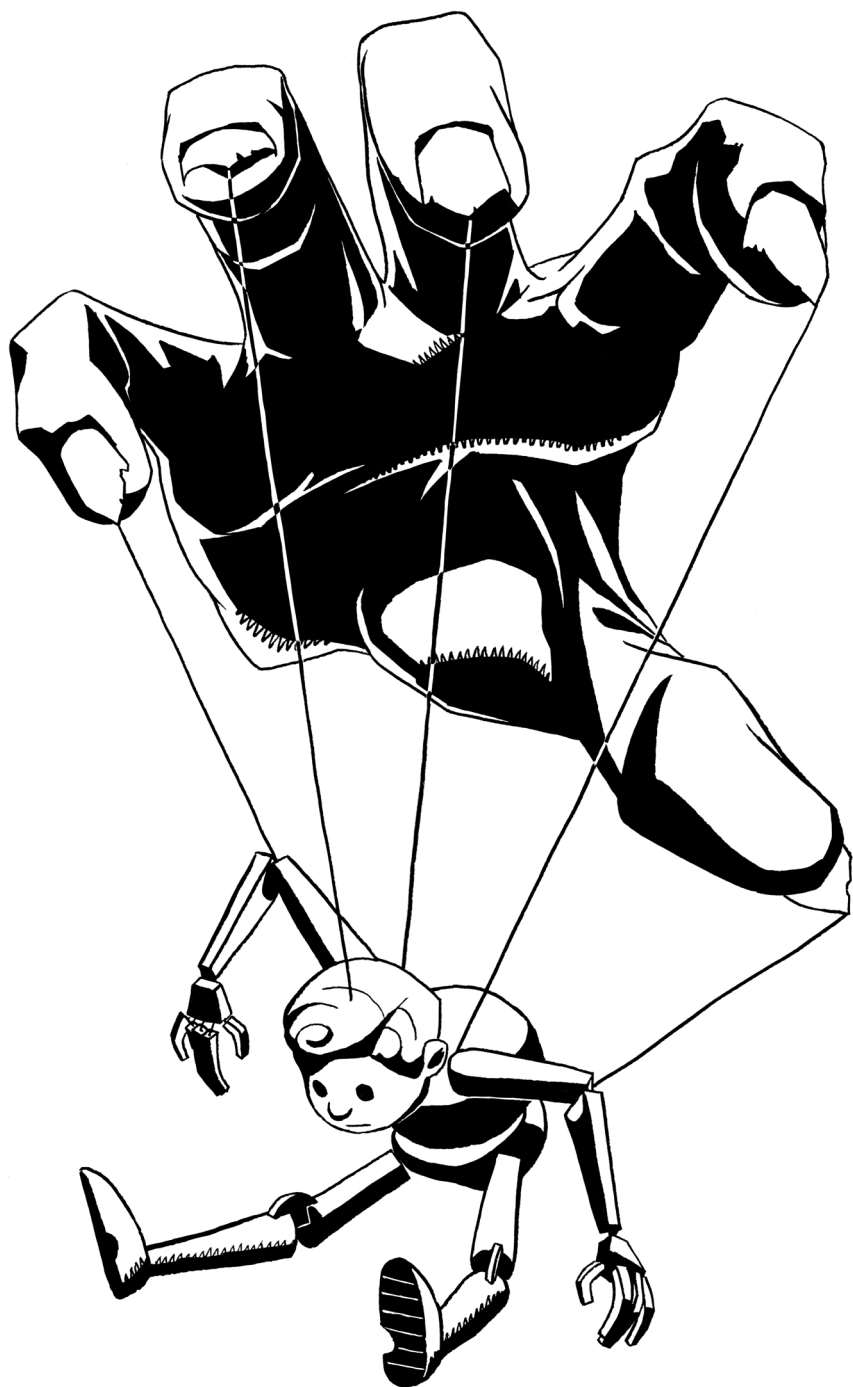


THE
DARKEST
CORNER



ACCOUNTABILITY

That writhing in your gut
That comes with doing something wrong
Indulges in the thought
That punishment must be prolonged.
Fear takes ahold of all your strings,
Becomes the puppeteer,
And whispers plans of an escape
If you just let it steer.
I'm warning you right now
That should you let fear take control,
Autonomy becomes
An inward struggle to cajole.
However, should you snip the strings
And act responsibly,
While fear may hang around
You will be absolutely free.





ALL THE DATA ALL THE TIME

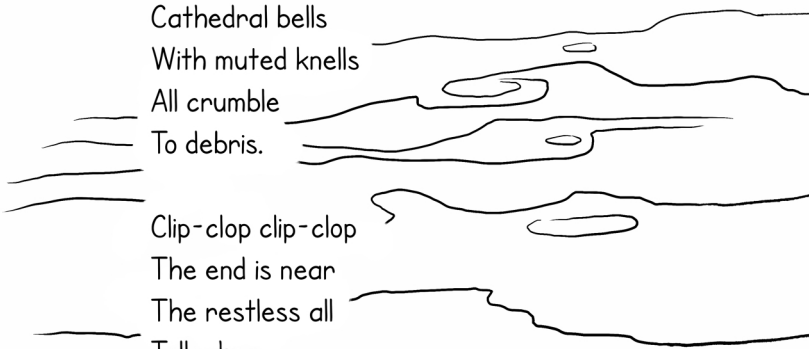
I wake to an electric hum
That rings beside my bed,
Have each step counted when I'm up
And wherever I tread.
My wrist sends me a notice
About items small or dire,
While sleeping tools
All feed off of my house with lengthy wire.
Seated, I consult a window
Open to the world.
Plastic bugs dig in my ears
'Til properly unfurled.
A neon puck keeps listen
Should I dare to say a peep.
Content, chats, and advertisements
Flood my eyes in heap.
Connection is convenient,
But it's harder ev'ry day
To focus on the bright side
When you cannot turn away.

THE PALE HORSE

Clip-clop clip-clop
The pale horse treads
With pestilence
In tow.
The grass beneath
Each hoof
Desaturates
To pale yellow.

Clip-clop clip-clop
A haunting whinny
Whistles
Through the trees.
Cathedral bells
With muted knells
All crumble
To debris.

Clip-clop clip-clop
The end is near
The restless all
Talk shop,
But not a deed,
Nor word, nor creed
Can stop
Clip-clop clip-clop ...





YELLOW SKY

As each silo exhaled, a defense siren wailed
Beneath the Yellow Sky.

Children huddled 'neath desks filled with thoughts so grotesque
Beneath the Yellow Sky.

The suits and cigars braced in bunkers and bars
Beneath the Yellow Sky.

Some clung all alone
To their laptops or phones
Beneath the Yellow Sky.

Others clung
To their
Brothers,
Dads,
Sisters,
Or mothers,
Beneath
The
Yellow Sky.

With
The click of
A key
All we knew
Ceased
To be
Beneath the Yellow Sky.



GRIOT

Wandering through villages
With a satchel full of seeds,
She planted one for any
Who would share a song or mead.
She slept beneath the midnight moon
In farmers' bales of hay,
Communed with poets in the streets
Performing for their pay.
Hiking through the Grueling Gulch
She climbed among the giants.
She navigated violent waves
Aboard with drunken pirates.
She sauntered through the desert,
Haboobs hurling sand and stone,
But never lingered long enough
To make a place her home.
The Griot wandered East to West
Until she went unseen,
But left behind a trail of stories
Sowed in leaves of green.

