

Shorter and Short Poetry

By Erin Hicks – arinh13@gmail.com

Comatose, I

Comatose, I-
Hung hooks and line,
Incisioned spine,
Hoisted by metal rack,
Lanky limbs dangling,
I pose.

Fist to flesh-
Take a shot.
One given.
Compressed mess
Of a cheek-bone.

Comatose, I-
Swung at,
Bleeding,
Take a glance
At life
Approaching
Then receding.

Fist to flesh-
Hanging carcass
Still breathing.
Enough to wake up,
Enough to remember:
Catch life-
She's fleeting.

Relief Reservoir

Inject into the reservoir
Your racy hip hop tunes,
Your knives and spoons,
Your grease and dreams of booze.
And the fish will jump out in scores.
And the deer will leap off the cliffs.
And the bears will climb beyond the tree tips.
All to the moon,
All to the moon-
In search of valleys, not reservoirs.
In search of land as it was before
Footprints, flags, and rockets that soar.

Last Night

Last night
My heart remembered its functional role
And paused, to my darkest fright-
I tried to inhale the 56 degree inside night
And the air sat reluctant, my lungs were your cigarette
My desire, your lighter.
And I laid there grasping tighter, tighter, and tighter.
Life, I swear! was about to slip away
And your love your love your love (still there)
(You cannot claim that you do not care!))
Was absent from your cowardly face.
Every molecule of air, wet with my heart's perspire
Abrasively moved against my face and burnt like sun fire.
I grabbed my flesh, fat and unfamiliar.
Silence laid besides my breath
And because of breath, my heartflesh continued to fire.
My heart remembered its functional role
And gave fighting beats.
It felt the cuts that you stabbed deep, so deep.
I shifted-
Shifted my heart,
Shifted my thoughts,
Shifted my right shoulder blade uncomfortably.
The air,
The breath,
The beat,
The fright,
I then shifted my right wing
Last night.

To Love, Until Then!

Hesitance has left its signature on
The heart (whose purpose is nonfigurative)
And "Wholeheartedly," to quote its last oration
It has "separated life from living
And made apparent the unpredictable end."
Guaranteed, I know, but when?
To love, until then!

Human Technicalities

Human technicalities:
Greatness and failure
Walk the echoing halls
Of the hospital.
Not side by side
But conjoined as one.