

The Tipping Point

(Ode to a Migrant Child in Perilous Times)

When evil comes a knocking,
it may arrive with a vengeance, or
incognito, like some Bible-thumping,
good ol' Joe, humping a flag.

(What we've got here is a failure to communicate)

When rage is sadness and sadness
is rage, and it becomes impossible
to distinguish the two, we recoil,
hidden in the shadows of the reality of
what has become the new normal.

(But I don't want to go among mad people)

Like a cancer metastasized,
cell by cell, dividing, conquering,
licking wounds,
stealing secrets,
tempted by madness,
trying to make sense of
how we have now become
that which we once loathed.

(Thank you, Sir, May I have another?)

When the horror is contained,

and the darkness has lifted,
emerging from the underbelly,
dreams intact, still blinded by the
innocence of children's eyes:
We wait.

(We have learned to see the world in gasps)

Unencumbered by reason,
justice, a luxury,
in a world unrecognizable,
where compassion no longer prevails.

(How long? An hour, a year, a lifetime or two?)

When will we say when?
When prey becomes the predator,
When captors are held captive,
When cage doors are flung wide open.

The Middle of the Night in the Middle of the Bed

It's always the night,
that's the most jarring,
the most delicate,
the most exposed;
light from
a vacant street lamp,
pours into an adjacent parking lot-
a barking dog,

a shimmery, shadowy figure,
that's not really there,
emerge in the crooked hours,
when early morning minutiae,
steals center stage.

Which side shall I take now?
The left,
firm and strong,
where he once laid.
The right,
embedded with an indelible imprint,
permeated by the stale smell
of musky sweat,
hollow laughter,
and lost dreams,
that somehow remain.

The middle of the night,
well-traveled terrain,
in dreams of melancholy,
colliding
with the dawn's first light,
and the realization,
that he is really gone.

Extrication from a Narcissist on a Sunday Afternoon

The Jaws of Life will never suffice
when it comes to breaking free.

Locked up, clamped in, terminally well-wedged.

Perhaps you'll lose a limb,
or two,
but the loss will surely
pale in comparison to
the glory of the rebirth.

Will you be a dog, a llama, or a cow the next time around?

Short-cuts, easy departures, and
mass exoduses are strongly discouraged.
Successful egress is a delicate, tenuous process,
requiring tenacity, patience,
and most of all, a plan.

*Will you be a warrior, a princess, or a nomad
when the day of reckoning commences?*

- Step One:* Step away from the narcissist.
- Step Two:* Turn in the opposite direction.
- Step Three:* Run like hell.
- Step Four:* Do not stop running.
- Step Five:* Do not look back.
- Step Six:* Rinse.
- Step Seven:* Repeat.

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