

Leaden Skies

Leaden skies shepherd shriveled
Birds to barren hamlets.

We subtly sense their weakened cries
And laboriously avert our minds.

Deadened trees creak pitied sighs,
For Mother Earth,
Her skin decayed.

The clouds hail mist
And winds bring plague –

To us,

The boils upon this plane.

Triumphant Passion

It's crafted here,
In sultry radiance.
A catching sigh,
Beguiling lust.

It's quiet,
How I cherish you.
Through curves and whisper,
Triumph rings.

I'm whole
With stunning fervor.
Through burning time
My sparrow sings.

It's crafted here,
Our swollen passion.
Canorous love,
In zealous warmth.

Somber Cities

Somber cities keep
Static dwellings
On clustered skylines.

A thousand bare facades
Stacked neatly skyward.

I'm covered; smothered.
Stagnant dust feels warm like smoke.

The sun blinks,
Like an abating incandescent.

And tiny holes house tiny windows,
For heaving anger
And crowded sadness.