

Anthony Michael Majahad

Consumed

Somewhere, a black fire burns:
cruel, gnarly, it waits to cool all souls—

it steals life, even from the concept
of life itself...

it makes no sense to fear it
and all that it touches, with its dark flame,

it's inevitable...

The stars are already stacked
like a magician's deck,

just before his illusion
tricks you into believing

there are only red cards.

Anthony Michael Majahad's roots lie in his Italian mother and grandparents, a father who was half Lebanese and who grew-up on a farm in Carver, Massachusetts where his family raised fresh cranberries; his remaining lineage: German, Irish and French, with an anecdotal sprinkling of French-Canadian Native American. Perhaps it is this heritage that gives him his keenness to observe nature more closely than most passers-by.

Beyond the poet's emotional connection to nature, we find that his environmental chemistry training adds another dimension to these same observations; a dichotomous balance of what science knows and what nature hides.

A resident of Harvard Square for twenty-five years; he currently lives in Winthrop, Massachusetts with his wife. They are surrounded with views of the Boston Harbor Islands and miles of shoreline, which inspires much of his poetry and photography.