

Sacramento Rain

She finally fell.
Rain drops came down like bricks,
punching the pavement
and forced out with a yell.

I stood by the window
listening for more torture
as she dragged the heat away
in the night as he said no.

No, it wasn't violent,
but the surprise was vicious
and welcome, heavy
yet silent.

Her water ran wild, his body
poked at every sensory point.
His hard, pungent sting diminished
as his mind turned knotty.

She hit him well,
able and swift, but like a
pillow at night he'd bounce
back and none ever could tell.

Playing with Surprises

They hold the hair on your arms straight up.
A sad song, the cold grass between your toes
on a summer night, those words that never
seem to escape your mind.

You sit in your old, dented car at the end
of the driveway. You see the neighbors' kids
playing in the side mirror that's right above that
coffee stain on your interior that's been there as long
as you know. Your radio blares some oldies station
that your dad used to listen to. The eyes feel wide open,
but the pupils are small. The light green fights for room
against the stout brown midst the white canvas with bloodshot rims.
You breathe from your mouth because you have rough allergies.
The lips remain ajar as they chap and try to hide behind
the stems of hair under your nose. The shoulders shudder
as the heart shakes your arm where those hairs point toward
the sky.

You heard the song that reminded you, but
you didn't see it coming. The throat swallows and pushes
out your rigid collarbone as the red between your lashes
turns translucent. You grab your hair. It runs away from the
turbulent ideas.

You put the car in gear. It drifts out of the sloped pavement
under its own power. With autonomy, it glides through
the park filled with the blissful and determined, jogging
and playing. You end up at the old water tower. You step out.

The wet, green landscape grabs your heels and sends
a tingle slowly through your back. The throat stammers
broken breathes, and the rust from the statue of antiquation
matches the surroundings of the black spots between the ears.
You climb.

The shakiness matches the wobbly bars that lead to the
top. You make it to the top. You sit there. You look over the edge.
You close your eyes. You cry. You ignore. You just keep out-thinking yourself.

yes, her

I followed the directions
without a hitch, I got to the street
an easy ride, games and all
simply made it, simply loved it

I pulled in
I had reached it
exactly where I wanted to be

suddenly, like a dog, I turned my head
my tongue flapped and eyes widened
the cul de sac kept turning and I followed
no care for the right house, I blindly followed

I kept turning, hitting house after house
I saw each light turn on, and off
the grass spiked a dark green on each
but I dared not look in my mirrors

finally it lead back out
I stopped at the end of the street
my car in park, eyes glazed over, watching the party at the house I once drove past
the only house I yearned to find

but the bugs chirped and the moon rose and the party was over
I missed my chance.
yes, short party, but there would be another tomorrow right?
I wasn't invited
I looked on with desperate eyes
I couldn't be invited
fuck it all
fuck it all

Pangs of Yearning

Different pastures reminded by fields of yore,
Seldom greener, yet hold the mark of time
in hand, clutching the timidly closing door.
Forget, I don't suggest, though not a crime.
To erradicate us of antiquity
would be to refresh the blocks of life.
No meaning, neither profound nor witty,
must define our brave new world, but the knife
unites us. Leave no stone unturned for we
create the rules and revise the past.
A high task? Maybe, for this bold decree
claims no ignorance, Plato's words of last.

The poet can't excite revolution.
Shakespeare could and I, his evolution.

Translated

For every road we drive to the side

For every heart sits to the right

For every smirk weighs heavier off the center

For every planet cannot stand straight on its axis

The ideal nature of perfection and the propensity of alignment in the unnatural draws the lines of dissonance in the eye of the uninformed. Delve into the physical world and gaze in awe among the prestigious fields and dominant chains of land and water, all of which fail the test of perceivable perfection.

Symmetry holds the card up her sleeve.

She makes us yearn for more than perfection.

A splash of water to the face.

Why bother?

A tsunami cannot destroy the ignorant. One can merely be put out of their misery.