Just When I Thought I Was Safe

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JUST WHEN I THOUGHT I WAS SAFE

Just when I thought
I was safe
You came again and
crawled inside my dreams
like a derelict searching for warmth
in a discarded bottle of booze.

You settled inside
my sleeping body
and began to suck me into
your filthy abyss
until a stronger unknown part
of myself felt your vigorous
intent and shouted

"Hey, what are you doing
in there?"

and you slipped off me
like slime on a drainpipe
and I awoke.
O death, you're such a sneak.

Jan Spielmacher

UNTITLED

The clouds are low
somber
the poet would say.
Gray massed shapes
move across my mind.
A fever
spreading through the body.
Out of a clear sky
they appear
to settle their weariness
upon me;
nameless
born of a nameless source
out of an unwanted dream.
Escape? -- impossible.
To endure the only hope
with hunched shoulders
and weary impatience
I await the sun.

Helen M