

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Bill Gainer: Three Poems

Bill Gainer · Wednesday, September 4th, 2019

The Reason Old Men Shuffle

Murderer
yes, I know.
A lifetime spent
killing
invisible gods.
Who knew
there were so many?
Their corpses scattered

everywhere –
the reason old men
shuffle –

trying to avoid
tripping
but still
now and then
we do.

*

Death of a Swing-Set

The guy from the Association
stopped by
asked about the swing-set.
Wanted to know
if it was safe.
I said, it's a swing-set man.
He said it could cause
a hanging
a suicide
something ugly.
Somebody

could get hurt.
 Said it's dangerous.
 There's no fence
 to keep the kids out.
 I said, it's a swing-set man.
 It's for the kids.
 He said it's gotta go.
 Gave me 30 days to appeal
 before the committee.
 We tore it down
 burned it in a pile
 prayed over its ashes.
 Now it's just a scar
 in a yard
 where kids don't play.

*

Sunrise on a Blind Alley

Getting that feeling – again
 shoulder tight
 eyes – slits leaking blue
 teeth grinding
 and just inside the ear
 something screams.

We've already gone too far.
 Stayed too long
 broke all the broken things
 turned the sun
 into a savage
 the moon
 a witness
 and the sky
 a crack above
 the rusting fire escapes.

In the morning
 when the sun rises
 its only reason
 to burn another dream
 way past ash.

It's sunrise on a blind alley
 the windows closed tight
 the shades down.
 There's no way out.
 Everybody's frightened.

Even me.

(Author photo by Douglas Hopper.)

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