

Ode to my Beholder

Smooth to the outside touch,
As if you believed you were made of tough leather,
Bound together as if tethered
only by a lone strand. A
beautiful, intricate design
woven on the cover. Incrusted in your skin.
The word *believe*. Red as the blood
that pours through my veins to the ink on
the sheet you hold.
How beautiful and wonderful you are!
Oh! How I empty my heart and soul to you,
but you never answer me.
My oh my, why won't you answer me?
Do I not share my every desire?
Every digression?
Dream?
Dread?
To have you respond would be a blessing,
But, for now, I have to let you be there
for me to get through the long days.
To be my friend
In this dark, vast, empty place within me.
Fin.

Pantoum of the Lost

The joy of being loved by another

Gone in an instance.

No warning to tell loved ones goodbye

But at last her suffering was complete.

Gone in an instance.

One moment sleeping, the next rising to the Heavens.

But at last her suffering was complete.

Now she is in the open embrace of others.

One moment sleeping, the next rising to the Heavens.

The love of a man and dog left behind, but

Now she is in the open embrace of others.

Waiting for her loved ones to join.

The love of a man and dog left behind, but

Soon to be hopelessly

Waiting for her loved ones to join.

And the wait was not for long.

Cries of Anger (formerly *Jealousy of Mother That Will Be*)

I sit here while you yell at me.

I yell back, "You don't take care of them so leave me
to do what I need to do!"

I know you are mad at me after I say this,
your eyes are aflame.

But can you not see I am mad at me too?

I don't want to be like a mom to those three,
But I have to be when they are around
because you won't be.
You just want them to be free.

"They have the world to explore," I speak to you.
"Not everything thrown out the door like us.
They have youth and innocence that we can't retrieve.
They have more freedom than they know!"
I cry loud enough to wake every sleeping body in the place.

I won't let them grow up without manners and respect for others.
This I can give them what I couldn't conceive at their age.
All while being their friend
And being their enemy.
As the two coincide, toeing the balance between one or the other.
Well that is me and not you I want to scream.

Yes they have youth and innocence

Yet that does not mean

They can treat me like I'm

Behind a smoke screen,

To be unseen

And unheard.

They need discipline like my children will one day.

"So don't sit there, acting so self-righteous and all knowing.

Don't tell me how bad of a mother I will one day be.

Just remember where I learned it from.

Because I won't be like you."

Grasshopper

The movement cajoled me to the ground

Placid in nature, serene

The grasshopper omnipotent over me

I felt neurotic, wanting to imitate

The platonic movements

What a sight it would be!

Passers would think they were schizophrenic, seeing things

But for me, I would be free.

Sunshine

Sun shines down on thee

The warmth spreads though, peace flourish

Earth and flesh one

Flame

Heat comes in waves

Flames reaching high in the skies

All life seems to be dying