

Ripple

I lie as a pond,
calm, pure, unbroken.

No movement beneath,
no words left unspoken.

Upon my cool surface,
sun beams stretch afar.

The world cannot touch me,
their strikes have been barred.

Still,
One drop
Can tarnish
The calmness
And peace that
I found within
My yawning,
Perfected
Rest.

A Waltz

Soldiers are waltzing with nothing to fight;
Wand'ring through wond'rings and wishing for hope,
Chasms of futures are drowning in dope.

Cigarettes, stale, are all begging for light;
Drowning old average in blue, red, and pink,
While we fill bodies with excess of ink.

Standing up front, they tell us they are right;
Listening silently, taking commands,
Factory belts crank us out by demand.

But poems, of course, are a lesser man's plight.

A Crack in the Mirror

Rule number one: you're ugly and fat.

You've talents and poise,

but who wants to see that?

Suck in your tummy, contour your face.

Poor public perception is your family's disgrace.

Rule number two: you don't know a thing.

You're smart, brave, strong-willed,

but you can trust me.

Don't argue; don't fight it; you're not all that old;

Why can't you just listen and do as you're told?

Rule number three: you *cannot* want sex.

You may just seek love,

but you should fear to connect.

Your natural desires will lead to despair:

Once your worth's popped, you can't be repaired.

Rule number four: don't be a slut.

Your body is perfect,

but your legs must stay shut.

The sight of your shoulders will tizzy the men,

So if "something happens", it's on you, not them.

Rule number five: the fault is in you.

You may choose the right,

but your thoughts just aren't true.

What sort of child dissents with her kin?

Clearly, your questions are signs of your sins.

A Prayer for Refuge

Beating sun, raging light,
Grant me mercy in my plight.

I have no gold with which to pay
For guard of night, relief from day.
My time with you makes armor ache;
I pray my hope you do not take.

Beating son, raging light,
Grant me mercy in my plight.

I do not want your wand'ring touch
My mind's defiance gone to hush.
Young par'digm's spark has long since gone,
I pray my self to be my own.

Beating Son, raging light,
Grant me mercy in my plight.

I've naught to give besides my heart.
Despite despair, I do my part
To praise thee; though I walk alone,
I pray thy light will lead me home.

Safe

Good morning, he said
 With a yawn and a kiss
For the sleep-tousled hair on my head
 Then got to his feet,
 Tucked in the sheets,
Just to climb in and hold me instead.

Look out, he advised
 With his hand in mine
As we crossed a long patch of black ice
 And when I went down
 I couldn't have known
That he'd fall too, and his pants'd split twice.

I love you, he sang
 As he pulled me in close—
Lights off so I'd feel less insane
 And tell him my thoughts,
 Burning worries, and wrougths—
Without fear of judgement or pain.