

Blue Monday

I stretch out. Lean forward and crack
my back. Sit at the edge of my bed
as joints ache, staring down at my feet.
Head foggy. Eyes weary. Hands stiff.
Cock soft. I get up, scratch my ass,
and look in the mirror. Hair has grown
thick along my face, down my neck. I try
to recall my birthday. Any birthday.
For a moment, it is forgotten. No age
comes to mind. No placement in the years
spent with the living is registered.
Nothing is there.

When did I begin to feel this way?

Where has my memory gone?

I don't know.
I just woke up. It is early,
or perhaps too late. I put on coffee
and brush my teeth. It's Friday, I think.
Well. It's a day. A day all too similar to all
other days. Somehow, without knowing,
I slipped into a dreary routine. Been
afflicted by mundanity. It hurts. Worse than
most other pains. Yet, there is a stinging vacancy
just behind my ribs. Indigestion, I thought.
But there is a voice in my head. It is soft and soothing;
a voice that makes me think of emerald eyes and love.
A memory, I thought. It quickly dissipates. Burns up
under the kitchen light as I pour myself a cup of
coffee.

Maybe one day this will end, I thought.
Maybe not. I'll see when Monday comes.

As the Dust Dances

Feline

It was dark. We sat together
on a stranger's bed. Drank sweet red wine.
Smoked cheap cigarettes in the faint light
of the moon. I couldn't see her. Only
her silhouette. And on occasion,
the faint shimmer of her opal eyes.
I rubbed my hand down the ridges of her
spine. She leaned in and kissed me.
It was that simple.

Then, after the wine coursed through
our veins, loosened our tongues,
we began talking. We talked about
how lost we've become,
how out of touch we've grown.

We talked about the last time
we saw each other.

I talked about
seven
different
occasions,
one for each
varying
year.

She talked about one.

"Oh yeah," I told her.
"It's hard to forget about that one in-particular. That's
just how great pains are though."

She apologized for it and tilted the bottle
back, way back. Some of the red

As the Dust Dances

trickled down her chin, over
her breasts and heart.

It didn't matter.
She had always been disconnected
from her emotions. And I was born
hard-wired to feel a feather
along long-dead skin.

So I went on about the seven other occasions
I saw her. All of them
involving her being far too drunk
at some bar I happened to stumble into
or work at.

That's when things grew complicated.

She threw her arms around my neck
and snapped. Softly cried. Sniffled.
Took another swig of wine then passed it
to me. "Am I truly that oblivious? That neglectful?"
she asked.

And I sat, staring into her opal eyes as the moonlight
bent around them, causing them to look more
cat-like than human.

What is a man to say to such a question? She had
mangled me once before long ago, and could do so
now. I took a drink and felt the red run down my chin,
along my chest.

"No," I told her, not knowing truly what I was
talking about, but quietly convinced that people
do not change. No. People do not change. If they did
there would be no more war, no more murders,
no more heartbreak or adultery. People are animals.
We just have the curse of morality and awareness.
Freewill and choice.

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I lit a cigarette, took
a drink, and passed her the nearly empty bottle
of wine. She drank it. I leaned back and inhaled.
She climbed on top of me
and kissed me. Sank her teeth into
my bottom lip. Drew blood.

That was that.

As the Dust Dances

Fish

At the edge of the shore, I stood.

Wind caused the trees to shiver, shaking loose
the build up of blackened snow and dead leaves
and dead branches.

Frost in the air burned my knuckles, turning them
bloodied red. Nothing, so it seemed, could disturb the
stillness, the tranquility, of the lakes slushed surface.
Suddenly, a large bass jumped in the distance. I watched it
emerge from a hole in the slush then slide back in
without a splash, without a sound.

I bent down and picked up a large stone. A dense, gray and brown
piece of solid earth. It's weight caused a great pain to flare up
in my shoulder, but I endured. I endured for the sake of disturbing
the surface that should've already been disturbed. A bass that size
was sure to do the trick, yet nothing shifted. Nothing rippled
across the surface towards the shore where I stood, and it
bothered me to see that such peace existed. I'd never
seen anything like it. Moved by this call for chaos, I threw the stone
as far as I could; casted the first mortar of war.

My gut churned with regret as I watched my mistake crash
into the icy water. Ripples, large and well-spread, moved towards me,
gained momentum, and as they entered shallower waters, they
began to grow into waves, tall waves, taller, taller still, until they were
taller than me; waves of mistake 6 feet over my head.

And I was motionless. Not out of calm, but out of fear and regret.

And the moon drifted down below the tree-line.

And the sun remained tucked below the horizon.

And the waves arched over me, grew loud like a high-pitched scream,
causing my ears to bleed.

And I closed my eyes, ready to accept whatever came next.

Lapse

It was under the cold moonlight
when it came to me. Her eyes,
Tiger's Eyes, glimmered as we stood
outside smiling and laughing,
kissing and groping what bits
of each other we could
through the heavy winter-wear.

That was when it came to me.

We try and we try, but the wheels
churn without traction. We laugh,
we love, we kiss, we fuck, we live,
and it is all chased away by sleep.
We walk on through life
and life begins to collect around
our edges, our hips, our bellies,
our thighs, our minds, our eyes.
Eventually, the skin on our bodies
begins to sag, bones soften while
joints stiffen, muscles weaken, and
all those beautiful memories
begin to blur and blur beyond
recognition. Even now, while
I am still young, nearly a quarter
to 100 years of living
(which I hope to never hit)
I am haunted by impermanence
and the distorted visions of drunken nights
spent in-love.

A day is not truly a day, just as
an hour is merely shorter for minutes,
and somehow, during my time occupied
in my mind, I ended up on top of her
and those eyes, pushing in, sweating,

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drunk and high, trying
to make it, but unable to make it.
I roll off. She rolls onto my chest.
We sleep.

When the sun comes,
I open the window and chase
out the smell of pot. Breathe in
the fresh air of a new day
and wonder how long I have left.

Where Have We Gone?

Absence is the dust
of our collected pasts.
We are here, now, but
the wind removes all traces
of what we were,
shifts the grains of sands
and dirt overtop
the stillness of our bones.

The wind blows
the polaroid she held
in her hand down the empty
boardwalk. Salt gathers
along the image of us,
corrodes it, eats away
at it, carries it someplace else—
 hopefully more kind
 than here.

And I hold a letter
she wrote me years ago,
long after the polaroid
was taken, one that tells me
she loves me, yet
she can't be in-love with me
anything longer.
She is unwell. She is leaving.

I draw the flame close to it
and watch
as it crawls across the
lined paper, consumes it,
the way she once
crawled over me.

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Ashes fall and are carried away
by the same wind
that claimed that polaroid,
that covers our bones,
and it is that wind
that, too, carries the
fragmented memories off
into the distance; all that we
left behind is gone, fading
and forgotten.

we were there, once.
we are here now,
and now,
we are not.