

Something Beautiful

You tell me to write something beautiful,
the pressure is on then dear, because that
word in itself is suggestive and subjective,
perhaps in its most stereotypical form I
could write about roses or sex, perhaps if
I want to be more profound I could write
about birth or the universe, but I know
deep down, that what you want to hear
is our love story, the way that you seduced
me, all those years ago,
the way that you mixed those liquors
into the perfect love potion,
a shot of 151, pineapple juice, and Midori,
like Midas in your ability to turn any drink
into pure gold,
though that's not what won my heart,
it was something deeper,
the way you looked at me
when I was speaking and then remembered
every detail, that you bought me gummies
for Valentine's Day instead of chocolate,
without judging me for my unladylike preferences,
the music playing in your bedroom was always
upbeat and positive, your laugh contagious,
that time you picked me up from the airport
in a full suit with flowers in hand,
like trying too hard but without fear of
everyone else's opinions,
that is the key to love I think,
putting your love in the slot
where their opinion is what really matters
in your life, and their happiness is what is
most important of all, no one else exists,
when you tell me to write something beautiful
what I think of after all the stereotypes fade,
is the concept of unconditional love,
the idea that the world is full of things
to pour love into, like a pitcher,
the idea that there's a bigger picture,
and you and me are a part of that,
the idea realized when you took my hand,
and asked me to be yours.

The Dangers of Self-Talk

Someone should teach us in school that there is a voice inside of your head, and that you can control what it says to you, if you learn the proper techniques, and work daily to nudge your brain in the right direction, not that it's going in the wrong direction, but you probably already know what I mean by The Dangers of Self-Talk,

In fact, I never really thought much about my thoughts until someone challenged my way of thinking, I thought it was normal to be filled with self-pity, self-loathing, self-criticism, I'm so stupid to have done X, Y, Z... I'm such an idiot I shouldn't have A, B, C... I can't do this, why even try...? These thoughts are normal, but they don't need to control us, they don't have to be the end of the conversation,

It's interesting, most people are better at pep-talking other people instead of themselves, I know that's the case with me, I can shout inspiration and quotes off a rooftop to the entire world, but if one roadblock pops up and I have to take an early exit, my entire line of vision is now skewed, I cannot make a decision quickly, I panic and sit on the side of the road, crying, calling out for help,

Perhaps technology is a part of the problem, fifty years ago, I wouldn't have been able to call for help, yelling into my phone that I've gone the wrong way, asking my GPS which direction to go, I wouldn't be able to scroll through Facebook and tell myself that I had friends without talking to anyone at all, without interacting, I would have had to use my own intuition, I would have had to follow detour signs and communicate, and relationship build to think my way out of my current situation, I would have to be late to work and admit that I was imperfect, that I was human, And if I admitted that I was human, then the self-talk would forgive me.

Oh, Selfish World!

Let's sit in a circle, breathing in each other's breaths
and think up ways to put this virus to the test,
let's question the authorities and break all the rules,
let's put our kids back into the schools,
why should it matter, it's just like the flu,

Except it isn't like the flu, it's on a much larger scale,
it's killing people left and right and spreading at the
speed of light, like a plague of God, an Angel of Death
coming in the night, and they won't listen to reason,

Let's go to church and pray hand in hand, asking God
to take away the virus, surely, He would want us to
stand together, He would not want us to use virtual
platforms to pray to a digital alter, isn't this the way,

Except God gifted us with technology, though some
of us want to abuse it, we have the capability to
connect from millions of miles away, isn't that a
miracle too?

Let's call each other names and get into petty fights,
let's yell at our children, and hit our spouses, they
have been home for too long, they should be out
there making money, if your life has to be on the line
then that's what has to happen, how else can we fix
this? How else can we get our kids to do their work?

Except there's an entire support system ready to
help, there's teachers and counselors and therapists,
there's patience and kindness and charity, there's
stimulus checks and food drives, there's a world that
wants you to succeed and not to go hungry and not
to lose your children, pray listen, oh, selfish world,
you are not alone.

As If From A Dream

You awaken as if from a dream and turn,
knowing that something behind you is wrong,
is it a noise that cues you, or is it the breeze,
or is it just your intuition, maternal instinct,
there by an avocado tree is your husky, his
black and white fur agitated from movement,
he is on his hind legs, five feet tall in all his
glory, his nose is towards the tree, above him
two adult birds circle, they are ready to attack,
it is almost comical in the way they are flying,
as if in a cartoon after being knocked out,
their chirps shout anger though,

You spring to your feet, moving quickly as
you try to piece together the scene,
the dog is six feet away from you,
the birds fluttering midair,
the final piece of the puzzle,
you don't see until you approach,
there is a tiny bird on the ground,
your mind reels,

This is the tree that had a birds' nest,
these are the parents flying about,
there is your dog, poised to be
the murderer,
you shout, knowing you won't
get there in time,
hoping without hope,
that you've trained him well
enough to hear your fear,
that the commands will kick in,
and take over, above instincts,
above the urge to be the predator,

He turns and looks up at you,
as if in wonder, his thoughts plain
across his broad face,
why would she pause me here?
the scene is playing out perfectly,
I have them where I want them,

I tell him to leave it, and
thank God he does,
and my hands are suddenly on
his neck and collar, petting him,
rewarding his obedience,
as I pull him towards the house,
I see the baby bird hopping away,
and I see my husky's face, confused,
and yet smiling.