

Hunter Cooley

The Mourning Dove Blues

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Black Widows

here's another night
lost

the stars out
no moon to sigh

just the black widow
and her web
glistens in the starlight
the glow of her hours red

faces empty
eyes of yellow
few and far
in the logs and hollows

these wishes
alone
each star it's own
one in a galaxy of others

others to sparkle
dance and charm
to credit and no harm
lost to this loneliness

facts and fiction
no directions
white lines on
black pavement

flashes of the safety
lights
highways angels
and asphalt hell

that's the gift of the veil
no worries
yet
nothing to worry

Blue Screen Scream

it's a lonely dream
night stars glitter
chuckle and gleam

fallen wings
feathers of gold
that break the mold

faces dour in
solemn hours
clasping hands to cower

it's a Sunday lost
to the midday errand
getting a coffee across

facing down the
earths rotation
living in heavens hesitation

a robin red breast
locked in a cage
yet hell is the rage

but, that's the kicks
they used to say

back when bricks were clay

people had stoves
old and frayed
they gathered up greens and hay

now this blue screen
is the endless serene
yet it always lets down

it leaves you drowned
the philosopher in a Supreme crown
proclaiming the world is there's time hound

modern living
another thanksgiving
internal revenue for what's giving

Drop Curtain Birds

drop curtain birds
feather petals blooming
looking
that, eternal

what is darkness
and fears light
roots of emerald
shine to the clerical

lockdown symphony with
Crystal vision epiphany
hoping

to latch on and be free
take hide to the side
veins all faces
moving to traces

tonight it is
delighted
return again
beaches on the rim

I am the tall tale

selling ancient shales
to the hopeless hope
trying to scale