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