

FROM: 10157091
TO:
SUBJECT: #5 - Some Poetry
DATE: 6/8/2011 4:53:59 PM

The Bat

A dry, malformed figure
lying face down
unmoving
upon the sidewalk,
the heat of a summer day
relentless, overpowering, unforgiving

I wonder what brought him here
this delicate winged creature
from his cool, dark home
to the center of this prison yard
where his energy was drained,
and the weight of the sun,
a burning, golden disc
pressing down upon his back,
forced him to nestle against the concrete
close his eyes
and die

I wonder, too
if he would have ever flown over this place
had he been aware
of its capabilities
to leech, to defile, and to devour
everything
containing even the smallest bit
of good

I Confess

When I was young, and you were younger
I used to sneak into your sleeping place each night
to check on you while you were dreaming

While you were lost in a child's slumber
I would place my fingers beneath your nostrils
to show myself you were still breathing

Back when I was still your brother
instead of a memory, a million years away
A spirit, barely among the living