



ABANDONED

**POEMS BY
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This book of poems is dedicated to
Jenny Link (7-26-62 to 3/10/17)



You were my best friend, fellow artist and muse.

Rest in peace in the hands of God, I miss you every day.

Cover photography: Carl Scharwath

Model: Jennifer Link

WAYFARING

City rain breathing
Radiation from the storm clouds
As tar black feather balls
Disguise the avenue.

Ghosts in the metropolis
Leer from empty buildings
Poisonous tomb stones
Rising in the shadows

Devout of humanity
Lifeless and forsaken
On what journey
The victim returns?

ADMONITIO

You are the genesis of today
The cancers of a desperate heart
etched in the loss of hope.

Vision doubled, fractured
fragments give warning
Blood rushes in a sojourn

Following the Daughters of Zion
adorned in self-alienation
to a future world, without history.

PTSD

Hot black asphalt
impregnated and marked
with the tires of a
spinning coffin box.

Pieces of cold metal violently envelope around
your warm skin. Glass rains down in tiny frag-
ments of snow mixed in the creation of shards
stained in blood and sunshine. Falling asleep in a
gyration of a vertigo vortex. Morning will awaken
you with the chance to hold life again in your fingers.

Florescent sun slants
Upon a new genesis
The inspiration is here
Seized in understanding.

IN SHADOWS WE LIVE

When in the changing phases of my life
I fall in misery—my heart seems dead,
My sinew and tendons
Crumble in that cruel awakening
Breaking me down to an indescribable oblivion—
I come to see the beauty in the turn
Beyond materiality.

Even in the shadows lurking
lives the light we know,
the light we die inside to see.

ENDEMIC SOUL

Among the painted faces
lost in a labyrinth
of emotional chaos.

Lies a linguistic fault line
meandering down the
expanse of imagination.

The day obliterated
in metaphysical time
searching for yourself.

LIMERENCE

You are alone-
I am ashamed-

We walk among the lavender, wilting in the heat of our passion. Wisteria releases tears of dew drops on a lovers pillow encased in short-lived memories. Tattered vulnerabilities, crushed velvet revelations filter through the flower field. This is the territory of asbestos laced pollen. The martyred pathway sinful and filled with misty lies under the shadows while the world is changing.

The end of the beginning
is the beginning of the end.

HIRAETH

The kiss filled the scarcity
Every shortage of life

Seeking an answer
Guarded in shadows

How to get there
Now that I am conscious

The old paradigm
is thankfully dying

DREAM CABIN

Alienated defective existentialist
binary in utterances

a linguistic rupture
rains letters down

the realms of
imagination in the

search of ourselves
within the painted faces.

Amidst empty expanses
we find you.

the night brings
a wake sleep

WATERS OF DISPASSION

Children, water evokes at your swollen feet
A calamitous trap reflects no escape
Clouds wash epidemic rain across the plains
And cover the world's eyes
..... in forgotten plight.

Insects contaminated droplets of mist destroy the future
Seeds of disease interrupt your destiny to grow
Sunken despondent eyes cry tears of malaria
An allusion of who you are and
.....never will become

Kinship with no one the warm earth waits
The lens of history records a fictional play
Betrayal masked in far away luxuries
Dead bodies of apathy covered with
..... kisses and blankets.

FALLACIOUS WEATHER

Schizophrenic rain danced
violently across
the medal roof

Two lovers awakened in the
tempest fury,
souls revived

A relationship ignited by
a silver cloud
twisted upside down

Their last night
phosphorescent sorrows
howling whisperers of denial

crowning kisses
bodies encased
in a pharmaceutical straightjacket

TRANSFIGURED

Fatalistic clouds
storm the soul.

Attitude destruction
drowns the weak.

Azure remembrance
of blossoming youth.

Denial strengthens
a new awakening.

APHONIC

She is the lament
of the voiceless

consuming silence
onto parchment

into the psyche,
histories skirmish

chains of the enslaved
loosen their duress

to her words—
we together manipulate
the pendulum
to rebuild our most treasured

commodity-

hope.

3:01AM

Celestial evening oozes black
and droplets begin to paint
the schizophrenic atmosphere.

Incessant dripping announces
an awakening with an
ethereal alarm—3:01!

Turbulent moonlight dissipates,
alive in anxiety, sleep will
arrive just before dawn.

