

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.

