

“A Journey to the Past”

*The moon filtered through scattered clouds
Over the farm fields of our youth.
The earth beneath our feet so ingrained
We can taste both the gritty and the smooth parts of the soil.
How we once moved so far away from this place
Yet always conscious of its subtle tracking
Behind our forward steps.
And now we, alone,
Are called home to unhitch it,
To board up what shaped us,
To bury the memories we could always recall
Once returned to this, our space,
Knowing that whatever is next
Will never replicate what was.
And for that, I shed
One large tear.*

“Southern Tales of Forbidden”

*Gray days and byways,
Crooked trees strung
On paths to nowhere,
Lonely islands of sand and dust,
Forgotten isles that stand still
Through time’s eternal hush.
Southern blue-hairs’ gossip
Flows lightly along a tepid wind,
Mere wisps of age-old tales
Steeped in forbidden lust.
And weary-eyed children
Grasp their daddies’ hands
Along these paths to nowhere,
Steeped in tales of forbidden ... Hush ...*

“The Life Cycle of Hate”

*Who taught you to hate, sir?
And to lead the march backward,
Away from compassion,
Estranged from understanding?
Who forgot to nurse your wounds of youth
And led you to believe that your significance could only be found
Through the insignificance of another?
Who stole your curiosity and tempered your desire for discovery
And sent you down that torch-laden path?
Who said to only embrace what stares up at you from all angles
of the looking glass
And instilled such fear in you that others may love you back?
Who taught you to hate, sir?
Do remember.
It should all come flooding back
Because he wants to know why, sir,
As his little feet pitter-patter
And follow you down that same track.*

Reading van Gogh

van Gogh, I did not know thee

Tormented soul

Near to me

One afternoon spent with your loss

Creative genius paid at such a high cost

Isolation and alienation embraced thee

As no starry night shone down upon me

Only fields of wilting sunflowers to see

As we chase what never will be

For far after drowned in sorrow's sea

Fortune was to be bound for thee

Your lesson to live on in me

How even art cannot set us free

From the anguished soul forever ours to be

That inspires creation no right of ours to flee

"Tarnished Edges"

Because you make me quiver

In the most beautiful fear

Even the doubt that surrounds you

I am compelled to wipe clear

Tarnished at your edges

A darkened deep to your thoughts

Those piercing words impale me

Making lust for life gush

And from life's pools of passion

Your reflection captures mine

Ferrying me to far seas

Discarding despair for all time

And, yet, your faith escapes you

In only this respect

Dare not to leave me adorned

-Even once-

Your hesitation serves nothing but my regret.