

THE WAITING ROOM

Forming a circle
a gang of dead faces
Rocks on a beach
chins of powder
souls of granite
immobilized agents
against arrogant breakers
unsatisfied with counsel
or comfortable occurrences
orphans in the storm
waiting for their bus to arrive
they pass around
small talk of fragile peace

Waking from a nightmare
Among shattered dreams
Stoking the fire
and burning inside
wearing amputee hearts
on their sleeves
primed for the killing
checking the mirror
locked into themselves
like dead withered trees
wondering who will be first
to venture the jump
and who will be left
to sift what remains
pieces of statues and stumps.

Balking the odds of
those now assembled
No choice but to
choke or throw up
Eyes locked in a circle
A gang of dead faces.
Casualties stacked in
the waiting room.
