5-1-1999

Secrets of Darkness

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Secrets of Darkness

A sixty-paced assertion lifted by vines,  
Accosted by odors left by rabid bats.  
Absence of light, utter darkness,  
Voices of ancient lives confronting.  
Speaking of three millennia past.

Trembling, trepidation, possession,  
On through vales of possessed feelings.  
Corridors deepening  
Up, Up, sixty more paces  
Through caverns to revelations of living.  
The dark voices of Mayas cried!

Chosen bearer,  
A society left trusting  
Many pots with secrets hidden  
Searching for breath—expanded reason—  
The end of a civilization  
Left on a ledge suspended  
For generations coming.

That day out of hiding  
Our history,  
Maya.

Tim Tanner

Empty Sockets

empty sockets eyes  
aint beautiful  
ever seen no red  
orange  
yellow  
green  
blue  
notes  
ever touched her  
ears  
corn  
rows  
catch the rhythm  
the rusty hinge  
limp  
wind  
touches every  
window  
four-square  
framin'  
her face  
her mothers  
ghost resides  
fathers  
face  
angry  
with tremblin' hands  
missused to abuse cuppin'  
the rain  
she swallows  
the beatin' rain  
rapp - tap  
the beatin' rain  
slap  
a fountain of youth  

Donovan Riley