

REFLECTIONS

Mercy

I live with phantoms
screaming at me
to come to my senses
at the most inconvenient
time. Dark cavernous
mouths, without rhyme or reason,
cough a dense fog
against my windows just
when the sun's about to rise.

I almost feel sorry for them
irritated by our impermanence
unable to make a difference
to maintain an eternal balance on
a planet happily in permanent orbit.

I know they lie to me
& make sand castles
By day in groups of four
each grain a false promise.
Sometimes they whisper
behind my back
Judging from the heat
On my shoulders.

I have the thermostat
set at 85
yet they only remove

a few layers of history
haunting me with their
Version of humanity
well before my time
when the earth, I'm guessing,
was still a cube & on the
misty lakes the first ashes
settled like fallen snow

They are an embarrassment
salivating on the patio, beholden
to no one. I box, label & weigh them.
Ready to post.
I have shuttered my windows
& play solitaire in the dark
to avoid the neighbors
with the old Ford that
backfires in reverse.
I can't remember if I
played the Ace of Spades
or is this the last hand I ever play
before suitable rearrangements
on a grand scale are made.

Streaming Artificial Theories

There are rumblings in the neighborhood.
Mr. Sauerbraun has uncovered,
mind you this is only a rumor,
apparently, he's created a parallel path
of Knowledge, but who's to know?
His eyes are so tiny we can't
see inside his head to find the platform
where this new discovery streams.

Nobody thought to ask our children
now that our grandparents are deaf,
to recite theories that can't be proven.
The community has been rocked
in a manner of speaking, one
might even say shellshocked,
to learn by snail mail that
Mr. Sauerbraun was awarded
the Nobel Peace Prize for
non-violent revolution.
The ceremony streamed live
on Tik Tok & YouTube while cat
videos were suspended for a day.

The Ambulance

Piercing the night the sirens approach
overhead, wet trees and yellow windows
on a dark street left behind, within earshot
of my bonfire, my comfort zone, heading
toward me, like a tempest bleeding agony,
the heartiest of my stolen cupcakes
collapse into crumbs that fall on rubble
where I sleep under this bridge,
always fearful, always ready,
to grab for the neck
of another brandy jigger.
It's been terribly loud lately
under this bridge. The Continental
Shelf shifting en route to the Great Mystery.
The Soul of the night has the rats panicked
two at a time jumping
off my homemade spit.
Stray cats have filled the sleeping bag
with their babies, lapping the brown
water puddled this morning, oblivious
to the cold bones of death on a cranky night,
that turn blue under the streetlight,
exposing the brutality of humanity
& the scariest of the cats has
her hooked claws kneading me.
She too is afraid that I will be
seduced by the sirens before dawn.

Erasing Peace

I couldn't sleep thinking of the many
wars we never started. How did we
manage peace for as long as we did?
So many revolutionary poems written in the sand
swallowed by the tides of black ideas
while the one-eyed nightwatchman
in a vacant brickyard with his yellow flashlight
never saw the approaching army of lost souls.

Patience. Patience. It won't be long
before we blow the heads off those sons-
of-bitches on the other side of the world.
We've had a bone to pick with them
since Scheherazade fled the capital.
If we put our heads together and form
a strategy, poisoned darts will trend again.

These are modern times! We can wage war
from the comfort of our homes. Disregard
the color of the vintage curtains. I just had to
have them. Rumored to be fabric from Attila
The Hun's tent, *sans* the camel dung. Once
we set our course for total annihilation
charging downhill with our erasers will be easy.