

Take me

to those salt threaded sheets,
the shell adorned lamps
watched longingly by dolphins and whales.

Jump upon my back and
let me carry you to the waves.
Tell Mother Earth:
*Though I owe you my life
I never pledged you my soul.*

Grab my hand,
and listen as it recounts letters that
showered you with love
but filled you with guilt
as your pen ran dry
and your words grew scant.

Spare me,
of that moment when the waves
won at last. When you took my hand
on those salt threaded sheets
and told me in a sorrowful tone:
*Though I owe you my spirit
I never pledged you my heart.*

Humor me,
On those nights where you appear
unannounced in my head.
Allow me to grasp my rose tinted lenses -
while I know yours grew thorns
I find that mine never changed.

So take me
to those salt threaded sheets.
And I'll tell Father Time:
*Though I owe you my body
I never pledged you my mind.*

Home

It was the woods that formed me -
though beckoned by the diamonded lawn
and the lush green fields.
The golden rows of crops,
and the cloud frame barn
with a star on its side.

Those cookie cutter homes
guarded by pearly white fences -
I walked right on by to the gnarled roots,
the overgrown brush and the
fetid marshy grove leading to a
muddied creek, babbling about
who knows what.

The light does not come here -
Or at least, not as we're used to -
always filtered,
distorted,
warped -
the way I prefer it.

An eerie cathedral
with stained glass leaves,
arboreal columns and
crickets chanting hymns
for the unwashed masses.

That is where I became me.

Or at least,
today I remember it
that way.

Maybe tomorrow I'll remember the
farm with the daisies.
The road that took me under
cerulean skies and over
crystal clear streams.
The red wheelbarrow
and the blue jay
with its song.

Maybe tomorrow.

But today, I remember the woods.
And today, I choose to embrace them.

When you looked upon that sunset,
When the light danced on the trees
and the wind shook the branches into
a friendly greeting,
When the birds found their voice
and sang loud for all to hear
“Though it may be effeminate to say, we love to fly!”
When you stood there in your slightly small shoes that suddenly felt far too big
and you gazed from that gloomy room to that glorious sky,
Did he speak to you?

Did my ears deceive me when I heard you whisper hello?
Was it echoed chatter from the faceless mass?
Or did he speak to you?
And did you speak back?

Did he call you “sonny”?
Did he say that he’s cross?
Or did you mishear the word “crossed”?
Did you share a short Snicker?
Did he tremor with joy?
The way I used to see it.

Did he ask you to tell him his story?
When you finished, did he smile in satisfaction?
Did he lean back and soak in the strangely familiar words?
Did he tell you once more what a fine story you’d told?

Did he tell you he was proud of you?
Like I should have.

Did he tell you at last that you no longer needed him -
that he had spread his hands wide and you used it to spread yours even wider?
Did he tell you that “gone” is just a physical word -
for who can be gone when they’ve taught a man how to wander?

When you said your goodbyes, did you tell him you love him?
Like I should much more.

When you told him you loved him,
could you hear his response?
As he looked in your eyes and
fought through his tears,
did you hear what he whispered?
“You’ve unlocked the secret.”

I don’t know if you spoke with him that day.

But I did.

Because the trees became silent.
And you turned from the window.
And the light stood beside you as you looked at me softly.

And you opened your mouth.
And that's when I heard him -
I'm glad that you're here.

The day I learned quantum physics is real

I shook

A wave swaying with the universe.

On that tan couch -

The one you said didn't fit the aesthetic.

On that beach -

The one you said took your breath away.

In that speakeasy -

The one where you first said you loved me.

On that Lawn -

The one where we enveloped one another.

At all those places at once.

At none of them in particular.

Silence -

The kind that hits you like a boxer.

Makes your head ring.

Makes your ears buzz.

The sound of electrons zipping by.

We were entangled.

It passed between us without a word.

We knew -

We were spinning in opposite directions.

Your eyes.

They glistened as they Bohr into my soul.

He was right after all, I realized.

I opened the box.

Turns out, the cat is dead.

I ask my words to dilate.

To die late.

I ask my words to die, I ate.

I ask my words to dial eight.

No no,

Dilate.

I ask my words to dilate,
a shutter thrown wide -
behind lie imprints
too faint, too fangled.
They render solely to me.

They rent her soul to me.
Their ender is holy to me.
They rend her soul in two: we.
No.
Render solely to me.

They render solely to me -
or so Joseph Smith said.
Yet Marx never knew of
the Russian revolt.

And so I say again:
I ask my words to dilate.

Now what do you see?
