

Soldier At Ironing Board *by John Flynn*

Her father used to say, “It hurts most
when night gets quiet.”

The Yes-Daddy-I-know in her
winks back from within.

Wisdom continues to reason
none get far alone.

Need is still the question.

Need hasn't proved struggle edifies.

She'll use loyalty, selfless devotion
to claim endowments –

What informs faith, Daddy
if not doubt and consolation?

She pauses to see herself blown skyward,
scorched to reds of a Chagall,
legs acetylene blue.

She'd stood by a desert river,
its current promised the future.

She'd sort clean blood from rain.

Teenager Grappling, Chimerical
by John Flynn

Honed wheels in his face
their assessments
finish touches
that clear-cut forests.

He seeks voracious
hysteria
so to one day
make it all his seasons.

His arms grow
strong enough to dig porthole
escapes, and story endings,
to crush the little sums men are.

His boots coach borders,
challenge his rogue enemy
constant motion.
Give him swords and all they blister.

Seismic

by John Flynn

The Camino Real runs up California's hide like a silver gash.
I drove her fumes and prayed to her lime and orange trees.
I studied her violet marine layers, and her shadow wands.
For a change, I asked not for gold but for needs,
new heat to fill those who'd missed out on what I cherished.
This little prayer of mine felt green but due and right.
I bloomed with it, yellow bright like a cactus petal.