

A short preview from a collection of poems and prose

Innocent Until Proven Guilty

I asked if I was ready,
if I was really ready for this role

 this next step

I didn't realize when I asked

what you say can and be used against you in a court of law

do you understand

that my questions were being considered

that they ruled against me

I didn't realize that my court of law was the judgement of my unborn child

Sep 1

I worried over my life - over the coming changes of you

I worried about giving up my hobbies

I worried my dreams would be cast aside

I worried for the new name I would hear when someone was calling for me

I worried about my identity

and I'd see, in my mind's eye, the thing that eased those worries: a glazed look cast over my eyes as I gazed with a soft sigh at puckered bowtie lips, my jiggling body juggling yours

I worried and I mulled and I cursed

at my own egotistically narcissistic fears

What I'd give for that battle in my head, instead of the ongoing war that is present now

Is that why you've gone?

Did I worry you right out of me?

Flat

I look for you in all the plateaus of my stomach

the diminished swell of my breasts

the aching empty that lies low and stagnant in my abdomen

I find you in the fissure of my heart

the scars there still wonder how the questions of my brain could have buried you?

Terminating the future we created in the natural, unbearable, unavoidable
termination of you.

Pieces

I see the world in the pieces of me

in the pieces of you

in the pieces of all the things we hoped we would do

the love lost, sucked away with all our hopes, too

cries in the night ache in my throat

raw and worn from dehydration pouring through

my head pounds with the sickening realization

it was supposed to be cries in the night, restless arms reaching out

to hold you

Hoping

you rub my back and you pull me to you

rumpling the sheets

I hear your sobs and we squeeze the sorrow

hoping, hoping

eventually there will be too little to squeeze through

Yearning

It's been a week and we're afflicted with the abuse that physical healing delivers.

The connection that comes from our desire to show how needy we are for one another has engulfed us in flames. Flames that can only be squelched by an intimacy that currently cannot be had. We tease and we touch. We sigh and then curse. "It's too soon isn't it?" you ask not fully wanting to hear the confirmation that comes from the husk of my voice. But. There's comfort in knowing

we're both yearning

we're both healing.

