

Loneliness

I dream of my lover.
We only meet while I sleep;
his eyes the color of desire.
His lips hold water.
I sip and our affection grows.
I wake to loneliness.

I am used to loneliness.
I grieve for my sleeping lover.
Without me, he cannot grow.
He is eager for me to sleep.
His eyes remain dry; his lips spill water.
His body aches with desire.

I have a different desire.
I can't escape my loneliness.
There is not enough water
for me and my lover.
Yet I anticipate sleep.
I dive into bed. My imagination grows.

As I approach, his smile grows.
My body is electrified with desire.
I want to hold on to this sleep,
and forget about my loneliness.
I kiss my lover.
I drink his water.

He bathes my body with his water.
My love grows.
I squeeze my lover.
He pulls my desire.
He is afraid of loneliness.
He knows I will leave my sleep.

In the daytime I crave sleep.
I am dehydrated; I need his water.
I think of his loneliness,
and wonder how fast it grows
until he reaches unbearable desire.
My poor lover.

My poor lover who is always in sleep.
Water pours from his lips as desire grows,
and we are in a constant stage of loneliness.

Sunday Candy

The church bell rings its cringing chimes.
Sturdy heels click against the polished steps
up to the consuming carpet that holds the pews.
Chattering teeth spits out accusing sentences
chastising the hypocrisy of the congregation.
Children chew on stale gum from granny
as the pastor chants his sermon.
The choir sings a hymn
to the rhythm of clamming tambourines
and off-beat clapping hands.
The church cat takes this moment
to collect fallen cookie crumbs.
Restless husbands fight their cravings
for the Chinese buffet Sunday special.
The evangelical's stomach churns.
She calms it with a mint.

These Extraordinary Eyes

have seen stress folded in furrowed brows,
slumped over shoulders surrendered to gravity,
feet walking through unchanging days,
ambition snatched from hearts long ago
only finding happiness in daydreams
until the screeching baby brings back reality,
green glares watch others dare explore unfamiliar territory,
envious hands snatch the back of shirts heading for glory.

Rebel — let go of comfy crutches,
and shrug off empty grudges.

Make Me Forget

Kiss me so I forget what his lips taste like
Touch me so I no longer feel him
Discover new places his hands never been
Stare at me 'till I no longer see his eyes
Smile so his smile haunts me no longer
Whisper words that he doesn't understand
Bathe yourself in a scent not his
Hold me so tight that I forget what his hugs feel like
Sing to me so his voice is unfamiliar
Say something witty so I forget his smirk

Make me forget everything he made me feel.
The way we floated above life
How everything slowed down when he touched me
How his kisses made love to my heart
My mind surrendered to his bravery
Fear didn't exist with him
Dreams felt real
He lost his way home to me
He took my consciousness
I was lost when I lost him

Help me erase him
Be everything he is not
Make me forget
How I still love him

Pebble

Selfish

Provoking

Piece of shit.

I am a tiny pebble

moving through earth, unnoticed.

I am kicked around

without making a sound.

When I roll around in too much dirt,

I become a boulder.

They scream now as I come

Unexpected, my voice is clear and loud.

They see an evil, mean, spirit

they didn't know was there.

The push back is unbearable,

surprising.

And I withdraw my power

Cowardly, I'm back

to my pebble state.

