

CHARADE

I'm making up the light today.
You could never understand the
water in my veins.

Angel, face me. At least give
me an illusion of love.
This heart is between life--
between death--
between voices--
On the edge like a
wave, I want to break and let you

cover me with clouds.
Angel, swing my pain and reverse
this judgement.
In my life, you have only tapped
my shoulder. An error.
Bizarre and weeping, you drown me.
Dreaming, I thought the world was
a corridor. I was wrong.
You've taken everything away. It's eerie.
All this dying unseen--
All this upside down walking--
On and on I stay put.

Oh Angel, I won't talk now.
Your air passes through me.
It's true, I know now, this is a charade thought
out carefully by your arms.
I am nothing but a landscape.
Abused.
A village for others to travel through
in parts of the day.

CAUTIONARY

I could have imagined many things--but
never you like this...
crushing down all love with your fist into
a small box which stays floating
through your veins.
Must I slice open a vein to get it?
What if I cut your neck when the box is
in your calf?

Love is complicated but necessary. When
I die, leaving you with memories is not good enough.
What if I open your small box and there is absolutely
nothing there. No documentation of the heart.

What if the small box is full of blood swirling in circles with
no way to stop until death?
Maybe death is the only true love we get.
Maybe death is just air and just maybe our decaying
bodies are solid earth for the insects, and love is
just a pact we have with dirt.

BURIED DEFINITION

Eventually every human gets
a bullet they can be proud of

If we wake up or scratch, we
become invisible
I have to tell you, our existence
is abstracted
ready for swallowing candles
You know, flames for vigils--
for an angry fix
in a panic of sidewalks

Such an elevator of guns breathing
together deciding who
to kill next

Mr. President:
Whose heart is beating?
Stop it!
Whose heart is giggling?
Ask it!

This is the price we pay for
shadows flying over our shoulders, our
fire escapes, through our windows
wanting more clouds

ROUGH-EDGED

What else did you expect from me?
Instead of falling naturally in love, we
were pushed, weak, and spooked.

It would be refreshing not to
be a failure. I'm tired of
having a controversial heart.

What happened to me?
I'm dramatic, cruel, and seldom pretty.

All this frustration is exhilarating and
demanding separation into pain and more pain.
I can't see.

And you in your state, hunting for
affection that was always there illustrates
your ability to cry for detail.
Will our story end in reconcile?

For better or worse, we kill when we love.
Bleed my body dry--maybe then I can
start over.

This tension doesn't have to pull us apart.
Dark visions can be recognized and with a
better mouth, you can manage to
kiss me.

In my own eyes, I remain fragments gluing
myself to wild hearts--
looking for love in volume.

SILENCE

1

At night, silence hits my heart
I can't sleep
You are one of those things that happened--
long-winded and exiled from
my voice

In this darkness, my hands are
cold--like stone--freezing with
such paleness
Odd, you think I'd
be warm here in bed

The hours seem to pause
I wonder where your
moment was--
which hour or second that
has gone by killed you

When last I saw you, your hands and
mouth were uncomfortable--
revealing tales to memory
It rains slowly

I am tormented by this image and scarcely
know what to do with it
A landscape of muddy water and you
misleading me into another drowning
Well, my face is resurrected and there
is no grave here
Your ashes are beyond your
appearance

I wish I could understand but
now am feeling sleepy
When I sleep into defenseless sheets, it

is not your soul I want to visit

It is not your smell I want to smell and
it is not your body I want to touch

2

In this dream, bit by bit you're
replaced so when dawn comes, my
heart cannot fly

I know the only portrait I need
to keep of you is in a drawer
buried by other arriving papers