

## “Dancing For My Queen” (part 2)

Fires lick my soul,  
enriching ashen - molded prayers.  
Dreams fall,  
amnesia bound.  
Mere veiled illusions.  
Untouched.  
The dead have no memory.

Once holy,  
purity of the young evaporates.  
The courtyard,  
once golden, smolders.  
Locked in eternity.  
She is there.  
Perched high.  
Above all macabre.

My Queen is there.  
Her laughter, a gross melody.  
Melancholy music  
piercing the blackness...  
as I dance.  
In chaos of the damned,  
I dance.

Interminable torment -  
creating stillness.  
Still as extinction...

Breeding.  
Bleeding.

And never  
will I cease to dance.  
In the stillness.  
Into the dark.  
Still.  
I dance for Her,  
my banshee Queen.  
She laughs.  
I dance.

## “MEANDERING”

Curtained eyes droop, closing, cleansing  
visions, feathering sunlight, splintering with  
waked-vivid down, downy dreams of the day.  
Conceal retreat from here, to there, to what  
once was, weightless pestilence, plummy blights.  
Wind-borne, am I, are they. They are all, that is,  
this day, until then, the evermore, here-after,  
the eternal, never-to-end.

Approach high-sun's burn, midday life, secretly  
delighting, indulgent in nectar, and poisons,  
and berries, and hostile-hidings. All, always,  
prayerful for sanctuary, pursuing salvation,  
knowing nothing, of a savior. Beasts entrusting  
their young, to the wilds, wild-things, a wild  
thing-God, a thing, God, a godchild, God's  
child, midday, dreaming wild.

Dusk sets the night, pyres for light, night chilling  
fragile, marrow, cradling coos, soothing-long,  
longing for soothing. Behold, a soothe-sayer  
begotten, latterly, an elder, lending cryptic  
scribbles, scrawling epistles, enchanting ebon-  
skies, creams besotted with the corrupt,  
beyond the pale.

Prayers grasp at lucid kindles, sparking  
beacons, praise, dragged undertow. This  
display, playing, age long into the lunar-lit  
hours, into the night, night's day, day's  
dreaming, dreams laying waste, shouldering  
boasts, flanking fears, the brightening of fears,  
in the darkness.

## **“The Pelican”**

One day I beheld a sight so beautiful  
I fell to pieces. shattering  
Crystalline scattered thorns beheld the new.  
A companion from heart and fable untold.

On day, next, I leaped.  
Soaring butterscotch clouds.  
Behold! A palace.  
Brick and bubble.

Celebrations alive.  
Celebrating me.

To and fro, I bounce, beaming happy, joy.  
Laughing until I cried.  
Today, I will float far onward.  
Claim a paradise.

Feed of gumdrops from a pelican's beak.  
I sink into my pet warm...downy.

I will sleep soundly beneath his wing.

Because he is mine.

Because he loves me.

## “His and Hers”

When I saw her, I smiled.

Not at her.

Not so much as a grin, in truth,  
shown on my face.

But wow...

her lips.

Instantly, I ached to see those lips  
form my name,  
and tell me hers.  
I smiled.  
From somewhere inside,  
holding back, deep within.  
What is her name, anyway?  
I won't ask my buddies.  
They'll know right away.  
They'll see it on my face.  
Nope...  
Gotta play it cool.  
I'm sure one of them will lie,  
say "they fucked her".  
But, nah...  
Not her,  
They don't stand a chance.  
Neither do I.  
I bet.

Hmmm...  
Who is that guy?  
Over there,  
I think I've seen him before.  
I think.  
He keeps staring at me.  
Well, I should just keep pretending  
I do not notice...  
for now, anyway.  
I asked my friend.  
She told me his name is Keegan.  
Nice name, Keegan.  
Keegan, the cool.  
Keegan, the cutie.

I guarantee he has a girlfriend,  
at home.  
But this is just silly,  
isn't it?  
It never hurts to try.

It has been a year, already,  
since that smoky bar and my  
impenetrable coolness  
that drew her in.  
She looks so beautiful,  
tonight.  
I've got something special planned.  
I remember when she  
told me her name...  
Beth.  
Her lips are still perfect.  
It's gonna be a good night.

I was supposed to be romantic.  
I am sure.  
Unbelievable!  
His grand idea of a  
one-year celebration.  
The smoky,  
whore-ready bar  
where we met.  
I smiled at his  
surprise.  
But I think he knew.  
He must have noticed.  
What was he thinking?  
I tried to be sweet, to be  
grateful.



No.  
Not good at all.  
Not a good night, at all.  
I cannot have children.  
She can't have children.

We always wanted kids.  
She always wanted kids.

