

Poem I.

You are the moonlight
that haunts my sonata;
the languorous moss
grounding
my wooded soul--
you are the static
rustle
as October
breathes
tremors
up trees' spines,
ridding the glowering pines
of the gold remains
September leaves.

Poem II.

I will be the wax candle
to your heat;
weeping
to what makes you weep;
my sapwood structure
drips liquid
yet burns simultaneous.

I will be the moon
to your deep;
pulling you in
closer
as you drift
to sleep
on those dark, glassy waves,
mirroring my shining gaze.

I will be the marble
in your parlor gloom;
stoic and still listener
to your rampages

on the piano;
staring at the wall,
folded into myself
whilst the evening light
usurps my cold pallor
and I warm to the thought of you
again.

Poem III.

My home is filled
with the strange detritus
of chapters once foreign—
small socks, mugs of cold coffee,
rocks, little spoons,
and tiny linen mice.
For me though,
home is in these arms.
And for you,
home is in these arms.

Poem IV.

One day
we will have a boat
with a kitchenette
and a little booth inside.
We will sip coffee
and stare at the sea,
inhale the salty
breath which fills these
white lungs isosceles
and
sways this wooden spine.

Blue sunsets
behind silky black
feather-duster palm trees—dusk,
The dissonant screams of a bird in the trope
echoes
to the shore

where then the tides pull in,
with all their strength,
that strange air,
roll it and tightly tuck
into their green swells,
drowning the wild cry
with their own tempestuous thrush.

Yet, among these old
docks,
reddish-pink starfish
cling
to this tired mangrove.

Poem V.

Dear friend,
here you stand,
a mage
from whose posed hands
wage
a bitter shock through me,
jarring
my reality
with incongruous fantasy;
yet I'm caught up—
spellbound.

I wonder if he sees
the bloodshot purgatory
of my eyes
straining to recognize
figment
from physical;
for him to unburden
me
from these
hoarded bones.