

What Poetry Is

They create definitions,
Explaining poetry-
How it's distilled,
Whittled down
As a perfect pipe
For the old man sailor
Awaiting his ship
That sunk twenty years ago
And lays in Poseidon's graveyard.

A language squeezed through a syphon,
Words slipping in a needle's eye.
Get me a camel, would you?
I must compare,
Sterilize every line,
Every letter,
Before slicing into the reader.

Trust Issues

I trust a buttonhole.
I trust my coffee to work magic
Every single morning, rain or shine.
I trust unpredictable nature
To comfort me.
I trust in these hands to curve
And move as I command.
I do not,
Trust,
The truck stopping in the street
Leaking out obscenities, laughs and catcalls.
I do not trust in my legs,
Their lack of speed.
I do not trust the night to hide me,
The shadows have already fled.
I do not trust my rising panic
Trying to suffocate reason.
I do not trust myself to remember
Whether or not I packed a knife
Or if it's sitting in my desk useless,
Hundreds of steps from here.
But he - a stranger - trusted in himself.
Trusted and believed in his body
To yell back and run after that truck.
He pulled me from a drowning ocean of fear
And I erupted, gasping,
Spitting out my panic,
Coughing out blackness.
A stranger that I whispered my thanks to
When I should have shouted it.
A stranger with a humble smile
Saying he couldn't stand that behavior.
A stranger I hug in my memories

Risky Business

Why are your eyes
Dried up petals
A second away
From crackling into pieces
In the May winds.
I need you to have fire
Life needs to run recklessly
In your veins once more.

You need to be up against a wall
Well after midnight
Kissing a boy
You've waited years to simply touch.

You need fingertips tracing your thigh
With a smirk trailing behind.

Why does your heart fall in love
With just a glance
But your mind takes months to even tiptoe
Near the comprehension of what that entails.

One Day Tulips

And I wish
That for one day
Our bodies would bear
All the rips, burns and slices
That we've ever experienced.
I would walk downtown
To buy some tulips from the market
And laugh at the unblemished flesh.
Have you really not been broken?
Have you not been dropped
As a china plate,
Screaming and crying
Before you smash to pieces
On the concrete floor?
"Why,
 You haven't lived at all,"
I'll whisper,
Before darting in the alleys that
Pant of danger.
Tulip petals and stems
Strewn about in my wake.

One Love Poem

I just want to write one poem
That releases the bottled up emotions
Stuck in my throat,
Lodged in my brain,
And throbbing in my heart.
I want you drained
From my veins and thoughts.
There's an ocean swelling
At night
And I'm drowning in it.
Drowning in you.
Save me,
Set me on fire.