

Brian Terrell

The Snowflake

I awake and I'm standing at the window pane
Staring out at a cold, December rain
All the grass is brown, the flowers are dead
And all I'm left with are the voices in my head
Voices of the past, of days gone by
Voices that whispered those sweet, delicate lies
Like a bitter, poison pill I swallowed every one
Unknowingly partaking til the damage was done
And now I'm floating, floating out into space
Floating alone with things I can't bear to face
The burning, the yearning, all of it so unconcerning
Sucked in, caught, stuck, and trapped
The prey in the web so skillfully wrapped
Nowhere to turn, nowhere to run
No one to call, no one to come
A shake of the head, I'm back at the window, I'm awake
And amongst the rain I see one lone snowflake

The Night Was Cold

The night was cold; it had rained some
In his heart he knew what had to be done
He'd been betrayed; she'd been untrue
And now at last her penance was due
He her judge and executioner as well
Her tour guide on her voyage to hell

In the darkness he sat alone
Through the window, the moonlight shone
The rain gone and the night was clear
And in his hear he had no fear
He looked down at his hands, calloused and lined
Hands that had always done their best to provide

He looked around the moonlit den of their once happy home
Wondering again why she'd allowed her heart to roam
Why she'd left it unguarded and uncovered
Why she let the embers of their love become smothered
Their love and this house had long grown cold
And cold and alone makes one feel old

Then suddenly from his thoughts he was turned
As through the window her headlights burned
The sound of gravel crunching, her car coming up the drive
She must die, but him; he felt so alive
He crouched down in the darkness on the old hardwood floor
Her headlights killed; the sound of a closing car door

Jingling the keys; fumbling for the lock
He counted the seconds by the ticking of the clock
She quietly opened the door and moved into the room
Quiet, for he was long asleep she'd assumed
She moved to her left and reached for the light
He was on her in an instant, she screaming for fright

Those worn, work-heavy hands squeezed and squeezed

Her scream became a squeal until she no longer breathed
Yet those hands squeezed ever more and more
As her petite, limp body dropped to the floor
Breathing hard and heavy, finally his hands unclenched
The journey she'd earned having finally commenced
He staggered once, a pain went through his chest
He told himself to stop and sit down and rest
But the job was unfinished, the chore incomplete
As a hand reached out and grabbed one of her small feet
He dragged her effortlessly and emotionless back across the floor
Not once looking at her as he pulled her out the door

He buried her in the backyard beneath a half full moon
Near the oak tree they'd planted many years ago one June
No need to be careful, no reason to fear
No neighbors to see, no neighbors to hear
He stood up straight, no tears in his eyes
A weary executioner, his demons exercised

Lightning Struck

Lightning struck
And shattered by heart
Left me to pick up the pieces
And make a new start

The sun came out
And went behind a cloud
A bird flew down
And laughed at me out loud

Then he flew away
Just like you