

Stagnant Change

As summer draws to an end,
I recount the events that most preoccupied my time-
Leaving North Carolina,
Moving to New Jersey,
And all things in between.

I transitioned my mind from
Treating patients,
To telling my Dad stories
While he was connected to a dialysis machine.

I worked as an EMT.
He was the only reason I left my life behind,
And started a new one.

So much change
Meant for Fall...

I became complacent-
Driving to work,
Observing withered trees and leaves touching ground;
As well as cousins growing,
And life circling around.

Death found its place
Among common,

And I became stagnant
While remaining
In motion.

Dear Jack

Dear Jack,
Death never seemed more real
Until losing you...

The seasons stayed stagnant
For a while...
The stench of mortality
Lingered in the air...

I no longer knew myself,
And questioned every moment
To come.

I wondered if I would ever become
Insensitive to the numbing void
That you caused.

I imagined
The "free-falling" sensation,
And face smacked,
Glass piercing the skin
Collision
With every bridge passing-
Corpse plummet to ground...

I've thought about that selfish deed too-
Feeling the aches of this world
Slipping away...

Now,
I'm approaching your age
Forever frozen in time,
Wishing you were alongside me
Showing the world your relevance.

You made me feel relevant
Leaving an eerie influence
Of encouragement present.

Remain in Present
Always.

Sometimes Death Is Kind

Sometimes
Death is kind.

I tried to avoid glancing at vacant eyes
Placed on me.
The nurse said she couldn't see,
And her eyelids looked like they haven't been shut in years.

Her eyes resembled two dried, poached eggs,
And I thought it'd be rude to stare.

She moaned.

Her groans might have been beckoning attention
If I didn't know the grunts meant
"I've suffered enough."

She couldn't speak.
They warned me of little to no brain activity,
But it felt like she could think.

She had no paralysis,
But her body was coiled
And phalanges tangled.

She couldn't breathe for herself,
But still felt
Everything.

She only responded to pain.
At times I wondered if that was only due to
No one listening.

If only I could have translated her sounds
Into comprehensible words
I would liberate her soul.

There was no light beyond darkness-
Not in this life.
Death would be kind to her.

We'd be gentle.
The gasping of air would last but a moment.
The whistling sound from oxygen

Forced into her lungs by the ventilation machine
Would cease.
Her rhythm would be asystole,
And she can experience new life
In death.

Sometimes
Death is kind-
Sometimes
It's the only kindness deserved;

But then again,
I could be wrong.

Soul Escapes

I believe the soul exits body
Through eyes.

When removed,
Eyes hold a vacancy sign.

It is eviction at its greatest potential-
Emptiness at best-

The most delicate package sent
Being no return and
Return to sender-
Shipped with vulnerability.

It is indestructible,
Awaiting a life more real
Than previous notions.

Twilight

I see the world in hues
Not color-
The variations in between.

I believe the sky is
God's greatest canvas-
Vast and majestic,
Ever changing.

The pallets are soft,
The strokes are even-
Just the right blend
Of orange and yellow,

The slight tint of green
That fades
To pale blue.
Darker-
The blue
Is royal
Then turns to navy.

The moon-
Placed to perfection-

Gray scaled,
But the only thing
That is.

Pure-

All of it being
Untouched
Yet by God's hands
Alone.

And we ignore
The biggest painting
There is.

