

Sixfold Submission

The Spider in the Book

Exploration

on the cusp of some
landmark discovery,
where that tenacious ilk
would only venture
for the immortality in the binding
of a spine.

Alas, he never reached
that manila horizon,
but crushed
only a mere inch from the edge,
pulverized into the page,
inked his eternity.

His features are unrecognizable,
but this makes him no less
of a smudge—no less profound
to all those who visit his crypt.

I regret my ill-attempt
at wiping his blemish—
that his residue would ruin
my edition forever.

But his sacrifice is a start.

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Stoics

I'm going to love you
with the droopy eyes
of old guys, the glazed
grins when doped over
black and white totypes
that show those
glassy days:
That languid-labor,
whether rain or shine,
with no color what-so-ever,
was a comfortable struggle
worth working, unlike standing still.
Mannequins of manhood
paused for considerable,
lackluster portraits.
They never flinched at the smoke,
nor
the snatching of their souls,
when the sulfur spliced a
little something simpler
within.

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Too Little Too Late

Stuck in limbo

is the mother of a Victorian home.

tending her windowsill

of Black-eyed Susan

in the dead of winter.

Her hair is still

tousled from last spring's

winds whipping about her.

Easily she

will mistake the mailman's ring at the door.

flaking off sundress pills

she scurries for Hannah:

the wanderer last summer.

She was worm

to the world's robins:

filling all their bellies.

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Inferiority Complex

The filleted butterfly

Offers blaring screams

Beyond the damage threshold.

Watch as it seizes

Erratically propelling shoulder blades back

And forth through the static.

Peel back its wings, yes

Nice and slow now.

It needs to be reminded

That progress is a privilege that can be taken

By force. This pain

Will never compare, nor be compared

To anything—only remembered

When threatened.

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Searching the Depths

Once Hell burns-up,
leaving arid grounds longing
an unquenchable thirst,
the recesses
of a black-fathomed sea
bubble-up
in sporadic fashion.
Bottom-feeders, quick to arrest,
spawn—an unholy backlash to
the cosmos.
There are no traces,
no signs of infest,
only a lurking sadness that
rears its corrosion-sunken face
riddled with the looks of dead sailors
whom lost themselves.