

A Man's World

By Anna Guth

He shuts the door
as she turns in her sheets.
The pale pink of her neck glistens
as the moon ounces off its curves.
His steps are heavy with desire
as his clothing falls to the floor.
He never suspected to cry.

His steps are heavy with desire.
His lazy-boy calls out to his achy limbs.
The TV blares ESPN replays
as the males cry out war-zone curses
the ball was too far from the net.
Damn you ball!
But he can't help but feel the pressure
or the heaviness of his eyelids drooping.

The lazy boy without a future sighs
as the world turns over into total eclipse
and the stunning girl, beyond the horizon
is kept distant by the empty cell
of his 9-5 cubicle.

His desire, for a rainbow of color
is clouded by the evening news.
A harsh reality of his
lonely existence.
His desire, for a rainbow of color
turns his world into a human masterpiece
of different strokes and splatters.

Chaos arises from the simple joys
of knowing blue and yellow
will always make green.
His only treasure on the canvas,
wallet lost but not his dream.
Chaos arises from the simple joys
and order from the military.
Uniforms of droids call him to serve
as strong willed and brave
as the many before him.

His steps are heavy with desire
for the worn out slippers by his bedside
and a family left alone.

Strong willed and brave,
the lazy boy shuts the door
to his predetermined path.
His steps are heavy with desire
as he makes his way to the bed,
where he knows a rainbow of color

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Dream

By Anna Guth

When believing
in fairies
love
happily ever after
truth
means letting go
of fantasy,

Delicate wings hang in the embrace
of the spiraling wind
as the wheel rolls on,

Its axel finally balanced
on the stem
of a fleeting dream.

The cool crisp morning bites
bare toes, bruised and beaten
with traces of earth
crusty and cold,
behind the never-ending limbs
rooted in the past
in the lies of
childhood games.

The future, it seems,
is the tower of industry,
business,
corrupt whispers
all calling out,
follow me.

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Social Dependence

By Anna Guth

Quiet whispers down below, glass muffles their sounds, fragmented speech.
Sugar. You need sugar. I don't know how.

I don't know either, is that what she said?

Yeah, yeah

Describe the interactions.

But it's your life.

Screw that.

Now you just want to mess with me, God.

Really?

She's like,

I was wondering.

No.

I said.

That's all we need.

No it's not, you would.

Okay so when you say

I don't know

You should ask her

I'll go ask her

I think I will

You can't leave

We won't get anything done

Won't get anything done

Attention

Retention

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The Leap

By Anna Guth

Movements tremble with a rush of raging wind and sweaty callused palms.
Climbing the slippery metal rods of the playground of youth,
reaching up cautiously with each step bringing her closer to the tippy top.

A platform,
dotted with peep holes displaying the gravel,
the clusters of laughter below.

Cool fall breeze and sweaty palms.
Her stomach swirls, spinning circles
as children's chanting
engulfs the silence.

One shiny pebble amongst a sea of stones
catches her eye,
enticing the jump.
With a flicker of encouragement,
her toes begin to tingle.

With feet planted firmly,
covering as many of the openings as possible,
she closes her eyes tight,
and takes
the leap.

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