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While Others Dream / After Violence / Estranged

Dwight E. Humphries

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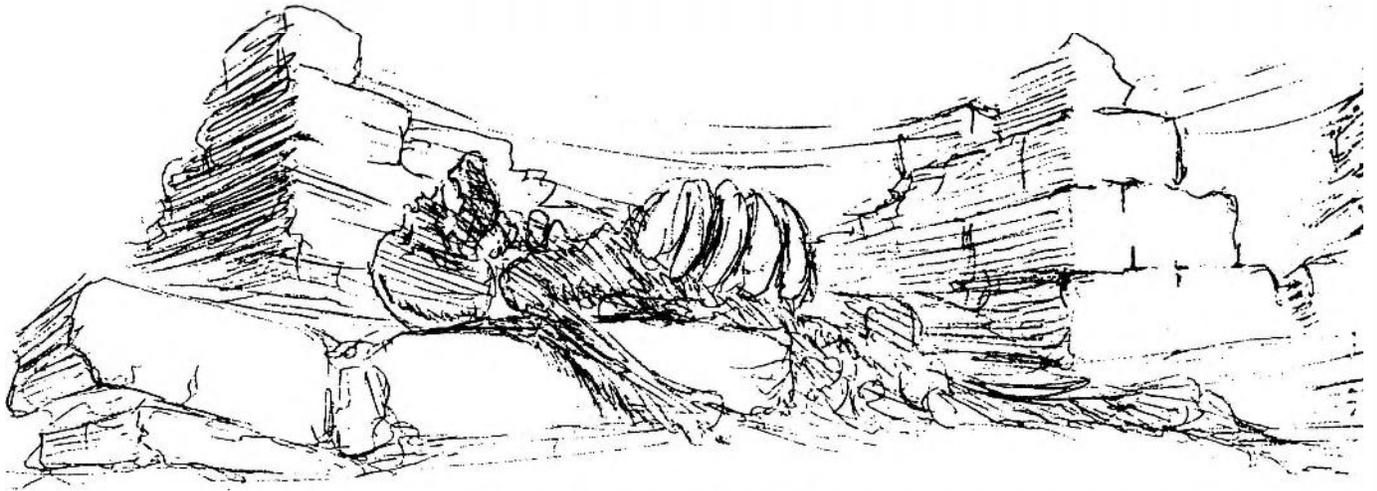


Abstract

While Others Dream: Awake while others dream I cast dusty eyes
Over my heart's ruins. After Violence:
Blood will not be erased; Though streets foam
With a muddy flood Stains nothing can Wash away remain
Estranged: I am isolate, Estranged from all I see
Though I am its master.

Additional Keywords

Poetry; While Others Dream; After Violence; Estranged; Dwight E. Humphries



WHILE OTHERS DREAM

by Dwight E. Humphries

Awake while others dream
I cast dusty eyes
Over my heart's ruins.
Jagged, cracked,
The lichened ramparts
Are askew,
Lightening struck
By powers unknown.

Heat shimmers in bleak dark
And warms nothing;
Stones gleam, malice eyes.
Awake, I see empty hours
Stagger their wounded way,
Vessels of echoing ages
Nothing filled.
The land is in aftermath,
Ghost of bitter rage
Ready for battle fury,
Ready for mowing.

Conscious of loss,
Pain too searing deep
For holding,
I see the vacuum
Eternal as a sacred eye,
Bone hand steel wielding.
Among the silence
I see broken treasures,
Old hopes when love reigned
Now whirlwind gone.
Awake, I see infinity's empty web.
Besieged, I have few illusions,
But cherish those that remain.

AFTER VIOLENCE

by Dwight E. Humphries

Blood will not be erased;
Though streets foam
With a muddy flood
Stains nothing can
Wash away remain,
No salvation after violence
No peace anywhere else.
There is nowhere but here
Where stones have drunk--
Ghosts rise with
Each step I take.

No writhing can
Free this earth;
Time has fallen,
There is nothing to wait
But more pain, more torment
To rouse my twisted wrath.

I'm left behind
After the final war,
Forgotten on
A skeletal world
With demons and worse--



ESTRANGED

by Dwight E. Humphries

I am isolate,
Estranged from all I see
Though I am its master.
Wrapped in flesh mail,
My brain is a wilderness
Unknown, uncharted,
My sight a savage beacon.

Clothed in mortality
My earth remains
In another place,
Another time.
There is no one else to
Grasp my fitful symbols,
My unheard signs.
None but darkness
Grasps
The fury
Behind my eyes--
Rage untold,
Wars unknown though
Empires have crumbled.

A universe unto myself,
Millennia stagger to no end.
A bitter fate indeed
The lord should be alone,
His hand, his hunger, his axe
All one, that blood
Alone will slake.
My life is severed
And Death's truth eternal
No matter how I struggle.

Blood I knew long ago
When it filled other forms.
Even they are gone
And horror remains.
I am lord of a barren place
Where life will never come;
Only mockery as I seek,
Only laughter as I hew.

Agony cannot be removed;
It goes with me as I hunt--
A cold jewel, an ember
Nailed to my withered heart.
Emptiness cannot be erased,
Nothing can fill the void.