

Working

—Jeremy Cox

An island of palms in a sea of reddish tan
Containing the essence of life in its lush, cool depth
Or concealing a threat that may destroy me
Day by day, week by week
I pass by that grove
So full of promise
Like a beacon of life
In this hard, parched land

For life draws life
And if I have heard the call
Surely I will not find myself alone
Upon entering the sanctuary's spell

Either friend or foe
What manner of beast lies therein

After a time I forget to wonder
Forget to ask or dare to hope
My island disappears
Concealed by the desert
The blindness of my eyes
Reflects the darkness of my heart

I forget to feel
I learn only to act
Situations, scenarios, games, and contest

And so it is when I return home
Every promise conceals danger
Each acquaintance a potential culprit
So the light in my eyes never passes the doors of my heart

Wait, what is this
At the door stands one knocking

These things you say
How can they be
What is love truly
Why would anyone offer

Such sweet redemption
Is not for my ilk
Only the darkness
Can cover my sorrow

Softly he beckons
Never demanding
Only offering
Peace

As I turn toward him
He runs to me
Whispering that he always knew me