

First Date

How do you hold a girl's hand
when your fingers have a film
of butter and salt?
Licking them is too immature,
I think.
And of course there are no napkins.
You can't brush them on the seat,
(She'll notice, won't she?)
I can't rub them on my pants leg
and leave a stain.
(What would a girl feel about
battered hair?)
A quick comb through with the fingers.
But then she could mistake salt
for dandruff
and think
I'm an unkempt heathen
that doesn't even shower
before a first date.
And why am I not smart enough
to avoid using the garlic parmesan
salt flavoring
when I have no gum
and there are now little slate slabs
of popcorn kernels
engraved into my gums.

The Memory

I have memorized my lover's body,
for the apocalypse draws near.
The sandstorms scrape away my sight,
but your lines are engraved on my fingertips.
The world will collapse,
but I'll draw you in the ashes.

Cotton Candy Promises

My promises are wispy -
Cotton candy tendrils,
Air bubbles of nothingness filtered throughout.
They melt away on ravenous lips.
Left with the taste,
But no substance.
Left with wanting
More and more.

Nostalgia

Lately,
There are balloons of nostalgia
I'm clinging on to.
Ones that leave me drifting in clouds of your scent
And ones that are shaped of your outline.
Lately,
I'm carried away in these memories
Further and further up into the sky.
My fears are pinpricks,
Needles to my dreams,
Sending me crashing down to earth.
Lately,
You've been sending up your own balloons
That I catch on the way down.
Now, I'm on my way back up.

Scalded Potatoes

Your love has wilted away
Petal by petal.
Drifted away in a spring breeze.
I'm left with tulip bulbs
That are boiled and scalded
Like rotten potatoes
Striking my tongue.