

going thru a tunnel

Never know what will stick to your mind:

drops of blood like dry acrylic paint on the grates of the shower drain;

pills clattering and bursting across the kitchen floor;

a dry heave caught in the lungs, erupting

at the sight of a bandaged blue vein.

Crying becomes inaccessible. You stockpile tears

for movies, books, anything unreal and distant.

The loneliness heralds nightmares

of never seeing people again.

The loneliness that follows follows you.

But maybe it's simple: memories fragment into danger,

scattered landmines dormant

until shards embed themselves into actions and words.

Shards intermix and you forget who did what how.

It lives in the belly and guides us toward fate.

Above all, I remember windchimes,

and a thunderstorm brewing.

Concrete petrichor

fuming from the sidewalk.

A home charmed against evil.

I also remember boredom.

What an awful thing to remember.

And I remember you.

You're gone.

The universe decays.

I do not know if I will make it,

but I place faith in the apocalypse on the horizon.

Listen. Can you hear the disharmony?

Will you remember that sound?

Will you remember me?

Closeded

The woods that serve / as border between / the baseball diamond and cemetery /

stand stark and wintry / against the purpled gray / of January in Boston / stand like upturned bats
/ after one last loss /

When I lie down / where hoary life cleaves close to air / sloughing off unearned growth / burls
and gaps pockmark my back / So to the giants lie / gathered in waiting /

The trees stand / like trees come together / in communion / in blood to bear witness / and draw
sacred testimony / from the mist in the dirt / the iron in us / the secrets in this diorama /

they talk and listen and see / our censured ears / but we don't know their names / we've fallen
into disrepair / like scrap heap automata / replaced with automata

Nite thoughts

Let's speak love all nite long
not to indict the wind howling metal
the testing of waters
the careful exchange of hearts
asking should we jump
handholding from pad-landing
to martian suns

Don't push back, I'm strong as a bellwether

Speak it up for the way she sleeps
her head in my lap
and we'll run down streets sober
singing Let 'Em In
our lungs maracas
indemnifying each
and back again

starlit

I am starlit,
starlight becoming;
blue tremors break the night,
dead lights telling stories
different from my own.

The moon ate my eyes
to remind me by blindness
of faith in the universe,
leaving me ignorant to accident
and beauty.

I cried for the loss of horizons
that encircle the world like war;
tears crossed my cheeks
like dewdrops on lamina,
like spots in the sky.

We fragile beings are born complete,
with life our decomposition.