

## Three Thirteens

by Wm. S. Collins

### Taken Mindless

The air was greenly  
still, hot and humid. It was night.  
After the terror  
came, we sat it through, horrified  
powerless, unaware,  
taken mindless to be in awe.

### Dusty Susan

Dusty Susan screams,  
looking past her left shoulder  
in a distorted  
mirror. She whispering, "Franklin",  
her desire of this  
time, but his name is Jonathan.

### Well

Secretive desires  
linger deep in the well of want,  
tossed within ripples  
of selfish hope of controlling  
those fools who are loved  
yet flourish no sense to echo.

## Lasting

Leaving little count  
of all that old by blowing chaff,  
nothing of this new,  
no enduring what of body,  
less so memory,  
only Ghosts might last eternal.

## Rooms

Festering mutants,  
evolution spreading slowly  
across Mother Truth.  
Rooms spewing already poison  
air with spores. Life goes  
supported but as life deserves.

## Bridge

Eternity's sole  
predication wobbles from birth  
to Death, promising  
uncertainty into failure,  
no joy or safety,  
no alternative but Courage.

## Salvation

Hunger has no pride.  
Its satisfaction is its own  
most wanted demise.  
Worse than dying, humble in life  
is sure helplessness  
to morbid self sacrificing.

## Candle

Powder wings flying  
to a faint glow. Meditators  
irresistibly  
lost calmly into oneness.  
Dripping minor pain,  
eyes burn reading after hours.

## By Suggestion

Righteous Don's shining  
star of suffering glistens wet  
from tears of toil. How  
easily it is possible  
to be good, to live  
today for blessed hereafter.

## Glimpses

Fleeting slight movements  
flicker on the edge of eyesight,  
brief in vague moments,  
noticed or maybe imagined.  
Questioning the Mind,  
answering oneself is foolish.

## Evening Fallen

Monsters lurk behind  
bushes, in closets, under the  
bed. So near, breathing  
softly. Together we run in  
Nightmares, frolicking  
in Shadows, hiding from the light.

## Hope

Fog turned to drizzle  
rain. Dirty windows are smearing  
Visions looking in.  
Jean pulls the Shades, blocking creeping  
Night, locking herself  
inside with artificial light.

## Can Man Wheels

Can man bicycles  
his wagon between gasps and grunts,  
reckless, dangerous,  
cursing broken glass and traffic.  
Recyclers close.  
Got to make it. Got to make it.

## Young at Heart

Juvenile Dove lacks  
adult plume or mature graces,  
sits staring blank faced,  
contemplating his own hunger.  
His understanding  
of food is vague and all he knows.

## Crow Quill

Soft dusting plumes to  
breaking point, worked fine, sharp enough  
to pierce armor to  
the Quick, delicate enough to  
probe soft petals, and  
sway the hearts and minds of poets.

Prophet

Eyes of the Tetched are  
Haunted awake, See endlessly,  
Never stopping, wanes  
or waxes, dying, renewing.  
Luna, child of Night,  
cannot sleep in sweet Dreamless bliss.