

Global Warming

Life happens

and happening
remains.

Every year is smaller,
hotter, less.

Inch by inch,
what happens,

happens,

even if I don't mean it to,
even while I sleep,

and what becomes is as inexorable
as burning coals,

shattered glass,

a desert spreading and blue ice
melting to black water,

trapped light corrupting dead rock
with flowers

it can't possibly sustain.

Gathering

"A truly rich man is one whose children run into his arms when his hands are empty."

- Anonymous Proverb

Winter takes what
winters do.

Ice tightens.
Snow collects.

There is nothing and you feel it
and it scares you enough

to be gravity,
to collapse like food

inside a seed and
pull everything into

yourself,
not let anything go,

not the things that thaw
the sog and green

that sops your bones,
what you want

and wait for.
Silence

like water
in a cup

and the afternoon
more and more

deeper and deeper
and here I am thinking

the saddest of possible things,
that you will look

to this ground we worked to dust
for bread and think

just bread.

Bellies

rainless, derisive sky.

air like the air
in an oven

and when nothing grows
there's only myself to chop at.

every day a mouth, a belly,
a buried seed too deep to feed

or be fed

and never sees
enough sky

to celebrate
or suffer from

how heavily one
life weighs on another.

Jerusalem

After a while everything becomes metaphor
and the things we can't say
are the tightrope and the dagger

the jagged riff and limp
life becomes,

how scared we really are.

Dressing and undressing, gravity,
sand, we are

blackened fruit,

beaches gobbled by ocean,
the measured words of

promises we can't keep

or don't,
another poor job of hiding

that all we think about
is surrender,
escape,

this crumbling city
of spent air

and flame,

talk that gets us nowhere
and is always

the same shit

or just some other way
to say it.

Damascus

Onions, peppers and garlic sizzle
in oil, thin and blacken.

I stir in black beans,
a can of tomatoes.

Steam billows and fizzes,
is warm and smells good.

Tuesdays
and things we say,

night setting, sardonic, then
darkness. Nothing changes

except things like light bulbs,
sneakers, you

on the phone with your mother
and I; your voice

mumbled and
invisible bleeds also

with how lost we get,
how stupid

and stubborn we are
to fight, ignore

what we should chase after,
the fruit at our fingers

and that which
is still ours to lose.