

This wilting world



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The ocean in the window

A black train rides
through the night rain,
a prisoner to the
silver rails.

The ocean in the window
is just a mirage,
the tracks leading from
land to land.

Put your hand in mine,
feel my pulse in
the beating of these
steel wheels of time.

Soon the sea will rise
above these old tracks,
the sun will swallow
this island of night.





This wilting world

Breathe deep of
this wilting world,
watch as death
becomes ripe in
the eyes of the living.

The corners pulse with change
as our months disappear
into seasons,
as we forget our truths
in the ocean waves.

To repeat ourselves
is our curse and
our joy,
to grow wheat again
where wheat has died,
to cry where
tears have fallen,
to open doors heavy
with memory.

Start again,
kiss your shadow
as the sun rises
like grass.

Sit like a mountain

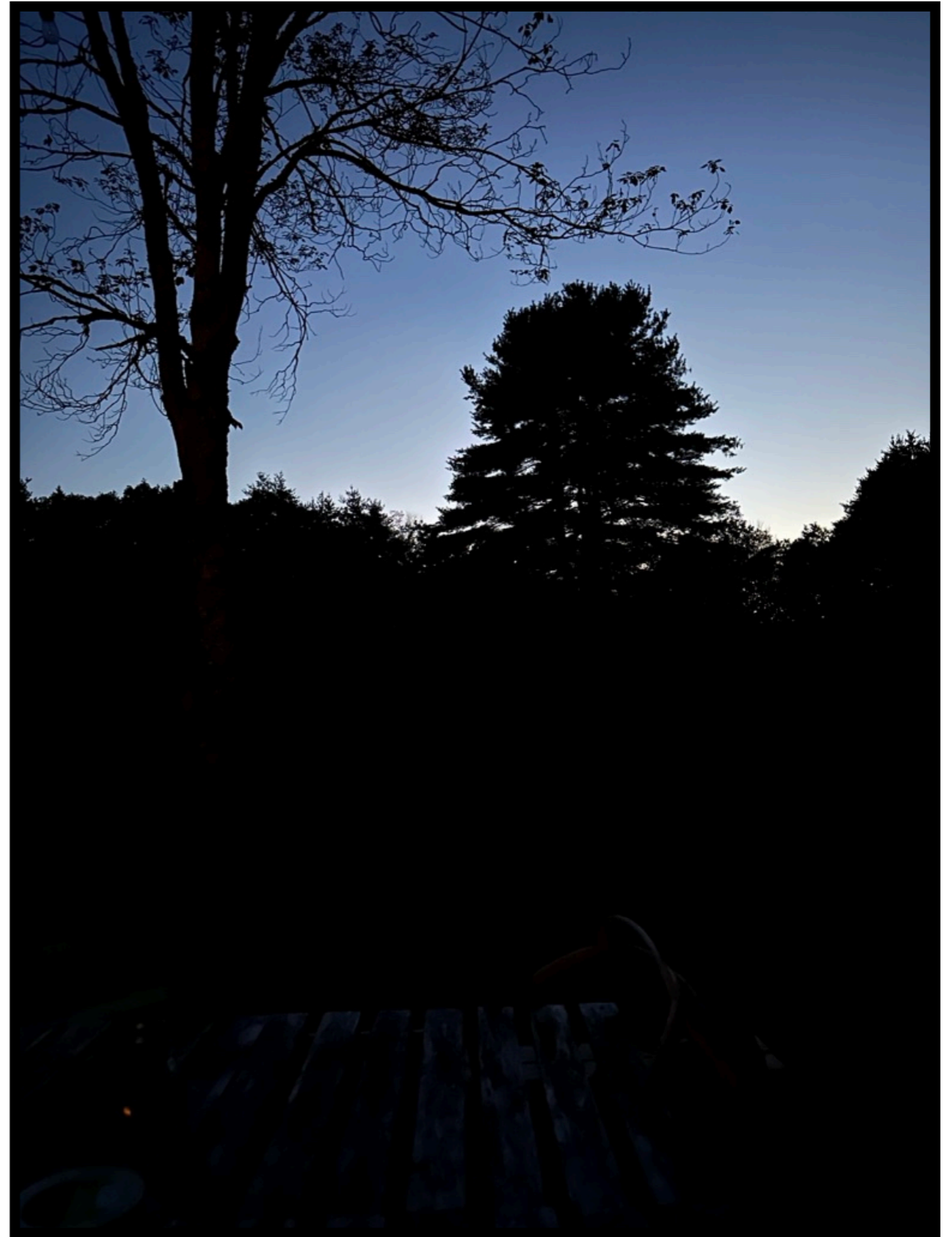
Wake at night
to the howling wind,
listen to the music
under the ground.

