

Polihale

What I want

Most

Is to lie

With you

Underneath the sand dunes

Watching the little rocks

Trickle downward

As they succumb to gravity

To the pull of the larger

To the call of home

That is where

I will love you best

As we let the weight

Bear down

On our impervious flesh

And wonder

Not at all

About what can be gained

From tunnels

And cracks

To let the knowledge

Of our bodies

Be the only wisdom

We seek

As we fill and expand

Little rocks

Each of us

Disciples of the ocean

Mercenaries for the wind

Nicotine

I wanted

To make you

Into hollow bones

To keep you just so

Fragile

And Easy to

Fracture

I wanted

To fill you with

Liquid gold

But it burns

And congeals

Into shapes that are

Uglier

Than I remember

I wanted

To plant you

Give you manure

Chart your growth

With measuring sticks

And reap you

Like cotton

I wanted

To make you

Make me

Better

Than what I had been

A hyphenated human

Never enough

Never enough

But it wasn't

Just

Those things

It was the way

You look

In moonlight

It was the way

You stand

In doorways

It was the way

Your skin

Absorbs nicotine

Ever young

Impervious to poison

A geode

Everything of note

Happening

Within

I wanted to

Make you mine

Such vanity

To think

I could

Roll back

My skin

And remove my rib

Love of mine

You are

To be

Whatever you

Will

And I am

Yours

For

Sooth

For

Given

For

Now

How To Wake Up

You keep fighting

You let it

Explode

You waste a breath

You borrow

The skull

Of the man

To your left

You bathe in

Rotting bananas

Dissolved to

Make your skin

Lickable sweet

You balance above

The canyon

Forging pulleys

Of a Rube Goldberg

Lassoed by butcher's twine

Lubricated with ragged

Dry gin

Fingertips worry what's numb

Feeling underneath

The damp peat

For shark teeth

Scraping

The back of your hand

A metro-nome

Of pinprick comfort

You wait

For the tidal uproar

That makes ears

Bleed molasses

Pushing oaks

From out their

Sockets

Tying sneakers

To tendons

And throwing them

Up

Over

Telephone wire

Clanging aluminum

Echoes down

Hallways that look

Suspiciously like

Middle school

As you suction

The palm to the mouth's

Eager surface

Praying for

Something

To Stick

Thrust to the boundaries

Of magnetic

Bondage

That didn't take

Any torture

To break

Always

A blaze of combustion

And mountainous

Promise

Such small vacancies

Let us

Live out

These storms

That brew in

Earl grey mornings

When the sun is just

The smallest

Anomaly

On the great

Flat

Horizonline

Chanting

At last

At last

I've found you

Out

The Girl Who Never Looks Back

/

I've done a bad bad thing

And I can't remember

Amnesia brought on by sour wine

And too many pills

And the sinking feeling of knowing you've left something

Behind

When the light starts to crack the floor

Of your basement apartment

You've shot the share of

Whatever it is

This thing we make together

Slimier than the seaweed

Under our feet

And twice as strong

It's a projection of past shadows

Ached longings that get moaned into pillows

Built in a fortress of

bubble gum

and particle board

//

sweeping under the stairs to day

I thought about the

dead bodies

buried beneath this house

ancient history that ebbs and flows

spinning concentric circles of every

beautiful and terrible memory

created for those of us

bearing witness

and released into the

common consciousness

when we go

the trembling of my thighs

pulses the Morse code

of escape

but it's early yet

and the sunlight is just breaking

news to the moon that it's time

///

dear sparrow

take heart

we all keep our secrets

we all sleep on beaches

we're all fallen creatures

and me too

the length between two points

changes with movement

and fades by volition

and i spin out

trying to grasp at the memory of

last evening

following bread crumbs

to the next home

where i will be eaten

reborn

and codified into myth

She Speaks

/

follow me

inside the folds and creases of this bed

where stifled responses to questions unasked

are roused by the mirrored patterns

of our movement

and pass away, forgotten

as the linen pulls through a hand

or down a freshly shaven leg

when i sleep

i dream fitfully of you and

when i wake

my brow is cold and damp

but i won't brush the beads of sweat away

it reminds me of the dew on the grass

as the sun rises over this

eternally optimistic city

//

the static electricity

of eight million people

upon waking

illuminates this inner sanctum

and we extend our palms to the golden glow

grasping at something infinite

knowing that

(just for a instant)

we have lived as the oracles prophesied

opened, open, and opening still