

Glass

Nothing mixes quite like sex
and funerals are for soft touching
or silent condolences brushing dust
above a dimly lit alter while between
sheets carry diseases in the form
of passions or barely washed
comfort in knowing God is crying.

There were attentive hands for
touching that ring wrapped around
a finger can tell a lie of only
I cared enough to not care
enough love can fill the great
voids are for the broken.

My mouth can belong to people
who walk my path
out of convenience
is no excuse to destroy
my insides are tangled and knotted
in the way a surgeon must cut
me open to reveal a heart
beat me bloody because I
deserve the wicked back
hand me the knife to slice
through all the red tape
my eyes shut so I can't wake
up in the sky among the
angels who have pity for a girl
who can't cry.

Ever wonder what keeps
the dead up
at night?
Where they lie
in wait
wired by their mouth
they become frightened
in their form
of memory
creeping in for a slice
of flesh.

My life is a bridge
burned by a corpse
in gleeful apathy
where tomorrow held
my neck with rope
to discover how long
it would take
for the bridge
to consume me.

I had sex on that bridge
on my way home.
I came to the end
of my grief with a strike
of coal in my eyes to
become glass in the hope
of remaining blind as the fire
burned and the salt gathered.

What Lives Here?

There is a rat that lives here, beneath my feet.
I hear its fine hair.
I can hear its scream.

Forgive my shouts! It wasn't me. Enter not and let me be.

I see the claws,
the marks on the floor.
I live in those lines,
the ones that mark the floor.

In and out,
it claims its hole. The one in the wall. The one in my soul.

See the rat,
how it moves.
It wants my words, the ones they want.

I know the cracks, the fractures in place. It split my head. The rat ate my face.

My brain, my tongue
my eyes, my teeth.

Tell me,
Have you seen it? The rat that lives here, beneath my feet.
I can hear its fine hair.

I can hear it scream.

My Lips When Red Remind Me of My Mother

She holds me close
then holds me bitter.

She kisses me once,
then kisses me never.

She looks like red,
then looks like me.

To ever think that
there was ever a time
when I was kissed
by the red lips
of my mother who traced
the lines in my palm
that followed the trail
in all the familiarity
of a second life
was to remember
I did not matter at all.