

On Hands

Here I hold my hands in front of my face
My palms face your face and, you're
looking, knows the things they have done
and, you look, what things are on
my hands

(You see)
I have blood on my hands
from the crushed dreams
and the future we could have
Stomped upon them underfoot
Ground across them under my hands
and I smear the blood across my eyelids
Blood was all I saw when you left me
and now I am washing it off

(You feel)
I have ink on my hands
from the broken pens
and stretched words whose
essence I have smeared across the pages
that I have given to you
and now my hands are bruised
Black ink seeping through my skin
Meanings drill into my brain
and now I need a brainwashing

(You yearn)
I have semen on my hands
from the eroticism I have hidden
behind closed doors and behind
an open mind for I once and do want
you to be the woman I make love to
Sweat staining the bedsheets
Sexual smells permeate the room
and now I need to escape and wash

(my dignity away)

My hands

Lifeguarding Sanity

In which my brain aches
my thoughts have become fragile
from the heat so versatile
Just as the clay bakes

I sit in a caked-white high chair
Trained to save a life
and before then I was still successful
and a red tube
pray it holds the burden
As red as my heart
Hair bleached body tanned
Shades on because

the bright day
Soft clouds in the sky
and a soft breeze to blow them away
to rustle the palm trees
and to
blow away the gas fumes of the highway
near
by

the time the sun has set behind
The mountains
and the rocky ripples
of seismic compulsion
and the fiery ripple
Of Lovely Fire
just as the sun were a foot
stomping into a puddle
Where

nothing could dodge the wave
and So on

the ripple ignited
Everything nothing could
shelter themselves from this firestorm.

Ignited were the palm trees
From ash they came, To ash
they go
Ignited were the people
From mud and spittle, To agony
they come
Towards me and begging me to save them
with my red tube Heart
and
Spitting "Zach help us"
Crying "Zach love us"
and So on

The people love me
thus
they melt onto me
skin draping me in waxy pigment
blood running thin just as a
 prophet's body brought forth a shallow testament
eyes falling onto me just as we
 toss coins into a fortune well and See the shallowness
 of their invaluable sentiment
and I feel
hearts beating onto me just as a
 tribe's Coming Of Age ceremony under a rawhide tent
and I hear
hearts clawing onto me just as
 Satan's spawn strums the violins
Playing the Heart's strings and their fragile filament
and so

I sit in a caked-white high chair
Trained to save a life
 and before then I was still successful
and a red tube
 pray it holds the burdens
As red as their hearts
I carry the Lovely fire, consumed bodies
along my red Tube heart and

among myself and the other patrons
Trapped inside a cloud
Smoky and Stingy
and I sit in a caked-white high chair
Trained to save a life
 and before then I was still successful
and a red tube
I simply
Blow my whistle

In which my mind ignites
Just as time crafted the clay
brought on a silver night and day
My mind knows space and fights

California's 2014 Drought

Our love
has dried out
And so has
The places we have gone
I once returned to

Our spot
but the living waters have gone
And the place has corroded
I cannot find the place where we once sat and made love

For it is gone

Our waiting place
rather mine for I have waited at that place and I sit
In this same place
Is trimmed and well kept
and I guess it should be
In Love's drought
The waiting place
is the only place with lovely
Grass yet

Our Highest spot
has not been touched
for it was already dry
so the drought does not shock it
and it was our only spot
To escape
it only seems fitting for
Escaping to be a way
to Connect
to
Her

Trio of Levels

I. Easy

I wish I was ignorant of ignorance
That,
My disgust is my bitter sweet taste
That,
My frustration is the peaceful bed I sleep upon
That,

My love is....

Is a cheap plaid shirt on the clearance rack in Black and White Thrift, discarded and forgotten;

 Until it is noticed

 Until it is bought

Then worn by a young man on only occasion because it has served it's purpose

Is a group of formidable girls

 Who have all fucked

 Who have all shattered
 hearts and been
 shattered

and

 Who have all worn that
 plaid shirt over a
 tainted white tank
 which have shot
 missiles through a

mans heart like the blood shooting through his erection.

I am that man

 Sitting in a parking lot

 Wishing love was

Easy

II. Medium

From what is she made of?

A painting that lifts

Time is weightless

And

I wait less when her eyes meet mine

And

Her eyes motion me into a forever time:

Ends but always starts.

Buon Fresco

Acqua affresca cleanses

A fragile soul that is faint but direct

Beautiful and vivid;

My heart brushes against her soul

Hoping to illuminate her color

Watercolor

A traditional substance in a beautiful art

The simple life of my sweetheart

Lives to small desires and

big dreams

Through simple means and

extravagant meanings.

Acrylic Paint

Maybe

One day

One Autumn season

One open opportunity

When things control time

When the leaves are never dead

but always hang on with

that

sad orange

perplexing red

When freedom of choice can be held in a feeble hand

Only then can love be expressed in art through any

Medium

III. Hard

Glancing back from now to then
and
Watching the memories float by
faint but opaque
and
Realizing that our Love was protected by a
white
thin
hard
Egg Shell which barricaded our
pure
strong
soft
Love which bound us together Then

We are the Egg
Not luxurious East Egg
Not the simple West Egg
We are the real Egg of life
We are the Egg
stopped from growth by
the tumors in our Egg
rolling towards the future
We cannot wait for the shell to break away
the ambiguous approach
the ironic approach

Live in the Now
and
Plan for the Future now

Grow with me
Be a Free Slave
to the
uplifting times of Now
Know that we can freely move
Between a rock and a... place

...Hard