

Brown-eyed Sun

Oh, where are you now, my brown-eyed sun,  
my ceaseless, reckless, uncontainable force?

Your rays are inspiration,  
your heat intoxication,  
but you race with the stars  
and stronger powers than I  
would be shamed to hold you still.

Wandering light, you have stolen the fiber  
from vulnerable hearts-  
throw mine in with the pile  
but I will not reach for you.

While your art is in frantic, frenzied motion,  
mine is in calm resilience,  
a boulder unmoved, unturned by tides  
that would put you out in anger.

Oh flame of chaos, flitter on  
unfettered, ambitious soul.

Only, remember this chemistry-  
that fire and stone can dance-  
and when you alight from the cosmos, think  
of taking a turn with me.

## Ribcage

I have peeled back my ribcage,  
felt the decay of tender, protected things  
too long exposed;  
curdled, crusted blood stains  
have painted visions on my hands  
of some violence I have not committed,  
and to weep is to streak the canvas  
of war paint, my coward's camouflage.

Chill winds have whispered  
through the hollows of my stale bones  
and still I have not moved  
but to pump red life into the snow.

But no more.

Broken open, hungry, naked-  
I am become a pleading corpse,  
more indifferent than the rocks I ridicule.

What am I but an offering of angst  
preoccupied with tending dusty wounds?

Let the needle and thread deliver me,  
clumsy stitches retain my dignity,  
and when all light is gone from my eyes-  
marry me.

Sad is the Man

Sad is the man to be pitied  
In his grown-up collared polo  
And heavy key ring  
Measuring his gas to the cent  
And praying that again tonight  
Sleep will take him quickly

Each crawling evening  
He circles the drain  
And paints it over  
Malted and smoky  
With a toy harmonica  
Only half in jest

And he tells her  
Because she's someone there  
That he's tired  
And she coos her lines  
Honey false with hope  
And slips off her underwear

He assures her it's not her fault  
He wants to be buried with a blank headstone  
She's always been a good girl

And the ceiling opens up  
As she hopes that her boiling blood  
Beneath her trembling skin  
Could scald his hands  
And she could bring neon crayons  
Into his cemetery  
To scrawl a more fitting inscription

And he tries to cry but it's all dried up  
And a train would cut him in half  
Before he'd lift limbs up off the track  
As she politely hands him a knife  
And says "save yourself"  
And gathers the sheets  
And leaves.

A Thing is Happening

A thing is happening to me which I  
Did not expect at all-  
A spindly little vine  
Is growing up my garden wall

I'm quite aware, it must've been me  
Who let the seed blow in  
And I the careless one not to see  
The work it would begin

But every day it does persist  
To grow a little more  
As I keep doing my stubborn best  
Its presence to ignore

For now that it's begun, I fear  
There's nothing to be done  
I'm watching tiny buds appear  
And dreading every one

For they, I know, will bloom into  
A great trouble to worry about  
And give the strength to push right through  
My wall to each new sprout

And when they're through the wall, to me  
They'll surely go straight for my heart  
By which time I'll be too far gone to pity  
My poor garden, torn apart

## Picking Poetry

In my garden of paper trees, meadows of flowery prose  
I'm hunting and killing today.  
With chin in hand, fingers on my lips,  
Absently running them over what happens there  
I'm scouring out the harvest. Eyes darting,  
gingerly selecting a basket full  
of little plumps, my grown darlings-  
my firstborns for the slaughter.  
Stems snapping from mother branch  
where they no longer belong, I blink once  
or twice  
but show them no mercy,  
as disconnected they may yet offer life;  
of their vitality, our sacrifice,  
some honorable worth may come,  
as their clinging, deficient siblings  
fall away.