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Her Eyes and His

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Her Eyes and His

Alike the twins of autumn hold these two,
The twins of spring as ocean holds to land
A love behind the gaze is burning true,
But friendship masks as only friendship can.
For her to trust in him is something new,
A change that only she can understand.
But spring and autumn seeing in new light
Will help the friendship's love find love's requite.

Matt Sherwood

Antediluvian Memoirs

One torch was burning, spitting sickly light
Against the crowded dark; we wanted more,
But rationed wood against a lengthy stay.
The smell of tar and fur and sweat and fear
Had filled the hollow place, as all God's wrath
Beat maddening ceaseless thunder overhead.

Poor Father sat alone, too terrified
To revel in a century of shame
Now answered. Mother wept, envisioning
Her world erased by growing rivulets.
My brothers, down below, again took stock
Of our supplies, as though they still had choice,
Preferring not to notice that the door
Was long since shut, and we alone inside.

And when our wretched prison shuttered once,
Rocking drunkenly and scraping slow
Across the ground; the water finally high,
We prayed our thanks the desperate banging stopped.