

Brenda Mox

INSCRUTABLE HYPOCRISY

His sternness was a power
beyond beauty
opaque to tenderness,
indissoluble to tears.
A universal manifestation
of discontent.

He could command
his countenance thoroughly
maintaining a marble
immobility of feature,
a supercilious look,
a coolness of manner
and that peculiar eye
which nothing could melt.

His was a cool and collected insanity,
an inscrutable hypocrisy
of self possession.
No aperture to be found
in that marble breast.

His reserve froze over
her contradictions.
Reading well his iron silence,
her frankness congealed.

SEPARATE SHARING

So they danced a separate dance
silently alone together
trapped in a waterfront cage

The bay raged at the windows
whistling shrilly between the bars
of their self entrapment bungalow
blotting out all celestial stars.

Days, weeks, months, years
angry storm clouds gathered
darkly on the eastern horizon
smothering ole Sol's rising
with lonely separate sharing
of their waterfront cage.

BOTH WINGS BROKEN

From him she owned such fearful pangs
of mental suffering.
Every nerve she had feared him
with an insuperable root aversion.

What a miserable little poltroon
had fear made of her.
Horror shook through her limbs
though she sat like a statue
fixed in its niche.

Her heart beat anxiously
all inward tranquility dimmed.
Impotent as a bird
with both wings broken,
she felt the consecration
of her loneliness
as his shrouded, iron will
contracted round her
again.