

Fairy Tale

Once there was a woman
(just this one woman one time),
who trembled at the possibility of
the truth speaking its own name.
She wanted to be chosen,
for just a moment to be “the
one.” Of all the glittering
choices, she wanted to stand out.

She feared the truth, this woman did,
and for good reason ran and hid. But
then the truth came calling,
as oftentimes truth does.

In her panic, she ran,
but there was no escape from the
truth (poor thing). The faster she ran,
the sooner the truth caught up to her, and
the further she fled, the closer it came.
She begged it not to speak its name but
the truth replied, “I’m not to blame.” The
woman wept in shame,
and with no way to escape
nothing stayed the same.

A Memory in Prepositions

Lying on our backs
together
under the draining light
on a Friday afternoon
in November,
on account of your dog
died and you blamed
the sky
for the loss,
our shoulders settling
on the damp wood
of the dock
at the end
of the trail
in the woods
near your house,
upon a tiny moment
of despair
inside your heart
under the pine trees
while the passing clouds
fade and merge
above.

Panacea

Cheers to the poem that lets the blood –
A poem - any poem that relieves the
pain, drains the blood and requires the
body
to cure itself.

Happiness is not a rescue or reward –
No, happiness is a decision we are forced to
make with mind and body, hoping our soul
will feel the choice immediately.

Just so, the pain of love has to be its own cure –
The mistakes we make, the regrets we have to
own, all because the part of us that's not real kills
as quickly as any disease.

Cheers, again, to the poem that lets the blood
– Any poem that relieves the pain,
drains the blood, and teaches the body
to cure itself with someone else's words.

Lift and Thrust

In order for birds to fly, they must have wings powerful enough to generate what's called thrust and lift. The semilunate carpal is a special bone only birds have which allows them to flap their wings. Their 4 chambered heart helps with blood supply so that their wings won't become too exhausted while they are flying. Their hollow bones help too, they are simply built to fly. I've often wondered what the name of the thing is that we humans possess which makes it possible for us to love. Is there a tendon of inclination or a nerve of resolve connecting us to our ability to surpass desire? We seem built for love in certain ways, and yet we get exhausted from flapping our wings, and when we can't get off the ground, we blame ourselves instead of our thick bones.

The Euthanasia of GracieLu

GracieLu resides inside my chest, she landed there on her way to rest. My heart beats slower on rainy days, and flutters gaily when it's time to play. GracieLu gave me her last word and when I speak it –it feels absurd. She breathed in one last time, and then flew out on flight divine. I ducked, I quaked, and I tried to dodge, but her spirit came and stayed, and won't dislodge. Now, her spirit and her final pain are both secure in my domain. Some say it is impossible, –a lark, but ever since her passing I wake, with an incredible urge to bark.