

The Village

they cut my hair and dressed me up in black,
all part of the initiation,
they made me throw the flowers in the trash,
they said that I wasn't allowed to sing,
you have to be quiet,
when you are the shroud guard,
so I threw those flowers in the trash barrel with care and grace,
then took my broom,
and I dusted off the threshold,
to the shroud yet again,
singing softly to myself,
so that no one could hear it,
trying to drown out,
the lapping of water,
behind the shroud

Insert Good Idea

they came by stomping their feet and sure enough she ran away like I knew she would,
they came by with their bugle and their drum and scared her,
because she knew that song before,
it is an ugly song that you can also hear amidst the trundling hearses,
or the mini vans congregating in their insipid flocks,
they surrounded her and defiled her,
left her shivering naked in the rain,
and she cried and her tears stung me like acid when they dropped,
on the cold paved reality that we stand on

Suburban Subtleties

a giant adolescent playground,
we sit with our gaudy toys,
and play our games,
we run around,
the fluorescent night,
with laughter sprouting out of our heads and eye sockets,
we eat the feasts left to us by food machines,
we transcend the parking lots,
their trembling moonlit coagulations of shadows,
littering the streets,
the militant words glow as they march past us,
in the light parade

Self-Immolation

they set my brain on fire,
with their own burning,
orange flames against the blue,
then all that's left is black,
blackened, charred pieces of hope,
shielded off from the world,
by mountains of indifference,
silence screaming at me,
my heart's on fire,
his body was black,
his soul was clear like the haze of summer,
in the mountains,
did anyone see it rise,
through the smoke?

Melting

the shadows of the raindrops,
crawl down your face like Salvador Dali ants,
watch how they tremble at the top,
from the weight,
and then they plop,
watch them sparkle and swim through the pool of light,
their mercurial whims sinking down,
pulled by my anticipation and remorse
pulled into submission,
as nature runs its course