

Lost

Wicked sunburned road
Searing into my mind the thought of draught
The thought of my bones drying out here
In the oven of nowhere
The elements dehydrating me of all will
All trace of desire evaporating, pulled away from me by demon thieves
Lips bloodlessly cracking
No pulse left to push any liquid to the surface

Alone
Feeling every ounce of pain the sun drips mercilessly upon me
Like molten wax from ritualistic candles
It dries upon the parchment of my skin
Leaving furrows like the words of a last note
My eyes left tearless
Forbidden to express themselves
Soon they will be blind sockets

Withered man
Excruciating blue sky right down upon the earth
Like a spatula pressing out any last ounce of moisture

Insect-like
The expanse of road and desert become a crematorium
As if I were on a conveyer being carried to incineration
Ashes to ashes
Being made ready to blow away in particles
Never to be recognized again
Existence-less
Lost

G.L. 4/20/06

Noise

Droning on
Loudly
Like a bird pecking
And pecking
Until my mind is eaten
Gone
Vehemence
Bitterness
I cringe
Stare straight ahead
The words the same
"You never"
"I always"
There in lies the problem

“Never” and “always”
Nothing to compromise there
No middle ground
No peace
Just the crowded air
Packed with indistinguishable sounds
Screeching words
Crashing dishes, the cymbals of emphasis
The slamming of doors
Grateful for the lack of physical contact
Nothing thrown this time

G.L. 2/24/05

Pockets

I hide her in the pockets of my dreams
And take her out when no one is around
When walking the dog
Or driving
Certainly no one would understand
No one

That is okay
It is as it should be
And, I will enjoy what I can
Snapshots of conversation
Sound bites
What was said and done that moves me

Her regal elegance
Gracing me with her presence
Hardly aware of her power

If only these thoughts could expand
And occupy the real world
If only she too were hiding me in her pockets
A moment of discovery would begin to end all trace of grief
Of the mundanely mottled hours

Alas, it is just me
Thinking

Yet, so powerful is this anesthesia
That she can make the world change
If only for the instant that I think of her
The pain ebbs
And I am able to breath
I come to life

When I am with her
I am afraid it shows

That my words and manner belie my rapture
I am afraid she will see and...
Disappear

That is why I must keep her in the pockets of my dreams
To take out and view when no one is around

G.L., 5/20/05

Rain

She's been coming down
Running all of my colors together
Streaks of black lightening striking
Until I am just gray
No discernable me left
Or maybe that is me
The gray
The lifeless gray

A watercolor ruined
By a choice to stand here
Under her
Not a masterpiece before
Just a picture
But someone just the same
A person
Someone knowable
Now
All I am is wet
Soggy cardboard
Under me
A puddle of swirling colors
Reminders of
What may have been

When the sun comes
There will be no reminder
Not even the mottled puddle will remain

Now
Drowning
I am hers
Her abstract masterpiece
Fit for an epitaph
Here lies...
Here lies...
Whatever

G.L., 1/25/05

Want

Drifting
Like cold, dry snow
Aimless
Landing or not
Homeless all the same
No purpose
All of that gone
Given up
I am beginning to like it
Being this way
Nothing to look forward to
Nothing to be
No expectations
Just drifting

Yet
There are times someone wakes me
Times when a bit of warmth sweeps over me
Someone's breath
A face
Hope
Not enough to change my situation
Not enough to do anything
Just enough to make me feel the want
The need
The hollowness
The sound of the wind swirling me along

If the sun ever shows
I may melt
Dissolve into the air
I have no hope of permanence
Of any kind
Except for the want
I know that will be with me
Like the gray of the chained sun
In the cold of the frigid late day eastern sky
Icing, to the core, my thoughts
Frozen wasteland of my long ago creation

And the shadows fall around me
The darkness begins its work
To drape blackness over my soul
And pronounce last words
To seal the want in
Like a fish suspended in the ice
Nothing more to do
No life, but for voyeurs passing by
When the sun rises again
Without me