fierceness and fury I had not known before
A shockwave
Of infinite reverberations.
And a magnetic hum ripples at our backs
As we continue on our way
Sharing our silent stories
In glances
Glad of the rain washing salt from our cheeks
Glad our tears can run freely
And be washed away in an instant
Knowing all our pain would be collected in communal urns
Those dips in sidewalk cement
That take what life gives them
So our steps can come a little lighter as we walk
Shedding our pain
And soaking the earth
Sighing together
As we rush past
In the rain.