

I'm still caught in a cast-iron trap
On a narrow precipice, flanks of stone falling away
I cannot reach past, cannot leap off
My life grows colder, so alone I cannot rest where I lay

The bars that confine me, only mine
Those I watch seem so free, and so able to make contact
An honest man with lantern at night
In a fog I'm strapped by a straight jacket and can't react.

! sonnet, written alone

I'll ameliorate my desire
give up any real claim on the world
getting tight, tendons like electric wires
lighting a fire, save swine before pearls

Stung to death, over years, by swarms of bees
It's the rare that have allergies from the start
Each sting is deadly, to the drone, not to me
But each takes a cut of flesh, a needed part

There are times when the hive's love is given
It's cherished object it surrounds; suffocates
I pray of such tenderness I'll fall victim
lying warm in the blanket of fire I take

Better to burn up with sweet company
Than to live alone; untouched, unseen

In retrospect it will be a sleepless night
precursed by all too many others
but tonite is solitude flexing its might
pain is wishing for friend or lover

My life is gone, like the Colossus at Rhodes
All that remains is memories myth
Though it's still humiliation to atone
If I don't all leave: honey through a sieve

Nothing fairer than a poem of sadness
will ever part a living man's lips
Nothing sooner than his prelude to madness
Scissors to thehread of Damocles: "snip!"

A nocturne played on crystal glasses
lulls me to an asylum to sleep fast