My Coniousness Withers...

Mary Pasieka

St. John Fisher College
My Consciousness Withers...

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My consciousness withers and grows old

black fog drains into my eyesockets

the rest of my body is no more

I squeeze shut my lids and open

trying to flush the dark clouds and think of what happened throughout the day

but I am unable to
I think in child-like words

the hands of my Mind dig into the barrels of words but finger-deep they tire

I fight with the doors to my existence

but immersed in black tar they fall
My consciousness withers
and grows old

black fog drains into
my eyesockets

the rest of my body
is no more

I squeeze shut my lids
and open

trying to flush the dark clouds
and think of what happened
throughout the day

but I am unable to
I think in child-like words

the hands of my Mind
dig into the barrels of words
but finger-deep they tire

I fight with the doors
to my existence

but immersed in black tar
they fall
one final opening
quickly shut

rustling in my head

hands
scurrying grasping

many busy vacuuming
ideas words letters

and collecting them in a bag
they are placed aside
for tomorrow's use

pulling together
they form the word
sleep

with no further resistance
the last word is plucked
from the soil of my brain.

Mary Pasieka

DREAMS

The rain trickles
Slowly
Down a lonely path
Not knowing where it is going
Following the contours
Of a faceless body.
In the darkness
Searching its way,
Along ridges
Finding its way,
Over the smooth,
Trembling hills,
Moistened
By the lucid rain.
A dimmed light
Refractions on the droplets
Of shattered
Mirror fragments.
A reflection of time
Upon itself.
Following the contours
To the rounded edge,
Stopping
Slowly filling
Far above nothing
Collecting everything,
The rain trickles.

David L. Muench