

APPETENTIA BY PATRICK JAMES MOONEY

<<We are only here to bear witness
And to ease the burden
All else is vanity>>

It is autumn and the ghosts return
Women rise from the desert
Children from the cities

Shadows of bones seeking substance
The sharpness of words
The cool of rain like healing breath

The world so small, we fit so poorly
Horizon so vast it aches
The days like soft sand on our skin

The patience of clocks as they bear witness
To my glass life so brittle so close to
The plain brick walls in my head

The secrets of things, all we possess
All that we carry and endure
Like the oil and water of love

The patience of clocks
As they watch
Our frantic meanderings

The dawn that strains against the night
Named for the secretly loved sin
Suddenly aware of dreaming praying not to wake

The strain that fractures light
Or dulls the light
To textures we endure

I know the grey textures well
How they wretch at me
Move on slowly leaving lethargy

It is autumn and the ghosts return
The curve of smoke in the still crisp air
The sharpness of the fall of night

My skin too sharp, the air
Like pins and needles
Jagged the abruptness of life

I could close my eyes forever
Just a moment to breathe
Let the pins flow from me

I could close my eyes to spring
Turn my back on summer
To breathe winter clarity

It is autumn and the ghosts return
They flit around corners
Enticing pursuit

I find no comfort here
Though comfort is all that is offered
It is ash to my touch

Patrick

James (PJ) Mooney has been performing his poetry for a really, really long time. Originally from New York he has wandered around long enough to get used to living in Los Angeles. He has been a featured reader at Midnight Special, Rapp Saloon, Coffee Cartel, The Unurban café, and several other venues in Los Angeles and New York City. He has been published sporadically in magazines like Exquisite Corpse (Before it was on the web) and other random publications. Mr. Mooney is currently obsessed with the physics of baking and has come to the conclusion that ginger snaps are the new Prozac. Jerkin! A scarred and tattered veteran of several poetry scenes his advice to any and all is to "Play it cool and dig all jive."

