

Shells

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Blind and howling hatred breaking
Towns of harried lives uncounted
In streaming lines the quick have parted
Pleading, “broken nerves and bone, yet still the shells”.
Shells, hounding hurrying by
In village lanes the past is burying.

In cities the husk of life depleted
Empty single seeds bereft of loves articulating
Seek the vacant seats to fill in waiting
With persons waxing cold on contact
Observe amorphous eyes the sun now mellow
It's hopeless ambit yet unstained.

Taken from sea, its life completed
Packed and carried, polished and treated
Placed aside mantle clock for times keeping
Of sea the past and future softly speaking
It waits for time to slowly fade.