

No Turning Back

Our mother stood on that foggy day,
Hair jagged like the mountains,
Blue eyes blackened like an oily sea.
Those eyes mourned,
As smog billowed up smokestacks,
Her chest labored,
As blackness swirled into her lungs.
Staggering back,
Watery eyes fell to mine,
Begging,
Pleading,
Each tear dripping
faster with desperation.
Her weary face,
turned to the blue,
Having been broken with time,
Whispered what only we could hear.
The fog was soon a
whisper in the air,
And finally,
I reluctantly reached out.
Rocks clattered below,

My fingers straining,
But grasping thin air.
She was gone,
The howl of the wind,
Screaming treason,
Announcing our sentence,
For the world to see.

From Another Perspective

Twirling and spinning,
Gliding through frosted clouds,
Leaving behind,
Heavenly nothing.
Pulled soon,
From the lullaby,
Too fast to brace,
Forced to confront,
A new world.
Shattered at landing,
Dusting tips of grass,
Under warm rays,
Melting and spreading,
Into oceans,
Across lands,
Until slowly,
Rising again,
Up to the sky.
Mountains are dots,
Redwoods are ants.
Everything is one,
Starting again,
Living finally.

Back and Forth

When in doubt,
I clutch the frame,
Bring up the lens,
Stare with wonder.
Red mixes blue,
Triangles bind to stars,
Eyes open wide,
Gleefully reliving
My rainbow rimmed world.
Taking in the sky,
Listening to voices,
Until lifting my face,
And smoke curls up,
Blocking out lights,
Shouts rise,
Snatching off smiles.
So back down,
Back down I look,
Away from
And back to
My smiling eyes.