manuscripts

Heaven Waits
Christian Carl

Two days until heaven,
and
The tension hangs as thick as
blood

From the corner of mother’s eye.

The maternal mirror whispers,
and
My thoughts rage like the
hail

That crashes to the car,
    killing her words.

Two days until heaven,
and
He makes my life as cold as the
sweat

That drips from her elbow
(and I blame her for his absence).

The maternal mirror floods,
and
My image smears like the
rain
That fills my eyes,
    drowning my vision.

Two days until heaven,
and
The tension hangs as the thick
blood

Flows violently within me.