

New Poems

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Oresteia

Jen rages as Rick chases Bec;
She spends her extra time with Jim.
Rick dotes on Steve, his son, a wreck.

The soul's a toy you cannot mend;
Misuse or break it at your cost.
Their story staggers to an end.

Jim scoops out Rick's ruddy heart;
Rebecca disembowels Jen.
Steve escapes to foreign parts.

They haul Steve in for murder two -
Epanelled peers deliberate,
Give Steve one hundred years to do.

Strabismic eyes and parents dead,
Steve wonders what to do with life.
He bothers at his balding head.

And justice? Can any gain
Transcend inhuman loss? In time
May others think of Steve again.

Hospital

Time cut out of time
No dream no blank
No memory of no memory
I was not

To think
of not to think
I cannot think

Knowing of not knowing
Waking not awake
Ending with no end

This poem never