

Invisible Courier

I have not seen dawn in ages.
Our encounter is questionable.
The phosphorescent glow
Of an awakening computer screen
Doesn't match a rising sun;
The sound of rumbling trucks
Are not morning's real voice.

My heart yearns for healing
After opening like a flower
Into this hostile urban garden.

What is rainfall among stone?
How can commerce pollinate?
Who will transcend commuting
To smell a camouflaged rose?

I am dying's procrastination.
Eternity wanders my lonely eyes.

Jealous of an absent sun,
I see gray birds peck concrete,
Gray people looking nowhere,
Gray buildings not growing,
The fat gray sky sitting down.

I would trade all of it
For the feeling of ashes:
A tiny pile of finality
Sitting on a moist palm
As gentle breezes stir.

The ashes would quiver.
All ghosts learn to dance.

I watch them blow away
Riding the young wind
One ancient ribbon at a time
Until nothing remains
But their invisible courier.