

# Of Loss and Longing

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## A Different Ache

The stinging edges forged from shattered trust  
could tear the skin from wounded knees. If I  
could prove that pain is not the same as lust,

I'd crawl across the floor through glass and rust—  
a pilgrim at your feet—content to die  
by stinging edges forged from shattered trust.

When clotted drops of red have formed a crust,  
the stalwart aim of my unseeing eye  
might prove that pain was not the same as lust.

But, if my gory sacrifice disgusts  
you, please feel free to gather up and hide  
the stinging edges forged from shattered trust

beneath the rug among the crumbs and dust  
of past denials. Cover up the cry  
that screams, "My pain is not the same as lust!"

if lies will help you sleep. But my robust  
and squalid corpse will grin as you deny  
that stinging edges forged from shattered trust  
had proven pain was not the same as lust.

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## Conspicuous Silence

Your silhouette,  
through the water-speckled glass door  
or, more often, lounging on the pillowed  
couch or floor, haunts me.

Footfalls echo above  
in search of morsel or drink,  
I think, perhaps a change of  
air or scene. But it's fancy.

For, I cradled your head,  
stroked your soft brown hair—  
wet where hot tears fell. This  
hell stares, like you did—lifeless, empty.

From the corner  
of my eye, you appear, but fly  
as I try to catch a glimpse  
a lie. A hope falls free and dies

like a mistake;  
like an error in the flow between  
the green plains and those  
we've seen only in prayers and dreams.

Conspicuous silence  
fills the icy space  
where our embrace should be.  
Your face, your touch: only a memory.

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## Daughter

It sucks up my whole  
day. It's a vacuum,  
you know,  
your home-  
work, your house-  
work. It sucks.

I only  
want to go out  
and play. I  
want bubbles  
and purple play dough.

Show me how  
to write my  
name. It's my  
turn. Look, Mom!

I can  
draw a triangle  
(on the wall in permanent marker).

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## **Zombie of Love**

Some cannot leave what's dead enough alone.  
They yearn to kindle flames from ash and dust  
by whispered incantation, "Love, come home,"  
igniting only imitation: Lust.

Out of the grave, emotion's rigid shape  
comes shambling forth from frightful deep abyss.  
When rigor binds and festering wounds gape  
the magic fails; the spell has gone amiss.

When love has rotted deep into the core  
there's nothing left to salvage. One must flee,  
else, risk one's life and limb for evened score.  
T'were better one had thought to leave Love be.

But once a wound is made from such a fall,  
tis better to deny you loved at all.