

Half Souled Head Bangers

I've been searching for the kind of band,
Half souled head bangers that still understand.
Chop up your heartbreak into beats
It will meld inside mine
One harmonic tragedy.
Your notes reckless and wrong
I need to hear your voice crack
Whiskey tinged rasp at dawn
And in the rawness of the silent city skin
The tears will shine magnificent.

When you could still recite the colors of your boyfriend's eyes,
The location of each hair that sprouted through his face,
Tell me the seconds following his chest heaves and rise
Millimeters that define his eyebrows' blank space

In an instant, a blazing canary gold afternoon,
Sitting on top of a cold corner mailbox,
My quiet cries would sting
as they begged to wallow and sing,
smoke filled voice shimmering like beach rocks
And his fingers and strings translated to wails,
Desperately clawing
even as the flames are frothing,
they flail, sink and die in vanities of dread
Crying eases, steady, sleepy turns to sighs
under the hesitant, ever naive summer sunset.
Sitting on top of a cold corner mailbox
legs swinging
Unrequited love mischievously grinning
at youth's future regrets.
Whiskey shading the crimson
that slips under and in between your breaths

Stereotypical Flowers

I want to be a poet.
so I do things that poets do
I order coffee and read as I wait
for it to cool. Blow on it as I watch
and I know they watch me.
Self conscious as I am, I do this.
Once I even sat outside, a street side café
Ordered a French wine,
Feeling ridiculous,
and sipped slowly.
White for the easy summer breeze.
A college lined spiral notebook
my eyes creeping up every line or two.
But I don't sip wine.
Moderation is a manmade phenomenon.
I am an animal and I guzzle beer
and I will never be a poet
because when I start to feel the warm ooze flow down my veins
I turn away I run scared
the hoppiness catches up and I turn on the tv, I am
One blank stare

I feel like a poet today.
Sitting underneath the everyday breeze
With a pen and a semi-smart notebook and
Breaths of wildflowers
That I inhale
Paprika and the seventh grade walk home from school,
Petals soft as over bleached jeans,
but something else too I cannot reach.
I am only an outsider here, a reporter, an admirer.
My stomach alive and feeling sour,
Rumbles but I rub my tummy and for once tell it to settle,
Wait.
As the trees bring a humble peace I am not yet ready to leave.
There's a big log under my ass and a sun in the sky.
I am right where I want to be

Ode to the Typical Tuesday

Today is Monday's To Be Continued.
Slow spaghetti, sluggish mind,
Mild as the bored noodles
Stringing your intestines to the daily grind.
Cool and calculated, trying to keep it together,
neat as whiskey

It goes down as slow

Validates, yes I do have an esophagus, yes
I will grow old and wear dusty, dark shoes.

Grilled cheese and tomato soup,
A quiet dinner,
don't light up the incense,
The lingering blue nightingale scent
will only allude to his academics,
Nights up, nothing but wisdom, raw-hard intense,
Nodding to melodies and philosophic raps
ginger ale and cheap beer, in dense mugs with pinkies bent
Bindings less fancy, but the colors are the same
As the robed and bearded who sniff champagne

Don't light up the incense.

Ritz crackers, dumped and crumbled, red
Still sad, but trying to put on a good face,
Sickening, cliché and not at all comforting.
Guess you can't believe everything your mother said.

1998 Crush

Twenty year olds gawk at your stories.

Landlines?

Standing on the corner without
A quarter screaming at a screened window
In a goddess drenched sun shower

They will ask you how you did it
And when their young faces contort lines
Of their own in puzzlement,
You will barely believe it.

Landlines,

Dialing numbers,
swallowing hard and preparing for the mother,
Too chatty, the father, so suspicious,
The sisters, all so malicious.
Always on the other line, with friends just as bitchy.

Leave a message at the beep...

Get ready, to have your voice on blast,
your teenage codes to get cracked,
The ultimate censorships.
And the twenty year olds will gasp, what is this?

They all will laugh.

But you remember what it was like
to fall in love with a playful howl
A brash chuckle timed at the exact wrong vowel.
With a slanted, sarcastic smile,
and that raised eyebrow
that had your lip twitching wild.

Landlines

You waited by the phone
Told your girlfriends you had cramps down to your bones
But they know you, they knew that tone.
Hesitation, stutter in your dragged out groan.
You couldn't go out, you were waiting by the phone.

Irish Nachos

Washing tomatoes
cutting scallions, teeny, tiny just right
Celtic green and an apricot white
measuring out jalapeños for just the right spice
Watching and chopping clumsy fingers
Bacon awakens crankily in the frying pan
Flinging grease bombs that target my hand.
Garlic, black pepper and adobo,
Pour it all into nuked salsa con queso.

I hate to cook.

And on a normal day you are the chef and I the esteemed judge
laying high on the couch drinking a beer, confident in waiting.
Today no blood it's true.
Only a little sweat from the heat of the Carribbean oven
It's understood.
But the cheese is doused in my drool.
I pile up the fries and I sprinkle
Green and red freckles on potato crinkles.
One plate sits between us on the couch
and although I know you will stab forkfuls
And lift them to your mouth,
I will savor each, one by one

And rush
Only a little.

Your eyes light up like our Fourth of July
And your mouth with its slight little smile
So content and satisfied
And in my own distraction, I'm
Burned, cheese melting down my chin.
We clink metal forks
Then feast with our hands like Vikings off of one plate.
Pop the cork, let's begin.