

*Slow Bleed to Gray*

**Slow Bleed to Gray**

Sun rays bleed blue/red into  
a flood of gray reflected  
by the walls of a room  
I cannot leave. It's not  
that I am an exile, I just  
don't like people very much,  
and when I tell you I just  
don't like people very much,  
what I really mean to say is,  
my body quakes at the thought  
of conversation.

When I was younger,  
my grandparents worried  
over the quiver of my hands,  
driving me at night to the E.R. where,  
body approaching sleep,  
quiver approaching rest,  
they would ignore my anxiety.

When I was younger,  
and the neurologist recommended  
a psychologist, and  
the psychologist asked  
"Do you ever think about suicide?"  
and I replied, "Yes",  
no other questions were asked  
but appointments were made,  
and when I went to my appointment  
I talked too much and  
feared going back so  
I never did.

When I was younger and I lost  
my grandfather and drowned  
my days in addiction,  
I could imagine nothing.

But now,  
watching the sun bleed out,  
I feel only in clichés.

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**On a Rock in the River Between the Rapids  
of El Horrendo and Walk the Plank—**

the water flows through my hair  
and the thoughts recede toward  
shores of consciousness, wash up  
in meditation.

Floating islands  
of orange become dragonfly  
mating grounds become scenes  
of orgy.

Everything  
was calm and the sun  
nested bright and high,  
the water low and cool.

What words would  
your hand have written  
differently—better? Would  
the sky open up to  
swallow us whole or  
would a wandering  
backwards gaze reduce  
you to the salt my  
tongue craves so much?

On a rock in the river between the rapids  
of El Horrendo and Walk the Plank

“No array of terms can say how much I am at peace about God and about Death”.

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**Fragment: Untitled**

Your bible— highlighted, studied, marked, old and torn.  
A magazine— temptatious, sexulaized, unowned.  
A roll of toilet paper, half used,  
A bench— never used— on it these things sit.  
A faucet, dripping.  
Above,  
Mirror hanging.  
Across—another mirror.  
I remember  
early mornings,  
time spent shaving—  
now shaving cream nor razors reside.  
I remember your  
hand across my face,  
raised in retaliation to an attack I would have never thrown—  
have never thrown.  
Background,  
television playing,  
probably weather or news,  
not that it matters now.

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**I Took the Glass from the Cupboard**

and poured my words into it.  
Along with the milk and honey

they flowed through your veins,  
tangled their way around your heart

before tugging it through to your stomach.  
It wasn't enough to feel the butterfly's wings—

you had to become them,  
fluttering in acid

until your heart melted  
and your tears ran off into

concrete rivers in every direction.  
I have become lost

in the maze they have made.

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**Tartarus**

Streetlights illuminate hidden stars,  
suffocated by clouds polluted with rain, but no rain has fallen.  
Perhaps no rain will fall here,  
drifting along instead with the wind to someplace untraveled by me.

Shards of light catch my attention,  
cold days now forgotten, only darkness and rain in view.

The cruelest of months lies ahead, borders broken promises.  
I study the shards of light, breaking  
apart into a spectrum of colors unimaginable,  
traveling light years ahead.

Do your eyes see the scene the same?  
I find myself researching the eye's workings  
in a myriad of drop-down boxes,  
unable to determine fact from fiction.

It doesn't really matter where the light is focused,  
or that the retina receives the image,  
or how all of this is transformed into electrical impulses.  
Everything is past, images haunting the windows of the skull,  
supernovas fading to a darkness  
not even street lights could illuminate.