

THE BURDEN OF AGE

I sit

I observe the woman resting atop the bed

She barely moves. Can't move.

Her legs are weak

Fragile baby

Eggshell skin

One twist. One turn. Easily broken.

I sigh

I'm tired. Selfish. I want to leave.

I can't

Twelve hours of:

Gameshows. Local news.

Changing briefs

Making food she doesn't eat

Small talk to pass the time

Boredom

I'll do some dishes, throw in a load

Look at pictures scattered around

Smiling faces. Happy. Healthy. Young.

How she must detest that bed

Hates those age-ravaged legs

A burden

An inconvenience

I don't want to end that way

Neither did she

THE DEAD HORSE HOLLER

Down the winding road between the Cedars,
Overgrown and shrouded by vines and creepers,
Exists a mysterious place within the briar thickets.
Hear the somber tones of the crows and crickets.

From within this profane copse they chirp and caw,
Until the sunlight fades and the darkness falls.
What lies quietly beneath the fern covered ground?
Flesh long decayed, only bones left scattered round,

Til the spirits rise as the moon's dappled light shines.
Hear the guttural roars as the ghostly horses' whine.
See them galloping through the white swirling mists,
Shaking off the vestiges of death as they resist,

Their long cold slumber beneath the soil and trees,
For the moon's pale kiss has set them free.
No longer harnessed to plows or earthly leads,
Roaming the midnight valley, are these ghastly steeds.

Their eyes are alight, smoldering with an eerie glow,
In their wake burns a path of hellfire and brimstone.
Should you hear the thunder of this spectral stampede,
Hide for your life, take caution, pay particular heed.

Lest trampled beneath their hooves of fire you falter,
And you too, become one with the Dead Horse Holler.

SHIT STORM

Frustration. Confusion. Fear...

Entangled, becoming one.

In the chaotic storm, we lose our humanity.

The ideal slips away like a mask.

We shed our skin.

We are selfish. Bottom feeders fed by instinct.

At storm's eye, you are in control...

While those in the wind struggle to survive.

The storm is daunting, a raging, maniacal beast,

Thriving on our emotions, our "human" nature.

The storm has a secret...

Only the storm has real power.

The storm consumes us, feasting on each pound of flesh.

Regurgitates to pit us against each other,

So, we can drown in our private hell.

Powerless are those caught in the storm.

Change creates enemies, choose a side.

Up or down, left, or right,

None are correct...

Just caught in a web that doesn't give a shit.

WAITING

Old woman. A living husk.

A picture of pain.

On a shitty mattress atop a steel frame.

Waiting for death.

Watching gameshows that have already been won.

Staring out the scenic windows.

Passing cars. There goes the mail carrier.

Birds feasting at the feeder.

A cardboard box tumbles with the wind.

The box is empty, yet it holds so much...

Broken legs cannot run,

But a hazy mind can wish.

Sometimes even a an aged-rattled brain can remember,

Even when the body can't make more.

Memories are all that's left,

As she waits for death.

AFTER A LONG DAY, I ASK MYSELF...

Why are people such assholes?

Is it the nature of the beast?

Why on other's pain do we feast?

Does hate and anger not take a toll?

How miserable is life to carry such a burden?

Bitterness, Resentment, Hatred, and Envy.

All caught up inside a self-made frenzy.

Where does the emotional coaster end?

Is all the self-inflicted torture worth the cost?

The headaches, the hassle, the stress!

Who amongst us is truly worth impressing?

In the end, we are all just plain lost.

There are connections between our souls!

We've more in common than we think.

All just trying to stay afloat versus sink.

So why are people such assholes?