

A Winter Like No Other

The Sun falls
Behind frozen sea
As October winds
Chill to the bone

The Darkness descends
On bundled figures
 Watching
 Waiting
For the feast of Saint Valentine
And the Sun's return

The Buildings stand
On stilts of concrete
Lifted above a ground
That never thaws

The Glacier looms
Ever present
A cold mother
To litters of icebergs
Clustered at its feet

The Moon shines
Its pale glow
Revealing endless rocks
A false Sun
That gives no warmth

The Stars glitter
Bright as diamonds
Over the figure of a man
On his way to lunch

The Northern Lights glow
On the Southern horizon
So far away
They can hardly be seen

The People huddle
Around dirty tables
In dim light
Drinking cheap beer

Anything to escape
From Winter in Greenland

That Others May Live

The page goes out
A shrill, piercing tone
A man is down
Location: unknown

We get to the trucks
Engines roar to life
The sirens come on
The sound cuts like a knife

Over the radio
We listen as we drive
Soon faster units
Begin to arrive

They kick off the search
Start pounding the ground
Still our missing subject
Cannot be found

We bring up the rear
The last in the line
But we know the area
So we make the find

There's frenzied action
Yet nothing can be done
Time of death is called:
Thirteen fifty-one.

It takes something each time
Almost too much to give
Still we answer each call
So that others may live

The Little Clock in the Tomb

I live here in my future tomb,
Where all my family met their doom.
Those of us left still alive,
 in dark and dusty halls.
Spend our last time staring,
 at the clock on the wall.

Tick, tick, tick,
 go the hands of the clock.
And the seconds left for living,
Keep on infinitely slipping.

I've heard this place was once quite nice,
A veritable paradise!
But paradise was not enough,
 we needed to have more.
And soon these halls were overcome,
 by violence and war.

Tick, tick, tick,
 go the hands of the clock.
With the never ending killing,
And the seconds left for living,
Keep on infinitely slipping.

We built machines to bring us light,
We thought they'd help us set things right!
But our machines spewed forth,
 the most foul and toxic fumes.
So we locked them in the cellar,
 running in their sealed off rooms.

Tick, tick, tick,
 go the hands of the clock.
As the poison keeps on rising,
With the never ending killing,
And the seconds left for living,
Keep on infinitely slipping.

We tried to tell the others here
Together we could solve our fears!
But they didn't see the problems,
 or acknowledge them at all.
And when we tried to teach them,
 we were talking to the wall.

Tick, tick, tick,
 go the hands of the clock.
But the ignorance is blinding,
As the poison keeps on rising,
With the never ending killing,
And the seconds left for living,
Keep on infinitely slipping.

At first we tried to make new plans,
To find some way to stay fate's hand!
But every time we come up with,
 an idea that is new.
It's used to sacrifice the many,
 and benefit the few.

Tick, tick, tick,
 go the hands of the clock.
Yet the greed is overwhelming,
And the ignorance is blinding,
As the poison keeps on rising,
With the never ending killing,
And the seconds left for living,
Keep on infinitely slipping.

Death will greet us if we stay,
So some once tried to get away!
But the others here don't want us,
 spending money out of turn.
Yet they drink and dance like Nero,
 and behind it all, Rome burns.

Tick, tick, **stop**.
 go the hands of the clock.
Our time on Earth is up.

The Stranger

I do not know you
And even though
I've seen your face
And held your hand
We will never meet

You will never see
The People
Gathered
All their thoughts on you

You will never see
Your Father
Lost
With sadness on his face

You will never hear
The Pastor
Quiet
Comforting those he can

You will never feel
The Cloud
Grief
Hanging heavy in the air

And I will never know
Why someone so young
Stole his own future
From himself

The Endless “E”

Every eve we seek better secrets
The seekers we send, they represent the best
They eye the deep, they meet extreme tests
They expect new secrets, yet the depths extend,
Endless

Every test they meet begets new needs
We fetch new tech, we spend every expense
The seekers' senses extend, yet they never see the edge
We need better tech, the expenses creep,
Endless

Stretched, tempered, yet ever defended, the seekers press
We decree them better, we neglect the lessers
The meek,
 The helpless,
 The sweet,
 The gentle,
We let them meet the end.

We peer ever deeper, we never settle
Yet the seekers never detect the secrets they seek
They serve the rest, we expect better
We sever the seekers.

We see the peers we left, they never were lesser
Yet they met the end, we defended the seekers
Where were we when they needed help?
We feel regret,
Endless