

Alice The Jacobite

# Cursors

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# Cursors



To my love, my inspiration, and my muse: may my words be a fond  
reminder of the person you have sculpted into being



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## Cursors

I shock myself sometimes.  
Rereading some of my lines  
My prose can be pristine  
My meter sweet and clean  
But tonight the cursor blinks  
Taunting me from an empty screen  
Perfection brimming  
At the tips of my fingers  
Only held at bay  
By the lack of inspiration  
That lingers  
On the coat tails of apathy and rage  
To what expense  
Does creation breath life  
Into a barren page?

## I was 13

I loved a man.

I lost him.

I tried to stand.

I fell.

My sanity was madness.

My life a living hell.

Darkness once was frightening.

Love once my happy end.

Now it is my nightmare,

And the night my only friend

## Darrouzett

You've seen me  
And I know you  
You tired, sleepy burb  
Nothing moving, nothing changing.  
Nothing growing save the quiet creep of nature  
Over your hushed sidewalks  
Quiet  
Safe  
Close  
But maybe too close  
Close like the mighty mason's stones that build the walls of my tomb  
Close like the icy water that steals my breath—  
YOU  
Darrouzett...  
You have made me  
You have ruined me  
And the day I escape your too warm embrace  
Will be the day that I die  
But dying only to be reborn  
To find life again as a free bird  
To join the wild, righteous forces  
That over your establishment  
So insidiously seep

## Midnight

The clock strikes once, twice, twelve times now.  
The house is quiet, save a trickle of water and the fan.  
The bed is warm, and the night is windy.  
Or else, I might be out in it, under the stars,  
I'd rather be out in it, gazing up into the glittery abyss,  
But I fear the roaring gale might tear me away  
And carry me far from everything that I know.  
Everything familiar.  
Not that I love it.  
Not that I want it.  
But take a chance to leave it? Never.  
At least... not at midnight.  
When the dancing prairie grass is painted silver  
And the caliche streets bone white in the starlight.  
When everything is beautiful.  
So different than the day and the sun  
With it's blisteringly critical glare,  
Scorching pavement and curling  
brown leaves under its fiery stare.  
I hate the day, living tired  
With the tired masses  
And listening to the tired teachers teach their tired classes  
People:

With their barren faces and their lifeless eyes, empty words and long, heavy sighs...

A thousand suns, boring into you as one.

Baking your very soul to a crisp.

All this might make me leave one day.

But I will come back

I will revisit at dusk.

I will endure the day

To return

And write a song for midnight.