

waiting room

i sit idly
someone with a clipboard
makes the calls
lists everyone i have ever known
and i still don't hear my name
i switch chairs
but time doesn't pass more quickly
just gives me a different view
of the same walls
tacky artwork
the seats around me are empty
why are they always empty?
perhaps i smell like the rotting
stagnant stench of solitude
i can't help it
it's why i came here in the first place
the need for a treatment
is the reason for the illness

building haunted houses

i was the architect of my own misery. a novice learning how to draw floor plans for a shed but trying to construct a skyscraper. angered when others couldn't see my vision: the different floors, glass staircases, towers, moats but no drawbridge. no one wants to leap moats or scale walls - i don't know why. because that's what I would do - in theory.

i am left with a house of horrors: losing myself in the maze of rooms, drowning in the moat, screaming from the attic and throwing myself out the window.

no wonder you see each return as a haunting.

when i close my eyes

my heart is a revolving door jammed shut
a nightmare for the trapped and the onlooker

that was always the problem
trying to toe the line between hard to get and easy to fall

never words to describe the dissonance,
not between us, but within myself

'what ifs' falling like confetti at the x-year anniversary
pity party i throw for what we could have been

the only gift is longing for a crowbar to pry you out
so i blow that piece of confetti out of my hand

and go back to bed where I will dream
of the times i could have had more courage

swirls

i see the patterns
the circles
the swirls

i know when they will ebb
gently or crash carelessly

i ride out the storm
of my own creation
for two minutes of sunlight
from a fluorescent lamp
never knowing when it will burn out
instead of moving to places
that have sunshine and cool breezes

but i have always loved sunshowers
the merciful downpour
part pain, part love
confusion in motion
like the beating of my heart
and the catching of my breath
as i scribble circles until
the page is black

parallel lives

we both fell in love with brown haired
boys from Wisconsin
all too afraid to admit what we felt
to ourselves, let alone anyone else

so we pass the days as friends
and cry alone at night
drunk on loneliness and
italian wine
and the hope of a day when
our fear won't catch in our throats
and their fingers will interlock in ours

when we don't have questions
in our heads
but answers on their lips
and ours on theirs

we dream of the day the other wears white
we'll make a toast and cry happy tears