

His Reach

In the caliginous hallway
his frail hand slowly reaches
into the stale air
as he musters every
fragment of strength left within.

One by one his crooked
fingers open wide, unsteady,
a withered flower
crinkled with time,
he longingly
grabs for a handful of anything.

His shadowy mind searches for
words to speak,
and barely
discernible,
he whispers a weak
communication only
heard by the dead.

His stationary body sits alone
soaked in disease,
minutes turn to hours
and he desperately searches not for his last
meal, or his last breath,
but for a tender touch.

Teardrops fall wetting his
ashen face,
his broken frame finally surrenders
with little consequence.

TIME GONE COLD

The time has gone, my heart's grown cold,
I miss your love and stories told,
your smiling face, like golden dawn,
my heart's grown cold, the time has gone.

Our talks at night, your gentle voice
to spill my soul, your ears, my choice,
dear dad, your laughter made things right,
your gentle voice, our talks at night.

How deep the ache through tearful eyes,
to know you've left, can't share our ties,
a plan from God, your soul to take,
through tearful eyes, how deep the ache.

For all my life, I will believe
your presence guides me, yet I grieve
for you to be here; end my strife,
I will believe, for all my life.

Chess

You breeze in at dusk after
a hard day of work
and present yourself
saturated in cheap brandy
and reeking of righteousness,
your eyes bulging and your
words meaningless
on a plane that only you can
understand as my stomach tightens
and my leg twitches.

It matters little to you, how you
discharge your hate and inarticulate
stupidity towards us, the innocent
and unpolluted.

No accountability, no shame,
just excuses and unrealistic
feelings of entitlement,
you have no problem, it is always
outside interference.

Your warped mind-games pitch
transference mostly at me;
my family and their demons and
addictions, never yours,
how far reaching you are to deny the

disgusting truth.

Yet, I linger another year for our children,
but they see clearly into your pool of
murky water, you feel you walk on,
as I merely exist.

How drained my exhausted blood is,
how difficult it has become to wake-up,
go through the day without tears
soaking my worn cheeks,
and while your brain retains only its
overdose of alcohol,
our kids move on to college,
and despite your gentle fists never
striking me,
I am left with a battered
black and blue heart, contemplating
the next move,
while you in your delusion,
exist as your God,
and I stand alone with a stalemate.

Christmas Recall

She waits patiently listening for
hurried hooves on rooftops,
bells jingling, but hears
the pounding of her neglected heart in
the frostiness of December's air,

her hands purple and chapped to the bone,
placed over a small fire she blows while rubbing
hard to generate feeling,

through faint colors of crimson red, emerald green
and glimmer satin gold, a rush of contentment
warms her insides as she harks back to
Christmas lights curved on snow-powdered
bushes in front of her childhood home,
a slight smile widens her burdened face,

she closes her eyes and breathes-in
scents of peppermint, spice, pine and
cinnamon, reminiscent of moments savored
with family, her heart weeps,

fantasy soon replaced by echoes
of gunshots, a dwindling fire shared in
a rusted barrel as city lights fade
into the infected blackness of night,

the magic of the season lingers while
she clenches on to hope.

White Plaster

You lie there, solid and firm,
as onlookers gawk and comment
on how good you turned out.

“They did such a good job,” they whisper,
like white plaster thrown on hard walls,
you just take it.

How you love to hold hands, but not your own,
the Rosary Beads

d r a p e

loosely across spindly fingers, like drops from tears cried dry.

In the bed you made, you lie cold,
a hard box unlike the feathery soft
mattress you once fell into.

Consumed by a nicotine toxic cloud,
sucking in, you lie ravaged and still.

Oh, but for just one more breath of clean air.