

“GUNMAN”

by

J. H. Johns

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He watched us;
noting every movement;
checking every aspect
of the space
we shared, together;

itching;
nervously itching
to pull the trigger,
to end it
once and for all;

to put us-
and then them-
out of their
self-imposed,
self-created
misery;

ending
what he could otherwise
not stop;
killing all that he could not
otherwise control;

the
Gunman;
the man on the street,
in the car next to us,
in the yard across from us,
living downstairs from us-
the Gunman;

“A BOY AND HIS DOG”

by

J. H. Johns

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Sometimes we took
a break, together,
and sat out
in the backyard-

me and Walid;

sometimes in the shade,
other times in the sun,
and simply “hung;”

snacking and drinking
beer, together;
watching for locals,
quietly, together;

surveying all that
we’ve done;
thinking about time
and our lives
and our life, together;

more relaxed now;
quietly enjoying
each other’s company-
just
a boy and his dog.

“WHERE WERE YOU?”

by

J. H. Johns

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Where were you?

Here you are now;
what took you so long-
no matter-
you're here now;

now and not later;
later
would have been too late.

I'm so glad I found you,
I really believe it's fate.

“RETRO TV”

by

J. H. Johns

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It's no
high def
for me-

it's retro-
the best
and
only way
to watch and see;

it's how the past
used to be,
way before
cable TV;

retro TV-
loving the game-

the way it used to be...

“SITTING VIGIL”

by
J. H. Johns
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Sitting vigil,
waiting for him
to come home-

day after night,
night after day,
asking-
whenever there's
a chance-
“...when are you
going to come home?”

The candles
have all burned down,
the bulbs have all
burned out,
and still
she sits
waiting,
waiting for him
to come home;

yet,
the wait will take time-
not days, weeks, months or years-
the wait will take
an eternity;

she will see
other lives come
and even more of them go;
she'll grow old
and may even forget,

that he's never coming home...