

Poems by Gloria Mindock

Requiem

In this city, we all get struck by cars.
Body parts flying unable to reconnect.
No thoughts of tomorrow.

Pardon this Amen
each time you see me.
The color I wear is black—
consequences of embracing life.

My descent into the unknown
is a daily event.
Death confronts me at every turn.
Ignoring it, is what I do.

I try to be normal, but spend my time
hiding in everyone's breath.



SONG

There is a sadness in the air—
heaviness pressing down on bones,
cracking them—
a mourning over the world.

We know what it means
saying good-bye to the ground where
we think you are.

Wounded
We weep silently
hearing machine guns in the distance...
A horizon of blood

Being one with the earth,
when it is our time to be buried,
who will follow when war breaks out?
A never-ending orchard
of flowers.

BULLSEYE

I stand in the middle of town.
A bullseye for the missile.

Let me feel some control.
Give me a gun to hold.

I say good-bye

Farewell, to a life I loved.
Destroyed.

Hope is something I need.

Yellow sunflowers
blow in the dust.

I know it is time.
Waiting...

Exceeding

No one lives like I do
No freedom, just flames
Days of putting defeat in a vase

I am wishing for a miracle
Remember, you always see me falling off ladders
The devil lives in all the wounds

I do not know where my son is buried
Did he die slowly or quickly?
These thoughts are playing endlessly.

Tears fall from eyes in a trance
Sleep is in rations

Give me a shirt with words so
I do not have to speak anymore
There is nothing left to say
The moon still shines

There is no loss of light
Only a dimness attaching itself to me

The Chapel

So many Icons to look at.
Eyes go from one to another.
Latin, ceilings of gold—
so much to take in.

If I can't see everything
is my faith enough?

People are talking in *The Sistine Chapel*.
How could they?
It made me dizzy seeing the painting.

Someone told the people to shut up.
They kept disregarding the sacred.

The two hands did not strike
their mouths.
No wrath from the ceiling.
Some of us cried tears
in our own silence.

The talkers missed a most
important message.
How could they?

Good-bye

I always liked getting lost in cornfields.
You never could find me.
The stalks bothered my skin so stayed
hidden only for a little while.

Miles and miles of corn, sticking up
from flatness, reaching for the sky.
You could never understand my love for this.

So many bad storms.
Lightning scaring the horses.
They break loose and run
in the field.
Appreciating freedom like me
as we swallow the sky.

Clear

There is no fear in not knowing.
Strength comes from moments
here and there.

Ash comes from the results
of an explosion—
pieces of life all over.

It all is thrown away.
You can start over,
build up again as the
sky witnesses your being.

The blue sky clear of any dust.

Belief

Some people believe in Angels,
some don't.
Everyone has to believe in something!
If not this, then what?

Sometimes, there are too many
cracks not fixed.
Even in the deepest part of the heart,
there is beating.
Sometimes just not evident.

It is true, all you have to do is
flood the dark with light.