

## Reluctance

by zed *Friday, Dec 1 2017, 9:52am*

international / poetry / post

certain poems like bullets  
pierce the brain of the  
living dead but never awaken  
the dead to the reality of themselves

a bullet shudders a reluctant poet  
and drags him to the keyboard --  
some poems are violent  
interrupting peaceful rest  
and pangs of joy  
demanding to be expressed  
caring little for the medium

they reach out disguised as tracks to those  
that discover or are targeted

blood oozes from a small calibre temple wound  
like unfulfilled desire until  
the air arrests its slow seeping progress on bare floor and rug  
forming coagulations that remain in memory  
staining a future that could never be free  
of the past

fires burn in the night reflected in dead eyes  
but never warming a soul

the moon hangs precariously in the jet sky  
buoyed by the blackness,  
the stars keep a safe distance as they know  
this planet of perversions and its paralysed moon  
amount to nothing good

puddles of tears reflect only the stars  
as tears contain the salt of bitter experience

this bullet fails to make a difference as the dead cannot die  
twice,  
bang, bang, bang

