

[Hedera Helix]

Your hands  
are sun-torched and callous.  
They're the climbing evergreen  
keeping

me,  
your dispirited bell-flower,  
intertwined in those overbearing,  
umbelliferous greens  
and yellows.

I'd rather be with a lilac  
or a lavender.  
Someone pale blue  
with traces of red  
who will keep the moths away.

[Not in reverie]

The dark setting  
silhouettes the trees  
as they wave politely  
to me- far away.

[Cumulus]

I admired the gap between his teeth  
and tight, blonde bun.

His hair reminded me of straw  
tightly wound in place,  
or wallpaper  
you'd find in an old apartment building

with water stains on the ceiling  
you (drunkenly) point to  
as if stretched out in the grass

picturing shapes in the clouds.

[9th Street, 8:48 p.m.]

The streetlights outside stood high,  
like countless little orbs illuminating in a perfect row.  
Their brightness pressed against the diner's window,  
erasing everything else that walked the streets.

Inside, a man sat alone,  
watching his coffee ripple  
from the the shaking of his legs.

[Positive]

Our blood type bond fills  
and drips from a brown paper sack.  
Slowly hitting the floor with the sound  
of a soft rain against a windshield  
or the clicking of a tongue.

And as it falls, it's wiped away  
to keep from staining the grout

between the tiles.