

Selections from "...And Had A Dark Urge"

Disastrous Lasting Stain

"I'm not getting what I need!"
You shouted those words
Out of frustration maybe?
Out of anger maybe?
Maybe out of desperation.
They were viscous, dripping
from your mouth.
Slowly falling into the hard
wooden slats of the bedroom floor.
Coating my ears and blood
with self-doubt and hurt.
There's no other word to describe
the halting sensation.
Toxic, viscous words
doomed to permeate my brain
and psyche
Every time I thought of
the end of our story.
Looking back at it
You were unfair in saying that.
You fucking know it.
I can't recall what exactly
you said you weren't getting.
I remember many words.
Big words and complex
sentence structures.
English major sentences.
Clarity would have helped.
Instead of dancing around
using vague terms.
If you needed something from me
You should have just
said it in plain English.
Not vague sentences.
Not in accusatory verbiage.
Not telling me what I'm doing wrong.
Not in toxic viscous words.
Just flat out tell me.
My mind spins now thinking about it.
You've fucked me over dear.
Recoiling from the moment.
Wiping the words off of my face.
And cleaning up the floor
In my own room
where they fell harshly,
Like thick blood.

Melting Memories

the cold wooden slatted bench I'm sitting on
and straining every corner of my brain,
masochistically trying to remember the little details
about you, is little help, and little comfort.
the touch of your slender shy searching hands with long fingers
as you ran them through my thick mess of hair.
sometimes grabbing a fistful and tugging me
around a bit, playfully.
(I remember what they did, but not how they felt)

your impish grin. It's cheeky appearance
when you uttered a simple five-lettered "Hello."
(I remember when it appeared, but not what it looked like)
or it with twinkling eyes when pure
emotion and love surged through you at me,
and you couldn't contain it
(I know why, but not what it felt like)

your smell. That one cuts.
I can't remember it.
only that it was yours,
and it made all my sense tingle.
my eyes flaring open or rolling into my head.
my nostrils perking wide at the familiar stimulation.
(I remember the reaction, but not the scent)

your voice in its light tenor.
using it to say happy light things.
I tragically recall the last time
I heard it in person you were crying.
you were saying goodbye.
that I do remember.
it's the good stuff, the happy stuff,
the eternal stuff, the guilt-free stuff
which is escaping me.
in an ethereal way, like smoke in the wind.
like mist on a warm day.
(I remember my love for you, but not your love for me)

A Dark Urge

I walked into the bedroom and had a dark urge.
I didn't want to kiss and hug you

As I normally do upon seeing you.
I wanted to bend you over the bed

and assert some sort of dominance over you.
That's a scary thought.

Pulling back your hair and choking you from behind.
Digging my nails into your smooth back.

How impersonal could I possibly be?
Is that a challenge, beautiful Blake-boy?

Don't tempt me. *"I'm a vindictive little
bitch, truth be told."*

I heard that once. From the classiest
mouth one could imagine.

If I draw blood spilling on my white sheets
the excitement will either scare me

or entice me with its sanguine warmth.

Karma

Why with your rolled up jeans
and high top converse

do you think you can pass
as a writer in the East Village?

You go ahead with your new friend
and walk into the hookah bar.

Another fucking hookah bar.
Is this a running theme?

The only three white people there
and two of them are gay.

Creating ethereal clouds of smoke
to surround their glowing heads

Ordering basic drinks to stay
hydrated in the changing weather.

That's clearly an excuse
they just want to get drunk.

How repetitive, how unlike him.
Not being in a comfortable place.

He feels entirely out of place,
wary of every loud noise or movement.

"This place looks like somewhere
one could get murdered and no one would know."

That's a dark thought.
Also a dark urge.

They share their current stories.
Just to feel heard and heard.

Tell me that modern day
Poe story once more.

About the creepy man
with the jar of rose jam.

A Case For Habit

The old man leaves the office and puts a pipe in his mouth
Tokes long and strong on the flavored tobacco
habitual rush of bodily euphoria seen in the fatigued eyes

The lonely woman happily sits at the bar dancing in her seat
Beer in hand and no beat unpunctuated by free formed flailing
habitual finding of her own joy wherever it may be

The pretty gay boy checks his hair in the big glass window
Gently caressing his locks with reverential vapidty
habitual need to appear perfect cracking his shiny veneer

The photographer snaps the scenes he has carefully sculpted
Each angle and shadow detailed to his genius opinion
habitual command radiating through his lens with subtle charm

The biker takes a bite of his macaroon and smiles
The bite-sized treat looking ridiculous in his rough hands
habitual sugar craving fulfilled with empty pleasure

The tourists step into the street to take a selfie
The new contraption holding out their phone for a better angle
habitual desire to be seen by the world driving them to foolishness

The sports writer wears his favorite baseball cap and argues
His topic and perspective not really as important as his tenacity
habitual slouching and shrugging off the opposition

The barista pours coffee and mans the machine
Quick efficient and callous in her method
habitual movement delivering addiction to the dulled masses

The beautiful blond ice-queen sits on the cool subway
Tall radiant and dismissive of all those below
habitual ignorance of those existing around him

The free-love girl lords over the table spouting conspiracies
Not believing anything the media tells her and searching for truth
habitual aversion to what she's told instead making her own reality

The tricolored dog perches in his master's arms eyes wide with input
Sounds from passing cars and walking humans make him jump
habitual curiosity enriching his life with terror

The taxi driver steps out of his car and stretches

His legs having grown numb from two hours of sitting
habitual yawn with his stretch relieving the dullness of his day

The eager fan anxiously waits outside of the theater
Bouncing to keep calm and warm in the crowd
habitual yearning for celebrity contact effecting quality of life

The sickly pigeon pecks at the trash packed pavement
Mangy and fearless in its slow waddle through foot traffic
habitual flight with each angry kick at its small head

The happy couple walks the sidewalk oblivious to others
Not unlocking hands and forcing people around them
habitual romance inconveniencing strangers

The juice bar girl leaves the store and pulls out her phone
She walks with her head buried in social media
habitual need to feel connected causing her to miss the world

The desperate writer sits at the table and preys on words
Each syllable alluringly spilling from his worn in mouth
habitual search for creativity's touch desperate in his brain

The elderly woman leaves the market painfully clutching her bag
The arthritis of at least six decades built up in her hands
habitual grocery run becoming less joyful with time

The panhandler shakes his cup with rhythmic precision
Filling the city air with the sound of change and hope
habitual need to survive falling onto the deaf ears of passersby