

## Longing A Long Distant Lover

If I were to devote one thousand words to you  
Then we would be separated by only one thousand tiny spaces  
And were I to put this poem to song  
Then there would be no spaces after all  
And imagine that I reach out to you now  
And, of course, you reach to me  
I could be with you here  
Were there no spaces between  
So you count these words  
And I'll begin to hum a hymn  
And we can make this distance  
Collapse within

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## A Girl From Belgium

I have resented the authority  
I have granted to thee  
As though it were part of my decision  
And every half formed sentence  
And every abandoned word  
Lay to rest on the precipice of my tongue  
A martyr to thee

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## The Old Friend Who Visits

Dragging my hands left then right  
Along the contours of the floor  
With my curative fingertips stretched  
Trying to discern  
The eddies of my discontent  
A complacency of this life's loitering

A glimpse over my shoulder  
Amidst a somber idleness  
Peering over the precipice  
With young, screaming eyes  
An escaping intimate thought  
A semblance, a ghost, a phantom  
Straddles the latent torrents of momentum

Be that semblance of good in yourself, Old friend

For regret swings on the heart like a string  
Do not condone this reluctance  
A timid fraternization  
With the volatility in our hearts  
I lay in wait, Old friend, on the eroding frontier

A wanton disregard for time  
As though it were some ennobled vagabond scurrying about  
Makes real this clashing of the dialectics  
We persisted like anomalies  
And conducted our simian hands like long hunters

We thrust onwards into time  
Towards the pursuit of timelessness  
In the form of the extraordinary  
You must set afire the island  
Which sustains me in this void  
A referent point in infinity  
Suffices to wake obscurity in its night

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#### Into Heavy Air

I move through a hazardly daze  
As smog drifts and lingers and clouds  
My torment rests on the air  
And is the air  
Unmoved and unaffected  
I move through it  
And it around me  
Always touching, the chill enveloping me  
I breathe it  
And my breath becomes it  
That shrill restive air  
The daze that is  
The weight on my eyes  
That painful air  
Whose presence reminds me always  
Of the coldness about me  
And of the coldness inside of me  
A drifting smog  
Becomes me

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## A Final Goodbye To Ayla

I cast you from the sea of my consciousness  
Where you were once condemned ever to float adrift  
A stowaway on your own ship  
Beholden only to my moon and wind

Though it was never yours to defy  
I bound you to these hollow and expansive confines  
A simple, effortless, and defiant grin  
Owing to her reign over it all

The currents have long weakened  
And her musings still crawl on a breeze  
To a lover's sweet ballad  
A faint and tenuous melody  
So familiar to me  
Whose words I cannot now call to mind