

DRAWN INWARD AND OTHER POEMS: PART 1

MIKE MAGUIRE
Herndon, Virginia

In Umbrage

At one mention,
lying ravens
peck soft hearts.
See kind images
in a memento.
Go dig at her scar.
Let no test end.
Anger
slays her, elapses.

Scar City

The iron echo reaches
the mage's ear.
Chest of industrial shards.
Admissions in juries.

A Wake

Shells in gravel.
Over each,
formed rain.
Here,
motion, sand,
ash and snow.
Cares sweep asunder men.
Other shells in here age.
Relationships,
measure harm on you,
reverse cures in atrophy.

God Owns Lightly

We toil in deeds.
Cares use the river.
Etched,
a tomb urn's surface.
Men,
trample money,
escape dins of the atoned.
I am on dim, old, wet oil.

I Numb Rage

Atonement I, only in grāven
specks of the arts,
seek.
In dim ages,
I name men to God,
I gather scarlet notes.
Ten dangers lay.
She relapses.

Scarcity

Their one chore aches them.
Age searches to find us.
Trials.
Hard, sad missions.
Injuries.

Awake

She'll sing, rave, love,
reach for me,
drain her emotions
and, as hands now caress,
weep.
As under me, not her,
she'll sin.
Her eager elation
ships me a sure harmony.
Our ever-secure sin, a trophy.

Go Down Slightly

Wet oil,
indeed scares us.
Ether,
I've retched.
Atom burns,
surf a cement ramp.
Lemon eyes,
caped in soft heat.
One diamond, I mold.
We toil.