

1. Codes of Love

10. Desire is a feeling we live for. Awaiting a haven,
sweet bright legs.

9. ... souls of fire and we let ourselves
be renewed like the stones.

8. See what. You have shone
over me as if upon yourself

7. with roots of mushrooms. You have immersed
in my aching moments,

6. slicked with spirits. How easily
you nourish me

5. as an unison, so fundamentally
I know you always. You

4. next to me like your own
aura, bright as the sun

3. climbing like a beetle
on my belly, your being

2. through my being—me a summer forest
you dig in, indomitable, and fascinating

A Letter to all Women, on the Basis of Self Love

You open your arms to an unknown world,
Or bring it with you on a chain of diamonds;
When dreams follow the path of fey fever,
Some opened your arms to an unknown world;
You exuded many loves; You were majestically calm
When allowed Cosmo's karma so pure and warm;
You open your arms to an unknown world
And bring it to us with a chain of words.

Tempest Songs

A slow, evolving wave of songs,
That prolonged, withering-like, then up, then down,
Then vertical, then dying within a calm edifice,
Some nature, some human nature, allowing their dances,
And merciful, discordant, somehow slowly stays in.

My heart is like A, B, C, D, E, F, G

A: the most beautiful thing to dwell on. I want to embrace
this imminent passion to carve out a garden around it.

B: my favorite people to sit by with JW verde
& grapefruit juice & biscuits without butter

C: you in slow motion. Above the twin hills you'll seize me
with your warm hands—a simple show of affections

D: living in us forever. Rabbits do not need to be asked
to procreate the rabbit village

E: relaxation & reduction & relying on you and me
meditating on the ground

F: that museum, beyond that fourth dimension we will fall
lateral onto a quiet natural plain

G: knowing we don't need anyone—except
ourselves—& no one ever knows what we have become.

I Had A Dream

after Billie Holiday's "Strange Fruit"

I dreamed of a world
of renewable soil with
real fruits
after still waters.

I dreamed of a word
for the ones I love(d)
who fell victim from
their birthright.

I dreamed of a world
where skin colors in front of a mirror
would not dictate their fate
while they strive to survive in
a country called home.