

Brenda Mox

BEYOND NUMB DAYS

Inhabiting her body ethereally like a thought,
she sees with memory as much as eyes,
and weeps with relief to embrace honest grief
after nursing an outrage without giving it voice.

Each image stands still beside its shadow
like flags of surrender in a world
unable to remember his energy
she had learned to crave.

To hold such significant emptiness
in a stretch of many sad days,
a hole in her heart unfixably flows
a tributary to the lake of grief.

Tense with fury and sadness,
quieted to occasional sobs,
she manages to grimace a smile
wide eyed and fierce,
a rueful laugh at life's ridiculous persistence.

One must admire such artful energy
sensing the weight of each wave of grief.
T'was a long process of coming
slowly undone from one's self.

But the world grows quickly
impatient with grief
or indulgences of adult despair,
when not behaving like a decent widow should.

One must step somehow
from the realm of ghosts,
beyond numb days to an opposite shore
where he resides, no more.

IN SPITE OF SELF

To be quiet when most agitated,
to measure that silence
by clouds crossing skies,
so much detail goes unnoticed.

Suppressing a smile
in spite of self,
letting face be touched
by movement of trees,
lips parting in wonder
at quivering pools
of black and yellow
wings that rise
with the scent of a thousand
translucent white buds
and the odor of wild
water over stones!

There is no such thing
as being alone.

SHADY DEEDS

A soft sun fires serendipitously
beneath a cobalt blue canopy.

Aquamarine seas,
slapping the shore,
meet the blue violet
horizon of infinity
in a blurry
water colored simplicity.

The bees hum busily
in pampas grass
among poppy gardens
with globes of glass.

Where honey colored
houses in seaside towns
have small private coves
scattered around.

Tucked into pockets
of swaying pine trees
a sunny place for shady deeds,
an anchor for drifters uncertainties.

LEAKED RAINDROPS

He was sitting in a dead ocean
of undulating sand
listening to the
rhythm of the waves,
watching pelicans dive
bomb the sea
when a heavy storm,
black as a midnight ocean
blew in and the sky
leaked raindrops.

A hazy gray moonlight broke
dimly between clouds
in a sky lacking stars,
glowering an inky blue.
Frigid wind wrapped itself
around branches of beach trees,
twisted and bleak.

The air was laced
with thick ghostly fog
brewing down desolate
beach paths
where shadows stretched
when gauzy shafts
of moonlight broke through.

Expelling quick, frosty breaths,
the solitary man stumbled
toward the congested smell
of smoke clogged air
rising from his lonely hearth.

LINK THAT WELDS

Out of the wilderness
of being alone
he found his thoughts in tangles.
Words seemed to slip away
as though his memory
had been scrubbed
Blank.
He could not process
one logical thought.

In a cold snap
of inspiration,
his brain split,
running in opposite
Directions
in an effort to make sense
of his fragmented self.

Soon a new impression
broke the surface,
as though a window
to her thoughts had
Opened.
In his mind he could
hear each gear
Engage,
mentally stretching
to reach him.

Holding to this fragile
link that welds them,
they became each other.
Joined with invisible,
immutable filaments they
Orbit
each other's world

side by side
in silent
Harmony.