

Night to Night

Winter;
Snow comes down in flurries
as the sky grows darker.
The night sky rises ominously
like a shadow
creeping over the land before a storm.
The sun will not be seen –
not a flicker of light to spare.

Some of them will flee –
many forced into hiding;
but these are the meek –
they do not concern us.
We now return to take our place
as lords over the cowardly.
We go from night to night
never seeing the light
that keeps the others safe.

Shadow is all we know;
we want nothing else.
All we need is the peace that darkness provides
and a place to be alone.

Hell is Hell

“War is hell..”

“Doing taxes is hell.”

“Life is hell.”

Stop.

Hell is hell.

He tells himself this daily these days,
ever since the wheat thresher stole his life away.

He was a bad man;

drank heavily, put out more smoke than crops on fire
said he believed in God but that was just a show.

Now he is here; it is nothing like he imagined.

He imagined fire and brimstone sizzling all around him,
but instead he relives his demise over and over.

Every morning he wakes up, drinks an eighth of vodka in three hours

He knows what will happen but he is not allowed
to change the events of the day.

Sure enough he is out in the field, falls over passed out,
and seconds later hears the loud hum of the wheat thresher.

It gets louder, and louder still until, BOOM!

He is torn to pieces and sent below.

He wakes up in his bed and does it all over again.

Hell is hell.

Hell will always be hell.

Nothing else is hell.

Hell is hell.

The Infinite Eyes

The infinite eyes are scorching their impressions
Into my mind like a necromancer
All signs point one way
but none are the way out.
Falling into the crowd, slowly,
like Jesus into a crowd of lepers.
I go one way – blocked by a slovenly idiot
speaking more babble than intelligible words
I go another – I run into Wolfsheim bragging gregariously
about he and he alone fixed the 1919 World Series.

No where to turn, no dark corner to hide.
Drowning into the sea of lost sightlines and arrogance.
The infinite eyes have it.

Synesthesia

Hearing the gray as it rings out;
piercing colors can be destructive.
The music I see is dim and uninviting;
I've always hated this song.
I feel the scent of fresh baked cookies;
it's pleasant and inviting,
like feeling the pages of an old book.
Smelling my lover's touch
is not really how I imagined it.
What I thought would be fragrant like perfume
is dull like dry toast.

It's not always been like this –
the change has been frightening.
But I've grown accustomed
to perceptions gone askew.
As reality effaces I am not afraid;
I only hope
to awaken to the sweet sound of sunlight
each new day.