

Suicide is a selfish God

When you left...

the day was long. Night waited while I shed tears.
for a son departing to a different sun.

I want to must see this face of the dark God.
that beckons
you – my son.

I wanted to talk about our first journey.
Inside me, you moved and danced.
Flower songs with rainfall washed laughter
upon your gentle body.

You were a small and pure god
held within a sea of legends, woven.
nightly by my light of stars and dreams.

You left...

for school with bag and sandwiches
returned with stories, dirty knees. Shoes
in your hands and smiles. I asked
what journeys you would take with lions, elephants
what adventures?

Your journey now is over....

I hear again your voice talk
of the selfish God who envies youth.
Their suns hold blood
trees of infinite height
and the flowers that grow for him.

*Pat - tried twice, thought of many times. Recurrent failure.
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