

The Phantom Gallery

alert	blurred into vivid line	nothing to say
Bush's mind	the stainless pipe	nothing more to see
is missing a few pieces	caves in on itself	the throbbing emptiness
the thorny stem	falls into the tired vase	of molding words
is missing its rose	sheds its casing like a cracked cricket	the chapel of a broken soul
blood gurgles out thick as oil	the sputtering cyclone of	darkness squeaking with light
in the name of	the golden ghost of hope	begging to begin again
Republican fraud	curls like the smoking promise	sucked through the graying door
a blaze of red fiber	around a glowing womb	the smoldering storm of it
a broom scraping sky	rubbs the nerve raw	pierces the muscled grain of stick
skirted with leaf and pale scale	opens to the dawning	deep within its core
the top chopped teepee	shadowed forge of life	reaching into ragged root
its sap swells sweetly into bone	a lens of black flame	dank with musky lust
binds together feather and spore	focuses the whirling circle of pain	the twisted branch
shapes a basket crowned with stubble	into a screaming vortex of mirror shard	seared to its bright quick
the sunset scorches	the lightening claw	draws me through my shadow
the bird stitched night	of dreamed desire	sews me into the skin of earth
drills my seed into white hot steel	hushed in misted silence	a heart embroidered with peace