

The Dog Barks

People lie bleeding on the floor of a Colorado movie theater.
“We need more good guys carrying guns.” whines the gun makers.
The dog barks at the squirrel chattering just out of reach.

Gabby Giffords and others lie bleeding in an Arizona mall.
“We need more good guys carrying guns.” mimics the NRA.
The dog barks at the squirrel chattering just out of reach.

Students lie bleeding in classrooms at Virginia Tech.
“We need more good guys carrying guns.” mimics Fox News.
The dog barks at the squirrel chattering just out of reach.

Children at Sandy Hook School lie in pools of blood.
“We need more good guys carrying guns.” mimics GOP House members.
The dog barks at the squirrel chattering just out of reach.

Young adults bleeding on the floor of a Florida night club
“We need more good guys carrying guns.” mimics GOP Senators.
The dog barks at the squirrel chattering just out of reach.

People bleeding on the grass in Las Vegas, 58 dead and 500 wounded.
The administration claims it is not time for gun control debate. When?
The dog barks at the squirrel chattering just out of reach.

Most of these states make buying and carrying a gun like a loaf of bread
but no armed civilians saved any lives during these shootings.
The dog keeps barking at the squirrel as we wonder who will die next.

Darkness Descends

The evening appeared bright
though it was already dark
but we'd watch states with blue light
exceed states with a red mark.

She has felt more than her share
of words ignored and insults
but then the maps did not bare
enough blue for good results.

She deeply felt the dark night
surround us as surprise loss
for Clinton brought a great slight
when she was rejected as boss.

Blackness fell. Women despaired.
Darker since orange fraud won.
Trump demeaned females, and dared
brag about assaults he'd done.

Shattering the glass ceilings
for most women was lost hope.
Now with their angry feelings
they march together to cope.

Falling on a Winch

My side bangs on a winch when I fall
on my sailboat and bruised ribs sustain.
I say it's better to fall on your wench,
land on a winch, you will feel weeks of pain.

You softly land on your on her then
you avoid bruised ribs which may bring tears,
but you fall in love with the wrong wench
and your pain can last for many years.

If you do marry the wrong lady,
you will miss feeling her love within.
Your real lover will see the whole man
and you'll feel her love soak through your skin.

Memorial Day in Iowa

I drive south from Des Moines down a two lane highway
past green fields and full river banks. Driving alone beneath
overcast skies through a couple towns past familiar hills and
bottom land with five red roses gracing the passengers seat.

The skies contain a tease of rain but surrenders only sprinkles
the clouds refuse to let the sun appear. I arrive at a cemetery
and lie a rose on the graves of my grandma, grandpa, mom, and
stepfather. I leave a rose at my father's grave after a short drive.

The clouds melancholy the weather. I avoid memories
which might produce a deluge of salty rain or
or sunshine piercing the clouds. I know one day
I must feel sunshine and rainstorms but not this day.