

Published Poetry

Worlds Away
By Emma Mayer

How am I to feel the rain? The quaking
Drab of day, so critical past my curtains.
Once abandoned, near and along the widened
World, I saw treasure.

Castles tall and wondrously bold, resplendent.
Cloaked in sunrise, glorious – dreaming aimless,
Passing time by driftwood and embers, picture
Perfect but gone now.

Magical and innocent, softly laying
Here beneath the willow, to wake and find a
Dream destroyed by growing old, snow that keeps on
Falling with pity.

I hear songs that torture my poorly beating
Heart, so shattered daydream and soul I linger,
Caught between the worlds in which sweet and pensive
Visions are dancing.

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I Saw God in San Francisco
By Emma Mayer

The locals call the bay a place of grace;
You can see God when you walk Lombard Street.
The tourists say their souls have been replaced
By cable cars, crab, and veils of concrete.

But when fog starts to settle and the bay
Begins to bellow, tourists disappear—
As addicts tweak and junkies rot; decay
Like the undead; diseased and lost in fear.

You can see God in clouds of smoke exhaled
From lungs burnt black by chasing hope too much,
And in the corners of the city that failed,
Some people use their poison as a crutch.

But in cathedrals of divine redwoods,
I sat and saw God reach his great hand down
and grab the Golden Gate; beneath their hoods,
veiled from the rain, some swore they saw God frown.

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