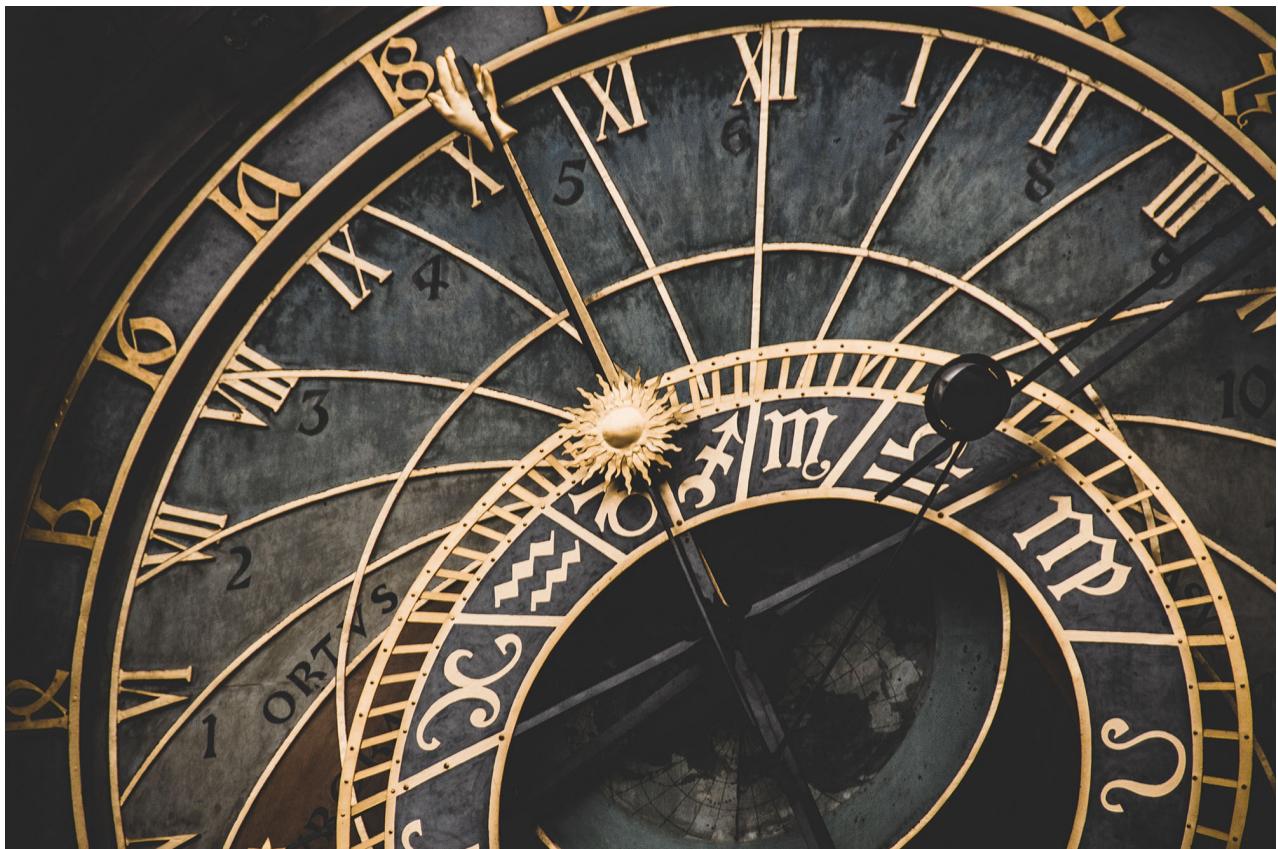


Time - April 2020

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Catherine Heath

April 2020

Oh your certainty has cracked--

Lies on the dusty welcome mat

Are tall tales for children.

We don't love them anymore,

Nothing like it was before,

Just luck, and chance, and fate...

I can relate!

The moral relativity is stifling,

And I half-think that ice

Runs through our veins.

Cold, dark, smoke...

Was it before I heard her spoke?

Angelic voices,

Choirs of angels,

Lost in the abyss.

Something is amiss--

The trysts we had were fun,

But you never were the one,

And I was a fool for trying,

Spent too many nights crying

Over lost love,

And old train tickets.

The thicket of reason is writhing with snakes!

What jewels he offers her are fakes,

For fires of hell melt all platitudes.

I'm not sure I like your attitude,

Something really is amiss!

I think you must be bliss,
For ignorance is not becoming.

You're saying I'm stupid--
Superstitious ghosts control my mind.
That's not so kind,
But all attempts are futile.

We know what we know;
We have no choice in where we go.

It's a fine line between madness and genius,
But what if society is sick?
Recapture the father,
Go no farther,
Down this long, dark dusty road.
The cheap tricks we play
Are no match for him--
The dim view we take of coffee cups,
And beds, and books.
We think we say it with a look,
If we're smart,

I can see your eyes dart,

Searching for escape.

We have it on tape--

Don't you see?

Time does not exist for me.

Words break free from their bondage,

And as long as we're truthful,

We'll also be free.

You, and me,

Always forever.

Never say never--

As the saying goes.

The jealousy in empty eyes

Follows us,

Down the tangled path of

Cemetery rows,

Where the nettle grows,

And now we are unfettered--

Who gets to say I do?

Certainly not me, or you.

Do we mistake evil for freedom?

The freedom to choose evil

Is no freedom at all,

Unless we are enthralled

To something sinister.

Not quite what it was before--

No, I am in awe,

Of the clever illusions

And the delusions of hope

Searching for a better world.

Now who tells girls

These lies,

--I see her lying, in her eyes--

Unholy alliance of nature and reason.

The treason is foul, and broken.

By this token,

I must believe all, and nothing.

Where is the preacher?

He's the only one can save her.

Surrounded by bitter hate,

And maybe too late,

The knight on the white horse

Is dead.

Instead, we look for girls in capes--

But they're too busy.

A bold-faced lie,

Once seen, cannot unsee.

Did you see her lie to me?

Whispers behind hands,

And reputations ruined.

The full implications of falsehoods

Lie far in the future--

(But until then we'll kill her with our eyes)--

Truth flies home when we rise.

Something was amiss!

Your wedded bliss is not like this.

We will meet again.

That is one thing that I know--

Where lost souls go,

Beyond where the hedges grow,

Suffering in our own rooms,

Alone, nowhere to go.

The clock, ticking, ever so slow.

Fingers reach out to brush

The wet glass,

Through which we will never pass.

Shouting into the void,

But no one can hear.

I think someone is near--

But I fear that they are only a ghost.

Make the most of your time--

Or not.

Memories have gone to rot.

Snarling faces haunt your dreams,

And the reams of people

Have no time anymore.

What was it for?

They said.

I feel my head pounding,

But I'm not dead yet.

Only connect!

Hearts spinning through the darkness.

Pale light flashes,

While children hide,

Groping, feeling,

Reeling from the shock,

But hard knocks will help us,

If we can survive,

Maybe even thrive,

In the bare rocky landscape

Of fear and dust.

Love and laughter,

Gone to rust.

You said it with a look.

I read you like an open book--

No time to stop and think,

No time to drink,

Until we have lost everything,

Then cold looks take on new meaning,

Careening closer to hell,

Fingertips over the fiery pit--

And now we might just welcome it,

Plunging headlong into flames

That burn.

Our lifelong lies.

The dark side of duty.

The wolf that eats her own.

The seedy underbelly

Of a mother's love,

Looking down from up above,

Not what we thought.

So far from home,

That one day we'll roam

Right back to the start.

Credit: Photo by [Fabrizio Verrecchia](#) on [Unsplash](#)

