

NIGHT AIR AND CONVERSATION

Stopping on the pavement in the central park

City lights to their left but the pine trees in front dashed moonlight

Song moved in the air and the Cowboy asked "Do you hear it?"

But nothing

Such a conversation was not like the morning walk

Such a renaissance sound, perfect for nostalgia

And for always knowing that person should be there

Side by side openly mouthing every love avenue

Physical, mental, emotional, sexual, you name it

It was a ballad like waltz yet her silky brown black hair was bunched up

And remained still and maintained its position

Despite the motion around her chest

"Oh but what friendship we have!" she says with her perfect pink ruby lips

"But there are barriers."

"There are! Oh please, let us continue to discuss the many things of life."

The Cowboy and the Cowgirl for years would talk in the park

Amidst their climbing and falling in the valley

“I have to go again” she ambitiously said.

Now the Cowboy walked alone at night

The clichés were true
The wind was her breath, the traffic her jostling
The grass her hair, the smells her perfume

“Why must I obsess in the Night Air over that Cowgirl’s conversations?” asked the lonesome Cowboy, shuffling his boot from side to side.

No answer came except more of nature’s rustling, some insect songs

In the emptiness, the Cowboy felt answers lay
Would he have to walk this way at night and act normal during the day?
Repeating the solo soliloquy hoping it would magically turn into dialogue

“What barrier should I eliminate oh voice behind my right ear?”
He heard only the Night Air

The Cowgirl would return when the leaves rustle
To repeat the cycle one last time
“Perhaps, this time will be different. Lassos can work again.”

He stared at the moonlight through the pine trees and the splinters watered his face
Belt adjusted eyes down then up. Smiled. Walking home across the Valley Floor
Up the Canyon Road
Always on a journey towards the Mountaintop
Regardless of any cowgirl that crosses the path

“Broken hearts learn to cope,” he continued to monologue, “But for some reason, I hold out hope that that Cowgirl is mine to rope.”

Such rhymes cause the heart sugary mends

Walking in the Night Air, towards the Mountaintop.

The Deadly Desert

On the white dried tan

The wee wu of the distance echoes in the inner chamber

Slapping faces the air does to grab its daily allotment

Rub and pant rub and pant

Thirst! Emptiness! Alone!

Paradise manifested ahead

Run Run and running

Only it kept moving farther away

And looked oddly like one’s previous home

“Oh deadly desert! Whatever shall I do?”

She said whilst looking down at her feet

The air echoed in the inner chamber

“Thy choices abide for thee! Hast thou wondered why before arriving?”

The ground quaked and a laugh rumbled

Heels weren’t the way either as she ran forward then turned around and headed the other way constant

“My tongue is as a cat’s. Oh deadly desert! Whatever shall I do for I must surely die if I continue to thirst and perspire?”

The air whistled around her thighs and upwards and reminded her of who she was

Blood rushed into all of her cheeks as nostalgic vomit restored itself in the mind’s eye

She crouched and grabbed her stomach and hoped to hurl

But instead the air escaped her mouth now and wisped away into the deadly desert

Skin flakes fell as did chunks of her long gorgeous sweated matted brown hair

No longer could she speak but instead the air was in her head again

It was the voice behind her right ear come back to her

“Yes, Madame, from which you came now shalt thou return.

Of all the living that enter here, none leave for they make up the sand

Of the Deadly Desert.”

The hook pulled at her stomach and she cried for the voice behind her left ear but it was too late

Her heart was as hard and cracked as the adobe and salt around her

“But which ear do I listen to?”

“Who have been your friend and confidant?” said one of the voices.

With that, she laid down to rest on the familiar floor of

The Deadly Desert

THE CHILD'S GRAVE

So many untouched graves

Except for the cuts taken from weed eaters

And the grime of the passage of time

Mementos litter the sites of the little ones

The loss of future memories

There are different types of love:

Romantic

Brotherly

Parental

So with those levels of love comes its opposite

The tiers of mourning

No, not the stages you see

Young ones have a different period and style

Associated with their passing

That's the answer really

Even when you see the flower crosses from the intersections

Passing from work to home

Realizing there have been men who have lost

Who you hath yet to gain