

# 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.

