

Circle Of Grief

"Crowquill"

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Nothing's so lucid as the promise of dreams, but these
pills we found just make me sleep.
There's nothing quite so pure as the written word my
dear, so lets have ourselves a little poem.
Until the will to speak loses urgency.
Our animal indecency in print is so blase.
Its about the bell tower, at the golden hour.
Angel of the spires climbs here steel cage staircase
spine, angle of desire.
Ascend the wrought iron, one by one, wrung by wrung.
Is it the rising roof line that makes me feel so
swallowed whole,
Or the way my body barely pricks the sky,
The same as a century's worth of virgin's blood that's
passed through my longing veins,
Scheming to convince my aching mind that pleasure's
got nothing on the miracle of need.
Nothing's so purile as meter and rhyme when you can't
see the ground from that ledge and this perch is so
far, far from the nest.
Gravity doesn't grant me the privilege of failure my
bough never breaks
I don't stumble into anything
So I climb and I carve my initials in the bark with that
feather I found but it's all so contrived.
My genes didn't bless me with the foresight of a sage
but I know how this will end, in apologies and ink on the
page.
A slowly constructed crow quilled confession of my
spirit to all of you,
Black waterproof ink scars the board, so hot-pressed,
pristine and pure.
A slowly constructed manifestation of "to tremble",
As base as a bridge in a song and less like the poem
that I promised you.
Nothing's so lurid as haiku-detat on sidewalks in white
outlined chalk,
All I've got is this ink smeared lines.
With our voices in harmony, the offering, of a crow
quilled threnody.

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