

Loose Ends

There was a time-
back, long ago-
when they were friends;

but, now,
with time running out,
they've become
just loose ends;

something to put in order;
something to put in place;

trying to associate
for one last time,
fond memories
with a long-lost face;

loose ends
that need to be tied,
cropped
and
for all future time
put
in their final place.

[illegible]

In Search of Your Limbo?

I mean,
once you get there
you'll hardly know it;

it's small,
but there's
lots of room
for growth;

just stay
straight on
the way you're going;

you'll pass
places like-
"Wanting;"
"Desire;"
"Togetherness;"
"Possessing;"
"Lust;"

oh,
by the way,
there are no signs
welcoming you to town,
just a feeling;

a sense-
that all is quiet;

sometimes they end up angry-

but all the time,
distancing themselves
from you
and
the life you lived,
shared,
laughed over,
cried over-

with them-

leaving-
in their own way-

until

any emotionality is gone;

any connection is thread-bare;

going;
going;

until,
finally-
one day-
they can close their eyes
and be at peace

with themselves.



J. H. Johns grew up and came of age while living in East Tennessee and Middle Georgia. His goal is to surround his house with all sorts of vegetation so as to obscure it from the gaze of the “locals”. He is assisted in this task by his coonhound buddy and companion, Roma. He is a widely published 2018 Pushcart nominee.



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