

NEMESSES - VII

Sitting

an old kitchen chair
orange yellow wood on
green dormant grass
under the warm waning sun.

Falling

leaves everywhere
orange yellow brown on
green dormant grass
under the blue brazen sky.

Crushing

as I as you
tense with worry
worms crawl
under the green dormant grass.

Arising

before dawn
from the warm bed stirring
thoughts scratch aimless
into the black air.

Listen!

depths of silence
unfamiliar nemeses
grab and throttle
realities clank and rub.

Stumbling

again our
take on
this profane sacred
continuum.

Heaving
the heavy conundrum
on our backs O
sack of
breathing bones!

- Diane Sophrin
Vermont. 11.6.20