

Earth, Water, and Sunlight: A Poetry Collection

Roots

Do cloven hooves walk beside you?
I have found fortune in their sound.
What about a rush of raging wings
In the sky just above you?
The ringing of a revival.

I will never hear another voice
Beyond the realm of these trees
Where stone slabs mark the paths.
And I wish you would stay here with me.

Hold my hand as I cover them
With moist clay and ask
This imprint to keep us together.

God stole Adam's rib
But who receives it?
It wasn't me.

I spoke with Him and He told me
There was no rib. I still feel the cavity
In my chest. You and God conspired
For this end, no?

My hand has sat so long in this soil.
The worms have come to feast
And I will not stop them.

This Too Shall Pass

Before you venture off
Into that fullness of void,
See this ant.

The thing is the size of a lemon seed.
Is that massive or minuscule?
I cannot tell.

She's crawling up my sleeve
And perhaps where I once held fear
I will hold a kaleidoscope.

I want you to hold out
your hand for her. Will you?
And when she scuttles aboard,

Is it because she trusts you
Or because she is terrified of me?
Let her disembark on a sun-warmed stone.

She will know what to do.
Do you see how just beyond
The stone there is a striped feather?

The breeze is rocking it from side to side.
If it blows away it will never come back.
You can stick it upright in the earth if you want.

It will stay right there with you.
I can see your eyes are getting heavy,
So I will stay with you too.

Let's lie down in the overgrowth,
The sunlight comes through there
And can accompany you on your journey.

I hope wherever you end up
There are streams to swim in
And birds to listen to.

Please send me a postcard.

Our Bodies in Water

4:00

Freshly melted snow rushes by
while I find my solitary balance
on a cold stone in its midst.
The dampness absorbed by the
soles of each of my feet
and the aquatic symphony
have become deafening.

10:00

blood trickles from
my scraped up bare knees
as we rest, breathing heavy
on the rocky shore of a creek.
We giggle as the tiny frogs
held loosely in our fists
wiggle between our fingers.

16:00

sitting in a stagnant pool
at the bottom of a local canyon
hugging my knees to my chest.
The air is thick with the
smell of ferns and moist dirt.
The green slime on the surface
is clinging to my skin.

Clouded Judgment

flies swarm in your vision
creating black clouds
dragged down to your knees
you shout out in indecipherable tongues

vines wrap up from in between your toes
snakely coils going up and around your ankles your calves
sprouting leaves as they constrict your torso

somewhere in the distance a voice bellows
calling you home but this is home
your brain has curdled yet I am the sinner
I am the voice that bellows

You can only wander so far as the serpent allows
you know that I am no serpent
I will not guide you to or from crisp agony

The lilies feign innocence
beckoning their victims
to the valley where the
shadow of death lies in waiting

Carnivores

I am the carnivores' favorite.
They claw into my chest,
appraising my body and soul.

A body worthy of ravage,
a soul worth less,
unable to atone for its ineptitude.

After they use their lips,
siphoning my blood from
every oozing wound,

after they have devoured
the tissue off each of my ribs,
gnawed on them 'til they're pearly white,

after there is nothing
left to fill their gluttonous,
bulging bellies,

they spit up the bile that once was me
only to slurp the viscous sludge down again.

They know that I will only watch in horror,
apologizing profusely.