

Mundane

On Mondays, I pick the seat at the bar where
No one but employees on their break
Sit quietly and chat, thanking the plates in front of them
For breaks in the conversation.

I stand in a long line for tasteless Chinese food that
Is drowned in sauce I hate accompanied by
A stale fortune cookie I feel compelled to take
maybe I am wiser
Than the rest because
where I sit is different
or I constantly narrate my own actions
As one continuous poem
Trying to make sense out of things like
The way I eat my lunch.

it doesn't matter
everyone else is right
They must be
Despite my fortune

You find beauty in ordinary things.

Appreciate

this

gift.

crunchy bland wisdom under my tongue
my obsessive words spiraling through my mind
Compulsively
I'm not sure why I only write
And never think

I have no reason to be sure

But I have this gift,
or so I've been told
let me tell you about ordinary things
like how the mustached man next to me
holds his head in his hands
between bites
and let me tell you
there is nothing ordinary about that at all.

Alive

Slow footsteps

You approach the center of a ring

Surrounded by an inflamed crowd

Here he is

The strongest man in the world!

Closed eyes. with one swift movement you

Lift 2,000 pounds above your head

Applause, ladies and gentlemen

A single bead of sweat drips down

Your temple

Noticeable only to those with their pupils
dilating

fixated on you

How steady his hands are! Truly amazing!

Slow footsteps and

Your head is on your pillow

Feet can finally rest alongside

The cinder blocks on your chest

(they need their sleep too)

You insist you are fine but I worry

Sometimes about your breathing

He has broken the world record!

It's as though the red fern

Grows in your heart

Across the bridge to Terabithia

Applause for our new champion!

You are everyone's keeper

The fault is in your stars
And I wish I were your feet
Instead of another dumbbell
Or even another fan

Severe Weather Warning

Droughts are just as dangerous as floods
I'm not an artist I just like holes in my
body
And daydreaming of ink in my veins
Circling in charcoal patterns my father once drew
With strong hands. We shared the old studio.
I'm not emotional I just like the electric color of red eyes
And showering in the dark with someone else's
Voice echoing my thoughts in the background
Until steam bleeds the ink and fills my lungs to the top.
Evaporate condensate and fall from the sky
My very own breath drenching my body and rolling
Shamefully down my cheeks. But I am formless and
Shapeless and there is only way to empty my mind
Your eyes are my cup my bottle my teapot

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And crash.

But never once touched the ground