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Untitled

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From the ether
  Aurora
    a roar
    and the aura
    bore
    the deluge
  cleansing, purging
  withdrew the
  tangled ties
  of man
  (bestrewing the voids
    with seeds from sea
  and recedes
    leaving the vestige
      dead
    and adrift

  naked, desolate
  man emerges
    to watch the waters
      ebb)
  and the was
    to never
    floating
      drifting
        silently
    an imperceptible blur
    escaping the shadows
  approaches slowly
    cautiously
      swiftly
        surely
    like thunder
      infinitely quiet
  grey
    black
      white
        quiet
you start
too late
soft
sad
purposeful
it enters your mind
to scream
i am
and exist

LEROY WATERMAN

A Father’s First Look at His Child

I have dreamed of this first look with impatience,
Since her mother yawned her into being.
But, as she stretches her crib and smiles a world
Of indigestion, without yet knowing the taste
Of life, all I see mirrored is my guilty lay.
Her stretching limbs will be defiled;
Death is in the eyes of my child.

PHIL ADAMS