

Community Choir

The stars do not sound like bells.
They are a chorus,
Chirping, croaking, happily,
As dawn becomes dusk,
And dusk becomes midnight.

They sing together, a community choir,
Harmonizing to each other's tune.
Comforting melodies, in unity, in prosperity.
They do not perform for anyone,
But they are not without an audience.

She Comes with the Seasons

She's come again.

Slipping through cracked windows and open doors during
cold January nights.

She lays her head on the pillow next to mine,
bides her time as I dream of Juno,
and Hera and queens before queens before queens.

Sweetly whispers nothing into my ears,
her face is empty and her lips sweet.

Like stolen aromas of ambrosia, of poison.

By winter's end she whisps away.

Only leaving syncopated hauntings,
to revive hollow passions I wish I forgot.

She never comes by in June,
or July,
or August.

But peaks her head in during September,
in order to make me remember who she is.

She laughs as Autumn comes and falls,
with me into the flurry of life.

Her visits have become frequent,
and every night she visits again,
and again,
and again.

Echo of Nostalgia

O child, there you sit on rough cement,
playing with antiquated technologies. Watching the
others pass you by. Never questioning your
existence. Do you still dream of the home that bore you?
Do you
whisper it's name under your breath?
Call to it in willful wishes which cannot be answered.

O child, as you wait patiently for the hours to pass,
encapsulated in the fantasies of wind which carries
you to an abstract world. Where life exists in
illusions. Do you still perceive the ache in your gut?
Do you
fathom the anguish of the body?
Feel the wounds growing on you with flesh and fat.

O child, how easily you seem to bruise from the
slightest brush of a hand. Like fresh cut fruit. And still,
you seek the anguish of love. Pursuing flames
which burn and eat you whole. Do you pick yourself apart?
Do you,
peel away the charred skin?
Like tilling soil for the next season's crop.

O child, joyous is your face, as she calls for
you. Your name enveloped in a smile. No longer are you
forsaken and forgotten. Pulling yourself from
desolation into her arms. Do you covet her adoration?
Do you,
understand the hunger that sustains you?
It is the echo of nostalgia which swallows your lonely body.
Erodes you and consumes you whole.

In His Image

By Ned

I am building a man,
Within me, no
Not in my womb,
In my gut. In my bowels,

I am building a man,
And Taking the forgotten
Parts of other men, keeping
Them close to me, holding tight,

I am building a man,
Pressing broken pieces into
My skin. Injecting it pass my
Epidermis, into my muscle,

I am building a man,
Upon myself, I am the
Canvas. Molding my body
So that it may reflect him.

I am building a man,
Through sweat and
Blood, I can almost see him
In the mirror. Staring back.

I am building a man,
And he is almost complete,
Almost whole. I feel him
There in my bones. In my mind.

Ode to the Soldiers in the Streets

An ode to the soldiers in the streets.
I see you marching, chanting hymns,
Singing psalms of justice and peace.

There you stand, true statues enduring brutality.
Push forward, push forward, do not give in.
An ode to the soldiers in the streets.

In storm, in blood, you move onwards in unity,
Against the wicked guard, you carry on,
Singing psalms of justice and peace.

Your voice echoes the names of the deceased,
Lives lost in vain, without salvation.
An ode to the soldiers in the streets

Righteous is your duty, lofty
may it seem, you are not without ambition,
Singing psalms of justice and peace.

They may beat you down, leave you without reprieve,
But your songs are immortal, you have left us with conviction.
An ode to the soldiers in the streets,
Singing psalms of justice and peace.