

Paul

(early teens)

By an abandoned orchard,
of the forest trail,
 toward the peaks
 in silver grass
 in the hillside womb
 of afternoon;
the peace of death
curls around him
 far from the
wilderness
 of the world.
Silent now are the voices
that preached love,
 but killed him.

Darryl

(12 years old)

Surf bends
on ageless stone,
 foaming wet sand,
 kelp on tide edge
The beach eroding to waves,
and the waves to space beneath
 sharp tongues,
 destroyers
of soaring aspirations,
 sun pierced by crying gulls,
 chanting psalms of eternity.
Waves rising over ageless stone,
and a small and lifeless form
 that once dreamed of life
 and hoped for love.