AFTERMATH



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A COLLECTION OF POETRY AND PROSE

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Tom Melsen

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for you

Force the eyes to be open Seek for kindness in the heart Raise a gently voice And be tender with yourself When times are hard

AFTERMATH - CONTROL + CONT

Afternath,

It is empty and instances at me. Soft black ribben, seamlessly, on an empty white sheet. So this is the beginning. This is where I will start. I can only hope that the blok ink will we valiant and full of cold hard truth. With a heavy sigh i press the firt sligh of metal.

I start typing

Some earlier water parks

All evening and with the night I am pounding out poems. I am reliving days and rewriting some parts. Words were pushed back in a drawer. Somewhat lost in the dark. I feel somehow, like the marching soldier my grandfather was. CLACK CLACK CLACK. BAM BAM BAM. the rhythm of the typewriter. The rhythm of the poem.

Words are clattering away still like bullets firing from a gun. Forgetting time day or night or night or day. A war on my mind. Some thought evil and some thoughts kind. Some words fall, get up and run away. The words rot and finally die. Some words are brave anough to stay. And so it goes AND SO IT GOES

After a while the black ink to fade. My ammunition almost gone. I sigh while emptiness departs. Oh white sheet, my battleground Now drop the gun and see what ive done

HAVE GIVEN ALL

" the chifthes of the poem"