

A Goddess's Hysteria

Amber Rookstool

You could smell it on her breath as she talked,
tempered and slurred, intoxicated,
inebriated, roofied and raped by death.
Creation in her words sparked a fire.
A torrential blast of roaring tornados;
charring clouds, commanding a storm of fiery blaze
as soul scorching as God's Lake of Fire.

Blackening the earth, the sound of her voice,
seething in suffering, desire and anger,
calling in despite all life to wither,
wilt, curl up and shrivel. Everything perished
cease all existence fire flames waned to white ashes.
She exhaled one penultimate sigh
scattering embers—icicles darting in mayhem
when the Sky burst into shards



Shaking Ground

Amber Rookstool

“They should be startled and dazed by the light emanating from the veil.” Maulana Abdul Kalam Azad

My world ended when a sky with no sun
broke open. When an intense white light glowed
with the essence of a hand and reached through
the cerulean-azure horizons,
forcing itself into the atmosphere
as if the earth spins on its axis inside
a worn-out marble or scraped-up snow-globe,
dropped and now splitting at every crack;
the entity who lives outside the thick
glass now breaks into this reality.



Cat Scratches

Amber Rookstool

The canvas is not cotton, linen, hemp,
or burlap, but a hide, from years ago:
human skin, date unknown.
We marvel. For what tool, what medium
toyed on a corpse: surely pencil, pen, nor
paint, nor any ink could endure;
but what would make those thick-thin, red faded white,
lump-shaped lines look
so real, so painful, so strict, so fresh--

Is the paint still wet?

