

Hiroshima Day

By Michael Bowering

Old shadows return
100,000 colours
of dead silence.

Sunshine Coast BC:

Deer sleep in my yard
and the garbage can lid
is pierced by bear claws;
unabated rain in long winter,
summer light is Grecian in nature,
beautiful, harsh land,
blue mountains, sea, and forests,
robbed from the Aboriginals.

New wind direction
and coolness through the open door
our time is rusting

Smoking at Home:

Started to smoke as a child.
At first all was black, then colourful, warm.
Awakened, I asked for another.
A native said this is revenge. I call it a sinister friend.
Left at 14, pouch of tobacco in my pocket.
Going home soon, among the tombstones.

Regrets

around dawn

Regret is my most dangerous addiction,

the night is not burnt away yet,

disused roads, hardened tracks, and clotted blood,

are in dreams that don't end at the proper time,

my mouth hums dirges under the breath

onto the scrape book, pages of precious yellow bone.

I pray to be relieved of nightmares,

the robins are frantic workers in the frozen garden.

pure white snow wreathes the immense blue mountain.

A long Story:

The terror came
in a tsunami of
hisses, slaps and kicks',
followed by
streams of remorse,
self pity, and childish
pleas for sex,
Her self had
almost gone out,
nearly swallowed
by relentless waves
of violence, and madness,

numb
and drowning
inside, days, weeks,
months, years,
never ended,
or began, she had

hate for herself,
sympathy for him,

one day,
he smashed to bits
with a baseball bat,
what she loved best;
the aquarium
she so carefully
attended to
the two gold fish, who
knew, heard, and saw
all her troubles,
never judged,
never complained,
she nurtured
them well,
they thanked her
by remaining healthy,

true friends,
her only true friends lie
among the broken glass,
flopping on the floor,
as helpless as she,

that night,
in the shelter line up,
a small elderly women
stood alone,
in her permed white hair
were small bits of glass,

and held tight in her
blue veined, and
spotted hands,
were two darting goldfish
in plastic baggies,

a triumphant smile
parts her lips.

BIO:

Michael was born in England, immigrating with his parents to Canada in 1953. As a teenager, Michael left his troubled childhood in Ottawa behind, hitchhiking west. Crossing the great North American expanses, he was inspired by beat poets such as Richard Brautigan. Out west, he found solace in far eastern spirituality, leading him to eventually settle in Vancouver, B.C. and raise a family. He has since helped raise four beautiful children, working as a Practical Nurse and Industrial First Aid Attendant, despite bouts of clinical depression. Michael presently lives in the small town of Gibsons, BC. He works at a food bank and in a homelessness shelter part time. He continues to write poetry and make photographs, while taking an acute interest in social justice issues.