

## Operation Love

12 steps—hot coals crossed—flash

Eyes locked on you and crash!

A transplant of love; please match

Soul mate fishing—am I a worthy catch?

Frosty lips and hand chilled with snow

Plunge through the ice—away you go

Gasp for air; pain stabs as seconds fly

Love lost—pity the soul who doesn't try

Pulled from frigid death, eyes see stars

Enough madness—I'm done with love wars

Your lips move slowly—sudden failure to hear

You could say 'I love you; I always want you near'

But this night I doubt such feelings as these

My head still spins—my mind starts to seize

A quiver and chill—eyes, why do you close

My heart beats no more—the truth it already knows

## The Other Man

On black wings his thoughts plague the night  
Neither demon nor ghost, but he causes great fright  
In the murky shadows he quietly stalks his prey  
The woman unassuming—only safe by the light of day

Her heels strike the pavement in a sharp staccato rasp  
He slows down his breathing—soon she'll be in his grasp  
Not one to enjoy torture, but simple pleasure from the kill  
His hands around her slender neck, and soon all grows still

As he dumps her body several blocks from here  
The unknown of getting caught—a high caused by fear  
And walking home that evening after the craving filled  
He thinks back on her pale face—not about the blood he spilled

The front door opens to his home, the welcome light left on  
He crawls into bed with his wife, to snuggle until dawn  
In the morning he dresses—in the mirror he sees the other man  
The one that is not satisfied, already with another killing plan

## The Last Man

A sharp pang of cold, it stabs me to the core  
How long have I been down, on this earthen floor?  
My memory is fuzzy—only pieces from the night  
An attempt to open my eyes—FLASH! Pain from the light

I gather up my courage to survey what I presume are battle scars  
A color wheel of black and blue, splashes of blood near and far  
My breathing becomes ragged as I wonder at my state  
Was this some sort of punishment or a cruel twist of fate?

A rustle in the leaves and I seize—not even a shallow breath  
The shadow crosses over; a small ways out on my left  
Could be friend or enemy—my savior or my bitter end  
I try to summon my resolve, but I will struggle to defend

Time hangs still as I hear the deliberate stride  
Should I lay and wait, or attempt to run and hide?  
His scent hits me then and my mind begins to reel  
No one is here to help me—my life he means to steal

Around a tree I see him—the blood staining his large knife  
I open my mouth to scream, but my attempt shows my strife  
He keeps walking to me slowly, no human in his eyes  
I struggle to remember—this man I do not recognize

I make an act to flee, helpless, at some point I broke my leg

Now I lay here wondering; would it help to beg?

A thin smile crosses his lips as he sees my panicked face

The thrill for him is over; I can no longer give him a chase

He draws near, awareness of the scent from the night before

His euphoria is abating; the hunt has lost its lore

He kneels down to my ear, telling me he has won

The knife pierces my flesh, cold and friendless; I am done.

## Where Love Kept Score

Her screams echo through the house as she struggles to get through

What happened to the promises, back when their love was new

Vows broken on both sides—each are hurting, it's plain to see

But can they move beyond the past, or should they each go free

Shifting thoughts and sands of time have done little to end the pain

Each has a list of grievances; their song a dark melody, a loveless refrain

Somewhere back before I can remember, both sides started keeping score

And with each tally placed up on the board—their love grew no more

And as they lay down to sleep at night, they wish the other was not there

But it is easier not to rock the boat—you see, they no longer care

Between the time of fighting or when the silence gets too great

They somehow forgot their love, and now it may be too late

And still after all these years, they refuse to just move on

The morning sun rises, each plotting strategy, the other is a pawn

I wonder what goes through their heads when they add up love's battle cost

Do they see individual victory or a collective sum where love has lost?