

Deficient.

My gut is filled in endless harvest;
The land is rich in yield
My heart meanders another famish
Of crops not found in field.

My legs are sturdy of countless weight
Of burdens left on shoulder
My back grows weak of brutal fate
And the wounds, the same, but older.

Forever fed, but always loom
In the hills that lack of water
The weeds are thick and grow to bloom
But the flowers mute their slaughter.

The soils, wise, but surface-deep
They slash-and-burn their sorrow
The roots are weak, and yet, they creep
Betrayed by comfort, they borrow.

To fertilize, but leave diluted
The petals cringe, while wilted
Stolen gusts are lost and looted
And seeds of flight were quilted.

But when they die, at last, I'll fly
To grounds unmarked by toil
To severed lands beyond the sky
A place of richened soil.

The Orlando Massacre, 2016.

No. Silence.

The stories of fifty fall silent;
To the hands of Senseless and Tyrant
The media explodes and is violent
But there's a Pulse in this morgue, so find it

One with a gun, but you all gave a bullet
The problem, IN CAPITAL, but you ask me to **bold it**
Screams in the press, and you tell me to *fold it*
I live in the issue, but the dead are who "told it"

Diversity is something that we can arrange
Yet we keep it locked up and trapped within range
Do not allow blood to be the reason for change
Find hearts for each other and love in exchange

You can hate us, and break us, and kill us, and more
Opportunity knocks, but kicked down is the door
The sounds of those lost, we will never ignore
I will not remain silent in fear anymore.

Arson.

My corners, my hems, my cerebral edges
Lead me, in darkness, to lean over ledges
How stygian the sun in the syzygy of sledges
In the garden of weeds, is where I loathe amongst hedges

In vocals, I sling the deadliest of knives
Which, when slung, they soar, and lacerate lives
As my psyche, while in waters, is drowning, yet dives
In the garden of weeds, I take queens from their hives

To collect what I've sown and how bitter the fruit
Ravenous for redress as I indulge in pursuit
Such calamities are classified unless barricades dilute
In the garden of weeds, I am bound by my root

But the spirits now smoke and grievingly gyre
As my linguistics are lost to an identified liar
But this heat is too heavy and the fumes, they heave higher
In the garden of weeds, I devil foliage with fire

How phoenix the phenomenon of the serotiny giant
In rehab, I resuscitate the recluse of my client
From embers, are scorched, the disasters and defiant
Within the garden of arson, the flowers bloom silent.

Charybdis

The dangers of my nimbus
Cast a typhoon in the seas
How brittle lies the limbus
In the haven that will tease

The lighthouse on the shore
Is a ploy to strand the sail
I quell to quit the corps
And hypothesize the hail

The waters will ride heavy
And the shallows, but a myth
Lapsed will be the levee
As well all that it is with

My beacon of mass gravity
Will magnetize the tide
Serrated stirs my cavity
There is no place to hide

My jaw, relaxed, a graveyard
For all victims of the mass
My murder, above all radar
I fulfill under the wrasse

There is no contemplation
For my jagged, routine, graze
I leave behind carnation
And Bermuda in my haze

Real Estate.

This mansion, now a fortress,
As I seek to sever doors
Liquid floods the porches
And I'm left to roam the floors

The gatherings - the largest
And the company, a charm
But, due to reading the charges,
It is time to sound the alarm

The graveyard of the manor
Breathes new life into my mind
To decimate my stammer
Before I ultimately decline

When the doors are to reopen
You will find there is a feast
The guest list is unspoken
And the ensemble will be pieced

But what's to be discovered
Besides the shift that's in the air
Is that the villa, while recovered
Will no longer house me there

I will return to be a host
Once I experience the famish
My footsteps, like ghosts
Will evaporate and vanish

No More Fire

I am sitting on a ledge and my feet, they drift
and dangle. My head is left a mess and, my
thoughts, they stiff and strangle.

I look into the harbor and I sense the smoke
is wheezing. The embers are a beacon and
the air is kept from freezing.

Routine is a warpath and I'm sick of all the
murder. He who does not learn will only drive
the nails in further.

Once they are left dead, there are more to
face the slaughter. Grief is but a king and
Regret is just his daughter.

A disease that lies concealed cannot last to
find the cure. I open my *dioxide and I hope
my lungs will pure.

I cannot live this pyro if I care to lift the fog.
These structures must be spared, if I wish to
clear the smog.

I stand up from the ledge and I cast my
gasoline. These matches have gone rogue
and now I fix to mask the scene.

Quietly, I vanish from the bridge I sought to
burn. Structures graced in fire singe
environments to learn.