

On a lake

Summertime confetti congregated,
its drop is inevitable-
the lake of the evening,
ready,
draped in shimmering waves.
The hum of fresh water
rocking back and forth,
but the stars
 make no noise.

Disquiet

He was an artist,
An individual,
A black jack of spades-
Solid and lustful like an addiction.

Our past-
An angry, grief-stricken
River incessantly hissing,
Each surrender,
Drowned another piece of me.

Another dull story-
Love letters wilted in the heat,
The Crocus died long ago-
He swam in wine and ashes,
But those muddy eyes,
Didn't sink me.

I still wade through
The luxury of self-deliverance.

Mesocyon

She-wolves barely hide
From the locals,
Yellow eyes strung

Like lights down the treeline,
Jaws snap-
A chorus of growls,
Salvia and lust.
Ravens frozen on tree branches-
Bloodspray like fireworks,
Bits of body fly through the air,
The rapid kill speed is
A lovely shade of mercy.

Inner City

Time/life is a rusted dumpster,
Infested with beetles
And roaches.
Cancer and consequences,
Pimps and killers,
Atom bomb neon
Graffiti the unforgiveable sins.
Cry havoc and fade out
Like a red-blooded dream,
Feel nothing until
The searing morning exposes
Your chemical burns.

Old Drama

Canopied shadows,
Film flaps around and around,
Sightless eyes stacked in rows,
Glare of the blank screen,
A burnt out Exit sign-
She was dead of course.