

**XXV / LVII / LXXXVIII**

Silverware clattered.  
Sound waves

became spears  
and tears

ragged leather.

It remained -  
an ugly apparition

yelling at the future.

You hung your head  
and asked your palms  
for answers,

telling me of the  
magpie in  
your bedroom,

though the week  
belonged to crows.

And that's when you  
became me -

Soft tears and  
a cry for  
help,

drowned out  
by the  
cricketed woods -

Only now do I realize,  
how disgusted  
that makes me.

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## Here//Now

Midnight purple haze.  
It should be darker than this.  
It's usually darker than this.  
Last time, it was certainly darker than this.

The water tower stands against the clouds,  
a steel bulb flooding the sky.

As a kid, we played baseball under it.  
I remember the field  
and the birds in the trees.  
I remember the snack shack  
and the bees in the melted cone.

There was word of  
climbing the ladder that night  
and washing away  
our innocence.  
Luckily, we kept it.  
For a few more years at least.

What song played when the red lights flashed?  
You said the next day it wasn't just the drinks.  
And when I asked you to join me,  
you left me alone in its presence.  
Stern and unforgiving.  
Cold and austere.

The night was more than just a moment.  
Why do they always want a moment?  
No, it built like a crescendo,  
till I couldn't hear last call.  
And oh my head was spinning.  
Is spinning.  
Has spun.  
Will spin.

Oh no.  
snap back.

Where was I?

Oh right,  
swept away by your beauty.

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## **What of memory**

that can't remember a sign?

Did it always speak of Cupid?

The universe mocks.

I mock back blueprints,

both toiled and burned

written in green

then written in gray.

What use are these scenes?

I think there was a swing,

but the door was never red.

And the house was two doors down:

I swear it.

Yet here stands Cupid's Cleaner.

What of these moments?

I think there was lust -

Oh, there must have been lust.

But now only shame.

Those sheets -

bleach white

wrinkle free -

weren't mine.

Still snared.

By Charles or by Nash?

I can never tell.

What to make of these thoughts?

Turned orange and gold

like leaves in the fall.

I always liked the fall.

Sepia toned and hazy from booze.

How long do I have

till the branches run bare?

So what of memory?

Well,

it's all that I have.

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## Stories of a boy that couldn't move on

Outlines of old books,  
his favorite figurine,  
and two boxes  
from the move,  
smile through wrinkles  
in the fabric.  
Story told.

Crumpled paper,  
yellow on the edges,  
folded haphazardly  
between a eulogy  
and a fathers note.  
Kept all these years:  
"I'm Lucky.  
And I'm happy."  
Story told.

Faded fingerprints  
and tear stained splotches  
filter the image,  
marrying colors  
that were never meant  
to touch.  
Story told.

A half full glass,  
a half empty beer,  
and a tv show,  
all pause and  
wait for the  
door to open.  
Story told.

She whispers  
*you are my everything*  
and he decides  
to go for  
a run.  
Story told.

The love song plays  
and he doesn't know  
whether to laugh  
or weep-  
quickly fiddles  
the dial.  
Story told.

Late night walk,  
raining both  
outside and in,  
legs a mindless GPS.  
Caste iron fence  
and stone steps  
take me to your  
former threshold.  
Story told.

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**What is it about a long stretch of road,**  
Moon kissed and glowing -  
The lonely marker of a world outside -  
That makes you weep.

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