

## Sergeant Magenta

The soldier was not in a familiar arena,  
And very darkness deep in someone else's,  
Whip-like aware of dwindling defenses.  
The indifferent heat would be his undoing--  
Almost visible the tongue of steam.  
He was itching in the undergrowth,  
Twitching with the Expect,  
Capital Fear at what's next.  
Bugs—festering, brilliant, myriad,  
All fucking over him, and catastrophic loud,  
Seemingly ignorant in this fetid shroud.  
The various smashes of sound were unnerving.  
If an enemy could be defined,  
What was the enemy behind?  
Alone he was alone he was alone.

He was sure in youth he knew despair.  
Now derision at such nonsense etched him crookedly.  
What was that despair?  
The glee of heart-break?  
Some inconsequential waif waving get lost?  
Bitter, bitter this particular chocolate.

This used to be sticks! He shouted in silence.  
We hid behind rocks!  
It was Ollie "Speeder" Finch  
And Tim the moron down the street,  
And the soldier smiled as only a soldier can smile.  
But here sticks were dirty mean, underhanded.  
Wooden pieces waiting to betray—  
Stop progression, snap as he ran.  
Traitors all, he thought.

Yet another traitor snap and now the enemy fired.  
A thud of pain found his back,  
Grew aching fingers further up his spine.  
The soldier paused while buckling.  
Had he been shot—had he been gotten?  
Messy confusion, regret, rotten.  
The ground was kindly there  
To catch his endless descent.  
He was shuddering, shuddering.  
Blood sputtering, sputtering.

Then he heard foot-falls, determined.  
Someone was closing the deal--  
Even now, clichés from another planet.  
Knowledge seeping, seeping.  
Mr. Black creeping, creeping.

His ender approached and up looked the soldier,  
Ready for this moment of which he had dreamed,  
For which he had bravely braced.  
But this was not his reverie,  
Did not belong to him.  
The fiend who had sent the bullet was smiling.

The soldier had imagined righteousness—  
A knowing recognition—  
A meaningful glance exchanged between fighting men.  
A solemn, but proud moment in death.  
Bravura.  
Glory.

Vicious, Vicious the foe he faced.  
Sardonic, haughty, eager to witness one more.  
He reached for anger but only got disgruntled.  
So this was bloody it.  
Valor and honor gone to shit.  
What of beauty in this fading gray?  
What of an angel at the end of his day?  
Stupid smile on a stupider enemy who would remain unadvised of same.

Death was not unkind, just vilely disappointing.  
He stared at his enemy while vaguely dying,  
Duly noted the raised gun butt,  
Understood the pristine intent.  
A rather large Alas.  
Maybe Tim was not the moron.

## Plainly Speaking

I have not read fine enough English  
To tell my story of you.  
For until these days of Us and Our  
Such language was not a need.  
Because we had beauty  
And ecstatic,  
Revelry, and simply magic.  
You could have been fantastic  
Or even heaven-sent—  
Nothing shy of magnificent.

But I know you better  
And will rewrite if able  
The truth from what was fable.

You are shendriloca  
Gaberfree and merriclancy—  
Truly vibrablazen  
And ever sendic derithelry.

So English is nonsense when you're around.  
And nonsense is English as I'm mezmerbound.  
Help me stop this.  
Come and shut this.

Truth I

Not finite.

More than one twilight.

Not finite.

Windswept misty mornings,

Falling water on skin,

Fables by the firelight

And smiles of wicked glee.

This is a witch's brew,

And Oh, the taste of this stew.

Why cook if not to feed the men?

Why eat, if not to dine again?

Not finite.

Not finite.

-----

## Diamonds in My Glass

### I

I see you staring at me--  
That come hither look I adore.  
My silent but outspoken companion  
My dazzling bedazzling harasser.  
Your fluidity is as alluring as firm, golden skin.  
Turning, curving, luscious, lascivious.  
Vastly mischievous.  
Entwined and closer than lovers,  
Sparkling, twisting, magic magnet.  
White, red, any opulence—  
It's all sweet smashing brilliance.

I find you ever enchanting,  
Ever enhancing.  
But some covet the courtship.  
Even slander your lordship.  
Affection or Affliction?  
Distraction or Addiction?  
Nothing is fair at all.

It's really only liquid all it is.  
I can turn my head—  
Find another foe.  
A tiny lie, I know.  
Please stop staring at me.  
Stop staring at me.  
I'm scared of the moment our gazes will lock.

## II

Morning comes I curse you,  
Swear we two are over.  
I stare at the sun and glance at other beauty.  
And something solemn  
That is not the bottom  
Prompts more introspection.  
Let's not drag this on—  
Make it more perplexing.  
Stop the but but but.  
Keep the bottle shut.

## III

Ah, regret.  
Perhaps my words were harsh—  
I've had more time to think.  
The sun, what friend,  
Has bid adieu and set.  
The moon, so large and true  
Has brought me back to you.

Forgive my hazy ravings.  
Slight madness made me cross.  
I'd forgotten your understanding,  
Your patience and your constance.  
Even failed to remember  
Your spinning incandescence.

What was I thinking?  
It's always you and I.  
The music begins  
And so do our sins--.  
Let's have just one more kiss.