

1. Untitled
2. Cool is
3. Pity the Gutless
4. The Egg
5. True North

1. Untitled

Watching them
fold, perfectly
so

The honeysuckle drips,
sweet and sweating
on midsummer's vine.

I've learned
we can't all be golden - or lily-white
or bursting forth,
budding with
New humming;
birds in motion.

Watching from my window, close
through curtains,
sheer

I see that we're mostly

the grackle, unloved on the line
the craggy bark, sulking

There's no shortcut through
the morning dew,
All must shoot up as sapling,
All must bend with the boughs

Flower, branch or bone;
we all return home.

2. Cool is

Cool is:
an
ouroboros
hidden in tall grass
The grand prize
in an end-less scavenger hunt.

“It’s-all-hands-on-deck!”

When the spotlight
spoils the chase and
reveals naught;
but serpent’s soft eggs
crushed beneath the feet
of the crowd.

3. Pity the Gutless

Shake off the saboteur,
thrash and (((endure)))
the pressure of a hound
and the throat- crushing grip

Every single move, a trap
a soul-mauling Tug-O-War;

Resistance will (((hurt))) more
so
Let the tension (((go)))
and
the game will dissolve like rice paper
on tongue-in-cheek.

The saboteur is a prisoner of their rage,
they'll never be (((free)))
so
they pull out their guts like ribbons and
tie themselves to hollow spindles.
Their emptiness can't be emptied,

They're just the gristle of a ghost.

4. The Egg

I can't split myself
So I bury my fingers
Inside the deepest yellow yolk

I emulsify all I feel
Inside
A cake
In the shape of shells

A fistful of desire,
Turned to dust to

Dirt, moist in
Seeds, sown in
Future aether
For animals on
The other side of oracles

5. True North

So close is the cherry
as seed to teeth
as tree to truth

we'll not become macerated
nor taste beyond the stem of
two bodies,
fruiting.

So close is the cherry
not plucked nor plumbed
and with no time to ripen

we'll not be squeezed
nor saturated

Only savored within -

My mind: a honeypot poured
over pink petals;
You! a nectar
turned amber.

So close is the cherry
sweet as sherry;
I'll suck the juice until it sours,
I'll not wake, I'll not open my eyes.