

Toolbox

Harsh stones scrape his calloused feet.

Dehydration pulls his spirit down.

Heat swelters

And layers of vibrant red paint peel off his back.

But he is able to walk anywhere – a cane supporting.

Anxiety of the city wraps her in a blanket of concrete

As clients frown on her opus.

Bills weigh upon her heart as lead

And exhaust makes her drunk

But she can escape to her family – a car waiting.

Currents twist its sleek scales

And rain pelts it like knives.

Rocks create a maze

Hampering movement.

But it can swim around – instincts guiding.

Crimson rings encircle the structure.

The organs, tissues, cells are scarred.

Embers fabricate a new foundation

And wind blows the memories sparse.

But it can be built again – lumber standing.

A hard wall hits the flesh

Snapping bones like sticks.
A rocket of pain is launched.
Shock confuses and tranquilizes.
But the fracture can heal – a cast molding.

Glass shatters and words kill.
Children hush and mother sobs.
Disagreement causes loud silence.
And separation eases tension.
No reconciliation can be made – safety planning.

A virus destroys all hope,
Capping the future with no remedy.
Zapping the padlocked security
All life seeps out
No freedom to revamp – hardware missing.