

scribblerist

Shadow

Shadow rises
Unfolding slowly
Listen—is it words I hear?
Whispers, murmurs,
Unclaimed thoughts
Water lapping on the shores
Of a melancholy mind.
Football beckons
Light of step
I follow in uncertain joy.
Shrouded visions
rise before me
Encroaching on, the heels of light
In defense—I touch the space
Where Shadow walks
The blackened air
I reach
I touch
The emptiness
Recoil in sudden fear.
Alien moons cast splintering light
Shadow shimmers in the spectrum
Shadows rise
Released of earth
The blackened air
Coils round the living silence.
—Csilla Darvasi

P.A.D.

Nails and tape, nothing at stake
Oh, how the lead weighs down my eyes, closed
The painful clashing colours are breaking my heart
All the people within this room, are buried beneath
a common grave
Are you still proud of your little boy?
Forever, the abyss calls me, the endless misery
And tempting fingers sway my aching flesh
It's all empty inside and around
Icy sheets cut my skin into slivers, shiver
Too many people juxtaposed upon one background
Why must I hide under a mask of happiness?
And the moonlight shadows danced and laughed.
—P.A.D.

Guilt

He lined them against the wall
a few of his friends

blue jeans with glasses
some cowboy boots
a round with giddy face
a paisley skirt
tall with stripes

then happy (silly) blonde
(t)(l)axed with long brown hair

& calmly proceeded to pull
the hearts through all seven

You want justification!
"When they were down,"
he gleamed,
"I was great!"

They each came back
one a day plus iron

on the sabbath

& murdered his life
with his right hand

and a .45
—A.J. Simpkin

crossing

Winding down soft wind-
swept slopes to our resting
place lying below green
blue trees on stone
we must leave soon

to cross deserts of hot
rock and sun face mountains to
the west
walking stumbling crying
blistering feet making no headway

behind those mountains full of
coyote and deer
shining gray seas
waves whipped up frothing
white
menacing and proud

before Lent crashed upon
us sending us hurling back north
from that city after too many
bottles of

bourbon rum rye
the promise was sealed to
visit the pouting girl with
short hair in the city with
golden gates and summers cold
enough to freeze a Canadian

that cold is impossible
to imagine now at the beginning
edge of this wasted desert
heat rising and sinking
clouding our vision in
blurred waves

we must get to that place
west where seagulls go to
die a promise has been
made to a girl laughing with
short hair
—Josef Boyden

Murals

Mute and mutated
the murals move
their painted outlines
shift
on transient walls
movements matching
illusionary moods
But, so slowly
like the Dead.

They move through water
Reaching but never touching
Touching but never feeling
Unheeding and unaware
Of the momentary melding
that has just transpired
The gestures are meaningless—
the souls dead or dying
Mute, or mutated.
—Csilla Darvasi

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