

Old Long Since

Now here we are,
The musky air filling my lungs
And half-drunk bottles scatter the table
Surrounded by the ones I consider friends-
Those who consider me one too

Auld Lang Syne
is prettier than right now.
Nostalgia filters a beautiful hue
Oh, Shit's never looked better than
Through rose colored glasses.

Round and round we go
Making promises to be better--
Better when we're older,
And hoping to finally finish that book,
To lose those last five pounds,
To give more money to the homeless
To find some love,
To get some sex,
To eat healthier,
And drink our livers to death
To be happier
To be kinder
To not give a fuck
Auld Lang Syne should have taught us
None of that will be enough

Twenty-Three

So this is Twenty-Three:
hiding in the bathroom
at one in the morning and I'm
wondering why midnight is
only important to me now.

So this is Twenty-Three:
struggling to make ends meet
trading my life away in quantifiable
moments that tell me my life is only worth
seven dollars and some petty change.

So this is Twenty-Three:
the prime of your life, they say
I should be travelling and exploring
while somehow going to school and working
to make this \$600 rent.

So this is Twenty-Three:
my life is wasting away
I'm being pulled down by this
crippling weight of despair
and mediocracy and disappointment

So this is Twenty-Three:
I should have my life together
I shouldn't feel like this
curled up on this flea ridden couch
fighting rats for my cereal.

So this is Twenty-Three:
who would have thought those punks
were telling the truth
no one really likes you
when you're Twenty-Three

So this is Twenty-Three:
at least you're still here
to sing to me at midnight
on this crappy couch in this crappy house
at least you're still with me.

So this is Twenty-Three.

Post-Show Crash

The bass booms and I feel it in my stomach.
My heart beat is no longer my own.
I sway back and forth as the singer
screams his heart out in melodic therapy.
Suddenly, my body is not mine, either
I am consumed by my surroundings, and we—
the collective mass of passion and sweat—
thrash around and scream and spit
our thoughts are not our own, we belong
to each other, desperately reaching towards
the singer, craving his addition to our massive being.
He thanks us politely, and takes a bow,
and just like that, my thoughts are clear,
and my heart beat resumes naturally.
I look around to those whom I was just a part of—
and who were a part of me – walking away
like strangers, as if we hadn't just been one.

A Dance

you gave us a little place to escape to
amongst all this clutter
and this crowd
we ate dinner in peace
our love was illuminated by the candles
and serenaded by the melodies
of love in some verses.
taking your hand,
we swayed
clumsily,
wistfully,
we didn't care for rhythm or steps
we just moved.
we just swayed.
you said,
"it's funny how neither of us can dance."
"dancing is easy," I said.
"all you do is love each other
and move."

That Thing With Feathers

Sister, my Sister
with your flowing white gown
and your beautiful mind
so ahead of your time
tucked within your homegrown
Little World
May we sit a while?
In your garden we'll be singing,
buzzing with the flowers and with the bees
As you teach me about
that thing with feathers.

Sister, darling Sister
with your sunshined hair
and deep dark eyes
Such an aching mind
Full of pain and of beauty,
Tortured by this consuming world
of verticality.
May we sit a while?
among the tulips and the blackberries
Trading agonies, I'll tell you of
that thing with feathers.

Sister, oh Sister
with your smile that spreads
from ear to ear, so wide and so kind
that it hides
all that pain locked inside your mind.
You steal yourself away to that world
of chaotic order
May we sit a while?
On this cluttered bed, and maybe
You can sing me that song about
that thing with feathers.

And so myself,
clinging to the bed as though
it's a cage, I've grown
so attached to.
Now come in my Sisters
They pull me off and out into this world
So heavy, So dizzying
Together we sit on this old bench,

and I summon the courage
to think only of its beauty and
of that thing with feathers.