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.

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

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

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

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.

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.