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Charles Mann Busby (1934-2006)

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Christina Busby

all and everything
we are
(he said)
is energy
sifting and shifting
from one
form to the next
(he said):
I will never (ever)
leave you here
I will (forever)
be near
(he said)
and 9 months passed
his breath
sighed deep and
his eyes
rolled tight and
he quietly exited life
sifting and shifting
from today
to forever
gasping:
I will (always)
be near you,
my dear.

Rae Northcraft

this stark white room
has become much
too familiar.
kurt snaps time
and waves his hands.
every second
or so
the silver pen tucked cozily in his
plaid pocket
is concealed.
his movements are grace fully jerky.
you start.
and stop.
like puppets, we follow.
knocking the outrageously mediocre
gold-rimmed spectacles
down his old-aged nose.
pages are turning.
mine are perfectly aligned
at eye-level
with his diet mountain of dew.
he thinks that it is cleverly hidden.
that we can't see it.
his "diet" weakness.
i laugh,
because i can.
it is so cold.
so plain.
the only windows
rest on the north wall like vertical eye slits,
a mere six inches of width.
even so, the world is blocked
by ivy vines.
bastards.