

the Omen Project

I never learned that the fire burned...
I won't let go...
I howl...

Hazards Of The Moon:
an ongoing thought about man and war.

stranded...
born of red earth and ink black night

Person-

the knife enters, cleaving the one
opening an emptiness, emptying a fullness
Person looks for her.



'Where are you?
Where have you gone?'



'I am not the one who did the leaving.'

As the earth of man reseeds from the waters, furthering the
desert, sapping the body
salt relieving the void, mirages emptying into thought
children echo the return of the mother/father.
The first word born of their becoming,
here I am, this is my cypher.
Opening to the sky, fill me
I am yours, beloved...

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When I was three my mother went away
to the hospital. She had cancer,
a lump in her breast. The doctors
cut it out, removing her breast
to the bone.

One half of the universe dissolves
the son is alone with the father
Silence becomes enthroned in time, which is separation.
Desperation,
the chick calls out, randomly dialing numbers
until one connects, the signal holds
ringing fills the ears, further into the desert, dive...

An answer, 'yes, hello.'

Person asks, 'Do you know where my mother is?'