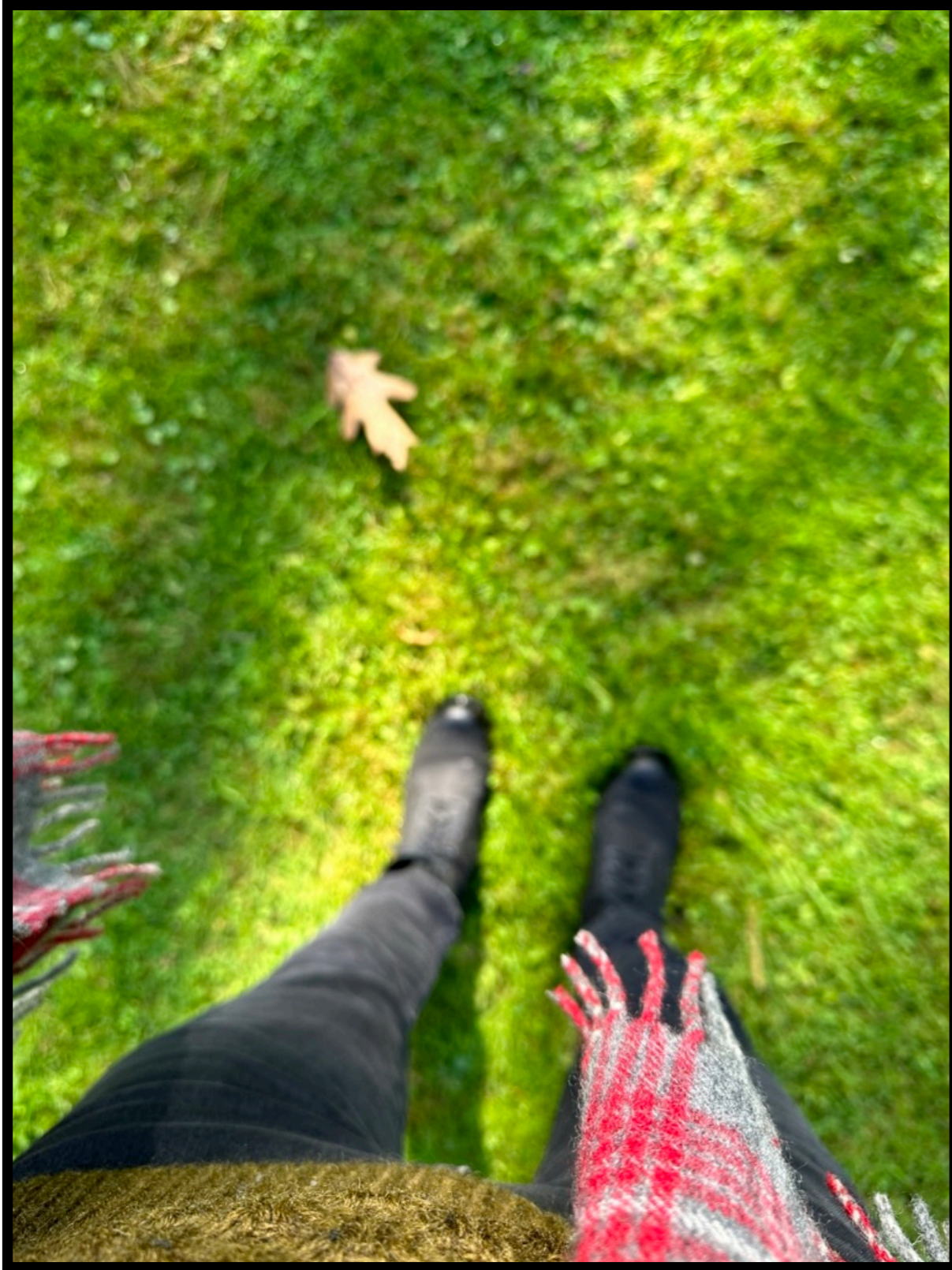
Watch the city sleep
like the dead,
as you alone
drink the silence
and the dark.

Soon the moon
will go under
the clouds,
as day is born
to those leaves
dying in autumn sun.

Still, the night
holds me with
its whisper,
it calls shadows
that I cannot reach.

I sit like a mountain,
only a candle's flame
separating me from
midnight.





My season passing

A guest in this
house of days,
my season passing
in an ocean of time.

Some guests leave early,
their voices ringing
like chimes in the
winds of experience.

My mind is passing
through this open window,
the moon as full
as my old heart.

What can words say
in these waves
as my hands
wrinkle with age.

I sit in silence
to listen closely as
the minutes unravel
like thread,
as the hours flicker
in this sea of night.

The music of the waves

The vine wanders
across vast fields
and up these old
walls.

Its tendrils kiss
both soil and stone,
spreading as it advances
with the seasons.

It grows along
the current of life,
ripe with fruit
hidden in the twists
of this ruin.

Soon it will reach
the borders,
this growth touching
the shore as it drinks
ocean water, moving into
the music of the waves.

