

A Little Bit of Grief

By. *MJB*

Jo and The Vultures

I don't know why they're so surprised
when I act like the monster they created.

There is a shadow on my ceiling.
Her name is Jo.
Jo- Jo the Shadow;
A shadow named Jo;
Get it?
It's a joke-
A joke about Jo the Shadow;
A shadow named Jo.
A Jo the Shadow Joke-
Get it?
Please laugh,
because if you don't, I'll cry,
since then she won't be funny in the corner of my eye.

I see her rounding corners,
Sitting in my window,
Lurking on my walls,
Watching me intently,
And I can't get her to go.
After all, she's Jo the Shadow,
A shadow named Jo.

I don't know why I'm surprised
When I see things out the corner of my eye,
or I hear my name whispered in empty rooms.

Don't tell anyone I'm hallucinating- they'll say I'm crazy.
Oh wait, they already say that.

The vultures picked my bones clean when I tried to stand in the open.
So now I shake in the open,
And I'm always waiting for a vulture.

Jo keeps me safe from vultures.
She makes sure I'm always looking out the corner of my eye.

The Affairs on the Track

I get on the metro
wearing my bright red coat.
I pray the other passengers will like my garment,
but I know it doesn't *really* matter,
for whether they like it or not,
it's all I've got.

I cannot get off the metro.
Not until
I reach my station.

The cars pause for people to enter,
for people to exit,
for brief malfunctions,
but for nothing else.
They are ever-moving.

I cannot get off the metro.
Not until
I reach my station.

I can move freely amongst the car
as the world rushes past,
and perhaps (on occasion) I will gaze into the adjacent cars
to wonder what they might be like,
or if I might like them better.

I cannot get off the metro.
Not until
I reach my station.

I like some of the passengers.
Others, not so much.
Some of them get off earlier than I'd hoped.
I've thought about joining them once or twice,
to see what the station is like.
To see if I might meet the voice over the intercom
who rules all the affairs on the track.

But,
I cannot get off the metro.
Not until
I reach my station.

The Poet and The Frat Boy

There was something strange
about retreating to the bed of a gentleman she didn't know
(past a few conversations and a shared friend).
But she was cold.

She was cold in a way her blankets couldn't help.

She climbed under his covers, and rested her head against his chest.
She closed her eyes and- for a moment- pretended that he loved her.

He seemed to understand.

He wrapped his strong arms around her, and nuzzled his face into her neck.

So- the frat boy and the poet held tight to one another,
accepting that it would end in the morning,
but for a moment, *they were warm*.

There's something strange about our generation.
We long to be loved, and fear to be touched,
but we choose to be touched,
and refuse to be loved.

Perhaps,
anything you fear
is safer
than cracking your shell open,
and being seen.

A Hound at the Gate

For Ruger

The day I reached my Father's golden gates,
I think that I was looking at the ground,
for Peter saw the worry on my face,
and called upon a too familiar hound.

My dog- he tracked mud down that road of gold,
and not a single angel seemed to mind.
His nose no longer white, no longer old-
He guided me through Heaven, head held high.

He took me to a field so clear and green,
and finally we sat under a tree.
I took in air so fresh, so crisp, so clean,
I grinned as his soft head fell to my knee.

And Christ walked by and smiled at him and me-
a dog and girl who shared eternity.