

Beauty and Beast

she lied.

but it was more than a dirty little secret
shoveled under the rug,
or a skeleton in the closet
dressed as a fib in disguise.

this was an ugly black truth thrown forth
with bloody spite.
a deep dark sin that reached out and grabbed
his palpitating heart with eager malice.

more than joy at the thought of the blood
jetting forward from his broken, dying heart.
this was sweet iniquity,
with bliss on the side.
this was her passion, her reason for living, her life,
her only moments of delight in
this desolate wasteland where a world used to lie-
now only scattered debris of opportunity remain.

and he begs.
oh, how pitifully he begs.
he begs, he pleads, and he cries.

but her face, devoid of any
compassion or sympathy for others,

will not give in.

she is a deity; she is a fiend.

she is a memory of what once was
and what could have been.

his wounded heart can only imagine.

his wounded heart can only dream.

Alabama Summer

Down under the great oak trees,
embroiled in a stifling heat
that only those of a
southern reminiscence
can relate to.

Chattering endlessly
with those of a generation passed.
a generation of love and humor,
a generation of peace,
and goodwill toward men.

Watching as the brilliant moon
conquers sky and all,
leaving us with
mosquitoes, insects, and
another midnight blue
humid night.

Listening to the invading sound
of youthful laughter,
permeating through thick silence,
created by miles of green acres
intermittently dotted by houses.
This could be a beautiful night.

Sunset

The east lights with an orange fire,
spreading contagiously with pride.
Mother is crying.

The neighborhood children ride their bikes,
skateboards, and scooters.
Mother weeps uncontrollably.

The music of the night
creeps into every home,
and lingers in everyone's ears.
Father waves good-bye.

I sit in my window,
and watch the days end,
and watch the nights grow,
and watch the years pass.
Mother desperately sobs.

I watch the years pass.

Rejection

It isn't really self-pity,
though I am well acquainted
with his penetrating song.

Not quite disappointment,
although the tendrils of her brunette curls
lick upon the edges,
teasing for a slit in my armor.
But oddly enough, even this cannot be dredged up.

Perhaps upon reflection,
time wasted in dejection,
the numbing sedative of anger will emerge
to suppress this aggravated pain.

But no,
none of the predictable elements of despair
seem to be located anywhere.

Instead,
most bewildering,
is an infusion of hopelessness and terror
resonating through the core
of a once so confident being,
a loss of certainty when confronted with reality.

Thoughts of You

Thoughts of you
scatter in my mind,
linger in the recesses-
an all-encompassing void
filled with memories so divine,
pressing through time,
pressing through my soul.

Thoughts of you
run deep inside
and cover my heart
with meaningful sighs,
whilst I gather these thoughts,
gather them near
and covetously hold them so dear.

Thoughts of you
pass slowly
and wilt away with time.
They leave my mind a flowerbed
of lifeless flowers,
asphyxiated from the weeds.

And thoughts of you
float away
with the September breeze.