

Zombies

“False words are not only evil in themselves, but they infect the soul with evil.” **Socrates**

You speak in favor of the “all mighty.” Embellished words – hollow at best.

And in this blunder, I see how persuasive you can become,

enchanted the lower classes with sweet revenge, averted promises, and loose backing.

You arrived corrupted, and rotten. Yet, even your opponents utter praise despite

seeing through you the sparkly greed, and dull posture.

This is merely the beginning of a new chapter in history, narrated as science fiction.

But we, the zombies, disintegrate, stumble, and collapse at the feet of your narrative.

Decaying organs scatter and pile behind us, as we approach the marble altar in terror.

Arresting progress before we become extinct. The sky is falling and smoky ashes crumble.

Possibilities

“I dwell in possibility.” (Emily Dickinson)

As he leaves, the doors unbolt themselves
for fear of losing out on new visitors.
If they come or not is not the issue.

They’ll come in the thousands
and fill up the domed arena
with chatter and roar.

We sit calmly, counting the minutes, the seconds,
on our outmoded watches. No tick tok follows the
smothered tunes.

From a distance, we hear the swords and ankle chains
clicking and falling behind. The best option now

is to duck and await other promising sounds.

But when we sing along, words and melodies consummate
a marriage of possibilities. As long as we hold the tune,
the horizon's crimson lights repel the darkness.

Strong Words

With words strong I speak, with my letters and my notes,
I write not for ascribed readers only, I write for
confused and lost persons.

Have you noticed that it was easy to gain an audience?
I also think it is easy to lose, letters are damned in the same spirit in
which they are scripted.

I sing and play for the condemned,
I hail through my pen my purest and deepest for them.

Hurrah to those who have lost!
And to those whose inkwells dried in the process!
And to those themselves who were aborted in the process!
And to all writers that lost letters, and all beaten writers!
And the countless nameless writers *equal to the greatest* writers

renowned!

(Inspired by Walt Whitman, *Song of Myself*, #18, P.43.)