

Your Intangible Self, and other poems

Submitted for SIXFOLD May 2020 Poetry Selection

**Poison**  
that doesn't kill  
is bitter medicine

bringing me closer to my final place. Over  
time the hinges of that door begin to wear,  
becomes all too familiar with the swinging,

open-shut cycles and just enough! to fall off  
completely. The door is now a raft; the door:  
an entrance into empty unclaimed spaces

between my careless, lucid dreams. O how  
the darkness shows me colors between my  
common apodictic senses. What comfort

can I seek when the mirror is an inch heavier  
from the paper-thin blanket of fog, carefully  
blurring the reflection to hide how it's always

morphing? May I claim my own skin when it  
fails to feel mine? Once the blood runs thin,  
carrying the cure that quells my longing, I'll

hear  
my forgotten name  
and savor its sweet melody.

## Friend is a Funny Word

The chatter in my room: *dissipating helium*  
woven through the painted blush of twilight.

Stillness, I feel, even against the knots in my  
shrinking stomach, even as I'm prickled with

tingling constellations sharpening inside me  
as my mind see-saws between my friends

and their alien conversations with barely-  
breathing smiles, wispy laughter like *wheww*

*exhale*, as I slowly vanish into the caverns of  
my inner sanctum. A big guffaw threatens to

escape from my belly to my mouth and out  
onto the circus of my living room floor, but I

resist, lest I feign partaking in their powder'd  
nose trance. I stand prisoner in my bedroom,

sanity loosely anchored, a breath away from  
our ol' familiar habits. And though chemical

nostalgia entices me, as memories of fonder  
kinship tries to ignite my weathered lust, no

respite is found with my companions tonight.  
For I'll bear no witness to night turning dawn.

## Your Intangible Self

I care not the numbers  
desperate to define you.  
The first glance tantalizes with  
the "ecstasy of knowing",  
but we taste the truth  
upon its disappearance.

For a moment, we play, liberated from labels,  
free from the burden of being or becoming.  
But could perfection itself be measured and kept?  
Does music harp from a silent muse?

I've waited my whole life for  
that simple conversation.  
To defy all logic  
yet speak it to perfection.

So I sought to find your intangible self.  
The careful welcome of your gaze,  
like the gleaming awe of a newborn fawn,  
spoke life upon me.

But the moment vanished as soon as it came,  
when I tried somehow to make it mine, and  
make inert  
the very vibrations tethering us to eternity.

Lifeless, it was, 'til it escaped my grip.  
It was then I knew what *cherish* meant:  
*the excruciating beauty*  
*by which you and I see the world.*

And I couldn't wait to show you  
the life we've yet to brave.  
But before my callow reveal, you ran  
to the naked forest with the whirlwind in your feet.

I clumsily followed your finicky footsteps,  
pace surrendered to decrescendo.  
Suspended amidst holly and shadow,  
treasures lifted  
between rapture and sorrow,  
we felt the impalpable touch.

2:27

my mouth hurts from talking.  
the chapped part of the soul has crippled the tongue  
so that it may rest,  
assured that it's the fastest heal-ing part of us.  
like the cells  
that curiously grow when the body screams! quicksand  
after heartache  
after the split-ting sounds of ripped brigantine sails  
after incurable regrets  
tell us how suffering is the acute angle of two stopped hands  
inside a broken timepiece.  
we fool ourselves with each glance, etched  
in obsession,  
senses suspended in cruel illusion.  
now, we listen,  
knowing we don't have to walk when the ground is  
swept under  
from us. *for us.* no more flailing or shouting...  
just listen.  
we'll hear kind music, soft and discerning,  
just listen.  
we will heal and know how unbreakable we always were.  
like immutable  
bumps on a sheet of ::Braille:: - language of silent  
voices floating  
across time, imparting grace through empty spaces.

## Holding Space

my mind and heart is engorged with paradox.

*I feel tall when I kneel*

while praying on heels  
shackled only to fleeting mania.

if you only felt what I feel,

I'd surrender my final breath to glimpse the world  
together through our carefully crafted eyes  
for an infinite second in this  
mad place we've been sent.

but I bleed! life threatens to deplete -

but I'm forever sourced with sustaining force...  
*never quenched, never empty,*  
enraptured by sentiments immeasurably incandescent:  
a brightness surmised to be remnants of paradise.

goddess herself lacks this special imagination, of  
creation stretching beyond its instincts.

but she begins again, *tabula rasa hurrah*  
a new becoming of One and for All.

and as we hold this space

for young humanity, our spirits will race like a  
flaming blizzard blistering cold  
it feels like the sun.

Funny how words turn hopeless nothings  
to magic. We spoke in tongues of this enigma  
before our ears could believe it.

Now, we see it.