

The Fist

The fist hits hard against the wood.
The southern accent cries out images of fear and of hell.

My mind tries speaking to me of love and of beauty
And the fist strikes hard: BOOM!

I seek rest ...sleep.
I need reprieve.
Yet I am accosted.
I am accosted by the fist.

Circles and intricate patterns fill my dreams.
Colors of blue and violet turning into orange and red
And then into yellow.

They are severed.
They are severed by the straight vertical lines of the fist.
Up, Down. Up, Down.

Retiring from my dreams
From my quests for beauty and love
The fist rests also.
The fingers uncurl; the white palms turn red.

And colors of blue and violet and yellow
Begin to scratch and rip at my mind.

I smile pleasantly.