

RUN OVER PIGEON

But what if I'd
never seen that pigeon
and carried on, not facing my own fear of death?

I almost stepped on it—
a dead pigeon—
beak crushed—wings half spread—flattened on the road.

My heart stopped cold—
I felt like
squashed—my blood draining—no life left.

I stepped over it, eyeing
it sideways,
my heart pounding with impending death . . .

DARK POND

It was a night of unheard quiet
in some remote park

where shadows of dark, leafy trees rested
on a calm pond.

The faint fragrance of summer's end
pervaded the air.

No branch ever stirred. The world
had ceased to exist.

What somber question hovered then
below the sable

weight of night, shrouding my
being . . . everything?

In that vast silence, I felt cast to
die alone . . .

Had there been *one* tone or bird call
to soothe my soul,

I'd have reclined at peace
in the soft grass.

But when that sudden pitch-black
shape flitted past,

I cowered in such abject fear —
how on earth then

was I to brave the terror of
my final hour?

I could have lived the dark calm
of fading dreams,

but . . . it would seem after I left
the brink of the pond,

a mute, unspeakable something
remained . . . untold.

CROSSING A BRIDGE DURING A TIDAL WAVE

Across this long, long, long bridge,
cars are madly speeding with just one thought:
faster, faster, before everything collapses!

Floor it or die—the end is near!
There won't be any words to describe it
other than a language corpses tell.

I may not be able to make it.
The water is too close already, and yes,
I'm now riding on the long, long wave home . . .

Where will the car be found, if at all?
Unrecognizably shattered in the hinterlands?
But that swollen body—was that there me . . . ?

GENERATIONS

I

Funeral services are being held inside the church across the street
I think . . .
but I have no idea who died. I'm just walking by.

II

A loud bunch of kids is playing on the sidewalk.
Such
happy shrieks and hollers ringing all over the place!

III

Play, kids, play, the future is yours still and should be,
until . . .
you're walking by one day perhaps, and not know me either.

DEAD FLY BY THE WINDOW

Dead fly,
you broke your wings against the window glass.
You dropped in sight of life and
left what's dead.

Frantic
were your attempts, mistaking the window glass
for air, sun, trees and
freedom *once* . . .

Dead fly,
you broke your wings against the window glass.
You dropped, devoid of life, yet
free at last.