

matthew scott harris

SLAM FOR ORLANDO

Once a safe haven, where one could bare
their sexual dog gone boon
just one moment before mass hysteria
and hubbub ripped cocoon
where majority of patrons

comfortably displayed
gender preference a goon
forever shattered safe haven
of Pulsations Night Club where on June
12th, 2016 - forty nine lives affiliated
with LGBY Community bayed at moon

for long lost loves rent asunder
when barrage of gunfire
took down light of high noon
draping mourners and the
forty-nine victims – viz broke kin brethren

(quaffing from same cistern), now a ruin
swath of irreparable grief, when healing
if possible may NOT be very soon.
immediatly once horror abated questions
without answers, and speculations
sprang amidst frenzied fray

whereat no choked back voiced opinion
sufficed to explain, how and/or why hay
wire loosed gunmen blithely emptied
high-powered assault weapon – may
hem immediately loosed with instinctual

brave action heroes did play
last card to save life of her/his partner –
when bullets did spray
from assassin - guaranteeing
those in cross hair, when
deathly hallows came their way.

those whose physical injuries recover,
versus casualties of battlefield slain
haunted (maimed for always)

2.

per that incessant and unexpected fierce rain
of leaden slugs that stole dearly departed –
planning to pledge troth now train
of misery – eternally tracking survival
of body, mind and spirit –
when as if a major vein

corporeal being in shell shock -
hemorrhaged wound time will not wane.
this poet lives far from madding crowd,
yet my psyche impinged from
shrapnel of terrorist act
a silent benediction in tandem with this poem –
my head lowly bowed.

Daylight Savings Time – November 6th 2016

Hour hands clock back
sixty minutes of Autumn
Round about this same
month every year, what a bum
er, and inconvenient truth

diverged from this chum
purposelessly manipulating a hold over
sans yesteryear doth drum
a sensation of jet lag (with
Earth in the balance)

as if flying within time machine
at warp speed from
this station, where bumpy ride
invariably finds me
feeling a bit ticked off and glum
and in no mood to rhyme,

nor be leer re: cull
juiced barely tantamount
to gather scattered wits
sin tide, and express mood
as hoe hum

fortunate, this chronological
seismic shift nada wide, ah assume
nonetheless, mein kempf
cerebral hemispheric plate tectonics
comb pluck hated off jangling

black keys helplessly boom
fancifully drifting and booring
into quick ribald sand trap doom
ming an inducement for emergency

convoy, when pitched from
sea to figurative shining sea –
gram ma mother earth glum
where live yikyak wired van

guard trulia tried optimism to hum
nonetheless, swallowed down
cream mated behavioral sink

2.

her inert ashes boxed for mo urn eternity
like talcum powder went – me mum
bling bloviation, once worth
matchless peerage, now pitched numb
lee into morass of temporary
confusion, where plumb

line delineating circadian rhythm
offset, when athwart pilot rum
man strait ting and bickering
with Lilliputians slum
bring within islets of langerhans
defiantly thumb

ming nose, where body, mind & soul
weeknd viz a bully did cower
hence mister clock, who got high-
jacked 3600 seconds per hour
experienced head, thorax and abdomen
diminishing in power

wrought indistinguishable Whitsuntide as sour
grapes imposing ill fitting sea legs,
which folded like a faulty tower
crumbling skeletal carapace,
resoundingly surrendered,
and back slid vis a vis space/
time continuum did devour.

Black hole event horizon indeed kept
lock step as das joint mill hoard
Sucker punched the band wagon of
father time, whose riffs a silent chord
nsync with atomic fractional second bored
quirky shenanigans toying with chronometers
counter point of view shifted to
oppose this minute accord.