

Undoing You All Again

One day I'll un-tack the swatches of your skin from these walls
having huffed off all their intoxicating scent long ago
un-decorate this room of you I'll
un-display the gold trimmed lettering with which you wrote down our love
so delicately
too precisely.

One day I'll un-relinquish myself to your magnetic field
I'll do the work, engage the thrust, burn the fuel I'll
de-couple from your orbit
and re-enter my own atmosphere
gasping deep those first precious breaths
of an air my flesh can recognize
no longer flailing in the glorious vastness
of your star-speckled space
I'll be home in me again.

One day I'll re-dissolve you into a stranger
some handsome man in a crowd
tall with dark hair: my type, everyone's type— my type I'll
think *I wonder where he's going,
what's striping through his mind*
as I always will, in passing.
But then I'll pass.

One day I'll un-do the whole of you
de-construct your taxonomy
pick your loose threads
from the fabric of my life
and spin it all anew.

That day is not today,
nor is it tomorrow,
but I can smell its cool damp freshness
crested the horizon.

Behind Your Hands

Hiding your face
our grown-up, precarious peek-a-boo
my eyes shut but seeking, too
never really knowing you
or never really wanting to.

I keep your many truths,
your many painful aches,
out of sight behind that curtain of plum velvet,
its dense protective weight,
some specks of you poke through
sit in my mind like the mayflies would on the loose screen door—
that is to say whether I like it or not.

I know, against my will, of your shy genesis
I know, against my will, of the pain that would follow
I know, more each day, the shapes of each sandstone
which lay to build the meek and gentle you.

Who is whom now?
Is it you directing me?
Or I, followed by you,
foot into each fresh tread I've made.
Whose words falling from whose mouth?
Hand around which wrist, pulling toward the 'correct' road,
trodden down a thousand times
by every Mother before us?

Was I just you, then, left alone in that parking lot?
Crying tears of sharp, wet glass
then swallowing them back down whole.
An idol under a seatbelt
simple conduit, letting the decades-long fermented pain of your trials
flow from my own mouth,
spent with each soaked gasp.

I'll think of this always, as I'm sure you already know,
through the slick shine of red-eyed glances and drowning words
it whispers in my ear every decision I make,
every person I touch,
every work of art that strikes my mind,
warps me just a tiny bit more
teaching me to mind the gap,
and mine the pain.

Now as sleep starts to befall me
and my thoughts shake vivid and free
I'll think of you, by choice or force of mind
your soporific voice,
your finger outstretched to touch the tip of my nose,
one single fragile thread of sight from my eyes to yours—
so mahogany, deep and glad—
parting your lips, grinning warmly to say
“Here I am.
Did you miss me?”

On and On to Hallelujah

It may grow distant
and soon to forget
how small and soft
your human form sits
when now such thick
and deep-set time
passed moments by
when last you laid
your head upon
the stomach of your mother,
point of your guileless dawn,
she'd hum a tune
you both once knew,
"He Who Began a Good Work in You",
or when last you prayed
mass upon
the bare chest of your lover,
one hundred fine hairs
decorated his sternum
and there held hands
with your eyelashes,
a moment so holy
so nebulous now,
a day or a decade behind you,
for there is no craning
of your neck,
no looking back
behind to check,
there is only now
and what's to come,
face fixed upon red horizon
over hardened earth
and a churning sea
of corpses wearing
your very face
and tattered clothes,
screaming hallelujah.

Do You Curse the Final Wave?

Do you think about the end?
If so,
how does that thought taste
on the soft palette of your cortex?
Is it bitter and rough
like a persimmon too-soon bitten?

Every so often upon walking
through the streets of a town known well,
like the blueish printing of veinous plumbing
laced over the calcified interstices
of my own hands and feet,
I will peer far down the way
to pick out the gaze of another
much older than I
and I will think of the final darkness—
of the certitude it will carry forth,
and the immediate urgency
with which it will flow.

Over foothills far,
toward the valley which cradles you,
like a biblical
unstoppable, unbreakable
viridian-black wall of annihilation,
it will come to crash
up against the door
of the room wherein you cower,
so unready for its decisive blow
only to percolate up under the door,
finding its other way in, without a moment's pause
to cover you in a cool viscous touch,
slide its slick-wet fingertips
into every sacred, gaseous cavity
and ever so silently disappear you.

Or—
can you taste the latent sweet?
for it is faint
but it is there
as with the end
comes rest to lend
a favor
to your battered, tired feet.

Strange Silence

They spoke in strange silence
and unseen exchange
along with their words, their hue
said so softly and blue.

Their interface,
two members of a long-held love
whispering tired in the night
as though they'd fought the hours before
their proclamations bold
confrontation turning silt to precious gold.

Drained and ragged they now have to complete
the mundane pleasantries of the night.
Put away the dishes and remove the trappings
of the day job, its white-collared wrappings.

Still, they spoke a soft touch
with an affect of gentle aftermath
post-exhaustion of the words
spoke all which can be spoken
so much love in the place
where it once stood
not enough to save
but do not speak that truth just yet
not until the morning sunlet.

For the time being just sit—
in the delicate discomfort of their love,
sit.

Smell each other's skin
soak in the puddle of cool morning air escaping inwards,
through the window open,
cracked.

Lie awake
feign sleep
and hold every desperate thought
on the quivering, damp tip of their tongue

Hold it tight
because not tonight.

But realize the end has come.

Wait until morning
for the savor of fresh coffee
and the savor of finality.