

3 Poems Of Broken Hands And Lonely Drones

by Kevin Army

another lonely hand transports

the broken hand,
gliding in detail and nearly
reaching a crack in our hearts.
stinging blood of our times,
never resting and always
on full alert on this highway.
mapped onto sky, a bursting stream of
zing and zoom, another lonely drone
holding still.

sing a few stanzas about trains, but
don't let the anthems fool you. we
are not ready. and
look, the sky turns green;
we sleep restless, vessels driving inward,
peaceful dreams of fear,
fearful dreams of awe,
awesome dreams of
loneliness and the spark that
doesn't yield or feel.

and in that feeling lost,
one will wonder,
crossing a stream,
where is the bridge
that used to stand,

here, watching over the world,
then, when we were held together by
sand and barbed wire, and
other simple things.

a burning pulse out from the sky

i am not sure
what this is. i know there is a drop of
blood, and a few veins hanging from the ceiling. but
where did it all come from? what is the
genetic design, and why
does it haunt me. i
pulled a stitch out of my shoulder the other day;
i have felt better since. the
activists on the avenue surround me, there is a
cat that howls past my window at
exactly 10 every night.
over there, in the bucket. it's your insides.

a window to the circus.
the last supper of words. and
we laugh it all off; life is a stand-up routine, or
better yet, a fucking roast.

charbroiler at 11. right past the feline, and
wait, it's just a water bottle, distorting the hills.
sleep it off, and you will be restored by
morning's return, a twinkle in an eye, a
burning pulse out from the sky.

dismantlepiece

you are shining,
half perplexed and half sure of the light,
the beaming radiance of you. the humility adds to
the colors of grace, and
as the bombs detonate behind you,
all is peaceful.
you think back to when your hobby was
burning flowers, how
warm the fire felt. but now here
you are. burning yourself and
it feels so fucking gorgeously good, so
wondrously right and you are
so glad you brought a mirror to
watch yourself get blown into little pieces,
returned to the earth,
a question unsolved in the war of living.

