

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

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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  
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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