

Giving Up

Collin Francel

Two slopers
Push right to hold the start Right to
crimp
Left to crimp
Reach up for the jug

Up I climb again and again
Mastering the start
I cannot yet reach the top
But I will next session

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Feet slip
Arm falls against the wall
Out of place, it dislocates Ages
pass in my mind
But it quickly pulls back to place
Full range of motion, it's fine But I
will not climb again

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The Lighthouse

Collin Francel

I sit on an island
In a sea of concrete
A scorching hot heap
Of wires and metal and plastic and grease

My light bleeds out
Into the humid night air
Leads the few who still wander
To its harshly dazzling glare

My body is made of rotting wood Draped in
ornately painted metal Beaming with pride
With hope that elides
reality

My island is the last place of refuge
Just me and a lonely Banyan tree
A few friends find solace among the leaves
The world outside slips my mind

As my light at last extinguishes
Our blackened page now crumples
The slideshow transitions to light
As our bodies turn to rubble

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Zombie

Collin Francel

Insane I spend all
My time in a lithium
Mine digging for fool's gold

Crazed they can't put
Me down they tried
With darts, it didn't stick

I lust for crisis and
Lock eyes with her
From across the room

When we meet I
Devour, feed on her
Grave melancholies

Until I become immortal

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