

Tomorrow and Never

It's so sudden when someone
stops coming to your lunch table,
when they stop greeting you between classes,
when you hear your roommate shout "NO!"
while reading a news article behind a closed door.

We were not close,
but you were never closed off.
We barely talked,
but I learned a lot from our walks to classes
every week as we repeated the motions.

We chatted about professors and our future professions.
You opened up about things that bothered you and things you loved,
leg injuries, God, music,
in hopes that I would do the same.
I did, but not often enough.

Now, I open up to your open casket.
I confess to you my regret
at not having spent enough time
and not having cherished the kindness
you gave so freely to so many.

It was always tomorrow, tomorrow,
tomorrow,
and then never.

Armed and Hopeful

The battle has not stopped
since the creation of this world.
The assault continues in secrecy,
a silent strife that goes undetected
by the world's leaders and military.

The war has not ceased in its consumption,
of wandering souls, doubtful souls,

hopeless souls, all falling prey
as under trained soldiers drop their shields
and surrender to evanescent faith.

Children aimlessly roam this broken world
blind to the hands reaching out to rescue
from corrosive natures that devour
the sight of a life's intrinsic value
and makes lost souls see themselves as worthless.

They idolize fame, shouting names of strangers,
grabbing coffee to satisfy a person
who only values a loyal pet,
intimately touching someone with other intimates,
and glorifying that which only holds fleeting value.

Warriors of hope, you must not forget
or discount the forerunners' teachings.
Their wisdom shall become your sword and shield.
Share your strength with your injured comrades
as someone offered you their shield and strength.

Song of Queen Seren

The siren's song still sails upon the sea,
a quiet voice of sorrow and lament,
telling tales of things that would never be.

The lonely queen had high hopes to marry,
her ship routed for royal encampment.
The siren's song would soon sail on the sea.

Ocean, enamored by Seren's beauty,
marooned her ship, and her voice sadly set
to tell tales of things that would never be.

The queen prayed to the ancient deity
to become an ever guiding spirit.
The siren's song set sail upon the sea.

Her soul freed as high tide came to carry
away wishful words of a life now spent,
telling tales of things that could never be.

Seafarers lost and hungry and weary
heed the song that guides from Ocean's torment.
Queen Seren's song still sails upon the sea
telling tales of things that would never be.