

Matthew Walz

Cloudiness in Mind and Manner

Cloudiness in mind and manner,
A fisherman catches my focus with a line and bait,
The more I struggle, the less I succeed.

On the borderline, the brink of trying,
Something capitulates the fringes,
And reality is teased with a feather by this mission.

The clattering of keys in breezy holes,
Frightens a mouse looking for his own piece of mind.
Do you ever sing when you're alone?

Do you ever long to call home?

Attention at ease for no one is coming.
They're all riding the tidal wave of life,
And I'm still stuck in this mind cloud.

A Scratch on the Surface of the Sun

Wintertime blooms the onslaught of our significance;
We rip and tear our mark in life—a scratch on the surface of the sun.

We rush up the hill, dodging salty bullets,
Evaporating in the sultry heat, and crumbling at the feet of the Almighty.

- - Nothing in a world of nothing in a universe of nothing.

The human spirit declines in a boiling pot—evaporating into the encapsulating atmosphere,
Abundant with souls far and wide, numerous and plenty.

- - All as insignificant as I.

Forget About Those Days

Forget about those days, those subtle old days, where the rain would gently fall from clefts of eyes, and children would splash around in it all day.

Forget about those days when mothers would crawl and daughters would encircle by coarse hands and mouth.

Forget about those days when happiness wasn't a rainbow in the sky, but rather just a pale shade, of green or blue.

Just forget about the stars and the nights in the stars, and forget about Rome, forever burning.