

## **Assurance**

Same strong comfort, not of a warm bed  
Not a head  
A head on a pillow's soft comfort  
No. Comfort of staring. Down the mount;  
The crest; the  
Count of miles labored, labored with love.

Same with the thought of the miles bought with  
Not a dime  
A rhyme rhymed for a face fastened to  
A heart? To a brain. To what then knew  
Knew the miles  
Fastened in the rain that made the rhyme

But didn't make it great. It was the view  
Assurance  
Bought with the trek, the face, the bait  
The words from that face that said "Go up"  
"Go up" said  
The face the rhyme bought in the rain.

Is that the soft comfort of the view?  
The face down  
Down below with still the words on lips  
"Go up and see and think of me"  
Just one rhyme  
"And I'll be here though you may be  
Farther than my face can see" She said.  
Strong comfort.

## **Amo Fidei**

Dragging behind Him the cross  
To extend a kiss to the beloved  
In dimpled paint  
In the wind-stained Shield  
I saw the face of the man I loved.

And it wasn't the expression  
How could it be?  
For the expression no longer existed.  
Just the shape, the nature.  
The nature faded

And it wasn't the posture.  
Who could help but to sag  
Like a coat, arms stretched from the nails  
Defensive like a coat  
Against the cold, cold shafts.

And it wasn't the feet or the hands or the head even  
It wasn't the holes therein  
It wasn't the lack of flesh where flesh should rightly be  
For metal made him.  
I can't say it was the certain shape of a certain wound  
Though my poor heart empathized with the thought.

I can't say what He was, who made me drip salt tears onto my feet  
It was that I couldn't see Him with even my mind's eye  
I felt empty and alone even as he stretched out  
Hands tearing with the gesture  
To kiss me  
To save me.

### **Man: A Riddle at the End of a Line**

Cut me some slack, and cut me no more.  
My mouth bleeds red to the ocean floor  
My breath reeks salt with the tears and sea  
And I swallow them up: the tears, hook, line and me.

Ask me not why, or I'll ask you not who.  
Oh, that which was sure like the ocean's blue  
Became like a bubble in a steamboat wake.  
If you ask me, you ask me my will to brake.

I can't swim away with this hook digging deep  
But I make my own path. I'm a fish, not sheep.  
Yes, I make my own path you damn breaker of skin  
So cut me some slack 'fore I bleed from within.

Cut me some slack. I know right and wrong.  
I know where I end up's not where I belong.  
I know I'll be eaten, that much I can take  
But before I am eaten, just lend me a break.

The line is my conscience, and I am the fish  
The hook is my love, and the water's my wish.  
The bubble's my love as I gasp for a breath.  
And you, Lord, go fishing for only my death.

## **An Arsonist's Daydream at Night**

The irregular tide of the traffic  
Or the constant waves on the beach sand?  
But where bioluminescence is inconstant with every touch of a sea creature  
The city's glitter-magic remains stationary. Flickering.

The whole city could wash up on the shore of my hill.  
If I fall asleep here, it might be to my toes by morning.  
Best build a fire to keep the tide at bay.

The shrill sirens, like seabirds  
Calling back and forth before they converge upon the victim they seek.  
Is it to save him?  
Then why is their call so cruel?

Only the untamed cat in the distant tide-pool of a street-lamp  
Is safe from the cruel cement ocean.  
Best build a fire to ward off the waves.

They keep saying art imitates nature.  
Why not say art smothers it?  
My hill is like a dune  
Soon to be flooded.  
Naturally.  
The neon waves have been creeping up my hill for years  
Best build a fire to dethrone artful light from its usurped seat.