

## Scavengers

Bones grating on bones  
The gnarly sound.  
Scavengers all around  
Tumbling rocks on stones.

That strong earthy smell.  
Shadows in the night  
The birds take flight,  
And then the toll of the bell.

Dawn approaches  
Creatures scatter,  
Leaving all fatter,  
And all that's left are the roaches.

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## Dive of Death

Beating heart and ragged breath.  
The blood pulses through the veins  
Preparing to take the dive of death.

The sirens swell below.  
The view so distant.  
The descent so slow.

Rushing wind blows my hair.  
Concrete pavement approaches,  
Pain then, bliss, then nothing there.

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## Women's Vociferation

Like ashes, like oceans gathering themselves,  
the chilling wind of rage rattles my bones.  
No longer stifled, timid sparrow, wasps explode from my mouth.  
Like dust, like crippled, battered birds,  
victims are silenced. But no more.  
How dare those lions,  
roaring, and tearing at our wings,  
they forget we form the gold of their crowns.  
Like storm, like strong howling flame,

we shall claim our rightful perch.  
Caged doves of the master,  
prepare the tempest, sing the song faster.  
Like shouts, like one heaving united chorus,  
our voices ring as one.  
No lion shall rule us now.  
Like ashes, like oceans gathering themselves,  
the chilling wind of rage rattles my bones.

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#### Dream

That flower chills my dreaming.  
My conscience leaps from doting  
Upon such fearsome pansies.  
They crow, but overtake me.  
Release the anguish, thaw it!  
I wake to straying tidbits.

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#### Mirror

Surface smooth and depthless,  
long has it stood in its rounded shape.  
Resplendent but frigid,  
it stares out, like a single eye,  
judging your lavish, vermilion bedroom  
groaning in the hushed night.  
Pungent taste of mortality,  
striking, resolute, proclaiming fact.  
Lustrous elegant gold-leaf chandeliers  
grope frozen thoughts with icicle fingers.  
Mahogany furniture  
sighing mournful disillusionment,  
the music of wizened wood.  
Your atrocities disgust,  
reflecting repulsive age  
and penetrating into your infected soul,  
they smother you.  
Unflinching, the pupil witnesses the expulsion  
from the human shell  
you called life.  
You cannot sell  
the image contained  
in the mirror.

The terror  
of your face  
as you realize  
your sins are being watched,  
you shrink from  
yourself.  
"Foul, rapacious fiend!" the mirror screams,  
"What have you become?"  
Swiftly, a blur,  
truth now lies detached.  
Broken shards on velvet carpet.