

# Modern Lamentations I

The image that swirls freely in perilous realms between  
sleeping and awake  
my banner of fullness in grief embodies every impulse.  
Fissures on the surface unveil the aspects of consequence  
And echoes of confusion and understanding.  
That feeling of helplessness when tragedy is unstoppable  
Regret stands in the foreground  
How could things have been different?  
(But these wonderings are barren tables built for food.)  
Madness filled the spaces between clarity and fogs of  
dementia.  
Shouting across the lake, I knew I could not be heard, nor was  
I ever.  
O the ugliness of There-is-nothing-we-can-do—  
The anger of lost years when things that could be reconciled  
were not.  
Truth elusive and yet garish  
These mysteries rise in a silent season and whisper their cold  
commentary  
But still there is more, (though I dare not guess).  
I stand by the unmarked graves of both thanksgiving and deep  
wounds—  
now scars.  
These are the moments when you wonder if you failed even as  
you survived.  
And what is left, is an unseen mist.  
There is no fixing when peace and truth are shrouded beneath  
the strong arm of will.  
Like the unraveling of precepts when the narrative spins a  
tale of dissonant perplexity.  
May the dawn of all things reconcile the pieces like glass  
stained in grief  
assembled in the aperture of the soul.

