

My body
Shards of glass
Scattered across the grass
In downtown
Shambled mind
Scorched soul
Finding a heart within the coal
Mending the result of a breakdown
Mind reeling
Find some hope
Losing word
Within the soul
Mind my thought
So revealing
Crystalline and jagged
Poking holes in your facade
Piece by portion
Drowned in an ocean
Agony in pleasure
My form becomes unreal
As you tangle my eyes
And becomes one
A heart of coal simmers
Passion and nothing all at once.

Global Arcade

Two toddlers in wooden high chairs
Throwing mushrooms
Carelessly land anywhere
The sky precipitates
An ashen snow
Molten dust
In layers
Winter comes

The parents should have known
Not to give the cherry button
To two spoiled children
Others on the playground
Watch toadstool clouds
A flash of light

Those in the play pen
Eat pureed green beans patiently
Waiting
Escaping the onslaught of fungi
Trumpets sing
A warning siren
Signals
Time for bed

Not the world of my childhood

The world is a foxglove
Poisonous yet medicinal
Thinning patterns
Of red rust blood
To continue
Sleep of avoidance
Cyclical motions of repeat
I live in this terrible machine
Of beautiful terrors
Facades constructed of pleasantries
Woodwork being replaced by metallurgy
The ever-growing forests of my childhood
Now metal beams
The forests now in the sky
Disappearing into immortal nothingness

Clothing Factory 1915

I tie off the knot.

Weaving between my eyes

Too much pressure.

My now grimy needle piercing through rough reality

Back to work

Rinsing the decaying wound

I see rose petals go drip, drip, drip.

Let the excess drop

the icy steel

My thread is cut

Tangling and knotting my fingers.

The in. And out.

Picking at the stitching in my worn winter coat.

Love is Love

Lost in

Continuous clouds.

Stir my spirits.

Horizons:

Blue

Matters of mildew and decay.

You tear

A shameful laugh.

Glitter

Gold has no shimmer.

Rusting mind.

Fuzzy woes.

The organ's abomination.

Lynching nothingness.

Promises drowned

In magma.

Foxgloves of eden

Leaching.

Memory for memory

Glorious magnolias

Bloom in fiery arrays.

Mother Nature's Blight

Of twisting storms

Forests of fires

Winged creatures

Lizards of gold

Of explorers who seep

Glimmering diamond

Streams of murk and decay

Of destruction forms

In an infestation of agriculture

My antibodies can no longer hold

Of burning plastic

And toxic digestion

Forming a quiet destructive ozone.

Fantasy Composed of Imagination

I used to believe:
The Darkness
Just an imaginary force used in fantasy
Why couldn't that have been the case

This world is a moribund place.
Old hatreds growing from the seeds of our ancestors'
Grown from the blood of the fallen.

Ignorance.
The cause of happiness.
Destruction of the ground on which we stand.
Nobel civilians die for some ambiguous cause.

Profit.
Goes unsaid
Counting coins in his abundance.
Flames as cold as the men they have become.

The light burns eyeballs
Melting the decaying wounds
To find a maddening peace
In their survival.

