

Sea Glass

I am like sea glass

Washed upon the craggy shores of Maine

Tumbled smooth and dull

By the turbulent sea

A body full of other's need and want of me

A tide so strong it broke bone

Into tiny bits of colored treasure

Left purposeless and buried

Among rocks and shells and things of Nature's making

I am but refuse

Recycled into something

Tide-wandering vacationers

See fit to unearth and pocket

House Cat

After the prongs of honesty
I threw and you returned,
Pierced our white, underbelly flesh,
We sat in silence as the clock we never hear
Tick-tocked its way to the next moment.
Earlier I had decided to let frankness tumble from my lips
Instead of the routine, dry retreat of truth down
The back of my throat to halt conflict.
My belly bloated from the thorny spikes of unsaid things,
I had no choice.
It's in my DNA,
That need to appease.
Fired off in my synapses
At the first, pungent whiff of relational decay.
Today, it needed a new pathway.
Afterward, you retreated to the bedroom
Like a small sparrow,
Wounded by a cat with long claws.
I sat alone in the darkened living room,
The house cat behind the bush licking her paws clean.
Not because I was satisfied with the bitter meal,
But because I had done what should come naturally.

At Dawn

Inky brazen haze
Where thoughts are absent
The strangulating coil
Of restraint.
They wend loosely,
Unfettered,
Whispering veracity.
A ghost purring longings for home
Surreptitiously in your ear.
A place where truth becomes slow-rising light
Filtered through paned glass,
Disassembling one intricate piece at a time.
Fragments of truth deftly hidden
In the luminosity of noonday sun.
Calmness sleepily engulfs anxiety's weight.
Filter-less mental objects take shape
In ways that are different
Than when they sleep below the surface in full sun.
A time to open-up ribs,
Atone for lost pieces of tide,
Enfold disenchantment,
As if embracing a weeping child.
It will be all right.

It is What it Is

“It is what it is”

A death

A whatever of will

An indecisive flick

Of the tongue

A lopping of love

From the equation

Stilled sonnet of the heart

Death march of the soul

A turning of the back

On resolve

It is what it is

A black-veiled good-bye