

Other Names

Isn't this what
we always were?
Roses by any other name,
not as sweet but sickly
and on the thorny side,
remembering to conceal
all the beastly imaginations
on razor's edge.
They like masquerades
don't they?
All glamor and little vice.
Perhaps they believe
there's something bound
in visage and
keeping it there
even when we've got nothing.
Nothing but a musical room
and we've stopped dancing.

Awaken

Awaken my heart
for its become faithful
with guardians
who swore oaths
that left them
hard of hearing.

But they can see
just fine.

Touch them,
for their stony strength
has never known
gentle conquest.
It's custom to stand
quite still.

But they can feel
everything.

And they will live
and live and live
as they want,
as they've learnt.
Time is nothing, just
the backward ticking of seconds.

But can they die?

Awaken my heart
for its become weak
behind censorship
of all these strangers.
If you believe in prayer,
pray for me.

It's not just love
I'll need.

It's life.

Cape

I wonder, Cape,
if you'll sit here
beside me in my
nevermore days.

I wonder if
you sat beside them
until their pulse
fluttered out,

in bloody silence
as life's struggled grip
finally yielded,
an explicable shuttering moment.

I see you now,
everywhere.
On street corners and counter tops,
under shady trees

an unsettling cause, like a shadow,
because no one can see your side,
except me and others
with doubt and time to think

searching for answers you can't provide.
But surely you know something
I don't.
Didn't they know you better?

There has to be solace
in unknowing,
a patience in
'what if,' 'why,' and 'what now.'

A patience you hope
will keep one more day
and another
and another.

That's the problem with living.

Life keeps going on.

A Touch Mad

And imagine
the world would think so little of you,
believing with their misplaced hearts
that they could fix the cracks
in your shoulders with a smile.

But you knew better,
pouring madness in your eyes
and saying out loud, I'm not fine.

Wouldn't you know?
the unhinged, the romancers, the two by fours
are the most wise.
Pain isn't some flare of nerve ending
it's a connection,
a heartbreaking recognition.
My pain for yours.

If we're all a little mad,
why don't we show it?