

Relatives

With one I'm too big for the room

with another, so small I disappear

One makes me red with rage

the next pale, placid and kind

History sits on each shoulder in the room

The visit exposes old wounds

Small fences get mended, mountains are left unclimbed

Sleep is interrupted – the nightmares return

Egomaniacal they walk your corridors with entitlement

Privacy invaded with prying eyes – touched with judgment

The greened eyed monster stalks from room to room,

leaving its slime of guilt on everything you own

No compliment is given without a retractable thread

– the price? –

a pound of flesh. a sleepless night. a silent scream.

The exit of their seemingly vulnerable frames is only a threat

of things to come

The hostess' gift of "thanks" smokes on the counter

MOTHER

She speaks—no one listens

She calls—no answer

She knocks—no door opens

She dresses to no avail

She goes with no destination

She's looking, looking, looking—always for a fresh ear

She's uninvited, unwelcome

She sits on her throne

Self-righteous—alone

Whispering bitterly to the emptiness

That has swallowed her whole

The Sea

Monthly cravings swell my ankles;

Hazardous surf swirls my vision;

Future shores whisper my name;

Pounding ancient waves haunt my sleep;

Escape is always the color ocean;

The Sea pulls me under to taste.

Decay

She paused a little too long at the front doors after retrieving the mail. She gently fingered the peeling paint by the tarnished brass handle. She automatically glanced up at the rusting light encasement. The sadness and neglect inside is starting to ooze outside, she thought. The years and elements have been too rough to hide. A year ago those repairs would have been taken care of immediately and completed in a couple of days. Now, seemingly unstoppable and completely unfixable they were left abandoned for too long. She callously brushed some of the loose paint free and entered the funereal quiet of the hollow shell she never referred to as home. The house is now showing everything in its face, she thought, as she shut the scarred doors. As she passed the mirror on the way to the kitchen she refused to look.

RED RUBY

Perfection is what I want to see

To be red ruby with the slip of a knot

Slipping in and out of red

Becoming bird and colored thread

All tied up together from a nest on high

To relieve the blue of the sky

Teasing the grass so green

With the color of mean or fierce

Piercing my ruby eyes

