

breakfast of champions

he tastes of coffee
and dopamine—

breakfast of
champions

he gave chardonnay kisses
in the starlit streets
of brooklyn

and i gave him
my papier-mâché

heart

crafted by so many
discarded loves

but somehow still
whole

holed up in his holy
embrace, greedily

gasping

for his communion—
sipping the sweet red wine
of my saviour

blocked

thunder groans like
an angry mother
inside my head--

shouting for me
to come back inside
but i am not ready.

the thunder grows stronger
and her voice is going hoarse
but i want to feel the
prickly drops on my skin--

maybe the tinge of cold
will wake up
my distant mind
and let the floral
caverns bloom

after so many
months of
dry and browning
thoughts.

the sun as my lover

Bathing in the golden milk
of the sun, it's fiery strokes
of light coaxing shivery trails
of goosebumps,
the same ones produced
when the hedonistic flesh
of a ripen peach flirts
with my hungry tongue;
a primal performance
of photosynthesis.

He envelopes me
in warm, sturdy arms
and sows kisses
in the soil of my skin,
nourished solely by
his gold ubiquitous light—
an interwoven devotement
composed of eddying rays
of beauty.

To transcend from
flesh to plant,
to embrace
the molten shackles
of the sun,
is to supplicate their burns
in toe-curling salvation.

the tulip

in the ochre bruise
of late afternoon
a frantic tulip bulb,
red as rage and pulsing,
plots the demise
of its alabaster shackles.

lapping up the aureate sun-honey,
determination blossoms
the bud and
crumbles its captor.

through layers of timeworn
soil and emotions,
the flower burrows—
only stopping once
crisp atmosphere caresses
its newborn petals.

supermassive black hole

your fingernails
left comet tails
on the smooth skin
of my back--

hush

as the galaxy
between us
collapses

gravity has given in--
we float away
from our true bodies

the sun
of your soul
has scorched my lips
but the pain
is absent:

there is beauty
in a black hole