

Baila(dance)

It's not how well you dance,

It's the willingness of it.

Everyone could see the way our bodies worked.

The sway of hips in reckless devastating motion, the sheen of cold sweat

These curves were built to fit your form, the mathematics of it came after.

First the heave of breasts and the roll of the hips lent equation to the pen.

Culmination of a perfect storm that settles in your eyes,

Crystalline reflections the etched shivers down the base of my spine.

The ignition of coldfire touch blurring through the chest.

All night disco lights, reverb thump, echo pulses of our lifesblood.

This is what we came for.

This secret garden you keep.

Flushes of life declared in rhythmic stomp.

This is what we came for.

So dance.

Four ticks

I.

The clock ticks a question.

What is it you want to be?

The answer is caught somewhere between a bruised heart and a lying tongue.

It's caught here between the collapse of my lungs

From the heart a vacuous sigh,

From the eyes a gasp for air.

From the lips, a muffled prayer.

II.

The clock keeps ticking.

I'm writing the world love letters with my fists.

In the morning I'll complain about my bloody knuckles.

Take away my hands, fill them, make them the hands of a builder.

Give me a hammer and chisel. I'll build monuments to our beauty

All I've ever grasped is the hammer –

This is a monument to my self-destruction

III.

The clock keeps ticking.

Everything I've ever wanted is this.

An all-night lights show a cold sweat rave

The goddess in your eyes throttling past fear into something vital

A sense of survival given in deep primal kisses

Death laughing at our backs

The promises of youth rhythmic in heartbeats

An emanation of sacred love from center dancefloor

Road without end

our souls through our soles to carry us

A dream of journey over destination.

Circles in the endless forest

A dance through the grove

Reverence unclothed

Us in our nature howling down the moon.

Un-synthesized touch, a magnetic response, a tear through the veil.

Give me everything you have

make it unabashed and shameless.

Give me back the world

give me back its magic.

This is everything I've ever wanted.

IV.

The clock is still ticking.

It hardly matters now.

I've already left the room.

Whiskey Jinn

Why drink? Why Whiskey?

For the smoke inhalation, rich wood aged in poison

A beer will do the trick- Unless you're really looking to scratch the itch.

Why write it down?

For the salvation, the first breath- after a near fatal drowning.

Fascination is just a word until your bones catch fire.

Cost isn't a factor until the man brings the check.

This isn't a cautionary tale, this isn't about booze.

Stand to the side if you're afraid of a skinned knee.

Truth is the rough ride makes more sense to me.

Either the world is wrong, or I am.

Only one way to find out.

Collision.

Ride at your own risk.

Whiskeys not the vice, Whiskeys just the lubricant.

Women are the real vice.

Smooth legs, Fibonacci curves.

Funny how friction leads to a frictionless surface. Try to round out my edges.

Here's the razor, God knows I could use a shave.

Just make sure your hand is steady as you make the first cut.

Who doesn't love a well-oiled machine?

Who doesn't want to know what makes the mechanisms turn?

I can give you the pieces- it's up to you to expand the diagram.

If there's no contradiction where's the fun?

If I don't give you something to rail against will you still love me in the morning?

How much longer can you keep steady?

Crashing is just as fun as flying

Here comes your rocky shore.

Just remember. when it all breaks apart.

I warned you.

This isn't a story about friendship, this isn't about pretenses.

This isn't about electric blue love or the rose tinged flush of skin on skin.

This is how you find yourself.

Can you stand it, looking at yourself through the shards of a busted bottle?

Could you be the last coal burning on the pyre?

And sorry but could you hold on to this? It's everything I hold dear.

Choose, it's them or it's you.

Who's worth more to you?

If you had to choose for me, could you choose any differently?

I'll see your humanity and raise you one.

I'm all in, if you aren't, take your chips off the table.

Keep your safety, keep your paradigm, keep your bullshit.

I'll take a bottle of whiskey and the hard curve.

If you're not willing to face it- get out of the way.

I'll take you to the corners.

I'll take you right up the edge.

It's up to you to step off.

Now tell me what I already know.

Tell me how we're all just cowards.

Uncork me, breathe in.

Make a wish.

Exhale the burn or hold it till collapse.

Either way, I've made my point.