

Cold Gray

By Michael Lee Johnson

Below the clouds
forming in my eyes,
your soft eyes,
delicate as silk warm words,
used to support the love I held for you.

Cold, now gray, the sea tide
inside turns to poignant foam
upside down, separates-
only ghosts now live between us.

Yet, dream like, fortune-teller,
bearing no relation to reality-
my heart is beyond the sea now.
A relaxing breeze sweeps
across the flat surface of me.
I write this poem to you
neglectfully sacrificing our love.
I leave big impressions
with a terrible hush inside.
Gray bones now bleach with memories,
I'm a solitary figure standing
here, alone, along the shoreline.

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I Know from My Bed

By Michael Lee Johnson

Sometimes I feel
like a sad sack-
a worn out old man
with clown facial wrinkles.
I know when I reflect,
stare out my window
at the snow falling
from my bed,
my back to yours,
reflecting on my pain-
ignoring yours-
I isolate your love,
lose your touch
to another-
forgetting,
it is our bed,
not mine,
that I lie in.

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Leaves in December

By Michael Lee Johnson

Leaves, a few stragglers in
December, just before Christmas,
some nailed down crabby
to ground frost,
some crackled by the bite
of nasty wind tones.

Some saved from the matchstick
that failed to light.
Some saved from the rake
by a forgetful gardener.

For these few freedom dancers
left to struggle with the bitterness:
wind dancers
wind dancers
move your frigid
bodies shaking like icicles
hovering but a jiffy in sky,
kind of sympathetic to the seasons,
reluctant to permanently go,
rustic, not much time more to play.

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Hookers on Archer Avenue

By Michael Lee Johnson

Late evening, early morning,
I search the night for whores,
young, bloody with desire.
Night streets are silent streets
accept for hookers and their Johns.
One wants the dart of groins
the other green eyes in dollar
sacred treasures
snatch the wallet, a consecrated craft.
Both hit the streets quickly
satisfy needs quickly.

I'm an old buck now rich with memories
more than movement, still talk, take porn shots,
with a peeking eye, snoop around
department store corners,
and dumpy old alleyways.
My hair is gray, my teeth eroding,
thoughts toward prayer
A.M. Catholic Mass,
then off in early morning
to the mailbox, a lethargic walk,
I pick up my social security check
comforts my needs.

Evening settles into bed time
with a western romance novel,
ambushes, excitement,
old transgressions stretch
and relax.

No desires, homage
to the day, to the night.

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Fly Wings

By Michael Lee Johnson

Black wings
landing on unwanted
space, like the devil
in bad spots that itch
fly swatter hammers,
summer fly body parts splatter
blood crucifixion red,
blood stains splat against the kitchen wall.
Blood crucifixion red
Dead? Sacrifice?
Or does Jesus call, resurrect all?
Black wings.

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