Time ticks away,  
like it always does.  
Like it  
always will.  
There's no stopping it.  
And over time?  
I have become  
a dragon.  
A fire-breathing dragon.  
I puff smoke  
and flames  
every time I notice the lines  
on my face,  
around my mouth.  
A man my age should  
not have  
this many lines.  
Not yet.  
The reason?  
Frowning.  
She used to make me smile.  
But now...  
I am a frowning,  
fire-breathing dragon.  
And she?

The slayer.  
Yes.  
I will be slain.  
I just couldn't leave her.  
Not after everything.

I know how he likes  
his eggs.  
His bacon.  
His coffee.  
I know he enjoys baseball.  
Sex.  
And watching the  
news.  
I simply do not know  
when I lost me -  
to him.  
He does not smile anymore.  
Not really.  
I am certain to make sure  
he is asleep before I  
go to bed.  
I am a princess, imprisoned.  
He was my prince,  
no more.  
No.  
I am his prisoner.  
All this time...  
two living as one.  
All this time.  
Well, at least when we die  
our caskets will be  
his and hers.

“What She Knows”

She will not say no,  
oppressing his soul, his earth.  
Grounded, pouncing against her shadow.

She will not say,  
No, choking on butter-rich blood.  
Stomach-churned and spread  
on her morning secret.

She will not say no.  
Tracing his beard, scratching her skin.  
Skin dipped in cream, picked of peaches.  
Sweet, milky, defiled.

She wants him to know.  
Her testimony of what she knows.  
What he confesses.

What she has seen.  
Where he has been.

## “School Daze”

The masses gather at noonday.  
The massacre.  
The loved ones...  
His mind drifts.  
He ponders.  
Repetition of flowers.  
Arranged yellow, white, red.  
Sprawled, sparing, sad.  
His hatred prevailed.  
Mourning, wailing.  
Cries, moans, pains.  
He hopes.  
Always remaining hopeful.  
Their hope played in his hands.  
His will.  
His guns.  
His heart.  
Beat...Beat...Beat.  
Bursting life into their deaths.

Without remorse.  
Breathe, now.  
Just breathe.  
Not a soul will suspect.  
Surprise.  
After all, today is just  
another day of school.

## “MEDIATE”

**Mercy** is crying loudly.

**Embers** of pain sizzle from salted tears.

**Dehydrated** insults stack boldly.

**Insults** repeated for years...years.

**All** babies witness this.

**This...**from us, you, them.

**Edify.**

## “Baby’s First Words”

I am little and I am strong.  
My toes curl at your touch.  
My heart beats fast when you sing me that song,  
the one that says you love me, and such.

I look up, you look down at me.  
I giggle at the sound of your voice.  
You put me to bed for my afternoon nappy.  
You pray you’ve made the right choice.

I am in a world of colors  
I recognize, not yet.  
You too, have confusions about being a mother  
because you never got pregnant.

But you were there when I was born  
and came crying into nature, so bright.  
The lady who bore me was sad and torn.  
So, I went home with you the next night.

Without you, I too, would have been  
torn and lost in a world  
where I was afraid and could not defend  
my fragile life against the fold.

So, know right now, no matter what  
I trust you. I love you. I do.  
One day I might walk with a rooster-strut  
or drive you the thing you call “coo-coo”.

And to answer your question, put you at-ease...  
Yes. Your decision was right.  
You gave me a family, loving-warm, so please  
rest well every night.

Although I cannot say it with my tiny lips,  
it's in the way I reach out.  
And you tell everyone I am yours, not a secret.  
You will forever be my mother, no doubt.

## “The Marketplace”

Today the marketplace is open.  
Ready with crisp linens for handfuls of gold.  
Hordes of buyers stomp the asphalt  
scurrying by and through to the next.  
I have worn my smile.

My hair is wind-born.  
smelling of burnt amber and roses.  
My dress, summer-silk, covers my flesh -  
Tones like island-bronze.  
And I have worn my smile.

I banter over prices, politely.  
Others haggle, fussing, who is next.  
I, alone in my company, solo with passing  
memories of your hands on my face.  
I show everyone my smile.



Evening approaches, hushing the buzz of the crowd.  
Memories of you sink into the dark...  
falling with my head upon my pillow.  
I remember walking the marketplace with you  
and how you made me smile.

## “Time to Rest”

I have been in bed a long time,  
it seems.  
I lay here in silence.  
It is deafening.  
I am tired.  
The doctors gave me two years.

I showed them.  
It has been six.  
I'm tired.  
Fifty-four years old.  
I should not feel so ancient.  
Hell, not even vintage.  
I would laugh at that.  
But it's not so funny.  
Beep, beep, beep...  
Bells and whistles.  
I suppose there is sound, after all.  
I am so tired.  
My husband should be here soon.  
I know when he will come.  
He does not know I know.  
He's not ready.  
But he is prepared.  
I am glad that it does not anger me.  
He doesn't cry so much anymore.  
He does not know I know that, either.  
I sure am tired.  
The truth is, I am all-too aware.  
I just seem to sleep all the time.  
Time...  
What a concept.  
A cruel joke, at best.  
Something else that is not so funny.  
No...  
Do not be bitter.  
There is no time for that.  
Time.  
I am tired.

