

For Miles Wolf

One arm
 thrust out of the womb
 into
 this world,
 emerging from blood
 into blood,
 with a primitive passion
 known only by innocents,
 your solitude disrupted by
 our chaotic existence
 and our hope that
 you
 will somehow
 make the difference.

-Jane Stevens

My Messenger

Tell me why I should be here,
 because I don't see it.
 All our paths together
 lead to a maelstrom of
 fleshy gyration,
 careful nurturing,
 and misguided despair.

your hands are cold
 and I know giving you
 all the daisies in the world
 can't save me now

There are no covers to hide under.
 No badges, no uniforms
 but the ones in our minds.
 That's where
 my last hope lives.
 Where pain,
 my muse,
 is called
 Malachi *
 And my heart is a stake
 driven through your opal eye.

-Aaron Black



*Malachi is the last book of the Old Testament in Christian Bibles. The literal Hebrew meaning of the word is "My Messenger".