

Never Whole

How much of ourselves
do we leave
on those we meet?
From the intimacy of kisses
and held hands, to the distance
of the stranger who bumps into us
on the bus, the street,
the rudeness of the uncovered cough
on the train.

We leave so much of ourselves behind,
while picking up those pieces
left by others.

No wonder no one
feels whole, no wonder
so many seek love
in the warmth of strangers.
No wonder people die alone.

No wonder I find it so hard
to rise
in the morning.

Prisoner

Though smaller than me,
and residing within,
my heart is a cage
that allows me no freedom,
a dirty dish in the corner
my only sustenance,
while tuneless music plays
and I am forced to dance dances
I can not master,
dances that make my feet bleed
black blood that mingles with
whatever substance seeps from my soul,
the silver syrup they form
flowing into a funnel
in the floor,
dripping onto what,
I do not know.

Bone Deep Despair

Everyday she cries,
soundlessly, her face

crunched up, her mouth moving,
like an inexperienced mime.
It would almost be funny,
except her sorrow is
all too real,
crying for so long
that she is out of tears,
her voice gone.

There will come a time when she stops,
her crying hollowing her out,
and then she will lay down,
her last breath inaudible,
and she will be gone,

Maybe to some unknown place
where she will know
peace, some peace,
after it all.



***Edward Lee**'s poetry, short stories, non-fiction and photography have been published in magazines in Ireland, England and America, including *The Stinging Fly*, *Skylight 47*, *Acumen* and *Smiths Knoll*. His debut poetry collection *Playing Poohsticks On Ha'Penny Bridge* was published in 2010. He is currently working towards a second collection. He also makes musical noise under the names *Ayahuasca Collective*, *Lewis Milne*, *Orson Carroll*, *Blinded Architect*,*

Lego Figures Fighting, and Pale Blond Boy. His Facebook page can be found at www.facebook.com/edwardleewriter.

