

SEED VIGILANTES

#1

The echoes echo
On a visceral level
Dredge up the buried

#2

Low volume sobbing
Hard-drive voice identified
As mine from my past

#3

An eye peeks open
Safe, I breathe in one more day
Eagerly I rise

#4

Body purged for years
Unaware the mind proper
Was what was in need

#5

Sixteen years of age
I became a statistic
Hence, I became more

#6

Gun pointed, mind torqued
Froze – no dissociation
From the damned moment

#7

Protective layers
Existing before the need
Weren't effective

#8

Have you a sister
What if this happened to her
Can't talk my way out

#9

**Layers of voices
What I said and what I thought
What I should have said**

#10

**The surreal trial
Found a rapist not guilty
Career path detoured**

#11

**Be an attorney
When the system doesn't work
How could I go there**

#12

**Void of the knowledge
Around my waist a way out
Holding up my pants**

#13

**Mollifying men
Lest they become aggressive
My twenties MO**

#14

**Did he spread disease
Parts don't function as they should
Grow cysts not babies**

#15

**In martial arts class
Intention - learn self-defense
Couldn't surrender**

#16

**I'm here - please don't look
Bared and concealed to a man
I am lost - find me**

#17

**Born on the off-beat
Post, no one recalled that fact
Thought I was just off**

#18

**Who I was still was
Veiled beneath imposed dismay
Hiding in plain sight**

#19

**Abusers are cause
We are the remnant effect
Seed vigilantes**

#20

**Wound reopens raw
Discard there-there-er status
Assume there-there-ee**

#21

**Perk of mucking shit
Some say spiritual growth
Growth overrated**

#22

**Date only bad boys
Obscuring, redirecting
My inherent worth**

#23

**Idiot-savant
True to form, I claim one half
Deprecation rules**

#24

**Antennae find you
Hidden similar stories
Held dear – freed, may rise**

#25

**Beautiful woman
College boyfriend-to-be said
I laughed in his face**

#26

**My eyes are up here
Spoken before reduction
Less me changed nothing**

#27

**Collecting exes
Stamps and feathers or red bricks
Lighter to amass**

#28

**Must use intellect
Lessons not on syllabus
Smart girl's heart pratfalls**

#29

**Tarantino, yes
Anything more horrific
Than what I have seen**

#30

**Wrote sappy love songs
Not knowing they were garbage
Ooh-my-baby-oooh**

#31

**American girls
Under best circumstances
We do tread water**

#32

**Talking to young me
She is busy far away
Won't listen, can't hear**

#33

**Sleep when you get there
Snug singular safe haven
Or so I have heard**

#34

**All of us have one
A front to our backstory
Hide and seek and find**

#35

**Madmen at the helm
SOS to Universe
Beards wielding power**

#36

**Sense of right or wrong
Bizarro Superman world
Our U.S. of A.**

#37

**Should start company
Sleeping Disorders Are Us
How may I help you**

#38

**Ringed men, psychopaths
Some sort of candle for moths
They were drawn to me**

#39

**Truth holds no magic
Revealing to pigheaded
No offense to pigs**

#40

**Older, forgetting
Details turn to background noise
They hum rock-and-roll**

#41

**Self-loathing upside
Not doing harm to others
Ego too-in-check**

#42

**Moral man muddled
Reveal hero did bad things
Women not surprised**

#43

**Too young to realize
When autonomy stolen
Control freak pipped egg**

#44

**Will parse semantics
Not quite agoraphobic
Hypervigilant**

#45

**Fear dark - night light on
Daytime light scary enough
Those people and all**

#46

**Wanting to engage
My fear belies my nature
Bull in china shop**

#47

**Pressure fills the brain
Is it heavy weight of thoughts
Or just allergies**

#48

**To-do list lengthens
Not enough hours in each day
Life gets good so late**

#49

**I am what I do
Not what happened long ago
Reveling in now**

#50

**So many of us
The club none wanted to join
Time is more than up**

YESTERDAY, I INHALED GRIEF

We were a scene from the Keystone Kops,
As we fumbled our way
Into the Vet's office,
One dog pulling in one direction,
Two pulling in the opposite.
They barked, then cried.
I tripped, moaned, and
Humans looked on, nodding.

After they settled,
The Dog Owners' Schmooze began.

Chit-chat, as Scooby shrugged out of his collar
And hid under the bench.
Chit-chat, as I backed away from
The enormous brown Newfoundland duo.
Chit-chat, as the Yorkie happily exited.
Chit-chat, as the Pomeranian
Circled and circled and circled in his anxiety dance.

Far off, the sad couple petting their Pug looked up,
Made eye contact.
I wandered over, inhaling grief on my approach.

"She's old," the woman said, tissue clutched.
"She is deaf and blind," said the man.
"She is beautiful," I said,
As the doctor came out into the waiting room,
Motioning them into Exam Room #1.

Only the man and the Pug exited.
"She's thirteen," the woman said, resigned.
"She really is beautiful," I repeated.

Chit-chat, they moved to the area
To be closer to their children.
Chit-chat, mountain living is challenging.
Chit-chat, distract me while one of my best friends dies
Is what I heard, though was not what she said.

The woman did not circle and circle and circle
In an anxiety dance.
I did not back away.
I sat within eye-contact distance,
Inhaling grief,
When another doctor came out into the waiting room,
Motioning to the Keystone Kops.

Yesterday, I inhaled grief,
And after they sniffed it,
Escorted our dogs into Exam Room #2.

THE VISION I AM

While nothing sparks me as much as your smile,
As I watch you stare at me as if I am speaking another language,
A language you used to speak fluently,
Your silence exhausts me.

You stare at me
As if I am the most egregious of idiots
Ever to cross your path.
Your silence speaks volumes.

Perhaps my translator is off,
And your stare means something else,
Something other than that which
My radar is picking up.

As you stare at me,
Perhaps it is with the memories
Of when we first met,
When we became best friends,
When we became best lovers,
When we became husband and wife.

Perhaps it is with fear
Of how quickly we are aging,
Of how much troubleshooting must occur
Before we become
Those who cannot do for themselves.

Perhaps it is you who have exhaustion
From the long hours you have worked
To provide us with all we have,
And all we will need.

Radars do glitch from time to time.
Perhaps that is all that has occurred.
Perhaps what I see you seeing
Is nowhere near
The vision I am in your eyes.

FEARMONGERING

Intellectually fumbling,
Hastily entering the secret hiding places,
Searching for where I put that last brilliant thought.
Where is it?

The words have escaped.
How did they leave?
Through my ears?
Through my nostrils?
Through my tear ducts?

The escape route was not through my mouth,
Though that was the plan.
At times, they find paths through my fingers
When a keyboard is at hand,
But today,
Rarely are spoken words of wisdom,
Unless I am reading aloud from long-ago writings.

Even then,
The pauses are uncomfortable.
The syllables are stressed unnecessarily,
As am I.

Some part of my brain has taken leave.
I am not a diagnostician.
I am a fearmonger
Unto myself.

Think:
Love and marriage,
Lyme and Alzheimer's.

They don't always have to couple,
But in my later years,
I am a traditionalist,
And the fearmongering is well-underway.