

One Little Hello

Dried petals of black stained skin peel
Around the edge.
Her wrinkled fingers waterlogged by blood,
A dehydrated beat, slowing, slow that
She awakens with a gentle tap.
“Don’t leave me,” she whispers,
Her palms embalmed around the organ.

The alkali sea sheets the sand beneath her.
Soft, golden sponge
Cushion her knees, moored as she sinks,
Absorbed into the coast, married, merged that
The angel beside her is scourged.
“Let it go,” he whispers,
A snag of perpetuum love fruitless on the shore.

The covenant of salt betrayed by a bitter bluff.
Sisyphian obscenity.
Each ventricle perish to decay as she
Still waits for one little hello, hello, say hello.
Her heart cracks to ash.
“I loved him,” she bemoaned.
Now a statue frozen to stone.

Can Anybody Hear Me?

“Can anybody hear me?”
I turn and peer into the darkness,
My mind a little weary.
The altitude kaleidoscope the chorus
Of a formless song. Sing,
“I’m here. I’m here.”

The volcanic light beneath my feet,
Erupting smoke pirouettes over me.
A gentle hand, a stroke across the cheek.
“Mother? Is that you?” Succumbed to ennui.
I choke, the fumes sting as I sing,
“I’m here. Can you see me?”

“Stay outside,” she left. I waited,
The sun a yellow frog for hours
Licked my skin, how I hated
This freckled disease. My fingers
Make shapes in the dust. Sing,
“I’m waiting. I’m waiting.”

A painting of colours, a golden heart
Beating blood of gemstones. Love,
So much love. So much love. Discard.
Suffocate the turtledove.
In the darkness I cry,
“Can anyone see me? Can anyone see?”

“I’m here. I’m here. Can anybody hear me?”
“I can hear you,” he said. Blue eyes
That whispered in the silent debris.
A heartless man in disguise.
“Where are you?” I cried. Please sing,
“I’m here. I’m here.”

Black laughter echo into the shadows,
The devil eats the flesh of love, and the
Drumming feet of the gestapo
Tap slowly towards my frightened heart.
Beat. Beat. Beat. I curl my lips. “Shhh.
Stay silent. Stay silent.”

“I should be happy with what I have.”
Following, copying, tricking the truth.
An ornament of love put on display.
A decoration on the mantel, a ruse.
“Where are you?” I whisper, with a tear.
“Because I’m here. I’m here.”