



Image from Magnoliabox

Dennis Ross

The Second Coming

She sang but no one listened,
always told the perfect truth
but was never believed, a woman
in complete touch with God.

Shells on the seashore
had the same voice that she did
in human affairs, yet an aura
of happiness and bliss
reached out from her to all
creatures, total salvation.

Intuitive dogs and cats
followed her down the street,
robins hopped along beside her,
flew a bit to keep abreast,

but people, cocooned

in their preconceptions,
never even saw her,
could not form a mental image
of such a being, could not accept
unearned unconditional love.

War Buddies

We moved each year
to a new dirt Kansas town,
the thirty-three-foot trailer
on the wrong side
of all the tracks, each town
new play-ground fights
establishing pecking order,
no friends but each other,
my sister and I.

Then mother's schizophrenia,
midnight trips to crying space
and strange states of reality,
a blue elevator right in the trailer
to somewhere important.
She wanted to burn the church,
source of all evil.
We hid the gas can and car keys.

Eventually the hospital,
bars on the windows,
electroshock treatments,
and a ghost returning home.

Years later, my sister and I,
not friends, exactly,
nor siblings either,
more like war buddies.

Dennis Ross's work has appeared in *Hurricane Review*, *Listening Eye*, *Iconoclast*, *Illuminations*, *Passages North*, *White Pelican Review*, and many other publications. His chapbook, *Relatives and Other Strangers*, is available from Finishing Line Press.