

Blasting Ancient

The old are broken in
to the way things work!

How they labor from school
to old age!?

You were my attempt at anarchy.

Before that one moment, that hour
when the world flashed onyx.

I was like a bird — not a roadrunner — but at least a quail.

I used to stick my hand out of the car window
to feel the warm air breeze through my fingers.

I never broke the speed limit.

With you, I ignored all the warning signs.

We were free
driving outside the lines
without limits.

The hunter's moon
warming against the glow of our skin
and our blood.

It felt like our inevitability, and the stars
made us black—
made us invincible.

It was the time to do what we wanted.

Your promises expired in the next
forgotten moment.

We are the old people we vowed not to be
for time moves faster than careless moments.

Who are we now?

I forgot myself that day.
No one told me to stay off the road.
Even if they had, I would have taken it,
just for the thrill of it.

My life was pale before then.
Now, it is at least gray.

To crash and burn is painful,

but to not get on the road at all?

I could not imagine it.

You and I are connected to the time
where the black asphalt glides
along the moon-dappled river and
across the starlight bridge.

It is marked on our map.

Something Wrong?

I see the pain your eyes.
Everyone sees the pain
in your eyes.

You married her while knowing
you love me.
She married you knowing you loved me,
so this is what settling looks like.

The opera plays in sapphires
against your obstinate turbine.

You are poised to do something desperate.
Your voice crackles,
and your laugh brays like a donkey.

It is not the deep baritone I remember.

So what do you do now?
You tell people you are fire,
when you are not, and
You wait for me to call,
but I won't.

A Stone for the Soup

I dream of a suicide pilot
when I spill into the landslide of
a briny tide, mismatched and roaring
against the bridge lowered and toll
booth opened by the goblin commander.

I want to stand beneath ceilings of glass
houses and watch the raindrops
turn into pebbles — I want to feel
the glass shards pierce my skin.

Last night, I stood in line at Walgreens
for a vaccine against humanity.
It did not work. I still care
about happens to the children
in this volatile mine field we call society.

I saw a pink man in a red cap
walking mask-less in a crowd of flamingoes.
He said life has no consequences.
But in a month, he will be dead,
and his wife will blame anthrax.

I know what it means
to live in denial. I did not believe
my mother was going to die until
she did. She is ash now, and I still
believe that something will bring her
back to me. Faith is a powerful drug.

Even logic cannot kill it.

The pillow on my head is hollow.
Within it I can hear the echoes of
my nightmares fighting my hopes.

I wanted you to come back, or at least call,
but the longer I wait, the less I can taste desire.
The juice of the pomegranate is a bit acidic,
like vinegar.

Our old restaurant closed during the pandemic.
There is nowhere for memories to return.