

Silent no More

The silence of a thousand years
is broken with a whisper,
emanating from
the heartbeat of oppression.

Time can no longer restrain truth.
It breaks open sins of the past.
Soaring above the rabble,
chains falling off,
secrets bleed out.

Blackened bones of our ancestors
crumble in desperation.
It is my turn to speak.
My words are winter rain.

Bare limbs reaching from the pyre,
their cries can no longer
be buried alive with their bodies.

Blue songs and green desires
melt away in an inferno.
Annealed, weak become strong.

Pained voices unite,
shedding off their shroud,
never more to be silenced.

Reading Poems

Throughout the day
I shall read poems.
Poems once written by two lovers
in the throes of passion.

Though companions,
they differ in their voice
and choice of words.

Picking up a book,
as time allows,
I search each passage,
living in the vicarious
enjoyment of others.

One speaks to me in
metaphors and prose,
While the other in
abstract dimensions.

Always teasing the imagination,
a treat, no a full dessert.
Each morsel to be devoured
with sheer delight

Throughout the day
I shall read poems,
and dream them into the night

Our Playhouse

It was our fort, castle, schoolhouse,
airplane, church, and so much more,
that old playhouse.

A fortress against reality,
a refuge from the world.

We were cowboys, soldiers,
teachers, knights, and kings,
and I am sure I'm forgetting a few.

A bride and groom walking down the aisle.
Paratroopers jumping off the roof yelling
"Paratrooper number one hit the silk,"
and "Geronimo," as bedsheets
unfurled from our backpacks.

Hours and days spent in joyous fantasy,
while worries were left behind.

It was larger than our imagination,
and as small as it needed to be.

White shingled siding with black trim,
Dutch doors, and even a storage attic.
A single bare lightbulb glared from above...
yes, we even had electricity.

My older brothers stored scores of
comic books in boxes, I inherited them all.
A treasure trove of lazy summer
afternoon enjoyment.

My childhood died the day that playhouse
was razed and laid to rest.
Age and neglect had taken its toll.
Memories still vivid accompany me to this day.

More than a fort, castle, airplane,
or schoolhouse, it was our childhood.
It taught us how to dream big.
Our playhouse.

**(an actual photo of the playhouse in 1950; my Babcia [grandmother]
and two older brothers)*

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