

"The Eraser"

She tells me I have a
blank canvas,
that I can
write my own story now.

She handed me a pencil and I
started with the eraser.

I rubbed out my ears and heart
then cleared the folded arms and
tearless eyes. Next the untruthful and
afraid mouth.

I didn't stop
until only an outline of a person
remained.

Now I turn the pencil around,
put lead to paper, but
discover I do not know
how to draw a face that
smiles, frowns, or
cries,
all at once.

How do I draw an emotion?
How can I find features that I
never knew existed?

"Lost Piece"

A jagged
puzzle piece,
my prongs and tabs
fit with
no other.

You are broken
too,
so are they.

We fit for
a time
with one,

then we break.

There is not
a single picture.

The photo on
the box always
changes.

What fits today
will not
next year.

Those who say
there are perfect fits
should be tossed
quickly
to the pile of
corner pieces and flat edges.

“Mountain”

The mountain comes to life
when I cling to a
sapling rooted on
his cliff face, far above the
rocky base.

With each step and
stumble
I fight a foe
stronger than
I will ever be.

He will long outlast
even my memory, yet
today I stand on
his peak,
panting, bleeding and
in pain.

For one day I am
slightly taller than him
from a view,
despite his might,
he will never reach.

“In the Fire”

Walk through the
fire
and smell the smoke.

The searing air stabs
your lungs with each breath.

The flames whip
your skin and
hairs burn like
little trees.

The smoke invades
your eyes, but
on the air so slight,
almost imagined,
the smell of rain.