Language of Love

I overheard you speak your mother tongue.
The purring R’s, they rolled around my head.
Wooed by the sounds that you had softly sung,
I was oblivious to what you said.
The consonants echoed in graceful swells,
Evoking chills of distant, northern lands.
Your moving mouth a deep, inviting well;
A call to fall inside and understand.

I wish your tongue would wrap me like a word,
So I could soak in tantalizing spit
Till line between your voice and breath is blurred,
And you would form me with your foreign lips.

An accent unacquainted, yet sincere;
A spoken brush to paint my tickled ear.

The Martyr

You will not see the erect steeple,
Nor give thanks among the
Bouquet of stained glass
Sunlight on the floor.
You won’t hear the choir
Of bronze pipes, the blaring
From their ranks as they sing
Hymns of triumph yet to be achieved.
Yours is the unfinished business.
You’ll pour your life in a ditch
Before you can finally
See a reflection.
You’ll taste blood,
But never the holy body,
For it is you who must sacrifice
Till your desire’s blaze burns you to ash.
Then they’ll spread you in the garden.
But you can start it, make it possible,
Take the cornerstone.
Lay it down.
Railway Visions

I chugged along
Across the map,
From crystal lakes
To forests black.
The towns would wave
As I drove past,
Innocently.

And to the west,
My silver lance
Would dash across
The hills of France.
I sampled once
The local wine,
A novelty.

A scenic world
Of fairytale,
Fictitious life
Atop the rail,
Until it hit;
An iron spike,
Reality.

The horrid sight,
It lingers still.
The violent red
On windowsill.
Though not my fault,
I can’t escape
The memory.

So hard I’ve tried
To run away,
But ghosts can fly,
The demons stay.
Mercy! I cried,
But even that
Not blamelessly.

On endless rails
So parallel,
I sent a man
Straight down to hell.
I chugged along,
But that display
Remains with me.