

## GLASS

i see all of you  
through the glass  
gliding, gliding, gliding

& i am gliding too  
waiting to flap again  
breathing with the still  
breeze you offer my cheek

i see all of you  
through the glass  
holding, holding, holding

& i am holding too  
quietly wondering how  
& when do i let go

i see all of you  
through the glass  
cracking, cracking, cracking

& i am cracking too  
tenderly stacking the pieces  
on the altar before me,  
turning to raw courage  
& sacred reassembly.

## STUCK

All this time  
& I've finally found just the right  
drawer to place my ~~carefully~~ ~~neatly~~  
well folded memories of you.  
You might remember the drawer  
— the one with the broken knob —  
the one we never fully closed  
for fear of it becoming stuck.

Glue drippings appear now  
through the knob's faux-crystal edges  
& still I approach trepidatiously  
pulling with slow & tender care  
fear of a new break, stuck in my mind.

## BALCONY

a small concrete balcony  
collects the rain in order  
to do its part; where else  
shall all this excess go?  
the streams & rivers are overflowing  
the ocean has forgotten how to contain herself  
every drop falls like a gavel on judgment day.

a sharp shifting view surfaces  
as i sit, dry  
insides having bled out  
for something  
unknown before today  
before a small balcony minimized  
the view & expanded the vision.  
the rain will stop & i want  
to remember how  
to contain an ocean.

SIT

i have become the alchemist  
sitting inside my vessel

compensating daytime's lack  
with visitors arriving at night

seemingly to harm  
ultimately to reveal

i want to meet you,  
on this auspicious path

i seek a compassionate confrontation  
with the lost pieces of my soul

the fragmented shards  
of an unlived life

i will never master this  
but for wisdom & grace

i'll sit, i'll listen  
& sit again, & listen some more.

## WALLS

twenty-five of them, four with mirrors.  
this feels like too many in this motherless cage.  
with all this time to think, so much staring feels cruel.  
writing about my dead ex-lover is impossible now  
despite the crumbling of its density.  
i travel at night & discover a million little ideas.  
they fade by morning — except for one — i am alone  
like second hands & pennies  
& the birds that have become preachers.  
from my window i see the freedom tower  
flashing in front of a seam in the sky  
i will pull on its edges & try to catch the fallen.