## “A Beautiful Day”

To die only means one has lived  
mortal, with pains unknown  
by others who, too, once had a crib  
and thought Mommy came from a throne.

In beauty and peace, I lay  
slightly smiling with eyes closed.  
Those who came to visit me today  
comment on the trimmings he chose.

Yellow roses, for friendships, so bright.  
The casket, cedar and strong.  
My dress, the black one, I wore the night that  
he won my heart with a song.

Most have placed a token inside,  
a keepsake I would remember.  
If I still had breath, I know I would cry  
because I wanted to be here forever.

No matter the fuss, it was a lovely day  
as the sun falls to rest on my burial.  
Until I come back, I'll recall the way  
I felt so much love at my funeral.

## “The Sparrow”

In this moment I am a sparrow,  
intent on guiding my landing below.

I am a raptor plucking green seeds,  
awaiting the rapture to truly be free.

Gently I perch upon a branch,  
inhaling sweetly, my lungs collapse.

I, like the tree, free of leaves  
am aged, worn, less feathery.

Yet, I hold wisdom you cannot see.

I hold wisdom instinctively.

I am a sparrow on a dying tree,  
destined to simply be, be, be.

“Denial”

Lord, with love, I beg of thee  
to grant me the prayer of serenity.  
It is spoken in groups of those who have seen  
the pathways they chose stupidly.

I have recovered more than two  
times or a dozen, with servitude.  
In and out through stomach-spew  
I crawled in vain in search of clues.

about the creation of a magic pill  
I could take that would not fill  
graveyards or rooms of death until  
I discovered the TRUTH could kill

even the strongest or bravest vessel.  
I longed for a bosom where I could nestle  
my self-pity and unwashed trestles.  
Instead, I found myself in a tussle

with cravings, ego, and uncontrolled boredom.  
The softest wore and unbroken condom  
could not replace the incredibly loathsome  
addiction calling; can't even play possum.

Truth-be-told, I adore my narcotics...  
The highs and lows with paranoid panics...  
The flowers that talk and trees that frolic...  
Oh wait! I am fine.  
I'm just an alcoholic.

## “Lost in Change”

It has been said,  
“Once this...always that.”  
Change, now, change.  
Into an item to hold.  
A burden to carry,  
Become what is that.  
Never to be this.  
The breath of life blows.  
Repeating hours of the same.  
Bless me, then,  
with time unmovable.  
Reveal trails  
splintered by all I have lost and  
return to me,  
my years.

## “The Rise and Fall of Devils Unknown”

A kiss, kiss, from you, a kiss  
falling  
from passions that  
rise  
sparked by the bluest of flames.



A kiss...  
falling  
upon my lips.  
I lay still as you open me  
up, up...and I  
rise  
into the cumulous and  
fall,  
like rain seeking to calm the heat  
that eternally burns  
my fragility.  
The smoke, smothering  
my virginity.  
On my lips,  
a song of longing...  
a crescendo of stars  
falling  
blindly...fading out  
from fragments broken in the ether.  
As my song echoes below, you  
rise.  
My heart bleeds, bleeds,  
bleeding crimson...  
falling  
into silken lies.  
The fallen angels  
rise  
grinning proud; carnal,  
an unforgiven cast of the underworld.  
I, like you, find my soul unrepentant.  
I find my soul  
falling  
caked in ash.  
Seeking your bones

to cage me,  
imprison me.  
Yet, I find your bones nowhere.  
I find them lost.  
On my bed of sin,  
once more, I  
fall  
and I sing again.  
A cry for innocence that  
falls  
into the shadows.  
I see you above me  
one last time as you  
rise,  
a phantom...  
flying into the darkness  
on wings of stolen kisses.

## “Remember”

Remember.  
I remember, passing.  
I remember the past.  
Pain, passing away.  
I watched my pain  
nimble, numbly dying.  
The deaths I have caused,  
shredding soft hearts.  
Remember.  
I remember the past.  
Cradling hope.  
Hoping for mere laughter.  
On this, I laughed until I cried.

Hope -  
a weak child.  
Throat cancer, I believe.  
At this, I did not cry.  
Remember.  
I remember I spat  
promises to love.  
Countless promises spoken in vain,  
bellowed out like a broken  
abandoned banshee.  
I spat poisoned promises.  
Vows, created on fault lines.  
All-my-fault...lines.  
Remember.  
I remember being invisible,  
being invincible.  
Drawing you closer.  
Laying you down.  
Down on dirty floors that quaked  
sensibly upon shaky foundations.  
And I remember  
how you cried.  
I cried.  
Tears, wearing out the wooden planks.  
Our tears,  
flushed away  
through knocking pipes.

