

garden songs

a five poem dance

Cliffhanger Ending

I,
A story,
Immediately a cliffhanger chapter ending,
But the reader hasn't picked up the book yet
To see what happens next.
Or the writer hasn't written it,
But no one likes when I talk of a free will God.

Monsters Made Men

The crying into holy water cups
Like ravens flying home before sunup
Does bring with its infirmity a calm
For sleepy sinners putting their guns up.
Follow the blood that drips from a pocked palm;
See as it twists into letters on a psalm
Like crimson ink of sins incased in pens
Or bodies tombed and wretched—then embalmed.
The bended knee will soon become a grin,
And all the hellish places you have been
Will be as empty as the wind for when
The hour comes when monsters are made men.

Flowers

I bought flowers today.

I never thought flowers were for me.
Their scents never made sense to my nose,
And their purpose seemed purposeless—

“Love something until it dies.”

I used to buy a girl fake flowers, so she could keep them forever.

“These flowers”—cheaper than the dirt where real flowers grow—

“Like my love”—cheaper still than dirt’s dirt—

“Will never die”—because what was the point of a love that dies?

A few short deaths later, many several goodbye-stricken eyes later,

I understand the power of the grief of love.

I bought flowers today.

Not for a girl but just for me.

Because beautiful things deserve to be loved.

For as long as they live.

And flowers only last a few days,

Like humans must appear to do to ancients like the stars.

So I bought flowers and intend to breathe their beauty stronger than oxygen

Until the end.

Because all beautiful things die.

Until the time we are shown a better way.

Sunburnt Skin

I see now the romance of wedding veils—

What is concealed is meant to be revealed;

“Pull back the curtain and find me,”

It says.

“There is devotion unparalleled in the chasing

That the finding cannot match.

There is love in the mystery,

Fervor in the want,

Passion in the panting.”
Peel back the veil, inch by inch,
Like sunburnt skin,
And find yourself in love, in love, in love, in love,
With every seeking,
Which is knowing,
Which is seeing,
Which is loving.

Thump-Thump

Sometimes, I think

(too much)

the only throughline of line
where I have come from
all the waypoints in between
a connect-the-dots for adults—
is suffering.

A beating and battering constant
until I give up and die when I’m out of
strength.

The thump-thump of death all around me, all my life—

A helluva beat
I can dance to.