

Frank F. Atanacio's

Ticking Nightmares!

Dark Poetry Imagining

Ticking Nightmares

For my wonderful children

Cannons Were Cooling *1

Everyone feared,
after the explosion,
the grounds were cleared
of wreckage and wounded,
the soil stained red,
even after the removal of the dead,
cannons were cooling,
death was drooling,
counting the record number of ghosts,
that's what he enjoyed most,
however, order was slowly
and deliberately returning,
the night remained cold,
and it was a sight to behold.

Almost Apologetic *2

His mind was cloudy,
his dress was dowdy,
a crumpled suit,
and ripped mackintosh,
his hair was wild,
his manner was mild,
almost apologetic,
clumsy because of his size,
homeless, helpless,
and sometimes he cries,
as he looked toward the sky,
wishing he would die.

The Simplicity Of Youth *3

Nothing gained,
when nothing is said,
but he would dread
the insanity,
that would fill his head,
the doctor looked down
At the young boy,
with nothing left to show,
weighing need to know
against the medical right to know,
the simplicity of youth
was still effecting a cost,
despite all the rites of passage,
then there were cries,
as the doctor gazed
into the boy's determined eyes,
insanity filled the skies,
the doctor insisted
as insanity persisted,
but there was little assurance to be given,
could it really be considered living?
Sanity and insanity,
are suppose to be the same,
with it, no shame,
just sharing the same name.

Remnants... *4

The mental wounds were deep,
spirits would weep,
but she allowed time for sleep,
her dreams roiled uneasily
with punishing abuse,
the belts left welts,
because her father had a short fuse,
when her father's gravelly voice
was heard,
she had no choice,
but to scream in agonizing pain,
she burrowed deeper into her pillow,
and tried to ignore it,
then she'd shoot up and sit,
sheet stuck to her head,
as she stayed in bed,
still feeling trapped
in the remnants of her nightmare,
that happened decades ago,
she was unable to let it go,
her strength tapped,
her mind snapped,
the abuse capped,
remnants of her life.

Another Few Seconds *5

After trapping,
the beast let out a strained grunt,
it was like a branch snapping,
the beast then turned around
yanked the trapper down,
pinned him to the ground,
roles reversed,
as the trapper did his best,
but the beast,
jammed its claws into his chest,
then the beast glared,
the trapper stared,
the beast pushed in deeper,
as the trapper's arms flared,
only for another few seconds...

Fleeting Of Youth *6

Silence was weeping,
while he was sleeping,
the problem it caused,
when life paused,
but realized,
it had already crossed that fine line,
and, like the fleeting of youth,
there was no turning back,
the light gave in to night,
and everything just went black.

Mirror Shattered *7

His emotions would melt,
the man in the mirror
didn't look like he felt,
he took a deep breath
and tightened his belt,
the man in the mirror
had an in-line nose,
steel-blue eyes,
a face that held no lies,
his reflection
had no detection
of the true scars,
although in theory it should,
the man in the mirror just stood,
hiding the gloom,
causing the doom,
then he turned away
and faced the room,
still straight and true,
bodies everywhere,
and he stood with no fear, no care,
and death near,
blood splattered, life tattered,
mirror shattered.

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