



EMBEDDED DREAMS

The National Library of Poetry

Richard Schaub, Editor

When

When death comes wouldn't it be nice
for mom to be in the kitchen, baking, and
uncle Joe sneaking another nip and it's summer
so we don't have to worry
about him falling drunk in the snow and freezing
and dad, singing jazzy tunes while he saws wood out back.

I'd be lying in the middle of it all.
a little senator, legislating outcome,
and the cats would gather, those small, wise souls,
and begin to wash my face.

Wouldn't that be nice, when death comes,
to have all that has passed be present,
about to let me join in,
but in a nice way, no big deal,
just another day in the country, getting ready for dinner,
setting the table, as it were,
putting aside all the homework,
waiting for grace,
that grace here all along,
now about to be said.

Mary Magagna

Untitled

Your mercy impales with misery's corr.
Fallen images solemnly seed the earth.
The next dawn is clouded.
Pain the shroud that hideth my soul.
Passion the conviction to render it whole.
The eyes of fury fuel hell's fire.
Weep I in bitter rage the fear and loathing.
Soak the skin fused mask of red death.
Your reflection of terror my debasement.
Purge the coursing anguish,
Christen the vessel albatross.
Bound by unseen measure I
The wedding guest of mariner's tale.
Late is the hour, misty dawn welcomes dusk.
Pinholed hearts in corrosive light
Weep for loves lost as time escapes.
Exiting by flame for purity state
My eyes express a lifeless fate.

Kevin C. Weeks

Before You Go

Watch me now
In the light of this last evening.
The thin, dusty slivers of it that seep
through your window
Will let you see across my sunburned shoulders
and down the tiny valley that is the middle of my back.

Trace the glistening beads
of damp, night air
up and over the velvety hollow of my lip.

Touch the soft ridges
of your hand
to the collection of wrinkles
that is my face smiling.

Listen to the two click tick
of our wrist watches
that measures the rush
of my breath behind you.

Say nothing,
but remember the warm, putty mound
of my belly on yours.

Krista F. Kellogg

Third Person Confession

She stands, politically purified,
Yet never completely deemed a patriot,
As the raging flame of her will masks
The struggling spark beneath her breast. So

She immures into cocoons, leaving behind
The blurred conquests of skeptical cynics,
While beneath her scarred tongue lies a callus
Of bites emerging through her softened shell. And,

As faith often contests, sharp flames
Of brutal words burn above the misconceived
Wave of truth, for when hearts dance alone,
The souls' fire extinguishes the mind's wake. But

Through corridors invoking divine madness,
Images of fire, floating above ebbing waves,
Fail to appease her haunting memories of blinding rebirth.
For she's slipped from whims of fearless sadness. So

Tonight, again, she will die,
Slurring drunk throughout the streets,
Intoxicated by her own desire, while
Bellowing the atrocities of a liar.

Jessica Sattler

Kibbutz Orange Grove

A euphoric relief
Screamed from our shoulders
As we emptied bulging burlap bags.
More than our quota filled, we leaned like rag dolls
Against overflowing crates.
Textured wood pressed support into our aching backs.
Bitter peelings of promise land's tangy fruit fell back to earth;
Sticky juice sprayed our faces as we indulged like oxen worthy of hire.
Ancient overlookers, orchard trees towered like sturdy soldiers
In silhouette against a scarlet-stained sky.
Arm-in-arm with laughing hearts,
We walked home absorbing the day's marrow.
Souls and bodies soaked in bounty's satisfaction.
Saturated, we dripped labor and brotherly love.

Bonnie Wilks

An Ode to The Colors of Thought

I read a book of poetry today,
Where everybody and his brother had their say,
Some absurd, and some profound, yet they shared a common ground,
They all sought communication, in their way.

Some were mourning a lost relative, or friend,
With a sadness you could sense would never end,
Others wrote of hope and cheer, ways to banish doubt and fear,
And the many perils we may all transcend.

Some were honest and straight forward as could be,
Others subtle, and filled with grand hyperbole,
But I frankly must admit, faced with all this teeming wit,
I was stricken with the pangs of jealousy.

I mourned, why can't I envision wondrous things,
Like those who sing of cabbages and kings,
But the best that I can do, when whipping up a rhyme or two,
Is just commonplace, like "mama's apron strings."

But someday I may write mad, exotic verse,
Like old Kress, who told of magpie's tragic curse,
And tho' Bill's way o'er my head, (I dig Bill Shakespeare instead,)
Just keep trying, Mr. Kress, you may get worse.

Robert L. Davis