

Beast Under Breast

The heart it feels many, ugly, things.

My heart.

I should say:

My heart feels many, vile, cruel, things.

At times, there, in my chest

I feel an insidious dripping,

a dense drop dropping

of jealousy

of disdain.

It clings to my ribs

It sloshes in my veins

Oh! How I feel *it*

fervent and distinct

There!

Here!

Swelling under breast,

a bile of contempt,

an abhorrence seething

seeeeeething

along my ventricles,

a putrid leaking up my neck.

Sometimes my heart,

my enchanting heart,

it wants to hiss and spat,

it wants to cut and scream,

it wants to spark a splint and set all to flame

And there in the blaze,

lie all my love and warmth;

in my searing veins run both the pure and decay

the sheer, peaceful red—

the affection and the dreams...

The heart,
my heart,
is both the beauty and the beast
There, in my chest it beats and pumps
Privately.
It is a mighty rose blushing,
filled with lethal and furtive fangs.

I Checked My Watch at Five Past the Hour

If I waited for you
I would be waiting all day
I would feel the hours pass
in the dryness of my lips
the scratchiness evolving in my throat

I would wait for you
As breaths turned to sighs
And glances became stares
In the way that backs are bent from straight
And shoulders gradually hunched

It would be a pacing sort of wait
The one of back and forth robotics
Nervous tics of checking
Forced patience in not counting
Observations when falsely meditating

If I waited for you
It would mean hope for your coming
An expectation of just another second
Any minute the possible moment
Of when you would finally arrive

I checked my watch at five past the hour
And looked both ways for your cap-topped mane
I could find your stride in a waterfall of walking
But bare was the street of your particular gait
Exhale and jaw set,
I simply walked away

The Frisco Streetlight Show

Concrete lights and archway shadows the Friday night play began;
a man sat hunched, face obscured, arm hallowed
spot-lit, center stage, plastic and steel held high
slow and deliberate were the needle's words, a well-practiced dialogue
the twists of deep crimson, blacks and blues
spoke of partners, of pleasures, of escapes intense and mortal
the drink of grime and ashen skin, all an intimate blood-bound oath

In the empty theatre I stood, midnight on a haunted street
the show's soul attendee, in shadows of the mezzanine
It seemed my own heart racing and freezing...
don't you know you are killing me?
My breath was caught as the final drops buried home

if only I could call out to stop...

I was invisible, a ghost in vain
Too late...

He slumped to the side, it was his final bow
the end of the Frisco streetlight show.
And I walked on, cold, chilled
the solely witness called to bear
those whispered demons of poppy's night affair.

A feeling of falling

I tumbled out of the sky for you
And there, inside, I landed
Me, on the road for you
Waiting, lucid, hoping whole-hearted

If you were simply to call my name
Lifted, I would come bounding
If you were to seek my touch
Humble, I would come loving

I tumbled out of the sky for you

Intended only for your knowing
A servant at the lion's den
I've come only for your growing...

Happening Now

my heart is beating
a great oil drum
a dram of fibers
clink. doom. blum.