

## Dead Ugly Ache

I felt 3 thousand miles rushing over the country of my heart  
and then I felt nothing move  
not one wheel turn.

A broad strong Jetstream dips down frigid among us.  
A massive Stormfront blows away who we were  
blows us together into  
the upwelling nutrient Ocean.

What happened to you? Where did you go?  
How does all that small infinite life snuff out?  
Not one scintilla sparks from your dead Sun.  
God this is impossible to take.

Come back to me come back to me my darling.  
You are not possibly lost.  
You are my only reason to be.

And yet  
Here I wait.

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## **Our Gluttonous Helpless Self**

never in doubt

we will be sitting at the right hand of some god

as its inane and clueless fool

oblivious ingrate chewing

the vast and famous gluttony looking upon the gloomy face of the god

a reminder

really

of or for this life?

Pah!

I am not sure you'd push back from a plate of gravel.

No one remedy except to

swallow this prayer.

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