

Perceptions

The thud on the window pane
a lone feather sticks to the glass
pasted on with torso fluid stain
A frail body lifeless in the grass
On what blue and clouded sky
did the now-dead bird rely

A man on the Golden Gate Bridge
moves to stand up on the rail
then dives backward with courage
to his death in a watery pale
An act untrue to his kind
what intention was held in mind

Divorce led to tears
broken dreams of the morrow
a young woman's fears
change to lament and sorrow
Her mentally visualized intent
useless he just packed and went

Because of a distraught man
people died at Fort Hood
following an ill-conceived plan
he weeded out what he could
Somehow the love of god
is seized as being roughshod

Perceptions of the mind
each our frame of reference
often prove to be designed
confining as a barbed-wire fence
We all unaided fly
in a glass-reflection sky