

## **Fear**

The harshest tones of pain  
return me to my family.  
Hiding behind myself  
in shadows of early times.

Easter too far away  
to matter now,  
I stretch to touch  
sounds of medicinal range.

Sharp-angled rhythms  
make pain that provokes  
no pity here,  
but just the running early rabbit  
and the tomb we both now celebrate.

Wash me down with red-ribbed blood  
as something I can touch.  
Please alter the nerve misdirected  
down the dark narrow spinal hole  
snapping spurs that give no warning.

Only the electric shocks  
that buzz as the bumblebee  
point its weapon.  
Perhaps future paralysis  
may be or not.  
I go through these thoughts  
in a noble brain  
for answers to the doctor's  
dreaded two philosophies.

Waiting for the bowl full of sun  
and an introducing country lane  
with willows on the edge  
and a host of greens  
pulling for life.

The smells are in touching colors  
where delicious greens  
devour the surviving reds,  
and I dream of fearless future time.