

Two Poems

Silence glides like snakeskin breath unwinding
Slithering laughter unheard, unseen,
Penetrating the vastness found in smiles.

~ David Stanovcak (aka, Ian)

She sits in her chair
Barely moving
Thinking the birds, she feeds
Are too thoughtless to feed themselves

Hour upon hour
She fails to castrate
The course of Nature
Nothing but contrived observing,
Chasing away true destiny

Casting blame upon a God
She does not believe in
Reliving memories
Surely, to make amends
For a dying spirit
And carnal schemes

(David Stanovcak)