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Empty Sockets

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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  
never seen no red  
orange  
yellow  
green  
blue  
notes  
never touched her  
ears  
corn  
rows  
catch the rhythm  
the rusty hinge  
limp  
wind  
touches every  
window  
four-square  
framin'  
her face  
hers mothers  
ghost resides  
fathers  
face  
angry  
with  
tremblin' hands  
misused to abuse cuppin'  
the rain  
she swallows  
the beatin' rain  
rap - tap  
the beatin' rain  
slap  
a fountain of youth

Donovan Riley

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