

Going Back (Burial)

Once called "Home",
it can be again no longer

for we are not as connected to places
as we are to times.

On webs we wait,
innate to the Great Design,
stuck in silk-wrapped cocoons,
fermenting for the Feast.

And while we wait,
we find that time is the only fiber
that bridges the gap
between feeling and dwelling.

Down where earthworms
aerate the soil,
bury it.

Bury that place, but remember the times.
There is no going back now—
only forward,
only onward
to new temporalities,
new sites for Home.

That Home you went back for
has relocated.
Its old frame
has retreated
the opposite way
← on the continuum,
and gotten lost
in time.

Choices II

< We're running away from each other in opposite directions >
dune after dune, sand spouting
from fountain feet,
propelling us through the sea of sand
rolling underfoot;
we dart across an overgrown briar patch,
pricking our legs
and tripping over tightly woven weeds,
falling forward-down towards briars in our hands.

We fall, roll, sit up, pause;
fasten gazes from a distance...

And what next?

Break eye contact,
get back up, keep running?
Turn around; find a way away
through sand dune serpents,
fields of unmarked paths;
through landmine urchins
in shallow depths
where we caught our breath
filled with salt and with death,
but life swelling inside, overriding
the outgoing tide?

Or

hold each other's stare, two key-locked pairs,
statically charged, electrically shared
making the hair stand up
on the napes of our necks
as we rise from the dust and we brush off unrest,
walk to each other, lend an arm and an ear
as we steer to the shore and that old hint of fear
dissolves into the tide and rushes out past the pier,
moving out, back out, drifting into mystery
between humans and the sea, and what we have come to
be?

At the ocean's edge, on foam-topped waves
rolling in upon the sand,
we shared ourselves, we made the trade
from water unto land.

Bus Ride

A stranger sleeps beside me.
Only she knows the world behind her eyelids,
and only I see the world in front of me:

A mother lovingly shushes her baby boy
who is crying soundlessly,
awoken by the jolt of a pothole
on a highway under constant construction.

This bus is a vacuum,
a time machine,
traveling Home,
wherever that may be.

Southbound I-95
through Indian River County,
which is no longer home to its natives,
save the wild boar
that scavenge for survival,
in search of scraps
along the highway—
anything left behind
by the passersby
or the passers-through.

Hundreds and hundreds of headlights pass in the night,
a forgotten factory formidable in the darkness,
nearby suburbs in slumber;
porch lights are beacons shining for the wanderers,
mischievous teens sneaking back into bedroom windows
after a night of rule bending,
testing boundaries.

To Be Pushed (and to push back)

Gently, the breeze brushed her cheek.
Rolling hills of hair follicles
tested the elasticity of her epidermis.
The wind calmed her
and, seeing this,
the wind remained benign.
He soothed her skin and sank her demons down
below;

but demons don't breathe air,
so they fed off the fires
burning down deep within her
until one day
when they regained their strength
and learned to swim
up through the darkness.

Gradually, she changed.
Her tongue forked in two,
her nails transformed to needles,
and her hair to swords—
all stabbing in a frenzy,
this way and that,
at the wind,
the only one who meant no harm.
No malice had the wind,
for he cared for her deeply.
So he remained pleasant,
placid in his demeanor,
pacifying her full potential.

But any levy
can only hold back so much water
before it bursts
and the river rages.

He sensed the levy cracking,
the demons surfacing
soon to flood and,
hopefully,
be flushed out.
This is good, he thought,
They're coming out,
they're flowing out...

as if it were so easy
for fire-breathers
to follow the flow.

*Harboring demons,
damming instead of damning them,
harms mind and body.
If they are to be let loose,
they must be exorcised...*

But if exorcism comes to naught,
the evil has only been exercised,
and strengthened.

One night, the wind grew tired
and so he slept.
The night was still,
but she,
she was awake,
wandering streets
with flickering lamplight
alone.

She tried to wake the wind
with a whisper,
yet he did not stir.
So she spoke up,
and he opened an eye before drifting back into dream.
But this was not enough for her,
so she screamed
and this time he woke.
He wanted to know the matter.
The silence was too much; the air was too still,
she said.

He opened a window,
stirred the air around her,
let it circulate the room,
swept the negativity out
into the open air of the eve,
and then he went back to dreaming.

She dreamt too then
of walking down those tree-lined, lamplit streets
damp with rains past.

Her ears bled from the silence
and her eyes reddened,
leaking flames—
angry tears that burnt holes to hell—
because, she felt,
the wind did not care enough
to at least rustle the leaves
or wisp her hair as he passed,
show a sliver
of his mystical strength,
at least beneath
these suburban canopies,
dripping with dreamland dew.

*He is the wind, after all;
he has the power.*

*The wind can foster storms
in many different forms.
Over beaches wind can whip,
fling sand and sting skin;
in deserts, men and women have emerged,
evolved covered in clothing,
saving themselves from suffocation
by wind-whirled grains
gathering and growing,
throwing sand spears
sharp enough to pierce any armor;*

*turning breezes into blizzards,
hurricanes to twisters,
he flexes his muscles;
he holds the scissors
to cut the lifeline
to which the earth is tied.*

*Yet, he lies there
asleep;
and in waking
is undaunted by adversity.
He seems so weak;
I need to see.*

So she pushed him round and round;
they whirled and twirled and danced—
she attacked with a tango

while he willed a waltz,
she spiced it up to a salsa;
he fixed his feet for a foxtrot.

They whirled and twirled,
rounding up debris.

For fun, he danced at first;
but the fun flumed
into a fetterless whirlwind
that began to feed off the fragments
of her ferocity
until, finally,
though he tried so hard to steady himself,
to stay calm,

as he was pushed, he began to push back.

Victim to the System

Brainwash me,
Stupid TV,
Advertise to mesmerize to buy your lies.
Suck my soul through
Your holographic screen.
Just take me! Make me yours!
Zombify me so I wander on, brainless
—slight limp, one arm hanging, head slightly cocked—
To travel the Earth for eternity, I'm saved! (ha)
Flashing memories of your advertisements lead me on
To your stores and your whores.
And I'm a supporter...
A contortionist, bending and breaking
My back in ways
Inhuman ~
Serpentine to my own kind.

We have something to say—
Just can't express it how we wish
Because our minds are not ours.
They belong to them,
The Masters who try to control us,
They who try to enslave us all.
This psychological warfare
Began with our parents. Subtly,
Subconsciously, they were taken
And somehow, the radiation affected us
In the womb.

Predisposed to persuasion,
Bound by our disposition,
We were destined to fall
Victim to the system.