

Time Travel

Yesterday,
in a cold white room
I slid into a tube
that slowed my molecules to a quiver.
I was a pill
encapsulated in gel
and Time swallowed me whole.
Today I awake
slime oozing out of that tough shell
Oh, how Time has tortured my body!
I scarcely thought the muscles would move.
My joints creaked open like a door.
Now, through the city I walk
its streets so unlike my own
yet they must be the same
in different places,
with different names,
but still descended.
The language they speak is foreign.
They do not use it to wonder at the spectacle of my
wet, out-of-date fashion.
They have no interest in me.
I'm yesterday's paper,
and they're disappointed it's only me still on the rack.
I have so many questions to ask them.
What has happened?
Who are you?
What is this place?
I know nothing about them.
They know everything about me.
And so, like a pigeon
or a used cigarette butt
or a chip on the wall of a crumbling city
I disappear
and wander in silence
alone.

The Other Road

The world is different
Since they came
Creatures from another world
Or another dimension
At least,
That's what the newscasters were saying
Before they and their microphones burned.
We've been driving away
Past burning forests
Crashed cars
Litter floating along the pavement.
Far,
From everything we know,
From the still bodies of our friends,
Our loved ones,
For sixteen hours and
Now
On the street,
There are four more of those things,
That haven't seen us yet.
I'm tired,
And it seems like a futile effort
But maybe we should take the other road.

Thieves

I craft this bed of gold
For it is my only comfort.
The rocks are too rough,
The grass too itchy,
The snow outside the cave too cold for my scales.
Though I am a creature of fire,
I am cold blooded.
I build myself a fire to warm my gold,
Like ember it glows.
I am a modest creature.
I have not killed to make my bed.
I have not taken food from other creatures.
I have taken only from the cold Earth,
Which knows no need,
I do not go into the village in the valley
I do not steal from those that live there.
I want nothing but solitude,
But each day there is a mage at my door,
A knight at the foot of my fire,
A reminder that I should never sleep too deeply.
I don't want to kill them.
I dread burying their bodies in the meadow,
Where I leave them covered in treasure:
Apple and wheat
For all living things are sacred
But their swords and spells leave me no choice.
I will not die for them.

The Shadow of the Tree Fairy

I am the strange boy
with a fairy face
and faggot voice.

The freak,
is what they say.

But I am not a boy,
and I am not so strange.

The forest surrounds me
and the wind blows through my hair
just as it rustles through the leaves.

I am the forest
and it is me.

A tree could be called
something it was not
but its shadow will not change with the name.

When I look at my shadow,
she stretches tall in the evening
and crouches in the day.

She is not wearing the clothes that disguise me
She does not have this hair on her face
She is just the shadow of a person,
of me.

She is alive,
and like the shadow of a tree
she is unaware,
free,
and a cool relief on a summer's day.