

With Careful Hands

bury me in a sandbox somewhere in suburbia  
beneath the cornflower ceiling spackled across the divide  
and divvy up my insides,  
to place them in funeral vases;  
that I might flower and find quiet  
in the folds of tomorrow's virginal hymn  
reverberating lotus sutra expanding  
through my intellect  
to stand erect like a sunflower, and face East  
to swallow the fire. Let it burn out your retinas,  
that you may (be) able to see clearly once more.

Brushfires

These arms are lengths of old kindling,

and your every word is a wisp of cherry smoke rolling across pooled water colored midnight.

I bend like warped wood to embrace the lick of your flames,

and the warmth and salt and sweat and ache of our Great Work will be our testament,

and the flood that wets my chin will let me know that I am drowning in you.

The morning will bring a gentle wave to knock loose the tethers of our nightly facade,

and your brown eyes awash in a great warmth will write me countless love letters,

so that only we will know where we hung the moon.

omens

i want transient transcendentalism like the first human to ever see the coast line

to make a bee-line for the heart of the Indies, or somewhere

and breathe smoke over craggy mountain tips

and empty yourself into the gut of the virgin landscape

trembling like newborns adorned in ornamental native jewelry thrust into unbeing

rebirthed and spat out, as wet as primeval vegetation painted neon hues with acid rain

we can lose our fingernails and roll blood across our wicked tongues

singing songs sung in words we never knew or would care to remember

shrouded in esoteria, strung up on ropes descending from the world tree

half drunk from the poison of snakes

firewater

industry forged, and tempered in amber waves;

rolling across parched Midwestern landscapes

a fire in the pit of a madman's hearth,

and every night, through the fog and haze of glass, we bear witness to our rebirth

effortless

The spark of your divinity expands through my body and cascades out of the gaping head wound left from when the pressure expanded beyond the point of containment and blew bits of bone and bellowed smoke in slow motion movement through the empty air and ricocheted shades of resonant thought patterns painting patterns across the floorboards of the single bedroom flat.

You can have my security deposit.