## 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