

Higher Power

## I Wish You Could Die Softly

I wear cashmere deliberately and buy blush colored sheets  
to feel like god hasn't abandoned us

I buy persimmons in autumn and eat them at my coffee table  
collaborating on how we will make amends

I don't know how to wake up my body  
after you kill yourself in August.

Our birthdays were a day apart in October  
sweet sixteen

*Honey*  
was the first word you ever spoke to me

I dropped out of school after that  
wrote lines instead,  
drew them

I go walking at night in a minimal effort  
to feel like we're still in this

I don't know how to wake up my body  
after you overdose in November.

Even if I were to say it  
through the lips  
of your mother's ghost,  
you still wouldn't remember your name

I've pulled you over my shoulder  
fed you those lines I wrote  
*it's heartbreakingly consistent, my dear*

I talk to ocean for the both of us and hope it's depth will  
ignite some remembrance

I don't know how to wake up my body  
after you die of cancer in March.

I was an ocean away and still

felt it coming  
you  
giving in; to your body

I play 90's hip hop  
when I drive at night  
just to hear your voice

Doctor's appointments are even more bitter now,  
and I talk to you in the waiting room

I don't know how to wake up my body  
after you are taken by the river in July.

Laying beside fields of wildflowers and Osha Root  
you came to me the night you died  
teaching me  
grief is beautiful

Funfetti cake with vanilla frosting  
soothed more  
than anything else ever would

I smoke spliffs on Sundays and get acupuncture  
to feel like we aren't abandoned here

I walk around barefoot

and wonder  
if anyone ever dies softly.

God and I Haven't Talked in Awhile

I walk through a dark house in the monsoon rains  
floors creak  
I eat honeydew

God and I havent talked in awhile

I wish it could have been raining when I buried her  
she deserved that much  
but the Crocodile Juniper I threw my blood onto  
will have to do

God and I haven't talked in awhile

A Vietnamese mystic told me  
ginger and lemon tea would heal the wounds  
but I still see his face at night

God and I haven't talked in awhile

The Datura seem unhappy this year  
I would know  
she taught me how to grieve  
before I drowned.  
Heaven is here

God and I haven't talked in awhile  
So I turn to Gaia

## A Place To Be

Snow melting from Ponderosa Pines  
dripping  
crystals below

Frozen earth  
scorching sun  
Highland Desert winter is  
watching snow fall from pine  
in crystalline drops like  
Milky way lines  
or clusters of atoms falling in time  
before  
touching aromatic spines -  
Stardust to Earth's crust

Unravel Me

Take care of me  
like the rain does the soil, deeply  
nourish me  
like the sun does the rose, softly,  
let my beauty unveil  
as God does to me

Tend to me  
like the bee to it's honey, dripping,  
create me  
like the potter to their clay, spinning,  
shape me  
as God does to me

Hold me  
like the ocean does to my body when I lay in the waters,  
shape your body to mine  
like the grass when I lay upon it,  
comfort my skin  
as God does to me

Love me as if I'll be gone tomorrow  
pull cloth from the temple  
and rise to me like the tide.

Unravel me  
until there is nothing left

As God does to me