

Intersection

We, you and, I do not live
In the same world
Or even in the same dimension

Our worlds may look the same
May have the same buildings
And trees and mountains

But they are not identical

We travel perhaps
In parallel directions
That sometimes meander

And our paths touch
Ever so briefly
And the colors in our worlds

Change ever so slightly
And objects we see
Shift in subtle ways

From the force of gravity
Of your world bending mine
And mine bending yours

I thought once that worlds
Could converge
Would converge

Even thought I felt
A merge or two
Along the way

But now I see
That was no more
Than stones skipping across a pond

Touching
Bouncing
Splashing

Each causing ripples
That lose their intensity
As they spread out to the edges

Of our worlds
Until they disappear

And
 fade
 away

The Secret

The legends of Spartan warriors
And stoicism formed the structures
That surround the secret buried deep within.

Responsibilities accepted, dealt with
Not always fully successfully
But always as best could be.

Blows absorbed, shelter provided.

Three times access to the secret
Was offered but three times in turn
Was not understood,

And so was overlooked.

Only once did some one reach in
And touch it ever, ever so slightly,
Raise the fires, then turned away.

And so the walls stand firm,
Only glanced at, never really seen.
Aging, weathering, soon to collapse.

And the secret will pass untold.

The Hunt

A dark, cloudy, moonless night.
Heavy quiet air.
Sparse streetlights along urban canyons.
A solitary walker dressed in dark clothes.
A leisurely unhurried pace.

Only echoes of footsteps bounce off
Dark building walls.
Streets empty.
Sidewalks bare.
Shops shuttered.

A sense of evil nears.
A cloud of uncertainty appears.
A tap on a shoulder.
A sudden gasp.
A furtive glance.

No one there.

A quickened step.
A destination sought.
An urgency to faster gait.
Lighted street corner to the right.
Turn and glance back.

Still no one there.

But evil comes
Like a dark and thickening mist.
Tangible.
Enveloping.
Grasping.

First a trickle.
Then a stream.
A river rushing between its banks of tall buildings.
A wave cresting in its rush to overtake.
A silent roar.

A bright light down the block.
Pace now a sprint
To a weed choked lot
Strewn with bricks
and trash.

A narrow twisty path.
A clump of eerie trees.
Another furtive look behind.
Evil grows closer
Breathing heavily.

Amidst the trees
A dark hole in the ground.
The runner stops.
An open grave.
A headstone dimly lit
With...

Your name on it.

...the hunt is over.

Tom Miller is relatively new on the poetry scene with works appearing in *The Wilderness Literary Review* and *Bagel Bards Anthology #8*. He has been the headliner in the *Poets Corner* segment on the Jordan Rich Show on WBZ Radio and will be releasing a CD of selected works in the near future. He has featured at several venues and has guest hosted for *Speak Up Spoken Word* at the Walnut Street Coffee Cafe in Lynn MA and for the *Ipswich Roadpoets Cafe* on the Ipswich Community Access Cable program in Ipswich MA.