

She

She dove.

Handfuls of musty playing cards, missing two of hearts.

Shattered antique mason jars.

Her body spasmed, lurched, and caught the edge of dirty magazines.

The stench of cigarettes, with paltry ramblings echo off uncaring ears.

She flew below an oak's remains that bore the scratch, the coffee stains,

Of murky luster lost, aloof of hours.

Stop.

Always stop.

She reels, dodges plaster pontiffs, gags upon the last throat lozenge,

Screaming as approach of tiles slams her face of all its smiles.

She stops.

Admires the sideways bookshelf teeming.

Peaceful dolls. Half-eaten twinkie.

Evidence around her tells the reason she must

Stop.

Sonnet for Lottie's Muse

Oh, precious soul, that filled my empty life

With gentle words inspiring tireless truth,

Could only do so with a torment's knife;

It gleamed with the reflection of your youth.

I cannot doff the words "Oh, happy you!"

They sing into my ears a melody

Poignant though they be, I must remove

The hope that you and I will ever be

In close and endless sweet proximity.

But how did I encounter your soft voice?

Twas in the darkness of my frightened mind--

There trapped, I felt there was no room for choice.
I slapped the floor and vehemently cried.
The things that often cheered me fell and died
Like wooded splendor leaning, falling, down
Without a fruit to offer to this world,
My hair, a tousled mess. A sickly crown,
A poisoned, bitter, disconsolate girl.

Yet here is the fantastic mystery:
That words can carry power through all time;
A microcosm of eternity;
The yet unknown that we have yet to climb;
An endless love that crucifies my crimes;
And I, though dead, am quickly brought to life.
This ends my fear and doubt which were my lords.
No longer will I loathe the how and why
But rather rest my heart on what's in store.

She sees me not, but I know her,
And in her shadow I will bask.
To spare my life seems so unfair.
To spare her life: too late to ask.
And though I tire of screaming ghosts,
Of lunatic pretenses,
I raise my soul to give a toast,
At ease, though I'm defenseless.

Worm Brand

He is not one to rail
'Gainst political travail yet he
Will. He shocks me into why.
Willing still to die
For what they say of Christ is
Dead.
And now the solitary place
Is home

Where none will soon escape
Light steps unhearing stirring
Nothing
Thoughts roam and refuse returning

And while feet are pummeled
To summon pain that is unequal,
He finds a pillow solace
Grace enfolding hands that
Quiver.
Shivering in death cold
To warm, warm light
Only to return to cold icy
Blackness. Blight is on his old
Old hands.

Love. All must be love
Forgive. Share your weekly
Piece of bread.
Lay not this sin.
Extend the mercy that sealed
The undying part of you
Truth is stronger than all this.
Cleansing for filthy eyes.
While you beat me
I'll take you with me
With love.

Can I go back?
The underground sounds barren today.
Missing the light that kisses
Lips that praise, exfoliates
Swollen hearts to
Beat. Sweat beads in
The sweet barricade
That sets me free.

accidental meeting

Glass showered
Her
A man
She swerved
Bricks
Dark.

silence

The hot air balloon recedes.
Twenty-one seconds are left.

His head
Bleeds in her lap.
Her head
Is immobile. She can only look down.
Her hand
Rested on his matted hair,
Not by choice, but she shall quickly realize why God put it there.

His eyes
Are blue with shock. He did not intend this.
And they are frozen together in a transient
Lock.

Her phone
Shudders. Because she is immobile, she cannot tell her husband,
For her hand does not move.
She should be angry, enraged at the
Face.

But all she feels is forgiveness.
She doesn't even know why.

How can compassion be aroused in a split second?

Her voice

Faltering, but resolute, says what's in her heart.
"Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be saved."
Her eyes
Holding on to his.
His eyes, wet. Hot streams of remembrance.
His lips parting.
She cannot know what he wants to tell.
His suicide
Was intercepted by an unwitting mother of five.

Her heart whispers to her hand,
Rested on his bloody crown.

As he dies in her lap,
She could not know
And he could not know
That the last time he was resting his head in such comfort
Was a time he could not remember.
It was eighteen months, small, tender,
Sleeping secure on mother's lap.

He could not have known that
His fall would rob her children of their mother and
Rob her husband of his helper.

He wanted to end pain
But caused it in six others.

Twenty-one seconds are over.

brother and sister

forever

