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Wires and Cords

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Lehmann: Wires and Cords

At the mouth of the dark alley my feet crunch crumbling earth.
Laconic street lights creat a halo vibrant enough to
bring a calm to my mind; I am close.
My heart settles, seeing the red Oldsmobile and all the
pines reaching upward; palms outstretched to a complacent God.
Halting briefly at the step, I am home.

III

A shallow gust
Leaves glide momentarily
skimming across the quiet street
Naked trees exhale brief moans

Resonation
Blank drone of celebration run amok
Sounds of an empty people
Concurring with an inconsequential tale

The last grasps of green
Long yellow
The forests final breath
Sighed in Late November
The ominous whisper
Through the skeletal shrub
The Deciduous stands bare
It is a dreary slumber

Wires and Cords

Gabrielle Lehmann

They created a brother unlike any other
Born not of this race but of wires and gears
And then was another born to this same mother
With none of his grace but alike to his peers
Built in copper and steel, the first son unreal,
A mother too quick to disown him
For a boy who could feel, had a soul, not a reel
--From her favor, this son had quite thrown him--
But he was, of course, reading from a dead source
And would never have noticed the difference, for
There is no remorse from a heart made of cords,
For a wired mind suffers no distance
And did he dismay- he would not, anyway-
It would be but a moment to strike it
For nothing in him would be written to stay
If his mother thought she didn't like it, but
Against expectation, he grew very fond
Of his mother's last born and her favorite
And it seemed for a time that the brothers could bond

Yet their mother, it seemed, wouldn't have it
She said to her son-- yes, her son, not the toy--
That his "brother" was not made to friend him
And to grow unattached to the steel plated boy
For to love cords and wires would end him--
As her child of gears far outnumbered the years
Of his innocent flesh and blood brother,
She worried his influence, pleasures and fears,
Would leave hollow and soulless the other--
He heard none of her words, for he swore that his slave
--For that was what mother now named him--
Was more than an indifferent radio wave
And from mother's disgust now reclaimed him
But the brother of gears who outnumbered the years
Of the fool who thought himself savior
Proved as cruel as appears his mother's old fears
Just as soon as regaining her favor
For the ones and the zeroes, the wires and the drives
That gathered where no heart could weather
While built without hatred were sickly alive
With a vengeance akin to a pleasure
For a mother who slaved over programming love
Had now driven a spike through the feeling
And the heart and the soul-- or perhaps lack thereof--
Of her wire bound son found no healing
With no help for a program, no comfort for cogs
No repairs for computers forgotten
There lay consolation to let loose the dogs
Upon she from who cords were begotten
No wrath would suffice but to break the heart twice
Of the traitor, the monster, the mother
Who, run out of warmth, buried under in ice
He the networked, the nexus, the brother
And in gaining the trust of the one not of rust
The stage was set through to fruition
Returning the flesh and blood into the dust
Ultimately completing the mission
For there is no remorse from a heart made of cords
And a wired soul suffers no distance
For the boy's sole dead source could have never, of course,
Thought in zeroes and ones of resistance
And the mother who swore she could simply ignore
A creation who loved, even coded,
And the brother, implored, proved a fool as before
Until after the gun had reloaded

Betrayed and misled to a shot in the head
He of wires now saw all destroyed
Which had suffered and bled in a heart made of lead
In the tin of a soul of a boy
Who had wanted no torture, had longed for no pain
But in finding no kindness to cheer him
In a desperate fervor established a flame
In the end to seize all who were near him.

My Brother Speaks of Trees

James Hill

“I have an early memory
Of trees that graced our childhood home,
Of two tall trees that stood alone.

The elm was dignified and straight
And planted when the house was new
To discipline the front yard view.

With outstretched arms the elm stood forth
To shade the sidewalk and the street,
Protecting us from summer’s heat.

Against this tree and leaning back
We sometimes sat to have the shade
And ‘round it often hid or played.

This tree dropped twigs we gathered up;
With twigs we fortified a space:
The crenelated elm tree’s base.

With you and I on either side,
The elm sometimes we would embrace,
By joining hands around its waist.

The cottonwood began its life
A gypsy seed that carried in—
A wisp of cotton on the wind.

It rooted on a back fence line
When houses on the block were few,
And there for 50 years it grew.

Upon its bough dad hung a swing.
We rode up through the summer air
When summer days were blue and fair,