5-1-1999

Empty Sockets

Donovan Riley

Concordia University - Portland

Follow this and additional works at: https://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean

Part of the Poetry Commons

CU Commons Citation
Available at: https://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol7/iss2/5
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  
never touched to abuse cuppin'  
the rain she swallows  
rap - tap the beatin' rain  
slap  
a fountain of youth

Donovan Riley

Published by CU Commons, 1999