Lonliness is an Empty House

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Meek are the minerals
of a washed out stream which choses
to belch now and forget its sick stomach....
so my mind
finds consolation with sleek ribbons
quintessent visions, water grass, and silver tongue
everything goes on as usual
nothing probes a riddle.
and higher until I find the truth.
  higher
  and
higher

Without a doubt you expect me to
end this somehow, so
I won't because I've got so much
to tell you....

Loneliness is an empty house
Where children's shouts
Once bounced off walls
Covered with fairy-tale wallpaper.

And laughter echoed round and round,
While suns came up
And suns went down
And seasons passed like dreams.

And the children grew as children do,
Leaving their peanut-butter smiles,
And dirty bandaged knees,
And innocent tears behind them.

And time settled round like a winter's snow,
Muffling forever the sounds
Of red-ball jets on back porch steps
And screen doors slamming in the summertime.

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