

Night Breathe

There is a measure of time
Marked by the pain of another
A quiet listening
For signs of relief, a collective release of air
Sometimes
A night marked by the rhythm of breathes
Like the steady splash of oars
Dipped in black water
It will not always be this way
I repeat like a prayer
As myself or
in another body

Barnacle

Long copper bar
Everything on it oversized
Around me lemon lights cut
I need a bag over my head
Bags for everyone
And touch is more bearable than sight
Or possibly phone conversations
But only while smoking on the steps
I drink to wake
panic plunge under crystal pools
The minutes after an ecstasy
The minutes of my life I actually live
To drink around strangers with bags over our heads

A Long Hike To Nowhere

If anyone really knew
The right amount of drinks
Or doctor visits
I just came from one
The only time I hate dwelling on myself
And there is more
How to spend time
A dark vessel always hides its contents
And have peace
Not to possess
But settle in
Like you do in a home
That actually feels like home
All the corners extensions of you
Then I would search them out
Travel as far as I needed
And sit at their feet
And never leave.