

Poetry Series

Rose Guber
- poems -

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Rose Guber()

Drone

Humming and droning,
The steel bird flies unseen
over skies of misery.
Silent as destiny,
unfeeling as a dagger in the assassin's hand,
the steel bird drops his cargo of death
over lands of misery.
Then flies back home.
No names, no places, no dreams, no guilt
Ever bothers the steel bird.
It was a game,
It was for real,
And now back home,
No one to blame.

Rose Guber

Masters Of The Universe

Masters of the Universe
sit around a mile long table,
embroidering the tapestry with threads of gold.
They have been working
Since time was no time,
to the light of stars
before they ever shone.
It took so long to create the images,
the tapestry bigger and bigger..
We only ever see
one detail at a time.
We cannot ever
comprehend the whole picture,
and if we could, our minds would be lost.
It is a beauty, that tapestry,
but the edges are frayed
by time and wear.
Their hands are so fast,
and skilled.
We are hypnotized into
only looking at the work in progress,
never the edges.
Just how they want it.

Rose Guber

Priorities

The murderer
wants to die.

He
has had enough
of punishment, so now
he wants to check out.

The old veteran,
faithful servant
of many unjust wars,
now wounded and broken,
still wants to live.

We force-feed the murderer,
who killed for pleasure,
to keep him with us
a little longer. And he wants death.

We starve the veteran
to hasten
his demise. And he wants life.

Go figure where
our priorities lie.

Rose Guber

The 18th Day

If there are only 17 days left,
I can finally realize an old dream,
And make day of the night.
No rules, no clock, no raising in the morn, only time
To rest this soul of mine.
And all that is left right now
Is a small clutch of days to think
of an immense cycle,
That went on for millennia,
And afforded lifetimes
to multitude generations,
And won't afford me mine.
No better way
to be cut down to size
than by the immensurable power of time.
Time which gave
And now takes away.
I can finally make day of the night,
and if I and mine
were to wake on the 18th day,
well, then,
We will start
A lifetime from scratch
Whatever that may.

Rose Guber