

Weight of the World:

1. Night
2. Millenniums
3. Glass House
4. Virgin
5. The Ferris Wheel

Night

Gold bangles clatter on her wrist as she looks into eyes
identical to hers,
she watches the light leave them.

The crown sits on her head indefinitely,
she sees blood where there is none.

He calls to her in her dreams and she runs,
only to awake
covered in blankets of sweat.

Her robe is heavy,
her shoulders crumble under the weight in solitude,
and her soul feels like iron trying to
bleed its way out of her skin.

Millenniums

Capillaries purge you of all that is waste
so organisms grow in the soil of brown eyes.
In the distance a mirage calls out, screams of
black diamonds angled in all the right ways.
Cells make hands that are capable, even if
they shake when the moon is high in the sky.
Waves whisper "home" when they reach sand,
and the lighthouse leads sailors to shore,
while you twinkle light years away, for
millenniums to come.

Glass House

Don't make me live in a glass house that
shatters when it storms.

The air grows
thick in your presence, and I flounder
to be whole.

Your footsteps are loud
in my ears.

A melody plays in some far
off place,
where raindrops are regarded
as rainbows,
and cobwebs are maps to
heaven- a glass house where only shards
remain that mark land as a graveyard.

Virgin

Broken bones-
a lonely soul,
swims along a crystal shore
that promised calm waters,
where virgin eyes can be so once more
even if the compass points to its origin,
where paint was chipped,
walls were thin,
where shrieks were heard through
covered ears,
a conscious nightmare
ends in a dream that lasts forever.

The Ferris Wheel

Little people in little windows watch over the canal.
Swans await the arrival of sleek sailboats that
part the water like Viking ships.

Twinkling lights-
like hopes wished away-
line the arches crown.
Paintings hang stoic
while schools of fish bite at stale bread,
and smoke sings lullabies to weary nomads.

Markets make streets hum,
treasures hide among rubble there.

Freud dreams of swastikas
and Jewish stars
and whispers heard from boots marching,
little feet are drowned out by
Tracks shaking,
cathedrals break up the sky,
and
Ferris wheels turn with the world.