PENANCE

The night continues
wary, wanting, alone
seduced by spells
above the sky

the unsettled twilight
and you converse
to barren sounds
beneath the stars

The world changed
swallow your fears

AXIS

The passion shall escape
While the past,
Flickering hungry
Is Bleached invisible.

You gaze at
The unfeigned light
Walking out determined
From the world.

Knowing how it feels
To be broken
And have a black hole
On your time-line.

COUNTDOWN TO DARKNESS

Translucent and awake
lost in broad daylight.
The sun will vanish
flickering, unseeing.
Blurring at the edges
darkening, hesitant
and shinning curious.
The light evanescent
in a trace of sadness.

For how long
will a stranger stop
in a different light
as the end begins.
Looking for landmarks
talking to himself
at the edge
of the world.
Insanity feels good.

THE NIGHT SHE HOLDS ME CLOSE

Soft dreams vigorous
Breath hues aromatics
Sweltering love
Clock inflection

In whose arms
Such a man chases his dream
And finds road-signs.

Intense! The end has died
Unafraid and tired
At the crossroads.

ACCIDENCE

Chloroformed words

Rambling and meaningless

Drip black from the pages

BLACK-BLACK-BLACK

Solidity, congealing, shrouding and motionless

And rusting in the nebulae of grammar.

A POEM NEVER READ

My words

Composed and forgotten.

Created like

A dewdrop

That vanishes

In the primordial

Morning

Sunshine.

Evolving into

The loudest silence

Never heard.

ACUPUNCTURE

The rain executes
an incidental acupuncture
touching summer's roof.

Small drips evolve
giving birth to
creations of mold.

Black and sullen it
announces this home
has no sympathy.

AN AMERICAN CITY

The city slowly
withers and dies.
While the living
flow angry
in open streets.
To a new renaissance.
floating down the river
like a colorful leaf
on splattered sunshine.

ASH WEDNESDAY IN DRESDEN

(ASCHERMITTWOCH IN DRESDEN)

Mosquito marker planes dropped
red and green imprints.
The Florence of the Elbe
awaited its charcoal nightmare.

Sirens proclaimed a terror, embraced
by formations of flying steel.
The first incendiary firestorm
rained seismic waves of heat.

Body parts and liquid flesh
christened the sidewalks in drips.
Like a grotesque summer
melting ice cream cone.

Trampled, no oxygen
a death dance in the street.
The dance floor reflected
adults the size of children.

Burnt, screaming and gesticulated
in a mad frenzy to escape.
The cultural city morphed into
an aberrant, surrealistic landscape.

A German mother covered her babies
with tears and a disgraced flag
to whispered silent prayers
on a Dresden Ash Wednesday evening.

BEHOLDER

The avenue a watercourse
sloshed by car engines
and forded at stop signs.

A small shoe hole
ingests the dark wetness
of an unrelenting city.

She emerges from umbrage
an angel, a daughter, a mother,
tonight a streetwalker.

Faceless souls peer
from rain soaked portals,
safe from their sins

Empty lives, no regrets,
prostitution pleasures and
secluded emptiness.

This girl is nonexistent.
To them and to herself
a starved life.

Darkness ends, a smile
reveals cocaine stained teeth
and the face of God.

TEMPEST

A tissue of lies alights
dead and brown leaves scattering,
coagulating and evaporating.

The pine forest burns
and culls a wanderer to the road.
Trapped in a double life,
standing on the edge
of the past.

TRUE BEING

For a moment,
Frozen in the window of my soul.
Immersed in a disquieting vision.
Knowing I will never see you again.

NO MAD

The moon quivers in the morning ecstasy
Red roses dance with reflective dewdrops
Heaven's knowledge and eternity held
In the rapture of a wanderers anguish

PRIMA LUCE

Slender beams of radiance enter
this darkened hall as I kneel,
always lost, always astray,
frozen here,
waiting.

Angelic forms wrought in panes of glass loom as
dust dances in the air,
forming an image in my mind,
searing my secret skin.

Tears on a child's face.

I raise my head, now railing against
this impassive truth.
We have lost our light.

YOU ARE INVITED TO THE END

Hallucinating oracle
Haunted from his cave
Swallows vaporous inspirations
Before the air.
Apostolic virgins
Traipse dead landscapes
Imploring the great
Creator for more time.
Be wary! A human is born
clouded nameless
a long way from home
And incapable of love.

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