

Life, Death, and Everything Between
A Collection

Creation of Adam

Heavenly sky and sacred earth
parted by words unspoken
Whispering in between their
grasps connections forever broken

The sweet caress of angels
pulling creator from creation
Yet he knows not of the pain to come from
this lost embrace, looming damnation

One heart yearns for its selfsame
determination painted across his
face The simple composure of his
reach signifies his fall from grace

While the partner in this dance
goes through the motions
His body reacting to the muse
eyes calmly rebelling his devotions

Everflowing like the tide beside Adam
beauty ebbs and glides through the
soul Kissing the skin with its perfection
sculpting the mortal presence whole

changing room mirrors

when she wears the pretty things,

all she sees are the flaws
yet when she dons the baggy
sweatshirt, her insecurities fade away

she glances up at herself
feeling naked despite being clothed
arms too long,
stomach too big,
chest too flat.

she turns to see if it's "just the angle"
a tear rolls down her reflection
shimmering in the white-washed lighting

her body a store front window
showcasing what fashion is trending
although she wants to close the
exhibit, she buys the crop top
because that's the definition of beauty

feigning confidence, she wears the costume
falling into the clutches of Man's biggest scheme
the trap molded for girls like her
psychology's best example of conformity

amazing grace

everyone left hours ago
distant family and long-forgotten friends disappeared first,
leaving behind dollar store condolence cards then the
elderly who flirt with death vanished hoping the reaper will

forget to collect them

those who knew this loved one,
and those who felt the need to be polite
lingered about as fresh flowers
surrounded by wilted petals

their lips expressed their sympathy
yet I never heard their sorrow
the salt stains my face
unaware I had a single tear left to shed

the hidden sun pays its last respect
behind winter's mourning veil
cold,
dark,
empty.

Willy Nelson softly cries through the tombstones
my shaking legs that had remained strong
collapse, taking with them whatever hope had
remained that I would make her smile
that beautiful, lovely smile
one last time