Blues for Michael

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BLUES FOR MICHAEL

the passing of silence
your years of devotion to
candle light &
clean linen on a table
the years of secret promises
of michael
  a man you would love
  you would sleep with
  confident sleep

we finally pressing
our thighs tight
in a single bed &
a single candle's light
i asleep
  you awake thinking
  of it happening
  sleeping with michael
  in love with michael
  afraid of michael
  waking him
  hearing him groan
  rolling away
  and nothing
  no hand on your breast
  no whisper no word
  frightened

you rubbing me
stiffening my sleep
my body in candle light
  pale hard unaware
  of the needs of this night
watching my closed eyes
& i move away say no
to the wrong moment

(Continued)

GLIMPSE

Framed black in this cellar
where shadows move
back & forth
mocking my quick glance
i heard a voice
calm as a knife
that shuddered on the edge
of a whisper
a shadow that was me
it was quiet
a winter sleeping animal
it's fur moving
only two times every minute
warm in its coldness
then gone
like imagination
a thought described
for a child
a study in dark

Blues for Mic
BLUES FOR MICHAEL

Passing of silence
years of devotion to
the light &
linen on a table
ears of secret promises
Michael
a man you would love
you would sleep with
confident sleep

Finally pressing
highs tight
single bed &
Single candle's light
sleep
you awake thinking
of it happening
sleeping with michael
in love with michael
afraid of michael
waking him
hearing him groan
rolling away
and nothing
no hand on your breast
no whisper no word
frightened

rubbing me
pening my sleep
body in candle light
pale hard unaware
of the needs of this night
wishing my closed eyes
move away say no
the wrong moment

(Continued)

Blues for Michael (Continued)

tonight
is full of pain
you back to your
foreign languages
& me with the
futility of
my poetry

--F. Mark Hugger

GLIMPSE

Framed black in this cellar night
where shadows move
back & forth
mocking my quick glance
i heard a voice
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