

## Grief Poems

### I bit love green—

A raw, bitter stinging  
seemed better than  
hollow, empty feelings.

### Cold and frayed—

I swam through  
cavernous souls,  
and slowed with age.

### Now love wastes—

Rotting, limp, over-  
ripe, with faintest tastes  
of what had been.

## Grief Poems

### The Fall

Dying stars

fall

from the sky,

whitening my hair

striking holes through my teeth

p-u-s-h-i-n-g

my heaving chest

down

dropping

into my empty pockets.

I,

part of life's heart-

beat of decay,

Nature running her course

Rivers holding no shame

My body molds and rots

like all do,

Who am I to say

*What is good?*

*What is evil?*

as I stand here

to wither,

like my Mother's Day

flower,

like my weathered-winged

brother,

that lonely desert owl

hooting to the dying stars.

## Grief Poems

### A wild branch

Wisdom wanders on Life's wrinkles  
Does not answer questions early  
Freezing rain must first rise over  
'fore the muddy gnaws of change

*Lingering is her treason!*

a teacher crows unseen  
But the Wind must quiet friars  
and wash the Truth in kneaded pain

We walk in hateful seasons  
Grind through darkened thicket  
Blistering judgments, loosely guided  
Bruises nurtured to remain

Infirmities—Our intuition  
The potter's gold—Eyes' contention  
While the Ego longs to keep  
mirages of control

Milking tongues of titillations  
Greasing rusted wheels  
White-washed tombs dipped in honey  
relentless as Life's blows

But patchwork covers scarlet  
'til arrogance can be found

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*The mask of fools will be removed!*  
the Wind of Wisdom howls

For through this holy madness  
the boughs must end their prowess  
bowing to the River  
and to the River's running course

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### The Little Foxes

We could not catch

Not one Red Fox

Consuming the fruit within

Yet I stretched to grab

The small Sand Fox

Chewing on vines unseen

And now I sit

Dyeing white hairs

Of the soft Shadow Fox released