

On Golden Pond

You there. Come. I'm aware of prying
Eyes who stare in silence. On the banks
Of the creek. Here. I will teach you.
Cast, Lure, Wait, Bite, Choice. It's easy enough.

Cast. Sweltering sun blistering, brown blood
Like syrup, washed away in tropical marshland.
My first was a Viet cong. Bullet rippled
Through his surface. Birds shot, trees shuddered,
Nature trembled. A point of no return.

Lure. In the city's impressions - I stared back. Foreign
Eyes, foreign smile. Skin stripped of that sun's caress.
Night uncurled a callous hand. Cab horns - sirens beckoning,
To the neon paved descent in the underworld. I lingered
In the shadows, for the second.

Wait. On that frigid shoulder Mother Nature turned
On the alpine crest. Time slows, the world becomes numb for the fallen deity.
Don't think of their faces. Or their breaths like ribbons drifting away from grasp.
Patience. Your third will come, rooted out from the earth.
A bitter sacrifice, a stinging atonement in the divine winter.

Bite. The fourth had the same foreign
Eyes that stared back at my worn and weathered.
Knife whirling, eyes darting, chest chanting.
An choreographed ecstasy of furious youth. I embraced him
Like a father to a son - a sarabande with Death.

Choice. Submerged in this heavy darkness, I could see
Fractures of light. Promises of a warm, basking glow.
But the final one was my oldest friend. Henry.
Eyes clouded over. Touch as cold as my own - the sun eclipsed, fissures banished.
Scythe's rusted metal cut deep, but still I did not bleed.

In these shadows, clandestine from the sun's benign
Gaze, I look upon this golden hour as Midas.
They are there on the bank. Those cursed with my touch. Eyes
Hollow, stiff and stoic, basked in sunlight.
Arms open. Reaching out. Closer and closer they come.