

Insulation

You are everything you believe to be
one height notch above you.
You are that child you thought
died so long ago.

Echo

I always find that those with
silent voices have the loudest minds.
 Their ears spin cobwebs
 to catch words and
turn them into lies. Pulling from
them these false implications and tones.
 Eyelashes drag their lids
 to different depths, different
meanings which are not there. Prayers
muttered and curses whispered. Screaming thoughts.
 Pillow cases embracing cries.
 Night clouds pulling the
string out of their sorry, trapped
bodies, so that they may sink.
 “You’re good. You’re good,”
 I wish to say.
I want to put oven mitts
over the scolding fingers digging into
 their brains, pulling them
 apart. Looking for faults.
Looking for wrongness and grotesque misshapen
ideals or traits. They wish to
 cement their precious palm
 lines and smear out
their unseeing retinas. Come to me
so that I may hold you
 and say the things
 you have always needed
to hear but never wanted to
reach out for. Come to me
 so that I may
 see you and fill
the lines of your hands with
my lips. Trace the premature crow’s
 feet, splattered from the
 sides of your eyes.
The lines pull down your skin
like a killer’s sloppy first project
 cascading down a mountainside.
 Find Gentle. Stop playing
hide and go seek with your
demon mind. Trapped breath. Aren’t I

just speaking to water?
My eyes looking back.

Naivety

The doe's eyes flickered
As the still air screamed with light
And the ground met her.
Paint ran out her veins to make
a gallery for the earth.

Truth Lay Only in Quiet

There's a type of emptiness that falls.
Bounces and hangs,
Lonely and damp,
Like a swingset after the child's leapt out.

The beating seems to echo through a much larger space.
That stillness which was once filled apologies and excuses
Now stands clear,
And a single dog's bark can be heard two blocks away.

I folded up my calendar pages and sealed them in an envelope
To be mailed away,
But what now, when the chest finds weight
And the legs regain sight?

Oh, whose palms I did fix rivers in my hands for,
And whose life splattered paint
And white
And red
And yet, in bitter conscious sleeping
I find nails chewed to the bone,
Eyes cracked with veins
From becoming sea-sick in the riptide.

Are you happy?
The beats are synchronized only for three
And now I'm left, air and I,
My hand still clutching your last breath to my ear,
As a single dog barks two blocks away.