

Free Me

You, the head in my hands.
You, the hole in my heart.

Do you remember?
The first time I looked into your eyes, I told you -
I am your home.

When days turn weeks
and your tender body sinks
deeper into my outstretched arms.
I can feel you letting go.

When a year contains the suffering
of a thousand gentler lifetimes.
A body for a burden.
A burden for the weight of the world.

You suffer in silence.
You suffer in silence
and swallow the pain
if it means one more night of this.
If it means one more night encircled by my helpless fingers,
layering another caress over your tired frame
while your rattling breath
counts down the moments
until I send you off for good.

And as I envision the warmth
leaving your eyes,
I feel another seam of frost
threatening to creep around my heart.
You do not go alone.
I send all of me with you.

After The Storm

I'll ask you again
to proceed with caution.
I am still just
a frightened animal.
I am still ready to bite.
Halfway between
here and there.
(Love is letting go of fear).

Trading my coat of armor
for your coat of
arms wrapped around my frigid chest.
Tongue wetting my throat.
Fingers working the film
from the edges of my eyes.
You are the only star I wish upon.
You are the only noose I place
around my neck.
On you I wash my lips,
and dry my tears.
On you I melt
my cold, hard heart.

Unlearning Jealousy

There is great pain
and no villain.
I woke before dawn.
The weight of my chest
had my tongue begging for blood.

Don't come in!
I'm not ready.
If you see me now,
you'll know my smallness.
What if I'm not enough?

What would it be
to love without attachment?
My heart once reached for yours
with no expectation
beyond a gentle opening in return.

Teach me to unlearn.
Sit me down with these itchy thoughts.
I'm here to feel.
My fear,
my inadequacy.
I'm here,
staring boldly back at the edge of my awareness.
The clean light of love
moistening the corners of my eyes.
The fire of my consciousness
awakened by a most unlikely breeze.

A Moment Of Silence

The twelfth and final toll.
A moment of silence.
A moment silenced by the weight
of all we've shed.
Affairs of the heart.

A moment of silence for the space you leave behind.
A warm, dark room
on which the hallways of my heart close their doors.

Your tattered red sneakers propped against my bedroom door
have never inspired such an ache.
You are my gentle wound.
My tears were meant for you.

But if you brought me yellow flowers
and a moment of silence
for the yellowed walls of that warm, dark room,
I would ask if you still loved me.
And before you parted your lips to speak,
my mouth would be on your mouth,
and my hand tucked away into your waiting palm.