

The Longest Winter
for Mary

They said it was complicated -
the way they strung you up
like a beaded lamp without
the glitter.

But you were still all
glitz in the moonlight
twinkling like a
gorgeous dream.

you - a fancy blossom- a lit
match in a place of gray-
sweetly holding my hand-
this space - your voice - a
tiny cello - a perfect song.

I decide to hum along -
the music - language -
split open - seedlings
of truth in a room
with too much noise.

I tell you - this is the
longest winter

but that soon there will be a tornado
of spring- the greenest of hues - a
promise only new grass can whisper.

Wedding Poem

1. A bubble floats, content in its own movement, the way it fades into open air, the way a kiss flutters, escapes, a whisper, a move into sunshine.
2. An impossible language. A vastly indefinable syntax, a rich bouquet of flowered song.
3. It is the light of morning seeping into cuffed slumber, fragmented dream, black and white flash, stars shredding the sky.
4. Laughter is an unstoppable music, profound sound, a single drop of dew hitting white washed sand.
5. A fevered loyalty. This is the promise, the fierce throne in which two hearts cloak.
6. Time: a cherry blossom opens, a blade of grass unfolds, a tiny breath emerges from the softest grain of summer, spreading its fingers like a strand of perfect pearls.
7. The map unpaven – jagged wonder, the night he unzipped his mirror and found her standing inside.
8. Once upon a time, there was no moon. Only the possibility of moon. And melody. And notes strung into journey.
9. This is a dance that never ends, a joy unfolding.

Where the Southside ends

Somewhere between the golden egg of youth
and the rickety rust of a train graffiti an old idea gone
inky fade, there is a memory sprouting, growing over
its follicles, a spider on the verge of ascending its own
glittery mold, a word that hangs in the lilt of a young
girl's breath, so simple it slips quietly into love on a
stranger's ride to a new city.

Leaves strangled on the side of tracks, garbage
piling the soil where children used to lay, backs
wide open, pressed extensively into sky,
imagining the fluff that came from their lips,
spreading their stories mercilessly, knowing the
weeds would take root, no matter the welcoming,
there would be no way to forget the breaking song
their mothers sang over and over, humming
through the track.

Moving into Dark

She sleeps with cancer now, its gotham head a
potted flower where her chest once dipped - a
freeze agape with the shading of unending winter.

She dreams with cancer now - its dance a
lone stranger in a one room party.

The song plays but it is unfamiliar - like
growing into girl from woman - into
baby from her childed flesh –
A rhythm no one can hear.

She flights with danger now - a warning to
the singed survivors - this is no war house, it
is a stitched up valley - a house of cancer- a
road unnerved and winding.