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Broken Shells

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Broken Shells

Chapel bells
in the distance
ring no pleasure
even in remembrance.
Vows are such slippery things.

A proximate star
stands for drinks.
More than drunks
tell lies of gratitude.
And the drinks are brewed
from the tears
of the thinly faithful
tested.

Arms around each other's back,
lovers stagger zigzag paths
among the jagged razor rocks
raised upright and poised to strike
from every sanguine mind's eroded shore.

Thick in vertigo whorl,
eyes turned back bring shivers.
Blue sun spirals through yellow wind.
Diamonds spill from a jeweler's hand,
shatter a sea worn and sore.

Through the rain
a young girl steps from the gated house
high atop the turret dune,
bends in sincere gratitude,
makes a promise to the sea,
a promise to remember
the gift of talismans.

Yalobusha Review

She digs with urgent finger claws
half-buried shells as charms
to bring one day a love
fierce as the sun's faithful arc
parting the mists of time,
half-buried shells for her flower pail
discarded soon for a purse of gold,
soon for a veil of stone.
Quickly the sun
slips through the wind.
quickly the promise broken dies.