

January 29th, 2015

like a bow on
a birthday present she
wraps her arms around
your body as
you swing together moving
in one
your lips sting
her taste has become
your tongue
you pass beyond fear and
doubt sadness and
spacetime you are a
comet haloed around the sun
infinitely you
feel yourself vibrate
at a level
unimaginably
small and the
whole universe stops
expanding to watch you
watch her then
collapses back into
itself and crushes you
both into something
hot and dense

January 21st, 2015

then there will be no stars
no night or day
only the on and off of light prismatic
and energy efficient
not cool not warm
not colored from a box of creamy pastels
not vitaminrich (we will
compensate with daily supplements) just
light present and fluorescent
it won't dawn or set
merely switch
and nobody will take their date
to watch a switch at the beach
or on an overhang
opening up
to the sky,
the switch is instantaneous mechanic
not mystical certainly not
godly,
set to a timer on a
perennial loop that trades
wonder for comfort the
switch assures
and reassures until we
stop asking

January 12th, 2015

my love — the smash
of jaws and snarling fangs
and lots and lots of meat
and bone and blood

my love is the last rattle
of life quivering out of lung
and the tremble
and the close-up on face
famous last words
neck crooks back
eyes pass to thousand yard stare
cue music
cut to funeral
cue rain
fade to black and that's a wrap
see you all next week

my love is more than me
it is the unavoidable end
the earth swings into the sun
in the final act of a curious
little game

my love is dishes in the sink

December 2nd, 2014

you speak
air pushes against air
pushes against me
now I hear the autumn of voice
transported on biting gnashing teeth
and flicking wriggling tongue, these bones organs
of snow of sleet of frozen days
that curl up weeping under gray blankets
letting slip blades of dewy grass
and warm wakefulness,
consigning them both to their own sleep,
I hear the autumn of voice
noshing on the dry and stark,
the night that creeps along,
I hear it muttering mumbling hushed
like a secret slipping out of lips,
a voice that murmurs and thuds
and dips and digs into me
like a rake that claws the ground
in search of something to rake
because this is the essence of it,
this is why it is a rake.
and so the air journeys forth
from mouth to ear to electric
to brain, and back,
traveling like the seasons
that crunch together eternally without meaning
except to fold into each other.