

Shaking in the folding chairs  
Listening to the man preach  
With hands raised in the air  
He holds tight his leather book  
Wrapped shut by long straps  
As he saved what all he took  
Giving sermon in attendance  
Speaking from what he knew  
Of all sins and sinners alike  
And what they ought to do  
Telling them of what he read  
All of scriptures and verses  
As he shook both his hands  
When the book leapt away  
In a lap it finally lands  
A girl's skirt where it lay  
With the straps unfurled  
Opened was found the book  
They heard an audible gasp  
As she turned to look  
To her eyes a surprise  
She spoke to be heard  
"Nothing written, not a word  
Lies told is what we've learned"

Thorn Inside

Taladis Springs 24JUL20

Through a briar quickly  
Not thinking it through  
Quickly finding it difficult  
Much harder than I knew

Passing to the other side  
The side I never found  
To where I find my other side  
Which hides me all around

With scratches left me bleeding  
Bled where I was torn  
Torn as my clothing  
Clothes that were barely worn

Left there tired and sore  
Sore within my soul  
For I took along a thorn  
My soul where it was stored

There it will always be  
For it will constantly stay  
Far within inside me  
From the briar that same day

Orbital

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Gravity had to let me go  
With no more power  
To keep me on the ground

For where I do not know  
Allowed to fly in this hour  
Faster than the speed of sound

Yet I keep myself tethered  
So, I am not lost to the stars  
To bounce back from the edge

Since I am granted no feathers  
Made like the birds of Mars  
As the stories had alleged

Thus, I am as Saturn's rings  
Shine on the blackened curtain  
Along my destined path

Made up of imaginary things  
Even you can be certain  
Like the sum of all math

Daphne

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All that you told me  
In those written lines  
Softly said by another  
Lovely, sweetly  
Of a faraway mansion  
Sprawling and grand  
Off cliffs and sea kisses  
Hiding the past  
Many ships and boats  
Wrecked and worthy  
Of secrets of the name  
Heard over and over  
Since she was here  
Belonging event still  
Because no one can  
Let her finally go  
No matter how  
So hard they try  
Until the truth  
Just said so  
Just said so

The Warmth of Winter

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Walking back to the cabin

Arms filled with timber

Stepping in deep snow

And with steamy breath

Onto the porch

Shake the snowfall

Off both shoulders

Then through the door

Into a comfortable room

With dances of light

As he kneels to the fire

And places the wood inside

Standing up after

And rubs his hands

Presenting his palms

To flames charity

Turning back

To the table

With a cup of coffee

And pen and paper

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Sitting down

To his joyful work

As he leans forward

And cradles the pen

He thinks back

When there was company

Of a lady fair

And moments of joy

For that was living

During hibernation

And the nothing

That builds outside

But the inside

Is where all fires

Are kept steady

And burning rightly

Even if the times

Are lonely and cold

It is inside

That all memories roar