

Vapor

I don't want to make life
I want to break it down
and pull apart its fibers

I don't want to create it
or build it, or nurture it
or join it to me
to make myself more of anything

I want to look at its smallest cells
hear the intervals
pick the fragments out from underneath my fingernails

perhaps to learn something new,
perhaps not.
Perhaps nothing. Perhaps life is nothing.

My life may turn out to be nothing more than my dreams:
with me, vivid lightsong and enchantment in the dark of night
and by day
nothing but vapor
nothing but the memory of memories
strained and desperate recollection
receding slowly like floodwater, draining
from headspace
pooling in veins far from the heart.

In This Valley

In this valley
what appears dead
speaks the tongues of the living.
The barren riverbed musters a stream
funeral clouds drift on
exposing craggy peaks wearing
heavy crowns of ice,
melting
down a thousand jagged waterfalls.

The Flame

Some part of this universe is fixed and stationery
maroon velvet and pale cloud
dusky with city light

the rest of the world may blur by,
dark passing trees and the lights
of so many cars carrying people home

but where is my home, and what will bear me hence?
what is my vehicle?
where is my love?

the idea is a chorus in my ears
so joyful it fills all voids with sorrow
the very deepest of loneliness:

depths. paths. lips together, fleeting
but connected,
only a memory of connectedness

hope, or memory of hope;
this one deeper
than the wounds I return to, over and over

I tie the anchors to my own feet
tether my body to sinking ships
bind my own hands, seal my own eyes

each breath
the flame

I want to hurt myself; no one can say this.
I want the cuts to bleed.

Don't tell me it's wrong. it's what I know
it's what I want to know
it's all of him; all I have left.

I Need One

I need one

I need one to feel the words uncoil
snaking thickly through night air

after one
they are there

after one
the channels are open

after one
lightning blinds the sky

the clouds grow purple
thoughts sink and separate
heaviest to the bottom
cloudy middle, foreboding, coated with grease

cloud on top of cloud
my thoughts the striations of sky
dipping low
dipping deep
building
piling in weightless layers
rolling forth
gently covering the moon.

Burning

You could forgive me
for thinking their pictures were moving
couldn't you?

You could forgive me
for missing them so much that their faces shifted

smiled
right at me
knowingly

smiled,
but kept their distance.

