

DISTRACTIONS

Road to Ruin

Ideology or the past,
The Holy forgiveness, free
To all His true followers;
Christ's bloodied hands
Now a weakening grasp,
Slowly they release this evil world
Bent on self-destruction,
His death no longer
the most generous gift to mankind,
But simply a story
In a book of rhymes.

Jason Meldrum

Distance

Those things we did together:
Jokes
Fun
Walk
Laugh
Dance by ourselves
Dance with our children
All those things that ever mattered to us
As a first class happy family
Today they are imagery.

We had our dreams
Our hopes
Our aspirations
Our faith:
Of a future
Of a time
Punctuated with
Unqualified love and happiness

That future
dream
and hope
Connived (?) to create for us a temporary
Barrier:
DISTANCE BETWEEN US

Of course that's the price
The opportunity cost
We pay the price
That we shall achieve
All our terms of endearment

Do I miss you!
Do I miss the children!
Do I feel lonesome!
What about feeling homesick?
Darling, you bet!

Enyinda N. Okey

Heart's Museum

He opens his heart's long-closed door
Visiting past memories
Oh, it's you again...
Come for another round...

He wanders down the empty corridors of his heart
Listening to knowing whispers
Love forever gone...
Hope forever lost...

He pauses to gaze at a new entry
Wincing at the pain
Here is the newest of all...
Yet she was your longest...

His heels ring hollowly on the solid granite
stirring up dusty memories
You could have had her...
Had you courage...

He examines dozens of moldering remembrances
Remembering past defeats
It was all up to you...
Only you failed...

A tear falls from eyes long bitter and dry
Splashing upon rock
Only once had you courage...
And still it failed you...

He roams long halls long since emptied
Reopening old wounds
They always hit you hard...
They always knew what hurt...

Scars of wars only make these halls stronger
Resisting further assaults
Nobody can break through...
No one will ever be here again...

The hinges of heart's door squeal in protest
Departing another memory
Run away, run away again...
I'll be here waiting for you...

Steve Boyko

Haiku on a walk in the woods

In the shadow's realm
Cool, damp waves rise from the earth
I bathe in secrets

Geoffrey Brown