ELEGY FOR A PFC

Summoned in a dream,
I sought my brother in the earth,
falling through ancient graves
to the beginning of Spring.
I ran through hanging roots,
through reliquaries,
until I found
my brother in the earth,
his face upturned to Summer.
Youth had frozen on his lips,
his voice was lost in wounds.
Though I implored him to speak,
he was silent as a tree.
Though I beat my life upon him,
he was rigid as The Cross.

Then peace as brief as twilight
broke in war again.
The wind blew red.
Bombs tore out his heart and head,
so mingling him with roots
wounds
were lost in them.

I screamed in terror,
"Jesus, stop this war!"
But Christ, rising upward,
was silent as a leaf.
COLOR OF A BRUISE

Half awake, I twitch
In other half of sleep.
In the dream I am sunrise
on a yellow bed,
a knife for slitting
pillows
in my hand.
I stab and stab.
The room rains
yellow feathers.
Everything is yellow
except
the teeth in my head.
Blue
growing out of my scalp.
Blue
all of them
all of them
blue.

Suddenly
a dentist appears,
his yellow heart thumping.
He carries a yellow drill.
I scream, “No! It’s time
to shop for lemons.”
In the Supermarket
the teeth in my head
grow wild as tusks.
The dentist impales himself.
Pain flows into yellow,
yellow blends with blue.

I am the bruise of myself.