

A Cold Day at an Auction

His life was laid out
all over his soon to be liquidated
backyard.

He was into small engines,
radios and guitars.

The men in the stetson hats
were gonna sell it all.

The car at noon.

The house at one.

The homemade guitar,
Carved onyx dogs,
Paintings of God.

All the things that gave him joy,
peace, strength and laughter,
sacrificed to the Vulture pack.

"Dollar, dollar, dollar, dollar,

Two dollar, two dollar,

Sold

Two dollars."

I've got a dead man's rug on my floor.

The unknown remembered man
who gave me the adrenalin buzz

of the competing pack,
tearing and devouring

the skin and bone and meat
of a lifetime.

--Diana Martin

Loneliness

All I depended on is
Swept up by the emptiness
And tossed across my mind
Like a tumbleweed blown
Across the desert.

The sullen area of my existence
Is burnt into my mind,
Exposed to the heat
Of questions unanswered.

The cool night casts
Over passions lost
And the memories
Travel through my mind
Leaving their tracks
Like animals,
Only different because
The drifting sand of time
Won't cover them up.

--Jennifer Robbins