

Constellations

I miss you as at night the flower misses the sun.
I'd like to curl up, as the flower does, inside my own pod
and wait it out until in the morning you return.

Unlike the sun, however, I cannot count on your return,
and I've come to realize that there is a certain beauty in the dark.

For example, I've never realized just how beautiful the stars are
until at night I lay underneath them alone. Before, my attention
would have been focused solely on the delicate curves of your face,
and the way your kisses felt against my lips.

I raise my hand up and trace figures among them, wishing I knew more
about the constellations and the stories behind them. At first it is painful,
as the stars seem to me laid about the sky as were the freckles on your face,
but the feeling fades as I create my own story among the figures I trace.

Here, I was born, and along this path I learned to love in multitudes
before I learned to love exclusively. In this constellation, I can trace lines
to the hundreds of people that I loved before I loved you the most;
there is my mother and my father, and there are my brothers and my sisters.

Here also are the girls I thought I loved before you, and these lines represent
the quick kisses on the cheek underneath the schoolyard playground. While
those moments too were intimate, there were too many of them to distinguish
each from the next. It wasn't until I kissed you first did I realize that love
could be set apart from other loves.

I pause at the two stars set apart from all the rest. I understand the contentment
in their solitude; love travels faster than light or sound and I can feel it quicker
than I can either see it or hear it. I could pull apart the stars and place them on opposite
sides of the sky and know they could feel the other as if both remained side by side.
Still, there's a certain blindness in such a love.

I can stand back now and see those two stars as a part of the whole sky,
and I feel slightly uncomfortable in the idea that a world could exist
without my knowledge. There is a growth that occurs in stepping outside
of what has become comfortable.

There is a day in which I will be content in accepting comfort over growth, but today surely cannot be the day. Looking up at the sky, if I had stopped at the space where the two stars stand alone I would have missed the galaxies that sit just a bit further beyond. From that galaxy I can trace a new type of personal growth, and again the lines extend out to even more stars that I've learned to love.

I'd like to find my twin star some day, but not until the both of us can sit together among the galaxies of our own experiences. So for now, while I miss you, I look forward to the journey, and the nights spent laying out underneath the stars, alone.

!!#@!

Is
this
not
be
a
u
tiful?

Honey skin
sticks
on mine
in the middle of the night,

warm body
on body
and
what
hot
breath.

The feline arch
of back
and brute
noises
the ritual of
all
ancestors.

Only sometimes
do I love her.

Love poem

Flowers are less beautiful than your hand
softly in mine, though I find myself planted
firmly to the ground
each time I pass under cherry blossoms.

That the smell of rain on a spring morning
draws me out of your arms and into
my early morning walks is only a means of
understanding you as a part of the whole.

You will always be
the first and last most beautiful thing
I will ever see.

Orbit

I'll start again
when the things I know burn out
and turn instead to the things I think.

Truth has changed too many times
for me to ever be sure.
Remember when the sun circled the earth?

Once, too, I circled you.

A sinner in the hands of an angry god, II

I exist in multiple realities,
perhaps one of them being heaven
and another hell.
Perhaps I move in the wake
of a gracious god, or perhaps I burn eternally
as my good deeds are not his (or hers).

Or perhaps...
I do good because I am alive and capable
of doing good,
because right and wrong cannot be claimed
exclusively,
and because there are forces outside of my control,
having nothing to do with him (or her),
that shape my reactions to the world.

I have one Father, and his name is Roger.
From Him I learned that success is built on the back of work.
I have, too, a Mother, a Step-Mother, a Step-Father,
Aunts, Uncles, and Friends,
vastly more influential than any verse
I've yet to read (Go on up, ye bald-head!).

How dangerous I must be, then,
being without fear of your god.