

Ragged Heart Moon

I had this dream I could run forever,
but my shoes
were two loose, and even
with what all I could carry,
I kept grabbing for more –

“They want boys,” I tell two friends
at a bar, “They want boys,
which makes them girls
and I need a woman.” They concur, thoughtfully,
and we continue
our day drinking.

This dream has already come true!

And here comes Christmas, next,
and then more classes,
and it will all keep going,
until it doesn't, anymore, and when does, it will do so
much like
it went. . .

It gets hard for me to see
without the burgundy music of love
to drown out the world.
So I went for a real run, tonight, man,
down to the harbor;
moon like a balloon
over my ragged tune –
I just can't
let go.

Tempest: Take Me Home

Pinching myself when what
I really want is to *love*. Doubt
is an artist's best friend, anxiety
his worst enemy. We have to know

something – meet me
someplace we can stand, together. A lot of guys
are getting in fights around me, girls
dancing around them.

You can have that. You can have
it all.

I'll take the tempest
inside of me – but here's my solemn vow: *let's let
this panic go*, souls
like periscopes. . .

If I'm honest, I never thought
it'd be like this! Never thought
I'd have to fight so hard
for a kiss.

"Where is she?" I ask Johanna
behind the bar. "You know?
Queen of Hearts? My fifty-foot woman?
Been waitin' awhile. I've been lookin'."

The Snowman

“Standing in the rain and sleet”

– Leonard Cohen

I can't feel
what I feel. With each
poem, I'm more
alone –

*10 years in. 10 years since I became an artist. 10 years
since I've been in a relationship – with a woman. It took Springsteen*

up
and down
Charles St., I'm like
a mural –

*10 years to cut the fat off his craft, much longer to learn how to live.
The same existential crises haunt me,*

heavy
and surreal, slight
and real, shaking
from the gist
of it –

*and I have to lean into the work
in front of me. The same dreams betray me. The same dreams save me.*

things
could be
worse, waking
from a thousand
dreams.

The Casualty of Romance

A woman
in Staten Island –
during
Hurricane Sandy –
had her two sons
swept from her arms.

And even then
love does not die.

It has an immortal tongue,
like politics, during war.

And they say
you shouldn't talk it
during a tragedy –

look at us, now, boys!
we've each liked
the same girl, one time
or another, each confessed
our own separate ways, singin': *I need to believe*
there's something possible, here?