

On Remaking

I used to whittle down jolly ranchers
rolling and tumbling;
until they cut my tongue.

Or bumped on my teeth for a while
to let the acid burn a little.
But let the sugar melt into a smooth pebble.

And I just walked on the beach.
Found pieces of sea glass and threw them back
so they could be made a little smoother.

Without you,
I wonder if the wind from your space and heat
is pushing me into something new.

I wonder if you held me in your hand.
Let your thumb and forefinger run over and over.
Slash

You pushed too hard and
I'm jagged.
How could you not know my sharp?

Throw me back into the water.
Like blood from under your fingernails
go in with a needle

Careful eye
to pick me, one crescent at a time. Out
and then never let me go.

A Dream

I almost said something a little crazy

last night amongst the chilled [blurred] coolers
because when I first entered, there was slush on my shoes
but it was snowing all around you
your hands white

and your cheek
Maybe
I was hoping [blurred] pressed against my palm
as your cheekbones were crashing into my forest of bones

Something just as soft
could have been said
under the cover of [blurred]
heated cheeks
and dazed and confused

I don't know how to make you happy
But I'll learn
[Blurred]

A Dream

Heaven is on Cherry street
You are there and I am there too
There are popcorn ceilings we can imagine are constellations
And laughter to create
to build bubbles and make our lungs ache

There are all the people in a crowded living room
The ones that make me brave;
I love and despise
But I just want us all there

And I hold your hand,
And I brush your cheek with mine
And I hug you with one of my arms around your back
my head on your shoulder
And I am not afraid.

Closer

Silence and I have just grown reacquainted—
We just sit here behind the blurry glass
and watch the steady migration of stars—cars down below

The oil clouds are warming and my thoughts in symphony
whistle through the air like humidity
All through the hallways past the empty rooms
Silence and I have been close for a while

It's not so much an unexpected presence all my life
so much as it's in new places

in the dining hall

in the laundry room

in the fire that makes no crackle

in the space between I and another

Babylon

What human dislikes the destruction of thyself?
Stacked stone and metal buildings, coalesced into
crooked Babylons
crushed, no, cushioned by the green and twisting

Like Eve intertwined with the Serpent,
its jewel skin glistening through raindrops.
Licks water from her palms
No
Lapping blood from glistening palms

Humans wanted to make their mark so badly
It didn't matter if it was a scar
Imagine tall palms, moss and dirt of God's breath
filling in the cracks of concrete and hot asphalt.

Clothing the bleached bones of
humanities work-place temples
into mountain-top gardens.
New mountains, shifting from metal tectonic plates.
Brutalist architecture against brutal nature.

But Rebirth should not be brutal,
Does Creation value Chaos, the consuming embrace
they question.

The Serpent blinks slowly, water slithers off its nose,
Disappointed.
Whispers of smoky naivety, true knowledge has not been found.
Chaos can be slow, a creeping like cosmic revolutions.

A gentle relinquishing of clarity
Of seeing sunlight through grimy windows
through green-veined doors.

If you want all of something;
Of knowledge, of growth,
Of the sort of humanity that forsakes a god

Be consumed in turn.
Forsake the rust of blood on iron-built bones
and worship your own destruction.



