

Five Holes.

The night he didn't die
She sat in a metal folding chair,
barricaded against
the caramel colored front door.
Just above, a tiny taped window
blocked out the night demons.
Digging at the door
Tepid breath, liquid smoke. Trailing
through the crack.

She held his pistol on her lap, a 38
beneath the kitchen towel.
One hand quivering above
One steady below.
When she saw us
Steel voiced.
Ta Bed, Now.
We didn't go.

Jesus was around her neck,
his hands and feet were bound.
She implored instead, as she always did
Mary, Full of Grace.
We didn't ask but we could see
Painted by her face.
Fingers reaching through the crack
Slithering up the door.
Until at last we covered our heads.
Hiding in our 2-person beds.

She was still there when we awoke,
Towel twisted, gun gone.
Beasts quelled. East sun reaching
to yellow the walls within.
She had something to tell the older ones
Not you missed the bus.
Dad didn't die.

But there would be holes.

Sister Mary

Brushes snow strands
from her mother's frozen face.
A single silver thread burrows into
a winter-worn crevasse.

She wrestles the silky strand
Stuck to her mother's forehead.
It roots below the icy blue skin
and turns to twine, Twists to rope.

Sister Mary prays and pulls. Yanks and
Hand over hand, the rope eases forth.
On it, her mother's memories,
clinging like cat claws.

Concocted life, Like witch's brew.
Fleeting childhood chants. Flickering
face, love of her life who died before
Eternity commenced.

The rope stretches the memories long
into the hall and down the steps.
Snaking out the door, into the
burnt yellow sun. Light.

When the rope bursts loose, Sister Mary falls.

Five Holes Poems

The rope squirming in her hands.
The old woman has a gaping hole in her head.
Her mouth is froze open in a soundless scream.

Sister Mary eases the rope
back into the expanding black hole.
It unravels in her fingers and the memories
plunk to the floor.

She gathers them into her arms
like fallen apples
and stuffs them back into the head hole.
They roll out her mother's mouth.

Tenderly, she tucks the memories
under the old woman's blanket.
Then tiptoes from her mother's room
with a silver strand stuck to her shoe.

The old woman sits with her holed head, opened mouth.
She picks at the memories under her covers.
Some she flings to the floor,
some she nibbles and spits.

Tired.
She kicks the remainders from her bed.
Like so many toys.
With no room to sleep.

Ending Lines

#1

Digging for dirt.

My fingers found it hiding in his drawer.

Back as far as the boundaries could be pressed.

Under boring socks and old white man boxers
my flanges felt for what lay in wait.

And found it. Unassuming envelope.

Emancipation proclamation, though I didn't know,
Guilt aside, deft fingers pried.

Glided over lines decoded. Words unhinged.

By him who I called husband,

Get out and get out quick!

I didn't cry. I seethed.

#2

Free floating.

Swimming against the tide of sleep
through concrete walls of sand.

Slammed by sorrow when I woke,
Body bleeding away the cocoon
that held him or her.

They said fetus, because they didn't know.

Dissipating soft lost soul.

Clinging to him who I called husband two. He said,

I didn't want it anyway.

Those words dismembered me.

Five Holes Poems

#3

Waiting.

For his arrival. Too damn long.

Holding onto promises like water streams.

Shored by memories made of morning fog.

Reconciliation cradled in my arms,

He pressed for me to sign another

Emancipation proclamation.

Unread.

He who was called husband three by me.

I declined, and he retorted

Greedy, selfish, little bitch

His words burned my ears and singed my soul.

#4

He said,

I love you

I got out quick.

I didn't want it anyway

I'm a greedy, selfish, little bitch.

ENough

Micro-plastic in the water – GMO's abound
Round-up's in our cereal - Hormones in the cows
Chickens are in prison – Skeeters got the Z
Climate's gettin warmer – “just by a degree”
Trash is in the oceans - Amazon's mowed down
Arctic ice is meltin - Hurricanes comein round
Species are depleting - Galapagos are gone
Holes in the ozone– methane in the air
Fires in the forest - Kim has got the nukes
Herbicides, insecticides - birds just wanna puke
Radiation fallout - meltdown on the cusp
Frackin for the oil - we can't get
E Nough.