

## **I like this place**

One level closer to what *is* Reality  
as opposed to the illusion called Reality  
there is a sense of expansiveness  
like the curving of a burnt orange trail  
in a wood of ample sun and tall trees  
(continuous, and fulfilling  
of the desire for  
pea to kale greens, amber to coconut browns,  
that around-and-back-again rhythm)  
Yet, it is a vastness that goes inward  
with an unspoken awareness  
of protection  
*This wood is my wood.*

The cabin, an Amish shop,  
we chanced upon  
without a parking lot,  
just grass speckled in juicy stars  
'neath overhanging limbs  
Here there is no straining rawness  
of quotidian dullness  
No pessimists or duties  
No horrendous,  
fantasy-shattering machines  
like garbage trucks

and CATs with that joy-crushing  
“beep beep beep,”

No, not here  
Here there is no time  
No urgency  
Just being

You,  
a deeper part of you,  
And I,  
laughing.  
Your hands removing hangers  
holding hippie fashion  
in lavender gray hues

Then we go again,  
curving around  
with a sloshing crunch  
to the next spot in the woods

Inside what does not look like a church,  
people walking up to order food behind  
glass-encased deli counters,  
Peering, (fluttering)  
Finding  
rich, eclectic vegan fare

*This is my wood!*

You standing on a chair and preaching  
without darting at me down-turned misgiving,  
just looking my way with touchable clarity  
and that smile (I have always loved for being so clean)  
For this is not the place where you and I  
are separated by assumptions  
made in the anxiety of limited information.

## **Subtleties**

Your subtleties  
are whispering indecipherably  
luring me  
engulfing me  
exciting a feverish conviviality.

From the first breath of enchantment  
thoughts flared off, their smoky trails dissipating  
leaving me to the ecstasy of  
Desperation  
and the pounding,  
Louder than what you may have said

Then,  
like when lying belly-down on the floor  
string lights in a darkened room  
opening a chemistry book,  
there is the distraction of

Anticipation.

During the wait:

*Wait, what is actually being said?*

Felicity dragged down by  
the lung-squeezing tumult of returning thoughts

What is worse,  
the possibility of

Let

Down,

or ever swelling with your tantalizing ambiguities  
then quelling it back down  
like the consequence of a too-tame winter  
waiting for the most inconvenient time to strike with terrestrial terrors....?

Your voice, the moan I ever longed to hear

Your acknowledgement, denied, I could not bear

**Don't worry sweetie, I knew**

Something about second story sunshine  
so pervading that countless sparkles of dust can be seen  
Is the body too,  
merely a conglomeration of countless sparkles?  
Typing in the scratchy warmth  
Gently reverberating daily life  
voices, mowers,  
When on walks reflecting  
Butterfly lights turning the room  
to a fairy abode by night

And then,  
I was  
Ready.  
Ready to really give,  
cultivate the soft hums  
perceive the blinking potential  
The sparser the words the more concise in good intent  
Then there was  
You,  
Ready too.

Relations are rubber bands that can only be stretched so many times before they snap,  
So I was

listening before offering

You, rapidly jutting out

in teeth clenching unintelligibility

Me, shrugging in endearment

Pouring out at your softest invitation

Those nicked hazel doors

ever looking upward,

sharp breaths,

cheeks burning with something I couldn't understand

I wanted to be that one who sifted out the debris,

bringing attention to the lucid colors of simplicity

Coddling my naïveté

My happy naïveté

I could have used a tarp against your

trickling damages

bouts of acid

Never liked when that face turned acrid

(though I can't say it was unfitting)

Gapingly eager

So were you, except that

your mouth was always puckered and tightly stitched

while searing revenge from a past I was not part of,  
coursed through you  
with the fervor of a riled crowd

Holding nothing back  
while you were chiseling away at my reputation  
like a foundation  
hoping it would fall through

You could have turned away from  
your depraved vendetta  
and I would have commended you  
newly befriended you

Still I am *ready*  
Defiant, but not angry

Emerging after the first strikes  
on Innocence,  
I remember  
the resentful stretching out their hands saying,  
“Give up your illusion. We’ll strive together in this pointless place”  
Me saying,  
“I’ll keep my lilac-brimming abode, thanks.”

## **Suitable for the Tongues of Peace**

I drink in your field simmering days  
I swell with the sun packaged in your minute places  
Verdant pungency  
You fill my neutrality  
Turning my tabula rasa  
Into a flavor-filled page  
I am your story  
When you are written all over me  
You've been drained and tossed aside  
But your used up forms  
Do not die  
Your legacy lives in me  
I, who tell your story  
Of water refreshing  
And of soil's honesty  
The euphoria of the sun's  
Heavy stroke  
Somehow I recollect it even now  
Of when I too was another form  
As if a whole life ago...  
  
Our stories will continue



When the tongues of peace

Read me all over

Read me all over

And then swallow me down