

# Losing Sarah

## The Uninvited Guest - A Sestina

She came uninvited and never gives me peace.

The visitor never sleeps but is never fully awake.

She inflicted a bruise on my heart. Purple. Deep. And dark.

She slithered into my house and made herself at home.

From her, there is no place to hide.

She has divided my life into before and after, jagged shards of time.

What I am left with is never enough peace to endure time.

And yet, where is the time to find peace?

She watches me every moment - I have no place to hide.

Even in my dreams, the two of us are together. And awake.

My heart. My Soul. My Brain. My veins. She calls them all her home.

At dawn. At dusk. In the light, she is there. And, in the dark.

Coffee provides scalding relief. Her cold hands cannot not touch the black, the sweet, or the dark.

The chair on the porch provides a place to rock away the time.

She is the warden of this house that provides a prison that used to be my home.

The wind blows her weak power away and provides my only taste of memory and peace.

My bed provides a place for her to lie with me - always awake.

Steamy showers provide foggy places to hide.

Laughter, fun and youthfulness, from me, the seem to hide.

She chased them away - their place so far and lost and dark

The future, existing if only for a moment, never is awake.

She tainted my past with her theft of old time.

She tortures my present with her scorching of my peace.

She murdered my future with her bleeding invasion of home.

I hate the night - It allow those hauntings to come home.

And yet I cherish it for its many nooks in which to hide.

I curse her because she curse my peace.

She extinguished my light and now I wait in the dark.

She eavesdrops. She spies. She touches my time.

Even when God and I are the only ones awake.

Even now, she taps on my sleepy heart as I lie awake.

Searching for warmth and comfort and relief in my own home.

While the rest of the world is spared from the raw, cold fragments of time.

I hope some day she finds a new place to hide.

Thought I think I will miss her presence in my dark.

Maybe she has become a part of my tenuous peace.

Before she moved in, I didn't know from her I needed to hide.

So bitter. So lifelong. So tender. So dark.

Her name is Sorrow, Thief of Peace.

## **Blood Money - A Villanelle**

Blood money is so expensive.

She took up so much space in my life and yet she was so small.

It costs part of my soul, part of my heart, all of my peace.

Food, sleep, breath. Just enough to sustain.

When she was born she looked so Native...a little dark doll.

Blood money is so expensive.

Platitudes, niceties, I'm so sorrys. I feel your pain.

No you don't. You don't know that I died that night as I spread the news...a little with each call

It costs part of my soul, part of my heart, all of my peace.

Hell on Earth first. Then Heaven to gain.

Foggy, unformed, blurred, indistinct - all of me in a pall

Blood money is so expensive I will never find relaxed. I will never find comfort. I will never find sane.

It is thick. It is opaque. It is impenetrable, my wall.

It costs part of my soul, part of my heart, all of my peace.

Never sunshine, often wind, always and everyday rainbows without the bow...only rain.

I turned my back for just a second and so far from grace was my fall.

Blood money is so expensive.

It costs part of my soul, part of my heart, all of my peace.

## **Her - A Tanka**

Carefree

I miss myself

and unaware sunshine

she who I was before sunset

dark heart

## **Magic Pennies - A Cinquain**

I need a thousand pennies

and a magic wishing well

I would spend a penny to see brown eyes.

A few more cents for no more goodbyes

and the rest to break me from my sorrowful cell