

## Organized Crime Poems

#1

### Wicked Dance

Twisted intestines  
Head aching like a tribal drum  
In the whole of the world  
I can find no place to rest  
My mind set ablaze  
Feet set to running  
So I run with no place to go  
I wear my feet out  
Searching for a sanctuary  
A sweet haven  
Where I can rest my young head  
On a soft pillow at night  
And become unfettered  
By nightmare visions  
Of the past, present, and future  
Momentarily I can revel in the sweetness of a flower  
Swaying in a perfect breeze  
Like a woman dancing  
For the man she loves  
But it never lasts  
The moment destroyed by shotgun blasts,  
Shrapnels of flesh gushing across my new shoes

Once, my father, the Butcher,  
Removed a man's eye with a spoon  
Expertly popping it out  
With a sadist's careful precision  
Then casually lighting up a smoke  
As the eyeball, still connected to its' twisty cord  
A thing of horror born  
It danced across the table  
The man's loyalty sworn  
Like a sycophant's mantra  
From a drooling and distorted mouth  
His other eye swimming in tears  
It sees the glow  
Of the fags red hot cherry  
Drawing ever closer  
Searing his eyeball which now pops and spins and swings  
As the undead men laugh  
At the dying man's animal screams  
The only comfort I can take as a boy  
Is that I know his end will eventually come  
I know better than to cry  
His chair legs scraping  
Ruts in the wooden floor  
As his body rocks out its' agony

Afterwards I run  
Run as fast as my feet will take me  
Landing in a dark forest  
Where I fall to my knees  
And curse them all  
This is no life for a boy  
My eyes deprived of joy  
For so long I forgot what it was  
To be held and loved  
All my life I never stopped running  
Have you ever been that tired?  
Have you ever imagined the existence of such a boy?  
Twisted into a killing machine  
Like a bonzai tree  
Forced into its' frozen sculpture  
By strong hands bending its' tender branches  
My father's scissor lips pruning my speech and manner  
He toughens me for years  
Bending me to his will  
He chops away my delicate parts  
With his wire hanger  
Leaving my flesh scarred hard  
Like the Chinese break a little girl's feet  
Over time dwarfing them into stumps  
That will crack her bones

To make her acceptably pretty  
Yet what a pity  
She will never dance the night away  
Only struggle to walk  
Holding her head up high  
With a false smile  
To please them all  
When I know for a fact  
She would rather be dancing  
Dancing like a dervish, wild eyes flashing  
A tender part of me yet still lives  
I will find the Chinese girl  
And we will waltz together  
Beneath an interrogator's moon

#2

Little Fish

It's as if the seed that birthed you  
had rehearsed you.  
Because you came out just like them:  
a dark dark gem.  
Strong tree, deep roots,  
papal disputes.  
Eased by spoonfuls of Mama's sugar.  
Soft child, turned wild.

Bad boy, you grew one hard tree ring at a time.  
Until your fists swung like Paul Bunyan, and you always won in the ring.  
BAM! POW! BANG! LET ME HELP YOU UP, BROTHER, IT AIN'T BUT A THING.  
Dimples that held secrets, your handsome face born in the wrong place.  
So you remained a little fish in a big pond.  
Put down by your father, too many times.  
Until you put him down, face down, on the livingroom carpet.  
After that he never beat you or your Mom again.  
But their darkness claimed you, their violence maimed you.  
Brain full of Heavy Metal and sorrow,  
you tried to kill yourself as a teen.  
Pops found you in the garage, fashioning the noose.  
“We’ll never discuss this with your mother-“ was all he said.  
Your suicide attempt was not worthy of discussion.  
I guess your Pops saw it as a weakness.  
You got recruited by the mob, a false family you thought loved you.  
You were too cool for school,  
breaking bones and spirits, like in the picture shows.  
Each act of hatred is a line carved now in your weary face.  
You could have gone Pro, but you felt too low.  
My heart breaks for you,  
since Pops passed away and Mama squawks insults at you all day.  
Murder is your middle name.  
Few people know that.  
I do.

I loved you once, we held hands watching Hallmark Christmas movies.

“It’s a Christmas miracle!” you always regaled at the end, dimples on full display.

But your dark shadow killed our love.

Guess murder really is the perfect misnomer for you.

I weep for your confused soul.

I pray you atone one day, down on your knees,

begging God, forgive me please, for the lives I took.

But the dove of forgiveness comes with repentance and reparation.

Please, my love, step into the Light.