

Brenda Mox

TRIPLE ABSTRACTION

She wandered her lonely way
across the years
in a beautiful blaze of conflicting emotions.
Several times damned by scraping yells
of evil lustfulness was she.

A walking column of statistics
chewing over newspaper pulp
behind curtains of sinister red.
Here where the world left off
and space rang clear, disappearing
into triple abstraction

A widow, in weeds drooping,
all flesh was grass, eaten by dryness.
Shut drawered sepulchers, shining white,
pigeonholes to hold the dead.
Blind sweeper saw her not.
Grim reaper was her lot.

WAVES OF LOSS

From the hollow corridors of time,
beneath a long ago moon,
arose a recollection
of things not known
plucked by the hand
of some brazen busy demon
from dark, deserted old moors
of his mind.

She sprang, full of venom
and dark haggard beauty
to gaze with black
yet tender eyes.

Eyes that widened
in silent laughter,
watching with benevolent ravishment,
floating points of light
moving slowly in liquid grace,
lit up with silent mirth.

Rich, lustful bursts
of confidential mirth
twitter a tiny alarm
of tremulous waves of loss.

A NETWORK OF NERVES

With strong aristocratic silence,
like the unspeaking reticence of old trees,
she shivered suddenly in silent sobbing,
weeping tears of bitter chagrin.

Controlled by the machine
of external circumstance,
feeling washed out with fear,
on the brink of fainting from
the agony of her own forlornness.

Wounds to the soul speak
with sudden, shuddering quivers
of reminiscent sobs
from a network of nerves
so utterly neutered.

Like the deep dry intentness
of great desert tracts,
the soft shuddering convulsion
of subsiding sobs succumb
to the pressures of circumstance.

CAULDRON OF CONFLICT

Angel of the birdcage
hanging from a watch chain
naked with feathery fans.
Unearthly sadness radiates
through her cloak
of numbed apathy.

Wrap me a gauze
and make me
a martyred angel
with a history of shame,
wrapped in heat
like a blanket,
beautiful plump skin
hiding rot within.

Yes, I am crazy.
I thought you knew,
she yelled out
in a thin throbbing wail.

CAULDRON OF CONFLICT

With sins dripping from her shoes,
she moved like liquid
rolling herself up
into any arms willing to receive.

Confirmed in the
church of expediency,
praying for a tightfisted miracle,
the memory of it
feels like sickness.
People ask without
wanting to know
of the kneeling that lasted hours
by the smoldering
cauldron of conflict
carrying her early
to a torched grave.

Ripped open to reveal
such naked vulnerability,
her fury demands a fire
as she raises herself
from the ashes,
holding out her hands
to the poor, the damaged
and the damned.

WISHED THE WIND TO HOWL

Her animal spirit revealed
a certainty of love
burning with the light
of red jewels of furnace flames.

A spirit hastening to live
within a brief span,
full of impatient impulses
not bound to
a single passion's demand.

Her soul and senses quiver
with keen throes
a wild frantic bird
rending its own plumage
in desperation.

She was called discontent
but could not help that.
She'd rather be incensed
than saddened.
for restless was her nature.
Agitated, no doubt, to pain.

Natural was her urge to stir,
to let her heart be heaved
by an exulted moment's movement.
Feelings that burst away
and hurry to wild chasms
where passions furiously rage.

Her lividly pale flame of mind and body
threaten spontaneous combustion
from the glow of her fervor
and flow of her joy.

She was paving hell with her energy,
a fiery nature, never low or checked.
For she wished the wind
to howl more wildly
when bellows of trouble roll
under the maddening surge.

STRUGGLED TO STRANGLE

Recollections calculated
to enervate and distress
spring from a depth where lay
turbid dregs of disappointment.

Where bitter and base associations
became soul food for memories,
the place where each and every
nerve was torched and teased
into the murky wilds whence
there was no extrication
by any dent of coaxing
or commanding,
as she struggled to strangle
each new born agony.