

Through

Swing through an inconsolable night,
Cloud my head, father, please.
Leave me alone, why don't you?
Spin, fall, catch your step. Spin again.
The straw draws a mark on my mouth.
Familiar feel, was it Sunday? No.
Blackbear searches for blackberries in night.
Signed, Dated. - John Doe, ~~9/99/99~~

You and Him

The cat runs through the field
As Small stomps fill the black of silence.

Silence is itself a noise but isn't that against
What was taught to us? Hence

The cat stops his trot.
Restore the silence, hear the lock.

The lock to the field's heart
As it opens. It's true self

Perfect. The cat smiles, and puts his head down.
The field's true self sits next to him, holds him.

The sun shines through the silence, growing brighter
With connection. The smile. A fire

Grows around them. To engulf everything
Outside the field, only mind them, there

To Alcohol

I can't even spell you properly.

Even still you have such a direct effect.

I don't touch you, nurture you, make you, or taste you.

Yet your hands grip my body and mind.

You never let go.

You streak in my brain-

No...

Let me rephrase:

The scars are left on my brain from your effects

On him, and in extension on me and her.

Mom, sorry if you read this. But you...

Your taste is bitter, yet people continue to crave your flavor.

I'm scared of you Alcohol.

But also, curious.

Assesment

The face of campus,
Bricks, stone, cement, glass, metal mended

Together to create a awe-struck clock face
That sticks through the winter time haze.

From the highway
You can see it, when the trees have lost their laces

Like a person losing their layers
as the warmth increases, the turf

Burning your feet as you walk through.
Just as the clock burns "Noon"

Into your malleable mind.
Don't fret from the sign

When the clock strikes nine,
Or rather 3 1 5

That's just our bell
To liberate us from this hell

Till the next day
Till we return again.

The bell is fake.
Not what it means,

But it itself is a farce
To cover up the scar

Of the lack of bell
In our bell tower

With only
A clock.

Malleable

I can't stop it.

I can't help it.

I can't see it.

I miss it.

The time when I felt as though I was floating up care free.

When my very heart was warmed up so much that the sky felt endless

Till it didn't.

Till it froze.

Till it was frigid.

I'm waiting.

In a pool of my other brethren.

Of others I haven't even seen before

Or maybe I have

Or maybe I'm convincing myself

Or maybe I'm gone

The warmth fills my space

I begin to

Elevate.

I am sitting on my porch.

Watching the water roll down the

Carefully sculpted metal

Watching the cycle repeat.

I take a sip. I look out.

Oh. Too hot