

The Anatomy of Tragedy

Part 1 – My Red Scarf’s Omen

Dear Diary, Today
Our picnic in the woods
turned sour when the dandelions
blew over with the tide.

And the folds in the ground
reached in between my toes
while the fruit flies buzzed
over old caterpillar carcasses.

My mother meddled into the mind
of the youngest boy who cries
in his sleep

while the hypnotic bird convergence overhead
sang and could be heard for miles
and I put the red scarf
around my bristled neck.

My mother caressed the red-haired oval
on top of her bosom and
the youngest boy cried less.

And the twisted branches
crept into the youngest boy’s head
like in his dreams
when his scarecrow strangles his mother.

And the fruit flies scattered onto our blanket
as if they could smell the stench
coming from my mother’s tongue.

But for a serene moment
the bluebirds settled in a tree nearby
and they sang to my mother’s melody
of a sweet, sweet lullaby.

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Part 2 - The Vagabonds' Tumultuous Ballet

Sister always waits by the door;
bells ring incessantly,
barrels of worn wanderers roll along the streets
loud and unnerving and masking
the steel fingers drumming on the sidewalk.
A hat lingers on the windowsill
dancing to the atrocious beats
and I swipe her hair from her face
as sister's ears are intensely listening.
Underneath I feel hard footsteps shuffling violently,
the smell of rosemary is unbearable,
but sister still waits.
Sounds penetrate the grimy walls
slithering through the door without approval
and my hands are clammy and I'm reluctant and afraid.
Sister still waits by the door,
as dark venom seeps into us and over my arms
a shroud of dread raises goose bumps, my hairs turn to tough bristles.
Clicks like crab legs tap lightly through my mind,
eyes closed, ears open, mouth pursed,
I wait with sister.

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Part 3 - A Dreamer of Nightmares

Spinning
spinning
spinning,
around he goes.

The rocks under his feet sink roots into the ground as his toes clomp inharmoniously
to the chimes of laughter and gaiety; cruel dissociations from reality.

Unburned charcoal colors the landscape, dunes of the town's clandestine perils piled high
along the open streets and

alleys and gutters and rooftops so he can't see the higher road.

His dance has been done before but he does it again,

again

and again.

He never tires.

They always wait.

A cold wind swarms silently within this realm of hopelessness;

despair, a thing with fangs, claws at all innocence to rid this place of it.

He dances jovially, for the time is almost right,

it is always right for him, eventually, but always.

Smoke will signal abandonment

and then the ripe bulbs of reverie

will be his to smell

and taste

and pillage.