

Fight or Flight

With a plastic syringe,
I dispense three beads
of water to the hushed

beak. He is dying-
quiet and ethereal
in my hand. Meager efforts

evolve too late and fail to
assuage the institutionalized
condition from which it

suffers. A murder of crows
shriek in violation and barrage
the airways with outrage.

Apathy settles on alabaster
masses. Eyes reflect the distortions
of a whitewashed mind.

But I can't erase a youthful
flight. Innocence unaware, the predator's
proclivity – ruin.

The embodiment of ignorance
breeds a "perceived threat".
A coward's bullet explodes

your heart. I am left to consider
unwavering racism
amidst the velvety feathers.

Surrender

Motivations aside, the marriage hangs,
 Unpredictable
 not just day by day, but
 like a spinning prism, twisting and
 flashing.
I promise to be true to you...

Appearances conducted, the union waivers,
 Indecisively
 Not by choice of either partner, but
 as a lightning strike, jagged and
 crashing.
in good times and in bad...

Coffins opened, the promise balances,
 Carelessly
 not by conscious negligence,
 the void unearths her sins, mocking and
 laughing.
in sickness and in health...

Rages stifled, the bond trembles,
 Atomically
 not intended by his energy,
 they are magnets that repel, rejecting and
 clashing.
I will love you and honor you...

A mind infected, the grasp releases,
 Desperately
 not for lack of love, but
 a surrender to madness, relentless and
 lasting
all the days of my life.

WAITING

Beyond the threshold of the formidable establishment
Harried souls consider circumstance and fate.
A congregation of characters seeking asylum
from their own collection of demons.

An unspoken language conveys a shared agony,
a paralyzing darkness.
Each being invocating for divine counsel,
internally pleading for an hour of safe-haven.

This pained herd of creatures with a common
wolf at its back,
offers up plastic cards for a promise of salvation;
dollars of the disturbed.

The waiting room is a psychological limbo
where invisible fiends prey and feed on fragile minds.
Breathing ceases with the opening of the hallowed door.
Who among these vexed souls is the chosen one?

Heaven is home to the delusional.
What conjurings transpire to rectify the shadowed brain?
Various experts shepherd patients to private chambers
Where sins and secrets purge and float on air.

Cynicism and truth keep me from the light.
Twice, I confessed in the shrouded box without reprieve,
an eternity of "Hail Marys" abandoned at conception.
Now, I plead only for conformity of mind.

The door is open for me; a chance of rebirth,
a remodeled creation of self.
No saints or sorcery can cure my condition,
no faith, no hope, maybe nothing, maybe.

A familiar gaze, devoid of condemnation
affirms a communion born of trust.
Recognition evokes pain in my chest.
Tears leak from unsuspecting eyes.

AWAKENING

Glass implodes, fracturing the enclosure
Through poison veils
Oxygen cuts like jagged shears.

Scattered diamonds form a brilliant coronet
On bleak cement
A grotesque sleep interrupted.

The stead-fast rhythm warped by desperation
Beneath dead weight
My beating heart persists.

Had it untangled the mass of theorems
In perfect chambers
My consciousness eschewed?

Did the stable drumming of its intent
Through vast atriums
Hush the clamor from my head?

Bruised lungs expand involuntarily
With newborn terrors
What alchemy can fix me now?

ILLUSION

First snow

Streaks the portrait of a home

Dusting a renovated roof

An exposed structure suffers the weight

Beneath expectations.

First snow

Blankets the lawnmower

Quieting proven capabilities

A newfound resource endures the restraint

Within a confined space.

First snow

Alights on grass and tree

Murmuring, "Time is up."

One scarlet leaf committed to evolve

Amidst a tangle of habit.