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# THREE POEMS

BY ERIC DONHOETZER

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## Scales and Balance

A swirl of dragon's tail scales lights the night's sky  
Creating impossible stars, cold, impassive vacuums  
Clearing away ephemeral dust  
Like a book blown clean by wet lips.

Time falls and folds, chipped away  
No one remembers the things forgotten by time  
Right is replaced by innovation  
And time stands still on a frozen computer.

The stone woman holds the scales, cradles them  
The illusion of balance.  
It is always this way, every time  
Why would you expect any different?

One day they will build a railway to the sky  
To the farthest disconnected star  
Not to enlighten but to gawk,  
And the ride will not be free.

This is the price of not looking around when you can  
The television a one way mirror  
Oceans swelling even in a storm  
And the waves that beat back leering encroachments.

An illusion of balance  
Would you expect anything different?

If you stop reading it, it will die.  
And want, and plead for an audience  
A resurrection. A bird of ashes.  
Perhaps just strong enough not to be blown away by the gentle wind  
Perhaps  
You can't expect anything different  
So it will never be

Pyramids stand and crumble beneath the sun and stars  
Against vines that constrict rock  
Of a foundation built on sand

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Always on sand. The titanic mistake forgotten.  
You remember a memory but don't learn:

Balance is an illusion  
You expect nothing different.

## **Solace**

The green grew around us  
Like archways or caressing finger tips,  
As hoof beats twined our own hearts as we trudged,  
A road of many paths, directions an unnecessary nuisance  
The beauty of being truly lost  
Is that when you are found  
All is as it should be, in these moments  
Leaves, branching outward, onward.  
This is the reward for taking the time to listen  
To yourself and to others, in this hideaway  
Of solace found in mind  
The greatest sprits always within.

## **Murals**

Murals paint the way  
Not the kind glimpsed in art museums  
Or artist's studios or even  
Collector's cellars.

No, they are half glimpsed  
caught from the corner of the  
eye while speeding seventy  
beneath freeway overpasses.

Relics. Remnants of a bygone  
age when there was still some  
semblance of an instruction manual.  
Pictographs. Hieroglyphs.

A man clothed in a loincloth  
of tattered rags, begging  
for change at the corner of Fountain & Vine  
said once, "Life was simple then."

Modern marvels: age of miracles  
of cellular sheets pulled over  
eyes that once saw simply  
Now muted beneath a gray black shroud.

In the desert somewhere, an arch stands alone,  
a bent finger that once pointed  
toward the heavens above  
now bent, burying its face in the sand  
until the winds of change  
once again sweep it clean  
Until it can truly be seen.

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**Eric Bonholtzer** is an award-winning author whose work has appeared in numerous publications, and his short story collection, *The Skeleton's Closet*, is now available at Amazon.com and Bn.com (Barnes and Noble). A recent recipient of first place prizes in both the short story and poetry categories of the College Language Association (CLA) Creative Writing Contest/Margaret Walker Prizes for Creative Writing, Eric is also the 2006 Ted Pugh Poetry Award winner. He resides in the Los Angeles area. For more information visit [www.ericbonholtzer.com](http://www.ericbonholtzer.com)

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