

Kathy Cried

Kathy cried again today, at lunch.
I don't know why.
Maybe it was the girl in the next booth,
Or the stupid paper placemat
With the games and puzzles on the back.
They were the harsh, gut-wrenching kind of tears.
She got up and ran to the bathroom,
While we waited and found
Meaningless words to fill the silence.

I hope I never feel that kind of pain,
But I guess I will;
Someday
We all will.
The kind of pain that drags on
Through the long and empty nights,
Leaving dark bags under your eyes,
The tide pool of the soul
As it ebbs away from
The shores of despair.

Kathy cried again today, at lunch;
But then laughed a little and kept talking.
I think that may have been the saddest thing of all.

The Harvest

Now the harvest has come
Neatly planted rows of stone and iron
Memories sown of dreams denied.
Such peace and quiet in these open fields,
Such silence and regret.
Take me to the winter home
Stand the watch by flickering flame
And let the wind call out the hours.
Here is writ the high history
The story of what was
And what might have been.
Here is writ the answer
To what we have become
And what we could have been.
As shadows draw long upon the lawn
And flowers fade to grey
Let the pipes draw down
And lay the white gloves upon the cross
If never we should plant again
This harvest will still have been.

Concrete Sonnet

No walls, no chains, no bars to hold me in
Just the darkness, the madness, in my mind
I am shackled, caught, by the pain within
And in the empty minds-eye I will find
Only sorrow for the life that I've led
Here I wait in a cell of my making
Communing only with the ancient dead
Lost in restless slumber, never waking.
Dead man walking, I tread the final mile
I'll whisper now the names of those I've lost
Lost in mem'ry, in duress, in denial
I've spent it all, given no thought to cost.
In deep regret I mourn the life I stole
At last, trapped in the prison of my soul.

Welcome to the Fissionable Society

Welcome to the fissioned society
The Nuclear Family split
In so many ways.
We are
Altogether
Alone.
Even as we break the atom
To build our world we break
Our souls to build our
Alien Family.
We speak
In so many tongues
So many tongues tied
To lines that cross
All boundries all histories all dreams.
Where is home?
Where do we
Belong to what we are;
To what we say
Or what we do?
Pick a meme to
Speak your mind
For you so
You don't have to speak
Or think
Or do.
Do you like
Who you love?
Are your friends
Friended?
Or just afraid to
Post their thoughts
Plastered to the walls
That hide us from
The reality of what we've
Done
Become
Of ourselves.

Wisps of Memories

Here where the dark is deep
Only the shadows dance
Because sunlight has no rhythm.

Nothing remains but the wisps of memories,
The dreams that died stillborn,
Wrapped in anger, addiction, and melancholy;
The empty shells of what we were.

Here souls stand stark; silhouetted,
Like trees left dying
After the flood
Barren
Statues of wood and bone.

Home is gone
And we are alone
Never to walk that cobbled path
Leading back to family
And warmth.

They've set a price
For us to pay
And we pay -
And pay
But the ransom still hangs.

There is no forgiveness
In this place
No absolution;
Second chances are not
For this misbegotten crew.

So we slip
Further from the world
Further from what was once
Hope
Love
Life.

And when the hour comes
And our debts are laid to rest
Will we learn to dance again?
Or will we only stumble

Deaf to music and the beat?

What dismal alley waits
Dark and noisome
Filled with the forsaken
Faithless
Fools we all.

Write no name
No epitaph
Just fill the hole and carry on
Tamping down the soil
That the rain turns to mud.