

## **Without Sound**

I see death everywhere  
from my poems that become  
pieces or snippets to the bleeding eyes.

Vincent, the new immigrant,  
hangs strangled by inept laws  
with little definition.

Where does character stand?  
And how do we visit these ideals,  
or should we?

Broader deaths cry out  
chrushing sweet images in the community.  
A rolling fear runs rampant  
in wandering alleys  
with bold sewage-weakened rats.

Darker sounds choke off  
white beginning ones  
as the day rolls out  
without any breath.

Less food becomes more pain  
less pride becomes more sorrow  
with the homeless, whose  
withering sounds crush their voices.

I cry and then cry  
building up something-  
but less is more less,  
the dripping of loss  
dims all hope and light.

Remembering unfastens itself,  
Leaves the body morgue-less  
with its draping eyes,  
legless, armless, heartless warriors  
and finds no place to arrive.