

A Disquieting Comfort



There is a moment
of tranquility,
steeped in the
stillness of serenity,
that rises to the surface;
Where pain
and passion collide,
wanderlust is rekindled,
beauty is abound,
her words run dry.

Soft whispers of
what has passed fade,
as the undeniable
rumblings of what is
yet to come are
slowly unveiled.

In silence,
I can still hear you breathe.

~ *♦*❁*♦* ~

A Crack in the Corridor



The grand estate began to smolder
as the cleansing commenced.
With a quiet yearning and
unyielding disarmament,
lives that once converged,
in this life and the last,
could seemingly unravel,
as the troops begin their descent.

Like a cancer
metastasized,
multiplying,
cell by cell,
dividing, conquering,
the battle wages on.
It had become
that defining moment;
A seed had been sowed.

The fragile house of cards
barely held together with its
flimsy, faux foundation,
folded quickly, when the
impending tsumani made its
way up the jagged coastline,

igniting a firestorm that
spread like wildfire,
briskly slipping out of control,
wreaking havoc on the unsuspecting,
those who could not escape
its turbulent, yet, determined path.

I don't know why he found it
so surprising. The support that
had once supported this
sturdy union, had been
shaken to its core,
crackling and crumbling,
much like ancient ruins in
need of a new home.

Tugging on melting heartstrings,
he called her name once more.
But this time, she could not answer,
as her words quickly vanished.
And soon, there would no words
left at all; the silence that permeated
the stale, stagnant air had become deafening.

Sad and humbled,
through the devastation,
and missed connections,
and the lovey doveys,
and the if onlys.
and the what ifs.
and the through-the-roof
incessantly bad timing,
we forge on.

But there is time.
Time elusive.
Time the destroyer.
Time the heartbreaker.
Time the healer.
Time the soother.
Time the lover.
Time enough.
There will always be time.

~ *♦*❁*♦* ~

Hydra and the Jellyfish



Surrendering deep into your eyes,
But you are not there.
Tethered to unseen images,
Photos,
cloudy and obscure,
emerge in a darkroom far from here.

"Will we meet again?"
He asks once more,
On this earthly place,
Full of new moons,
hot licks.

Permeated by a disquieting indignation,
She sees him as he is today;
Making his daily trek
toward comfortable oblivion,
Down the winding,
snaky road, the path that nearly
took him away for good,
though he's still light years from her.

Ticking and tocking,
his mind wanders,
as he wonders,
“*What color are her eyes?*”
Though his words quickly vanish
into a speck of dust of yesteryear,
long before time
turned itself around again.

Enveloped by Hydra’s
aqua warm waters,
blissfully unaware of
Cronos’ suffocating tentacles,
A wiser man would have taken cover,
at the sight of the morning’s first light,
as it teased and taunted,
dancing upon the window shade.

But these days are much clearer.
Not like yesterday,
when drowning in murky,
fathomless oceans,
stung by Medusa’s fatal blow,
I just resigned.

Now you are everywhere;
In taxis,
reflections of store windows,
in crocuses and ice storms,
and children’s eyes,
innocent and clear.

I see your eyes,
Everywhere.
Haunting me.

Jill Rachel Jacobs is a Pushcart-nominated poet, whose poetry has been featured in *The Tower Journal*, *Pomona Valley Review*, *Varnish Journal*, *Muddy River Poetry Review*, *Poets Reading the News*, *Beneath The Rainbow* and *The Screech Owl* namely. Jill’s publishing credits include *The New York Times*, *The Boston Globe*, *The San Francisco Chronicle*, *The Huffington Post*, *The Chicago Tribune*, *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, *Newsday* and *The Independent*.

~ *♦*❁*♦* ~

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