

Poem 1

The faint
smells of distant wood
borne from afar
by a cool wind
at 6pm--
my sleepy windows yawn,
swallowing hints of the
saccharine smoke,
watering my eyes,
whilst the white
linen drapes--
their drooping lids--
mold to the wispy fluctuations
of their own
somnolent snores.

--summoning childhood

Poem 2

Naked feet press
the cold, brass pedals
under the piano.

Refracted daylight

enters; the lingering
darkness leaps back
at the slightest
touch--burn--
of light,
retreating to its far,
remote corners of the room.

10:23 a.m.
in Fairbanks.

I watch the golden glow
of morning inch over
the hardwood,
its spine bending as it
usurps the back wall.

--apartment windows

Poem 3

saturnine saturday,
still morning, Alaska-time,
the mist stretches its long, wizard fingers
through the dark trees
and Rain has been a guest already a few hours.

A vehicle idles in a nearby driveway,
tinging the asphalt,
darkly saturated, with a
copper-amber infusion;
the fuzzy dashboard lights,
a hazy gleam mingled with
grogginess.

Puffs of exhaust
levitate
and burn
inhalations through
a pink nose.

I've stumbled out to spoon coffeegrinds
into a crisp paper filter
enough for a glossy black cup--
a heavy morning brew juxtaposed
with a light, floral aroma--
to cut through the dense,
creeping fog.

The coffee starts to drip;
hands appear around my waist.

--5:52 a.m.

Poem 4

campfires built on a mollusc-ridden
beach

where hollow husks of crab
in fragments lay
and chipped shells scatter
the rock-shore.

And I, bones and skin
amongst the debris,
find comfort in this company.

My soul slowly swoons
whilst
tones of the sea
push, push,
push
to my ears;
voices of gulls crack in bewilderment,
whiffs of salt mingle with glacial breath,
 invigorating;
the havoc of playful seals,
 slapping the water with their tails.

A foggy, rain-coast

lined with endless evolutions of giant,
arrow-tipped trees,
framed by brassy mountains absorbed in a pinkish,
coral glow.

I have paid attendance
to the dark, subterranean depths
of conversational dormancy--

after that uninspired silence,
in a verbal gush,
my thoughts muster language.

--exhilarated

Poem 5

Our home is filled
with the strange detritus of
once-foreign chapters--
miniature socks, plastic bottles,
little wooden trains, soft
blankets, and
square, colorful picture
books.

For me though,

home is in these arms,
and for you,
home is in these arms.

--my lost boy