afternoons of losing minds
and penguins nearby,
the shades were lowered slowly.
(i am aflame)
and as the mind numbs
the back burns—
a tingle towards destruction.
cells destroyed.

the world is dying.

the lady says
there is no room
for disappointment:
if there is
more to life than this,
then good,
but there is
no way
of being certain.

a boy is brain-dead today.
and I may never see
that-girl-who-meant-everything-once
for a very long time,
if ever again.

all Love is on the brink.

the son of the man who mows my lawn
was killed,
possibly by the boyfriend
of a woman he was seeing.

then there’s the thought of cancer.
the fears of me.
the doubts of us.
the dreams of the dead ones.

everything is disillusionment—
we are the disenchanted.
we are the ones who will not listen
and will not run with our arms outstretched.
there does not seem
to be anywhere else to go—

there does not seem
to be any way to live.