

Asunder

Black
Formless
Void
Lacking
For life
For love
No pulse
No breath
No smile

Walking
But nowhere
Never arriving
Without destination
Death without end
Amen

Would like to go
Anywhere in particular
Somewhere
To be free of me
To be free of this
To be free

A dream though
That is
A place in a placeless life
Love is a vacant dream
Having left
Long ago

The dry and brittle pages
Of a story left unfinished
Am I
Left for tongues of fire
To seize upon
Cannibal flames
Flame for flame
Desire for life
Burned
Ashes remain
To be tossed into the wind of tempest
And left asunder.

3/31/2005

The Days

Heat
Haze
It all runs together
My thoughts melt
One into another
Punctuation lost
Definitions fading
Identity, a distant place
Far too distant to visit
Whether again or for the first time

At night
My body, a furnace, can barely cool its frenzy
And I fear I will not wake
Leaving behind a pitiful legacy of futility
When I sleep, I dream deeply
Nightmares or fantasies of need
Either way, I wake in a fit of sweat
Knowing it all awaits me again
All this empty nothingness echoing so loudly
My influence having long been nullified
A breath in a fierce wind
My only prospect
That it will all go by again
The only difference, another shovel full of dirt
To bury any evidence of me
With no headstone being ordered
No "Here lies"
No "Rest in peace"
Nothing to signify I once was

6/14/2005

Drifting

Airborne
Off the earth
Nomad to nowhere
Nowhere
Endless nothing
Blue, with no hem
No definition

Anchorless
Homeless
Boundless emptiness
Absolute void
Blankness
Hollow sphere of the lost

This is my fate
To be carried to oblivion
Choice-less
Barren of intent

The blackness of death
Perhaps welcome
Perhaps needed
But little different than my present existence

I am faceless
Nameless
Unimportant really
Not belonging to a soul

9/22/2005

Blue Sky

A patch of blue peeks out
All of the thunderous clouds, with their angry faces surrounding it
Daring me to even try
Try to go to it, they say
Just try
They must their energies to close the gap
This patch of blue
They cannot
I still behold the blue
Each day, I long to touch that blue sky
To lose myself in it
To leave the rain and clouds behind
Oh the joy the blue speaks to me
The promise
The adventure
The love
I return each day hoping it will still be there
In it, I see the hope of sunshine and warmth
In it, I see freedom
The strength to pursue who I was meant to be
Yet, each night, I worry that the patch of blue sky will be covered
That the dark clouds of reality will overtake it
And, once again, I will return to the dark days
The cold, wet days

4/5/2005

Disguise

Would you know it
Not particularly
He can hide it all
Under the skin
Under the clapboards
Brightly painted house
Entertaining house
Hospitable
Welcome sign

Yet
Thinner and thinner
Like weathered paint
Beaten by the elements
A slow sliding of the yellow smile
Too tired to keep it there
To fight against life

Hypnotic

Her voice causes surrender
Its melody mesmerizing
Pulling him slowly away
Subconsciously, perhaps
The chores of the day...
The troubles that went before
They all melt away
It is like the sea
Wave upon wave
Lulling him to peace
As it hits upon his walls of rock
The defenses built around his heart
Echoing her presence with each enunciation
Each written word
Each spoken word
Each thought
A wave
Slowly eroding his foundations
Syllable by syllable
Until he is sure the walls are teetering
On the brink of collapse
The sands around them waiting
He could easily
Easily
Let them sink away
And bathe in this warm sea
To be swallowed up in all that is her

9/30/2006