

spring sickness:

sick with words.

I keep choking on them
as I try to regurgitate
phrases practiced in my sleep.

I know it sounds cliché

to say

but I'm afraid of

losing you today.

so let us wait

under the big dipper

dipping down into ancient aches

primitive slate, chalked up

north star will surely show us

the way

it's ever-guiding illumination

gets erased the radiation of the day.

I, scared as hell

to say

So I'll just put it off

for another day.

feelings shoved in some shoe box down the hall
with pictures never again to see the light in your face

the imprint of your lips

can't simply be wiped away

never alone with the ghosts of former lovers:

I felt close to you again
reading the poems dedicated to you
a monument in my heart
that marks the grave you gave
but the love I felt
is never truly dead
lives on forever in the words
I read.

perfecting goodbyes:

this candle lit
flickers and fade
last supper
savored slowly with aged wine
twist the blades handle
with a kiss deep filled with
parting need
made the mistake of searching your face
to show a fraction of compassion
for a man lost in his
own maze.

forgotten lover:

she found loyalty in lies
I built my world around
a sigh and a flick of hair
that turned out to be
a clever snare
The more I gasped
for air
the less and less
I cared.

memory is all we have:

kiss me like
the impending
isn't condescending

don't go
don't stay

just be with me here
forever frozen in the amber
of autumn moonlight