

Poetry Series

joseph luka
- poems -

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Cavity Wall

This life, this death
I try to believe
But in whom do I?
Both... light
Both... darkness
Neither,
Do I choose
Yet, the twin I prefer.

I

So long a life,
To live...
A short while
And full of shortcomings.
Left and right
Both lines so dim
Tidal waves too high to face,
In every corner lurks an owl
Predating even lion preys.

This strife so seem
A waste of breath,
The days behind
And nights to come,
All strength and toils
All wealth and fame,
A waste of time
And waste of chance.

II

A slave to dust
That ends the lust,
And bound to haunting
All the while
So much oblivion
Such a space,
But no stone to earth
is stone to dust.

This sleep so deep
That steals the light
By walls beside
And walls beyond,
Diamond and gold
Spill all around
Yet, no stone to earth
is stone to dust.

How hardest to live
Than easier being dead.
I choose
But to easily die
...lest living hard.

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Earth Piece

There...!

Suspended and floating
...An eye in tangled ropes
Whirling a giant torch
Engulfed by blindness
...Half.

Look!

Those prickly foxes
Twirling sermons of Anubis
Pseudo-breaths of intent
They are the tyrants of folly.

See...? !

That same eye, a whore
Maiden moon, a virgin
Both
Swirling hips at barren eight.

This retina

A palace of conceit
And wiles of Marxists.

In mutiny I lurk
Trimming claws...

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Hatch

Deep,
Into beginning
Oblivion fondles hope
Slowly,
gently
And faithfully too.

Hope,
Embraces time
Slicing its skin
And dripping
Through the pores
From deep
Within the yolk
...a serrated linen.

Time,
The snail that treks
Million miles per second
Commutes oblivion
Into full emptiness.

Emptiness,
A sibling to space
Spreads wide
Corrugated mat
Of the earth
Twisting hips
At lustful dawn
To whisper the time to hatch.

Space,
Seduces faith
To mate with nothing
And forge the cry of time

Hence,
The 'hatch' is fully done.

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Time

It counts again
Again
...and again
That,
...Is time.

Divine dust treks...
Slowly fast
Across the earth
Speaking tongues
In dumb tones...
As it passes a bill.

There...
It goes
Whirling in cycles
And carrying tons
Of earth's aches...
It is the captain
Of all breaths.

See? !
How it sheds skin
From dusk...
To dawn to noon
And over again
To mold the winter
And its cruel siblings
This
...Is how it lives
Passing another bill.

...again
It goes
With ashes on fists

Crushing beauty
To wrinkles
...and with sickle
Reaping souls
Tender and due
A vanity to ponder.

Finally
It goes...
Faceless and maskless
Snatching papers
Nylons and feathers
Compromise...
Our heritage too.

Glide... soar
Slump and fall
The milky-way
Remains a sorcery
...And time,
wins again.

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