## “The Shadow Man”

As a child

I tasted the night  
Lunar air  
filling my gut, my soul.  
Tasted, sweet sleep.  
But the corner...  
in the corner.  
Who is that man in the corner, anyway?  
His blackened form  
filling dreams.  
My fear of him, hot.  
He hid in the corner.  
In the closet.  
In my sheets.  
He always hid in the corner.  
I could taste him too.  
This man.  
This faceless, silent, shadow man.  
He came with the lightning.  
In twisted clouds.  
He came as a secret.  
Crouching.  
Waiting for me to count to ten.  
For me to hide.  
He would seek me.  
His onyx features, unseen.  
I played his game.  
In this game, I won.  
I cheated by eating the stars.  
My tongue, a mirror.  
Burning light upon his face.

## “Mortality”

Your voice is constant  
A running spout  
With desolate knowledge  
Spewing words of doubt.

I have listened to you  
So, let's talk about me  
And my best friend  
Mortality.

I have eyes that have seen  
Alien beings  
Injecting oracle juice  
Into twilight dreams.

I have inserted my soul  
Into new dominions  
Collected my minions  
And scattered them out.

Onto salty shores  
That delegate chores

Of scrubbing and burning  
The snowy mounts.

I have conquered great valleys  
Of wilting willows  
Sucking life till consumed  
By a brighter shadow.

I have seen the truth  
On wings in flight  
I am a fucking pagan  
With God's green light.

And when the fires turn me  
To dust in the ground  
I will crawl through the embers  
And loudly cry out.

To a universe sacred  
Where I entered naked  
And finally know  
What life was about.

## “My Skin”

My skin is thick.  
Scarred.  
I stand in the stillness of time  
exploring miles unmarked.  
Unearthed tombs.  
My skin,  
sliced by thorny brush.  
Long ago aged and layed to rest

beneath the richest moss  
on the grimmest of days.  
Tattooed skin.  
Embracing stitch and staple.  
Serpent-cold-blood-shed.  
Enough to drown my sorrows.  
To drown pebbles of  
petrified tears.  
My skin is thick.  
Giving nothing to frigid wind.  
Calloused nerves encircle bones  
frozen in place, intact.  
Skin inviting the radiant glow  
of the lost.  
Wandering this land.  
Having no home.  
My skin is thick.  
Enduring the touch of many  
who meant plenty to one,  
or two, or another, and the next.  
Onto my skin  
memories empty out.  
Positioning their doubts.  
I bathe in mud  
from the nuclear sky.  
And in the open air, I rest.  
In a new realm.  
A galaxy...  
where my cuts can heal.



## “Lullaby of the Lost”

Take me to the forest.  
Point way to the trail.  
Leading to shores that shimmer.  
Promising no betrayal.

Fold me against the waves.  
I swim in love and grace.  
Allow the sun to blind me.  
So, I can find my way.

## “The Clock on the Wall”

That clock! The clock with cruelty, unmovable.  
Telling time to be forever in motion.  
The ticking, a deafening sound.  
Marked by grime.  
Yellowed by generations, grown digital.  
By generations choosing to be illiterate.  
The face, weathered from gazing faces...from faces.  
Forever burdened by the echo.  
TOCK!  
Each minute, reversing youth.  
Spinning hours that grin madly at the crows.  
Birds destined to stomp divots into flesh.  
Surrounding lids and lashes.  
TICK-TOCK!  
That hellish clock.  
Stealing jewelry and lovers and future plans.

Dreams given up in anguish to dead time, in the night.  
The second hand, proud, purposeful.  
Its movement pushing the aged into graves.  
Eternally passing hours.  
Laughing wildly at years gone by.  
Heckling decades...lost.  
TICK, TICK!  
The ticking of that god-damned clock!  
Mocking the genius gone mad.  
A shocking reminder of all that is forgotten.  
That all will be...forgotten.  
The unforgiving clock.  
Moving time.  
Time, a father, whose knee will be outgrown.  
A chastising father.  
Protecting nothing.  
Holding nothing.  
Nothing calm.  
Holding nothing safe.  
Nothing still.  
Curse that clock on the wall.  
On walls dropping picture frames.  
Loosened by rusty nails.  
Images of families, now smothered in broken glass.  
The clock.  
TICK-TOCK!  
Burning down homes that cradled infants.  
With fatty folds and creamy dreams.  
The clock, convincing people to set alarms.  
Convincing people to startle the soul...  
Into a brand-new day.