

Obsession

Your name repeats in my mind,
repeats in my mind,
and sits behind my eyelids as I try
to flutter off to sleep.

The unanswered texts and emails.

Your phone answering instead of you.

I'd like to flush my thoughts down the drain,
as watch as each individual letter swirls on down
in a watery spiral.

But I embrace my thoughts, embrace your name,
clinging onto it so it will not escape.

Death and I sit at a Table

Death and I sit at a table

and He serves me tea

on a floral platter.

“Why are you so afraid of me?” He asks.

A slither of sunlight makes its way

through the curtains

and falls on his skeletal face.

Death has a quizzical expression on, like a curious child,

as he tilts his bony head.

He wears a black cloak and His

Scythe leans against His chair.

“Well for one,” I say,

“I am never sure when you’re going to kill me.”

“Understandable.”

He offers me a scone, and I take one.

“A lot of people are afraid of you, by the way,” I add.

“Sometimes people are so afraid of me, they forget Life, they forget how to live,” he says,

“What kind of life is it, for someone, to keep on thinking about me?”

We sit there in silence, sipping our tea and munching

on scones, the birds chirping, the curtains swaying.

I glare at him. *“It can’t be helped, you use that scythe far too much,*

on far too much people. Do you have the right to even say that?”

“Maybe so, maybe not,” he says. *“But I think you should give Life a visit instead of me.”*

Wrath Haiku

Bottled up anger

will soon explode in

shards that slice and burn.