

Darkness and a smile

Do you remember that day
that began with a migraine
and grew to a work struggle
morphed into a home argument
bloomed into a sleepless night
and ended in a restless morning?

Remember how hard it was to keep darkness at bay?

Do you remember that week
that began with a fever
and grew to a personal battle
morphed into an internal shouting match
bloomed into an endless fight
and ended in a hopeless dawn?

Remember how hard it was to keep darkness at bay?

Do you remember that month
that began with a diagnosis
and grew to a heart muddle
morphed into a downward spiral
bloomed into a chest tight
and ended in a cheerless awakening?

Remember how hard it was to keep darkness at bay?

Do you remember that year
that began with a premonition
and grew to a teary puddle
morphed into an absolute nightmare
bloomed into not knowing wrong from right
and ended in a sorrow that's morrow?

Remember how hard it was to keep darkness at bay?

Hold that close to your chest
Or I'll show you my best
Feel that ebbing of all light
Or I'll suck all your delight
Remember how hard it was to keep darkness at bay?

If you think that darkness shades your smile
walk in my shoes a mile.
For there is a burden I can't reconcile
and that's hiding my darkness behind a smile.

Nonversation

The highway signs rushed by, one for every thousand trees
like anniversaries shrouded by countless everyday.

"Is it cold in the back seat? Are you comfortable?"

"Are you asking me?"

Said the woman on whose lap the only other person in the car was fast asleep.

The freshly made beds beckoned, one for three, one for two, another for one,
like cream cakes on a buffet, each inviting,

"Are you taking this room or that?"

"You choose, the other is mine."

Said the man who did not even want to be there.

The debate flew thick and pointless, should we go here or there
like choices lost in the deep blue sea, none forthcoming

"Shouldn't we have lunch with R and S?"

"We could, but what about T and D?"

Said the the man who wanted to be a child for just that day.

The sadness crept so surely in, so pointedly pushing back
like a coffee with salt or an idli heartlessly hard,

"Isn't this so good? This is just what we needed."

"I'm sorry, what's good and who needs what?"

Said the man who picked at a scab, and was flabbergastedly sleepless.

The argument was so crisp, so crystal wrong and right
like a man being a bully and a woman at his behest

"Please don't do that, let me have a say"

"Fine, do it your way just don't come back to me."

Said the woman who was so tired of arguing she wouldn't stop to talk.

The fight was so simple, there was nothing worth fighting for
like two people who speak while neither can listen

"I don't think we should do this, I don't think I can do any more."

"Of course you'll say that you just want to run."

Said the man who knew there was no sprinting escape.

The end is so near and the next door so far
like two lives so separate, two rooms with a door ajar

"You can't see how good we can be, or are."

"I'm so tired, so drained, I may as well take my seat at the bar."

Said the man who may have found himself late, but better than never.

Does a snowflake know where it needs to fall?

Does a snowflake know where it needs to fall?
No more than a tear knows why it rolls.

Does a snowflake know why it needs to fall?
No more than thunder knowing when it claps.

Does a snowflake know what is a fall?
No more than an egg knows what hatching is.

Does a snowflake know when it was born?
No more than when a bud chooses to flower.

Does a snowflake know who she kisses?
No more than a mother who won't choose between kids.

Does a snowflake know where it needs to fall?
No more than a headache that just won't leave.

Does a snowflake know why it needs to fall?
No more than dreams that end all sleep.

Does a snowflake know what is a fall?
No more than an urge, so strong, so wrong.

Does a snowflake know when it was born?
No more than when night brings no relief from day.

Does a snowflake know who she kisses?
No more than a lover who won't settle for less.

Fragile and light
Catching the sun just right
Your snowflakes so bright
Make me sit up and write
Of my oddly delicious plight
Thinking of you this night.

Does a snowflake know where it needs to fall?
No. not really, not at all.

Summer Holiday

For my next holiday I know exactly where I want to go
four walls of bars, a room with no window.

For my next sabbatical, I know just what I want to do
four steps movement, a cage through and through.

For my next vacation I know exactly where I want to end up
four meals all the same, one plate and of water one cup.

For my next break, I know just what I want to spend
four coins for a smoke, not money earned, what a friend could lend.

For my next trip, I know exactly how I'll be treated
four types of persuasion, fear, loneliness, emptiness, nothingness: repeated.

For my next time away, I know just what I want, jail
four reminders of what I am: nothing, nobody, alone, afraid; an epic fail.

For my next stint of freedom, I know exactly where I'll go: prison
four constant friends: dread, suffocation, cramps, helplessness; my daily person.

For my next stint in rehab, I know exactly where I will curl up, afflicted
four weaknesses to the fore, weak, spineless, directionless, addicted.

I want to be put away
I want someone else to hold sway
I want to be locked down
I want to be let to drown.

Because, at least, there would be a sliver of hope
if it was someone else chaining me
not my mind imprisoning me
Because, at least, I wouldn't be hanging myself with my own rope.

The butterfly's tears

In the last real forest of our planet
something strange happens
when a turtle comes out of the water to bask
attempting to defeat the canopy above
yearning for a bit of sun to warm her up
she cries.

And he's been waiting
flapping his wings, flitting anxiously from her to nowhere
hunger fulfilled, thirst quenched but desperately needy, missing something
he see's her snout, smells her wetness and descends
settling gently, barely touching her skin, licking
her tears.

She doesn't think he stole from her
he doesn't know how to thank her
She doesn't cry because she's sad, but she must
he has nothing to give her, but he'll drink because he must.