

POEMS FOR PAUL

CRASH

April 15, 2018

Winter's cold spring replaces but not without the storms

Hope and illusion, simultaneously destroyed;
what rose from the crime scene?
Smoke signals circling stars, a faint whiff of forever,
a black star appears as dandruff on the seat cushion.

It had been five days
I must have felt
something.

Our moon grew a new crater
in Brooklyn that night.

Language can taste
like arsenal on the right
metallic tongue,
results and goals — explosive opponents.

So don't mess around with your words, sweetiepie.
When he said never,
he really meant it.

Silence waits while bullets fly
talismans and talibans,
the price far too high;
there are no unscathed survivors.

Inside your heart
I'll crash again
for no one beats out alive.

SATELLITE

he hanged
himself

with a bright

orange

neon

bouncing

orange

bright

bouncing

neon

orange

bungee

cord

of misunderstanding

for everything he didn't

intend

within

himself

whole

part

s

br o ke

n

kintsugi cracks

seeking gold,

missing discernment

for how glass can bend

under heat
so delicate, pains
taking
not taking
taking
the sun's reflection
blinded you.
the artist loved by all does not exist
so your cracks could never heal.

create above the trees now
where we sat in the dark
— i'll be your light
switch on
a cosmic cratered orb
that understands
what we could not
and knows
i would have given
it all to keep
you.

HEARTBURN

I had sautéed myself in a thick bordelaise
to appeal to his carnivorous yen
but he refrained — last time the heartburn was too much.

I was too much.
He hadn't learned how to chew, let alone swallow.

Now I watch *her* fantasy reel
his hunger — thrusting, fevered, primal
desire

the coveted prize,
oozing from every opening of his lust
an unexpected and insatiable appetite
— for another.

She found him
damn blonde
elusive truffles;

I hadn't known where to look.

Move on, he whispers at night
scratching my inner ear like a chipped nail to a lesion;

Move on.
Worthless efforts deployed
in the face of covert depression.

A most jarring gift arrived;
death laced with the wretched
stench of guilt and rejection.

Had grace been working behind the scenes?
Did he know he'd only destroy us?

Grief and gratitude,
become fraternal twins
only a gasp

held between them.

She and I, we'll make sweet love to a ghost,
— while candle wax coats his skin.

CHICAGO

There are places marked by graves

unseen

{where mourning is constant} and safety

measured by walls

and breathing— footsteps.

Structure rises in the morning,

regardless

able to withstand the force of midwestern wind.

A missing brick will not interfere with erection.

SHHHHH

We have to say goodbye now.

He whispers it

Secretly

Hoping she didn't hear.

Mortality makes us selfish.

Sad rose,

Joy washed

Out under the static

Destructive and cleansing

Cling.

An unlikely pair

Appear under the sheets

A sparrow came

And sat too close.

Was that you?

It took a dump and flew away

So yeah, plausibly.

We slip away

With an unsatisfied ache,

A result of dropping the eleventh-hour ball

That only goodbye knows how to throw.