

Mathew

You have heard that it was said, 'You shall love your neighbor and hate your enemy.'

The moon shined soft light through
that hid the stars on the cold
peasants and knights alike
hazy hovering in front of
preparing to march
that was endowed to them by God.

sobered clouds
crisp November night,
pushed their heavy, wheezing breath
hostile, righteous faces
proudly to besiege the holy land
Blowing wind and rain pelted their cold skin.

The city crumbled as the
with ransack and rape,
Battle horses could not walk,
Religious men and politicians
cheersing and sloshing wine,

Christians stormed in with
ripped every man, woman and child limb from limb.
but wallowed in their blood.
celebrated the pyrrhic victory,
spilling over freshly speared hearts.

He causes his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sends rain on the righteous and the unrighteous.

Fear of the Cold

The last time

My knees felt

Numb and mind

Went hazy

So I could not

Recall any

Faint memory of the

Night but silhouettes

Around the room

And your eyes,

Was the same night

I knew your deep

Blue eyes were the

Only I'd remember.

Facebook.com

Your site for everything “friend”ly.

-facebook.com

Will soon offer virtual

Capitalism made entirely

Of pixel cash.

Stocks and options

Can be traded through

Mass requests to your friends

Which can accept

Your offer and boost

Their social (network)

Status. Arbitrage

And sabotage opportunities

May arise, in which case

You may undercut

Your business friends

By sending them junk

Bonds or fallen angels.

When you are the most

Powerful, popular

Capitalist, you will

Rule the realm and may move on

To Farmville.

Traveling in Retro Style

The echo of the click-clack

Of the rain track plays while

The perfect lines of husks race

Past in their geometric forms. Before

I can tell what they yield, a new shape

of crops arrive in the window of my boxcar.

My feet are numb from my legs dangling,

Wind burnt and suctioned against

The rusted steel, imprinted with the corroded

Bolts that hold my car together.

The last bit of sun warms my otherwise frozen

Face and the memories of discourse

Flee the further the train rolls. The rocking

Lullaby is broken with the whistle's high pitch

Cry that bears the fallen sun and the rise of the dark hours.

List of Chores

I cannot bury him in the frozen ground and neither can I throw him
in the basement, store him in the attic, or under
the bed. He haunts my every direction still influencing my decisions
I feel him on me like dish soap residue that is thick on my hands
and won't rub off under the scorching hot water
that's burning me through the thick remains of his once clean aura.
Scraping him off I still feel him there- Even in the cleanliness of the new
dawn I can feel him clinging