

“the city of me”

if i walked through the city where would i find you and at what time?  
would i be pushed aside by a sea of people? would the earth be dawning you, my love, peaking over  
buildings and plummeting downwards to me  
this unknowable anonymous passer-by on the sidewalk waiting then not waiting to cross to you  
or would we meet in some early morning stillness full with the possibility of becoming  
or the bowery  
the bowery  
tattooed with graffiti and erasure  
would I be among the trash and rats stumbling full speed like so many nights before looking for some  
filler for this void that is contained in my legs walking nowhere  
carrying my shameless public crying atop my aching feet bones a foundation for my crumbling  
an architecture of destruction and recovery  
and what of city sounds calling me?  
is that your voice I hear in the bells there is there a church  
does it echo and reverberate off the structure of your composition on my skin traveling  
what is this new found religion or is it an awakening my goddess once sleeping on some park bench  
wasted and lost for home sick with searching now roused with the noise and heat of you  
her voice my words inside of me sounding once invisible now solid form in air beckoning the skeleton of  
my soul  
no zombie girl walking no not now but whole the dead resurrect we heard them talk about jesus  
and what of mary m. for sale my soul mate feeling stones hit and asking for more of what begged for it  
we heard them talk about jesus i said jesus in woman form in all forms dancing to some homeless man's  
rant made sensical in the noise of it all made silent by each day's light passing is that where I find you  
in that golden hour in that blessed golden hour that haunted minute of fullness which amplifies a light  
so often forgotten neglected abused  
but how golden you are bathing the city of me  
bustling frozen bustling still bustling full a citizen in your light  
bathing the city of me and my broken bridges arching dirty water flowing backwards  
bathing me my unlikely flower blossoming in the cracks of cement and decomposition  
but not there no not in the puddles of human projectile human searching  
splashed on this canvas this city  
no not in the shadowless darkness not the alleys of my past darkness shedding  
i know this now  
that I will find you at bethesda pouring  
me kneeling  
and you and you  
an angel of your own war you've told me in bleeding secrets  
this wound of a life made sacrifice to this dripping stone angel war angel ours  
my own feelings shedding off my skin into your water of scattered coins and desperate wishes  
i've prayed for this i'll say it whatever it is i'll say it

at bethesda frozen in mercy hovering  
in the center of my city garden made ours by surrendering to arrival accepting this blessing in unison  
at her feet swelling stone and bowing to a war now over  
for there is a war called searching  
and there is a peace called found

“the ocean”

I did not come from adam's rib  
Nor eve's  
But from the mud bloomed lotus turned human  
And I stand here with my parts connected (outwardly)  
There's a song about that they teach to school children  
Head shoulders (get on your) knees and toes  
Knees and toes  
Subliminal messaging about blow jobs but nothing about the heart  
Pumping and regurgitating recycled. Liquid. Memory.  
Sprouting limbs from the rubble of you of her my past  
my present severed  
In equal distance from my shadow to the ground from the ground to my past  
I am running  
Run run run run run run run run  
Stop  
Full stop  
Full bloom full moon full as I ever wanted  
Whole now human form  
Grown from the rubble of life  
From her own history  
And this is where it's important you see  
This is where it's important  
From that rubble of a soul  
piece by piece she laid the brick  
And piece by piece it turned to sand  
And grain by grain she drifted  
Into the ocean  
And she, I will let it be absorbed Into swelling  
I said swelling; or what is the moment before becoming  
And crashing; or what is the moment of oblivion  
Or what is the difference?  
Can you tell me?  
What is the difference?  
But swelling is the key  
And swelling  
And swelling  
And again and again and again and again and again and again  
I said please I'll say it  
Into what I cannot comprehend and have *no* desire *all* desire to  
Let it be connected

In the moment of impact am I sand or water or are our hands the both of them  
inside of us and the millionth wave of becoming within you  
Is the ocean  
The moon never asked permission to reflect off the surface  
And the exact molecule where the sky touches it  
Then expands into my heart  
and the universe in my chest yes is bursting; or what is the horizon but an idea  
Like you  
An idea  
Like us  
An idea  
An idea drop by drop builds an ocean  
We built an ocean  
Where there was desert and my once land  
My still yet once cracked soul  
My dry once land of a cracked body  
Your hand  
A carpenter  
Building piece by piece out of this rubble of me  
And I will give it  
I will give it to her  
I will spill into opening  
Let it pour  
I said let it pour I'm ready  
I said let it pour I'm ready for it  
I'm ready I'm ready I'm ready I'm ready to run  
Run run run run run run run run  
jump  
Into the ocean  
Don't ever stop  
It's ours.

“the woodsman”

the woodsman came today to tear my oak tree down  
i didn't hear him coming he came to lie me down  
he took off his suspenders he chopped me down to size  
and I didn't hear him coming as he shut my eyes  
i would've screamed to have you help me but no one's round for miles  
and i didn't hear him coming guess he wanted a surprise  
and that woodsman sure was quiet but he's loud inside my head  
cuz there's no rainbow in the forest when he's tying down your bed  
and that oak tree sure was tall you could see it round for miles  
now it's just plain old firewood cracklin' side my head  
and that woodsman left just as quietly as he came  
but his footprints stayed forever where my oak tree used to play

“my love is a tree in winter”

My love is a tree in winter  
Hiding my beginning beneath you I am born to empty branches  
Bare and reaching  
Towards dead stars confessing  
The name of my heart is your name  
But there is no sound in space

“my blue hands”

My blue hands

Scaling the iceberg

Peeking what is hidden

(But wait, I’m getting ahead of myself)

Water

First water

My blue hand

Square pounding whole hitting water

But reachless touching

Touching reachless

Ten strings of soundlessness

Of silence

My blue fingers water fingers

Ten stringless orchestras

My days my years my hours and minutes in structured silences

What does it play but dead trees

Blank death winter

Roots reaching frozen

Ice

My blue hands digging

Clawing towards center blood

From my skin earth’s skin

Hidden beneath iceberg ice/earth surface

(but back to the point)

What is this poem about but thawing is your action

Like a light I never knew but now know complete or as a destination

Or what is you

Are you my nation calling me

This birdworm digging

What others reach but stars do

Mother lover sister friend

Mother lover sister friend

Lover sister friend mother

Lover sister friend mother

Fucker

(you were waiting for that)

Sister friend mother lover

Sister friend mother lover

Friend mother lover sister

Friend mother lover sister

I said all things reach  
(well I didn't say it before but I'm saying it now) It is a diving  
It is a diving deep  
To treasure or nothing  
Or how do you dive into the present but with war  
I said I love you in my head 10,000 times before this  
(I haven't said it yet)  
10,000 leagues under the sea is where I find you (dash)  
A masculine narrative  
Your half/masculine narrative  
But diving  
As an avoidance of the past  
A blackout of now, how lovely  
And digging I said digging  
My blue hands my even bluer fingers  
Digging inside of you diving  
Like a child bobbing for apples into water  
I want submersion  
To bite teeth sinking my blue sinking  
My blue my sky blue my twilight blue  
My twilight fleeting  
Blue hands death hands  
They have held both death and life but never touched the source of deep dark star blue  
Root blue till you till inside of you and your tunnel reaching home  
Your home reaching tunnel cave then blue light then flame hot blue fire light  
It glows inside of my own darkness  
Blue life love  
Then you with your earth eyes green out of black iris blue  
My blue hands scarred from climbing frozen  
The blood of the earth is blue it is the music of surfacing  
And twilight is the color of my soul  
With my hands forever climbing