

Tomorrow is

made for those to discover what yesterday  
held close to her bosom beneath a blue cloth  
wailing chants flutter on moth wings to the moon

a mystery left unsolved to bygone days  
and unpaved shallow roads bearing the raw truth  
masked dance on dormant dreams  
weep a lowly croon

a folktale adorned with obscure reflections  
in murky waters at the edge of a creek  
wailing chants flutter on moth wings to the moon

blind to the twisting, turning, spiraling storm  
ripping through the heartbeats of promise unseen  
masked dance on dormant dreams  
weep a lowly croon

awakened and wandering in pitch blackness of day  
balancing a tightrope wearing lofty hope  
wailing chants flutter on moth wings to the moon

a thief out to satisfy his thirsty soul  
bearing no mercy for what is destined near  
he basks in contentment and reverie while  
wailing chants flutter on moth wings to the moon

## echoes

ripped in two unequal parts,  
while she scours the earth  
searching for a dead-end road  
to abandon intimate thoughts.

afraid to close her eyes  
where his voice echoes;  
forbidden territory  
invaded by dreams set adrift.

"nothing's fair in the world.  
nothing is safe--"  
harsh reality battered her  
time and time again.

desperately seeking diversions  
to pass motionless time.  
for he that dwells within  
she must disregard.

shake loose tiny fragments  
of him from her spirit,  
bit-by-bit, falling into a pit of  
make-believe and imitation.

the imagination is boundless.  
fears and endless tears

reveal her grief, while  
she lay alone in darkness  
in the stillness of night.

scratching away at sunrise  
to birth a brand new day;  
that might be ever-so kind and merciful  
to carry her troubles away.

## Doormat

birds sing to the wind chimes  
hanging from the limbs of a tree  
while the neighbor's dog cries wolf  
through gaps between the pickets.  
it's that time again.  
sweetness is filling the air.  
I stared from an open window  
through tiny holes in the screen  
as she rough-handled it like a disobedient child--  
shaking vigorously,  
she battered it with the handle of her feeble broomstick;  
to chase away the pesky dust mites  
that gathered last fall.

after hours playing tug of war  
they had enough,  
to a truce, they came.  
both lose, again.  
and so, she hung it out on the line to rest;  
absorbing the freshness of outdoors  
and the energy from the sun.  
well-worn with smudges and soiled boot prints,  
the stench of fried fish  
and the soot of drunken tales  
slowly ripped away,  
floating in the wind

alongside pollen traveling from one plant to another  
to the next;  
only to reproduce a brand-new crop  
next spring.