

Home

There is a romance
you will have
with the place
that took your childhood
perhaps
it will creep up on you
like a reluctant lover
you've grown accustomed to
over time
that milky slant
of memory
and suddenly
you will find
your heart
reaching out
to touch the sloping hills
the ones that seemed to lean against the sky
smoky green pines
and thistle weed
the gentle distant swoosh
of the freeway
that lulled you to sleep
as a child
blackberries
that stained your fingers a deep purple
as you walked the lonely sun baked tracks
that simmered in the heat
a mirage on the horizon
their steel rails
still whispering
of trains long past
and that slow mournful call
that tugged at your chest
a lakes edge
which softly lapped
against your ankles
for so many summers
unfolding
a dark underwater grace
of a town submerged
and the horizon bent
to fit the mold of your youth.

Road trip

We pass the gas stations
with neon lights
that blind me momentarily
from the dark contours of your car
we've been to so many
they all look the same to me now
and where are we going?
are we running again
driving along these dark roads
tank full of gas
chain-smoking out the window
the steady hum
of tires against asphalt
your restless body
in the driver's seat
you say one day I'll be famous
as your calloused hand reaches for me in the dark
and I lean my head against the window
and search for the moon
with its slivers of light
that pierce our skin in colors
I can't really define anymore
so I close my eyes
and dream of a time
when this growth was more pungent
against my being
and I can feel these drugs
crawling around
inside of my skin
and your touch startles me
I search for your eyes in the darkness
of this cracked highway
passing road signs and mile markers
that have no meaning to me
you
who are silhouetted against my mind
fleshy gray
and uncomfortably close
rolling past
towns and cities
I can barely define anymore.

New Mexico

I remember the hills
sagebrush
and the fire
of red earth
nights
when I would drift awake
to a sudden torrent
of luminescent bolts
across dry land
the face
with eyes
of smoky indigo
desire cupped in his open palm
the path
I began to walk
so many years ago
a book
which holds pages
thick and tightly bound
memories
like broken masks
and burning thoughts
my youth spilling out onto the desert
against the sky
a canvas of autumn
carved from air
a tiny bud
of possibilities
holding promise.

Dinner

I sit in your kitchen with you
drinking wine
out of tall water glasses
and my heart
whispers memories
of a time
7 years ago
when you made me chicken cacciatore
and I got drunk off champagne
spilling my heart out
across the counter
I was so young then
reckless with my love
I'm older now
weary of the mess
of blood and bone
I stand outside your door
it's cold
and the rain looks as if it may turn to snow
I kiss you on the lips
your mouth opens to me
but I turn away
and drive home
our past
finally shaking hands
calling a truce
saying goodbye.

Memoriam

The sun creeps
back to me
temperamental
from her long journey south
and with it she brings
birds
and memories of you
her gentile rays
dancing with your hair
warm water
lapping against our buoyant bodies
the taste of your mouth
and the feel of your skin
fingers against steel strings
weaving a summers song
and the sun
in her return
asks me where you have gone
and I must tell her
that while the seasons bloom and fade
against the canvas
of your memory
only your physical imprints remain
ink against paper
pieces
worn away
by the reality of time
water
and carelessness of spirit
how I long to honor you
the way a nation
will honor a hero
a timeless display
of reverence
but I find
at times
my human mind
to limited
to fully grasp
the finality
of your exit
my heart willfully
barricaded
from its own poetry
desperately

rushing around trying to find you again