

Help

This poem doesn't matter
And neither do I.
No one cares
About the mornings I wake,
And between sips
Of coffee, write words
That would scare
Me to speak.
Poems
That are quietly jotted
While keeping an eye
Over my shoulder,
A protective hand
Ready to hide
Unworthy words.
Wounds picked at
By fragile fingers,
Clotting and scarring
But only in places
Easily hidden by clothing.
Pages, tattooed
With puke,
Red with guts,
Are torn
From their spiraled
Spine and stashed
Beneath my bed
In a black box.
Like a sociopath
I hoard bone
Fragments of maimed
And murdered
Poems.
Somebody,
Please Help.

The Dam

There are tears welling behind my eye lids,
I can feel them pooling.
They can't get through.
When did I construct this indestructible dam?

I forgot to build a release valve,
Now the land below is barren
And it shows in my face.
My eyes are heavy with the burden.
They are weakening but will not crack.
Even when I want to breach the dam
And allow the cascading waters
To meander and sinuous, soaking my skin
Splashing my shirt, I am not
Strong enough.
How ever I constructed these walls
And whenever I did it, I built
Them to last a lifetime.

Spliff

I took a nug
From the dub
On my dresser.
I cut it
With the teeth
Of my four piece
Grinder.
A pinch of tobacco
On a mound
Of greens;
They dance
And spin
And roll
Until they
Cuddle into
Their
Paper bed.
A flick
Of a bic
It's lit.

The Sticky Smoke

Loosens

The Legs

And

Sends

Silence

and

Sounds

Into

Space.

Half an Hour on the Floor

I sat on a pillow,
My knees tucked
Into my chest, arms
Wrapped around them.
Spine long, chin high
I tried to observe
The breath as it came
And went. I felt
Like a panhandler
Begging it to teach
Me something, but
It only ever looked
At me and smiled.

Sometimes, I Feel like Moss

If you knew me, you might say I'm always around
But can go easily unnoticed,
That my sense of humor
Can be dry, but also wet
(If the two are antonymic).
You might describe me as reserved,
Hiding in the shade, avoiding the sun's
Spotlight.

I might agree with you too.

But I also might say,
That when you rest your head
On me, I will be soft and giving.

I may not dance in the wind and rain,
But I will soak in every moment.
You can step on me, I can take it.
When the heat is up I might
Wilt or crack, but patiently
I'll wait for the rain to rinse
Off the dust.
I may be small now, not covering
Much ground, but soon
You'll forget about me
And the next time you notice
I'll have covered the world.