Grief

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Tilted Universe

Rebecca Carlson

How can I walk in a straight line
When the axis of the world has tilted
When the sky whirls into the ground
And the trees weave and wander
Over the dreams lurking in the shadows
And spinning in all directions is the future
As it always circles around the past
Yesterday's oceans drowning tomorrow's

mountains
The sand smoothing away my footsteps
While the clouds fall from the sky
While the equator points north
How can I live a life undisturbed

Grief

Rebecca Carlson

Time heals all wounds
But what if time is dead
Slowly strangled to a stop
Leaving thunderclouds
Always hanging overhead
As the grey days fade into each other
And still the wounds bleed
Stripes across my happiness

Leviathan

Benjamin Miller

You sit in wait of my approach -
And scream
and scream
as I encroach.
In vile chamber
of mucous limbs
and bloody stews
The game begins.

Slaughter is the favored sport -
We play
we play
midst murky court.
The taking of life
befuddled with gore
snapped bones and sinew
our only chore.

And so we joust until by sword -
You die
you die
amid discord.
Victory fatal
in death's knell
our bout kept fuming
in endless hell.