

Magnets and Flying

Earth.

The real achievement,
crown and glory,
complex, living, lasting,
evolving.

-When was the last time
we evolved?-

Praises sung for this floating mass,
watching duties charged to soldiers.

Earth,
giving work to those
pre-existing.

Watching
must lead
ultimately
to observation.

The human range of existence
Emotions, experiences, new,
sung to the Heavens.

-When was the last time
we knew

anything new?-

Potent magnets calling to me

I cannot resist.

Repetition well-known,

well established, drains

given enough time.

More than enough exists.

Unfitting and damning,

the novelty rich globe

stirs something forbidden

I cannot remove,

nor perhaps

do I wish.

My brothers whisper,

think I can't hear

the way they say

'curiosity'.

What is it like?

The question haunts me,

calls me,

tempts me,

infects me.

Falling.

The earth rushes

large, massive, *solid*,

to meet me in a sickening lurch.

Crunch and snap.

Dirt, muck, grime, coat feathers

stuck, sticking out disheveled

from what remains of wings

once shining

bright, white, gleaming.

Thick blood cakes

broken flight joints.

Weight suddenly physical

painfully presses shoulders low.

Confusion and numbness

roll in disoriented waves.

No white feathers remain.

Heaven looms distant,

an itch rapidly fading,

a link soon to sever.

Distance does not

support grace.

No return remains.

In dirt and blood

I have my answer.

'83

They left me in the summer of '83.

Leather and cotton bags soldiered down the sidewalk,
in the warm drought they did away from me.

Perched, I've remained watching the town
dappled underneath my hillside and expanding
for signs of anything, for signs of something
I may capture within my walls and halls.

My innards echo empty and hollow
devoid of their radiant life and noise,
absent of sung lullabies over wooden cribs
and the din of populations on Friday nights.

Bill and coin poured together to stitch my frame,
pull me out the earth to the sky,
a construction of visible pride.

Oh glory, oh glory,
in heavy priced detail, oh glory.

The prized and structured joy
to which the architects flocked,

hovering little birds,
the wide bay window.

The heat punched the glory from me
on that summer's eve.

The wind whistles high tunes
in its frosted pane absence.

My floor boards raise warped slopes in the halls,
mother nature's entrance through a weakened structure.
My walls wear cheap store spray in symbols and letters,
looters' identifying, dirty little fingerprints.

Visitors once in glamorous dresses,
impressive suits, and coal colored cars
have given way to those of a different breed-
the young, the curious, adventurous, daring,
pulled by testimonies framing pale remnants
dancing, signing, playing a once familiar hillside tune.

I am aware of my fall from grace.
Oh glory, oh glory, so very much dead,
lit in bright till ash remained
and the life and noise fell away
into neat little bags
taken from me

and placed upon the sidewalk.

Longing, a dry bone ache in me twisted,

I can only reach to the new visitors

with my limited means.

I can only turn the clocks back.

And when I do

they run.

Those Who Emerge (Show Signs)

Hell-worn, hell-given, the status
spoils in the blood. So that each inheritor
faces their dark demons, sharp toothed dragons,
their own little mix of quick thieves.
The unfortunate chosen always in due time.

Mind simply gives way, dips underneath,
with the weight of the
little metal ticking time bombs
traveling in the blood waves and blood veins,
twinkling and blinking down to detonation.

The assured monsters of each lay in wait
based on the flux and flow,
waiting for the pivotal moment
that brings the upset of the hormone cocktail
thrumming along organic pathways.

The biological faulty,
the predisposed tendencies
bound and given
by family and blood

to each and every.

A natural little curse

determined to stick

its teeth in every

single one.

The battlefields of each,

pocketed with mental wounds and damages,

tells each explosive story

and each near fatal risk-

That's what it is, near fatal,

not fatal-

that will haunt the inheritors,

young and fragile.

Tucked up against ribcages,

organs and spines

the curse runs rampant

stuck to the network,

parasite. Symbiotic.

The hosts, the inheritors,

pull against, pull from,

the blood-borne and blood-carried

as many have said and will say

what doesn't kill you only makes

you stronger and what makes you stronger
is only then a gift given in hell's wrappings.

Dark demons and sharp toothed dragons and
quick little thieves may, can be, simply,
rites of passage, age ceremonies, and tests.

When the smoke clears the battlefield
and the rickety years have come and passed
what hasn't killed has left behind
echoes of lessons and skill sets
given only through struggle, won only through hell.

And when the little time bombs and the monsters
waiting in the flux and flow of hormones in the brain
and blood fall back those who emerge show signs
of victory, might and triumphant. And they carry
the gifts that came with teeth.