

Sixfold Submission

Poem 1

What's to explain,
For this scorching, this flame?
Hot fumes lick fresh wounds
(Silent scream, no reprieve)
Must I burn this way,
In my tender skin?
Am I being tried by fire
Or hounded for sin?

Poem 2

Some can't stand the rain:

Sky's expression of pain

Say-they,

“That's sadness and fear

Manifested by tears.”

But I? No—

It is tranquil, wet peace

Clouds pouring release

To heal dry, bitter faces

Renew parched desert places

Why, it's the atmosphere

Washing away worry and fear

And that overcast fog up above?

Well, it lowers sky-lights

For it contrasts, is keen

It turns down the bright

To bring out the green:

Nature's plants down below

That earth coaxes to grow

They open up and soak in the moisture showers

And pay forward the landscape through fair leaves and flowers.

And when clear day breaks...

It's as though life starts anew

For the air smells clean

And the ground's laden with dew

Poem 3

The blue sea rocks the little boat

Body swells and pulls it down

This girl can't keep her mind afloat

She's done, she's gone; she'll drown.

Poem 4

I am chaff

Rent, at the will of the wind

I am smoke

Spread in air, dissipating and thin

I am the aftermath

Impact of the fire and flood

Memory of violence,

Of shed tears and shed blood

Now the damage is done

Echoing despite the stillness of sound

See this small corn husk girl,

Body shriveled, trampled into the ground

She is at home

With her dead and decaying kin

Eggshells empty, left behind,

A molting snake's discarded skin

Lying together in the loam.

Wreckage and dissolution

Dust upturned, drifts through the air

Ashes settle down to prove their point

That this feeble doll was never here.

Poem 5

Stuck in my squalor

Left for sin to devour

To reek rancid from its power

My mortal, rotting core.

My mind's wasted away

And my body's but decay

Where the slimed and wet creatures play

A feast to slither, infect, and bore.