

“The Quiet Chorus”

Sometimes that quiet roar  
Can be heard from different throats  
That roar shakes  
But not the earth anymore  
Just those bones that carry it  
Voices that once sang  
Melodies with skylarks, ocean waves  
And those great drums  
Hidden beneath thousands of chests  
Those voices now sing through the body

Perhaps when old age  
Raises its voice  
It is not to call for help  
But instead to alert others  
Signaling them to start running  
Giving them more time to pretend  
That those still singing melodies will escape

But in those voices  
The grains of years pass through  
A new song sounds out  
In a patient chorus  
But be careful when singing with that chorus  
There are those listening within it  
Hearing what those bones beneath have to say

-----

“Temporary Borders”

Underfoot there is rich, fertile soil  
Where many roots run deep  
But with each new crop we spoil  
Watered by the tears we weep

Gaze upon how we graze  
Down we devour  
Feeding our constant malaise  
Which we systematically empower

Trees grow but they are not the same  
Beneath their shadows where we practice refrain  
Constantly searching for our breath to reclaim

While stumbling over an unfamiliar terrain

We creep back now into our deep  
Where ancient judgment lies asleep  
Where ghosts and demons dwell  
With a burning hunger no one can quell

During the day we will plant our seeds  
Carefully working between the weeds  
The rocky soil our hands scour  
While under past shadows we cower

The weeds act as our borders  
Temporary boarders  
Bending and dying when we need them to  
And consuming the seed before each harvest is through

-----

“Songbook”

I am making a book  
Out of all of the poems and songs that you have written  
I am taking all of the pieces of the old memories  
And trying to convert them into young hopes  
I am trying to rewrite your words  
Echoing your rhythm and voice  
But the memories are confining  
They only want to occupy the small spaces on each page  
I still cannot see you  
I cannot imagine your voice  
The echoes remind me of how much empty space there is around me  
I constantly concentrate on the empty spaces on each page  
The empty spaces do not reveal the features of your face  
There are teeth in your words  
They clatter in my ears  
Every time I close my eyes  
They keep me awake  
I realize that I need to fill up those empty spaces with my own dreams  
So this morning I started to write the words I was not hearing  
I let your voice sound out through my own now  
My voice is much smaller than yours  
But it has the ability to grow and fill up the empty spaces on all of the pages  
To grow powerful wings  
And fill the skies with the sound of my heart