

## **And In The Confusion...**

And in the confusion, I snapped  
Dreams are not meant to escape  
    Not meant to evaporate  
And I find myself looking for dreams on HGTV  
As if shaping my environment will drag me into a new place  
    A place that I enjoy

Dreams are weights really. They are dark matter on the synapses of your mind  
tugging, causing you to abandon that which you love, or at least think you do.

And in the confusion following touchdown,  
    I scoured the world  
    for love.  
And I think I found it (feeling the drag on my honesty even in writing),  
I think I found it.

Tucked deep within my past, I dredged it up from an unlikely place.  
I pushed and nurtured to the point where separation seems silly.  
    But what if it's not right.

And in the confusion, I continued in chaos - being tossed in the waves and definitions  
of what it means  
to be in love.

And the more I try, the harder I find it - to be in love.

## **What I do for love...**

Fresh, like a can tuna - the crack of first light squinting it's evil eye on the disastrous remains  
High on the fumes of desperation,  
The blur of the room is fleeting, yet the pounding in my head is not.

### *Last Night...*

Glitter pants check  
scraped knees check  
fake hair check

pee in my bed  
glitter pants ruined  
heart breaking

You can't hear a heart breaking from lack of use, like the car placed idly in a garage to never run again.

It is gentle and hushed, like a foot step taken carefully and placed unknowingly onto a flattened piece of glass only to crunch, hushed under foot.

I have learned that late nights don't mend a broken heart - they just silence it's perpetual beating.

And with everything we do for love, you'd think we'd caution ourselves.

Remind ourselves that we are indeed lost reporters in the desert searching for the last great story. Because it is always our last, with love that is.

## Weighing Intimacy

Nights surge.

With the sweet breath of silence whispering the nuances of fear close at my neck.

The hairs stand on end, like children playing army.

Toy guns in hand, aimed motionlessly into the air - they freeze.

Poised to fire and run all at once.

And the first shot was fired.

(Concord and Lexington can hear the cries.)

Into the collective hearts of the front line, only to fall, vulnerable to the elements.

(And where is a mother when you need one? Burdened by love.)

Chaos fills the air. The smoke drifts in between the quiet  
calls to regroup.

Hushing the fallen wisdom, wisdom hushed by old men's pride.

Those who ran never stuck around long enough to hear the faint  
echoes of the wounded.

Fear never waited for the smoke to clear and the static to stand aside.

*The trees swept away into the dark air, removing the faint - but welcomed - glow of the moon. A gentle dirt path curved naturally through the forest offering a welcome retreat from the invisible. Moonlight dancing with the fireflies. Hope lays shattered on the ground in the wake of battle, but the silence in the night air is not foreboding. It is graced by the melodic transfer of dying breaths for eternity. The souls dance in a beautiful ray of blue, darting through the edges of the forest, but never daring to enter. The river beyond twinkled with the gentle touch of water bugs tampering with the surface.*

I wait for the dawn to clamber over the horizon, dragging behind it the shallow intimacy of light.

The light that sends a wave of insecurity. It is an ending.

And I run to the horizon. To push back the sun. To hold it at bay. Never again resist. resist.  
resist.

And while we laid entwined in the sheets. My arms wrapped around you like a vine.

I hated you.

But a tear shed in honesty rewrites any war.

So I strung a rope between us, a rope pulled taut over a moat.

Our castles confronted, but never answered the calls.

You waited long enough, but then quickly picked up brick by brick and ran

Into the woods down the long winding path

Past the bodies and the light.

You were hidden deep within the dark forest for fear of being discovered.  
But it didn't matter, because I found beauty without the dawn.

All I ask is you to hold your neck out, stretch it far past the shielding of the chain mail  
Lay it down on the chopping block and trust  
That when my sword falls, to sever the last fringes of hesitation

I will return the favor.

## **Grounded**

“She keeps me grounded,”  
has only been a justification for your loneliness  
being quenched.

The air should always touch our souls  
of our feet so that we may never see  
the ground, because who wants to be  
grounded.

Like a child who just dropped his first  
“fuck!” in front of his mother  
or a teenager who stole the car for sex,  
but chickened out.

A punishment for living.

Grounded, buried deep. Stuck in place.

I’m sorry that you felt the need to take your last bit of chewing gum,  
that you chewed obnoxiously all day,  
spit it into your hand,  
and place it cautiously on the bottom of your shoe  
because you were afraid to float away.

Grounded is not a good word. Whether you’re a child or an air traffic controller,  
yet we are all willing to hang up our wings before we hit 40.

## The Dinner

Man must confront death casually, as if a Sunday dinner

- Once, like the entree.

The appetizers are nothing more than final remarks

- meaningful and lasting - yet not enough to satisfy

Drinks are casual, not capable of carrying the meat of the message

- they trend to the mundane

The moor of life, the more of a short existence.

- The futile hope that promises little more than the short savory flavor

- of an untold promise that eludes even justice itself.

And the salad - the soft shadow lurking behind us

at all times with sweet promises of life long after life,

- of existence unsevered, a swift timeline

- of each and every meal - eaten, thrown away and returned

- vomitted into the wastebasket and forgotten.

Seconds are rare in time, space and life.

You rarely reach the edge of the world twice

- with all of your teeth and tongue intact -

Because what is a steak without teeth, or a strawberry without a tongue

Nothing more than the dirt you ate as a child - before you knew any better

- But still enjoyed it just as much

Imitating the world - even the meals you ate - because you were apart of it  
in its grandeur and tragedy.