

Absence

Wisdom speaks empty words,
Minuscule translations muted,
Oblique meanings,

Scalpels slowly, progressively,
And diligently forming tarnished souls,
Phases never cease,

Absent color internal pink,
Taste of cancer black, bitter, sweet,
Smells of slander cures unknown,

Ask, white coats how to feel?
Ask, me of my morbid dreams?
Ask, to hear my deafening moans?

Don't pose as if you know,
Conspiring to impregnate my thoughts,
Don't ever say you have worn my ebony wings,

I taste your iron deep fear surfacing my tongue,
Run childless soul, run from all we've meant.

—*Brian Wilds*