

Bomb Shelter

The whites of my eyes synthesizing
the fluttering cobwebs enveloping
the smoke-blackened ceiling and rubble
of the make-shift 2 meter by 2 meter
bomb shelter in the building's ancient cellar,

a rare claustrophobic moment
reruns in a phantasm of overhanging
Spanish moss, lichen like lassos
of filigree dangling, brushing my head,
penetrating the frightened lobe of my brain

with an almost craven, tender touch
of something totally alien but too close
to my helpless imagination for comfort
as I feel your hair sweeping over my corpse.

The Feast

Having feasted on false morels,
I counted to ten
a dozen times a dozen times.
I waited. I waited.
in selfish sorrow sated.
O' God of Death's Mushrooms
why has Thou forsaken my end?
Will I go on to mid-summer
and jaundiced chanterelles
before mushroom clouds gather
over hill and dale
while the black earth of Ukraine
feasts on our brothers
composting them for Easter's Spring.

You Crane Your Neck

to read the captions on the TV screen,
yourself a captive within a scene
that has become as captivating
as any pulp porn you've ever seen,
safe in your news-junkie living room.
Before you, a necklace of molten light

emanating over your voyeur-vouched brain
like the puff of a tear gas smoke ring,
the collar of a burning tire haunting the night
of terror-tossed and turning dreams.
Still, you're safe in the normalized addiction
that entitled you to the pun that came upon
you in sleep and brought this poem along.
Soon, withdrawing nodding head into its shell,
no longer shocked by the brutal mundane,
you ascend the stairs slower than Aesop's turtle,
toward your bedroom into a purgatorial babble
that has no pure pearl of Paradise as its end.