

Millennial state of mind

They planted us too deep in
The nineteen-eighties and nineties, burying
Each seed covering it like a grave.
We were born into the funeral
Of the modern world
And were asked to read the eulogy.
What could we say? There
At the end of the pendulum's swing
The exhilarating moment of stillness
And wonder. How do we hold on
When we were born in the holding still?

Sitting alone in the mountains

Sitting alone
in the mountains
writing poems
in my underwear
I haven't seen
another person in days
on this pine-softened slope.
The heart
of the mountain
is cold
even in summer,
the early morning
air cool and thin
living close to stone.
My heart
aches to be
this canyon
dweller a hermit
in the sun and wind.
I am made
for mesas,
I feel,
and chaparral.
But I am only
blowing through
from the north.
I slept in a parking lot
near Kearney.
I cut the headlights
and drove
by the light
of fireflies.
On a frontage road
a coyote ran alongside
my rolling wheel.
I don't live here.
I am laying to rest
this life
I'll never have.
I am in mourning.
Last night
a gash of stars
shone between
the opaque cliffs.

I slept listening
to the dark.
I've stayed a week,
I'll stay another
burning pinyon
to stay warm
at night,
cooking beans
over the fire,
singing songs I love
writing new ones
dreaming of making love
in blankets by the fire.
I am falling
in and out
of loneliness.
I am boiling
spruce needle tea.
Can I become
the mountain?
I want to
be beautiful
and for someone
to know
I am here.
I want to be told
I can stay.
I want to
be sure.

In the beautiful world

In the beautiful
world lies
the incredible cost
of not loving
myself, unspent.
The unrecoverable debt
of self-doubt.
The beautiful world
is full of things
like this.
Everything I
don't believe
I am,
I am.
Everything I
can't believe
is there,
is there.