

If God Cuts

I wonder what the Big Bang
sounded like when there was no
air to produce vibrations.
Would something consisting of
everything make less sound than
the snapping of a twig, a
whole universe just barely
noticed? Or are the after-
effects of that always blast
still rupturing time's eardrums,
severing non-existent
space to be consumed by the
everlasting liquid pitch
illuminated by the
spectrum of light that our eyes
have not yet adapted to see?

I wonder if God cuts.
I wonder if the anthropomorphic He
slashes His wrists with Occam's Razor
when we complicate what necessitates
that which frames physicality.

I wonder what it was like
after the Fall. Preordained,
misplaced lines traced along the
imprints of what we are to
leave behind. And I wonder
what Adam and Eve felt when
they realized that despite
all of it, they could still laugh,
hand upon the shoulder that
made the world guilty. And he
forced a smile when he said "We
have no true purpose but to
create our own. Now we have
to decide what makes us cry
and what makes us laugh."
And we wander when suns see night.

When He Slept the Day

He could not
Stand and stare into the starless sky
Seeing his reflection embodied
The advancing darkness, seldom fought
He could not

Knowing this was not a once
Like the first moment he could not
But a year from a day, came movement
That pumped disease through his varicose veins
That kindled his hair, now volcanic terrains

He could not
Let the weight of his incompetence
Condemn final nail in permafrost coffin
To fix unkempt pleas he had wrought
He could not

Set off at the birth of the light
He played hop-scotch with the horizon
Then the sun withheld its rays, startled the grave
When even darkness fled his empty eyes
Twilight prayed he could not wake the night

The Days of Cold

Their cross bared all red fines
For penalty twice splayed, crushed were the
Days of gentle warmth when the secret the two
Held between themselves morphed
To devastate what they thought was love
I know, I have always known
I pity them for not knowing
But love that strongly binds also blinds
And has the fiercest explosion when pulled taut

I calculated the blood mist in passion
I found it better to inhabit the days of cold
Air so clear that it is hard to breathe
When even hesitated exhales can change
The surrounding temperature

I count them naïve but not fools
Hope in love can cremate mountains
But a flake cowers at a chance for greatness from pain
Such that I know well
Room for overcast indecision combusts
If my everything have naught to give
Like them, weakness was a choice I made
Wretch of me forsaking my once persistent age

Every conclusion conducts corruption
A lie in shriveled lines, if only I am the one who knew
Who can be prepared to love another
If we don't yet know ourselves

I will test my luck forgetting myself and remembering them

Mighty am I, to profess knowing both worlds
The continuum between loneliness and interaction
Bliss can be found in both
But agony waits for the presence of the touch lost
Skin regaining its color when the pressure fades
And sorrow is imagined from a feeling never known
Goosebumps chilled and detained, warmth to never release
I was counted wise for blocking out the world
I found myself the fool

Composition

Every leaf attached to its branch
that tumbles through the wind
independently of itself
but we still perceive them as tree.

*

And still fake
all the clouds made of rain given depth by dust
given reason by life made simple by simple while we stare
longing for the chance to end drought and loose dirt by covering our
only source of lasting light.

*

Do I bring
the rain when I struggle to remember the dimensions
of her smile? Mustering, I feel ragged when I prefer not to feel the glow
of the sun. Do I hire a watchmen alerting me when the setting gift ignites
purple and strawberry clouds?

*

I saw the temporal cluster of cells
composing her unfamiliar face.
Are the fissured parts by themselves
any less magnetic perceived as the whole?

Ascend

You climbed force and fodder,
stumbled over curses they spat at you
but it never stopped you.

*

A tree blooming in the spring, you began cascades of
red and pink overwhelming silence in the wind. You were so warm, too inviting
that you lost all of your flowers when the others saw beauty and plucked it for themselves.
They came in droves: grimy hands, calloused, cut,
and the hangnails! All snatching away the colors to cover their hands in a bouquet
made of your life. When the storms came back to scatter seed and shower essence
they didn't recognize you and passed by. They cried their life over trees that had not
changed. They took away your hope to create more life. But you had not died yet.
So you became what you had left—a mass of dark twisted bark colorless. And ignite.

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You cut your hair and dyed it black.
You rolled up your sleeves and were unafraid.
You wore your scars
so the others would see.

*

True, most scorned what you had become but some, those too ashamed to seek
refuge in fertile trees—in vibrance—saw you, though battered, dark, worn, abused. They
saw you still holding out your limbs wide for those who write their own darkness.
Even in your moment of abyss, devoid of color, you still held the light. When the storms
had realized their mistake when they granted life to those who refused to yield their crop,
they didn't come back. They held their breath, their energy, their might
until they saw a dying tree still providing life with what it had left.
The storm saw you and again felt joy that exploded into wind and rain
but you were still the lone tree on the hill and when lightning struck, it struck you.
You were a desert bone, a husk, kindling, for so long you couldn't stop the flames.
They erupted despite the waterfall and consumed the other trees as well, flames leaping of
grasshoppers, flowing of consuming locusts. While they croaked groaned splintered in
their own pain, you used your last breaths to warn the animals that had taken shelter in you.
Your life was incinerated, released, spiraled up with the hurricane.

*

You were caged for so long by what we did to you
that your soul reverberated when it whistled skyward.
Your body evaporated before we could confine it in another coffin.
We were the others, and we now see.

*

Thanking the storm for inciting freedom you danced in the stratosphere where the clouds
were finally calm, where the sun still bleeds the same colors you once knew.
And after you made it your livelihood to wage war for others, you were finally granted
peace. Dancing now at an altitude which I can always see
out of reach from all of the thieves
including me.