

Show and Tell

Treacherous dreadful depths to which they violently cuss and hiss
Provocations from below, hot stale fears bleeding slow
Into stark presumptive chills, they seep to a sinking simmering flow.

I pry. I push. I plead.
I pray to reason to be freed
From the condemning stares
Reigning down in violent pairs.

So dedicated I try, quelling weakened nerves, defending my demise.
Yet they sit and they mull, miserable clouds ruminating in toils,
the most preposterous of trials, propping me up to light a helplessly raging fire
beneath my soul, slashed, soiled, seared amidst a final lasting strength

These dangerous beasts, loyal humans forging peace
Judge with disbelief my loquacious speech replete with unbridled honesty.
The truly tainted and dreadfully marred alone can grasp the truth of my word,
Together we've all gorged on the sacred taste of a fleeting scourge,
The essential marrow of life, we've struggled, we've endured and
Alas, we find, all hope to be restored
in but one tiny single space,
the pride we hold in surviving our world.

Kept Poised Respite

The cars pass by way down below
five times distilled the vodka flows.
She clasps her glass with eloquent poise
It whispers her name, a graceless noise.
She stares at the road, streaming with life
Beams of light shooting by through the night.
Caught in the haze of opulent strife
Just for a moment she escapes from her life.
His voice rings out, rancid and cold,
Piercing the air, tight, ugly, and bold.
Suppressing the cringe she forces a smile,
Turns on her heels to face her denial.

Long ago forgotten, tucked and hid away
The dreams still cloud her thoughts
The memories, the fear, the pain.
Lingering loud in her mind, she closes her eyes to the rain,
Forgetting all that was lost, except her hope for a better day.

Dark Duet

High as a kite caught
In a cold winter's spite
Howling and blustering
I'm lost in the night

Through the mountains I soar
Whipped and tattered and torn
Rushing past peaks, looming shadows of defeat, beyond his grave
A placeless soul left to sway.

His body retrieved, or parts of limbs and some teeth
For no man is left behind,
The Lucky souls slaughtered to lie
Peacefully they die, pure innocence replaces their life,
The Breath escapes with a sigh, a natural ebbing into time.

The true casualties of war,
Coming home with their core
Shattered to sinews and raw gore
Held tenuously in the hide
Fragmented pieces balanced inside
A single whisper shatters it wide
Life's wretched breath shrieking blind.

Welcome home soldier, you came out alive, escaped the wrath of enemy lines.
Now it's you and me left entwined, an endless dance in the night, dark duets deep inside the
hollow pits of your mind, decrepit world where we reside, lonely, hollow, cold,
disintegrated with life.

Post Dramatic Stress Disorder

Headlines flashing bright across the screen
Scrolling left to right
Every second another scene.

I hold my breath with each new clip
Praying, dear lord, not him. Not me.
An hour I sit, I watch, I don't breathe
While the stream of memories inundates me

I walk through the alley, my inhibitions swallowed inside my own conscience, my very own. Considerations, my own selfishly directed meditations. His presence never alerted my senses, not a sight, not a smell, not the slightest hint of his physical being looming two feet from my vulnerable body. He jumped. I felt his limbs envelop me first, wrap around my body like the tentacles of an octopus strangling its prey. Silenced, muffled by the mitt of his left arm, I tried to scream, tried to wriggle, tried to break free...all of which ended in no avail. I was being attacked. My mind caught, my body taken, I sank into the dismal abyss, surrendering to the darkness hanging above me, rising into the safe haze billowing in plumes over me, swirling about my body.

I looked down upon myself, watched the scene transpire from above, wholly removed. I dissociated, separated, while my body continued to be violated I rolled over and over in the grey cloud over the violent scene, safe from the violence, away from the danger, captured in my own little bubble.

Mad. Bad. Sad. Dangerous to know
The plight of Clytemnestra
Didn't even show

An ounce of tea to quell the nerves
The time is right
Yet I feel so absurd

how many mistakes can a single soul make
disregarding another
until the heart breaks

I'm shattered in pieces precariously glued
remnants of a life
tattered, torn, and bruised

frozen innocence

the whirling din spinning round in my head
grounding my body in the weight of pure sin.
a screaming toil coiled tightly within
centripetal disciplines straining against
resounding forces from the world in which I exist.
harsh dark black naked stark exposed

a shriveled scent of bleeding life burns seething in my nose,

All that was left was me.

the smoldering beast, its fiery passion stoked, giving the deftly demon the rage he needed to
ignite

He was alive, that precious whisper of wretched waste stirring within the deepest tendrils and
darkest spoils of tangled loins, a wicked little wonder winding wistfully in an endless circle,
etching its way into the mucousy mire of swollen flesh, vile crusty talons scraping off the
membrane one sheer layer of life at a time. The monster brewing, biding his time, until finally,
born within me as the suffocating blackness swallowed in a hollow deafness.

Against the empty blackness the steam crowded, rising into the empty abyss, rolling forth in
flumes of suffocated light, the deadened neon of my cups silhouette stranded below the
whirling gusts, abandoned by the final breaths of life spilling towards me.

