

Unknotted

The life strings of you and I
Were intended to merge
and tangle...

First:

Carefully designed to
curve and twist independently
of one another
Each full & rich with hope & promise,
Centered by a common thread.

Then:

A crash-course knot in arms and legs,
limbs and lips,
love and lust,
Left us bruised and bitten,
A knot we both desired.

Now:

You are freed from this thin thread
and
I
am left,
 shredded

and
 frayed,
my ends frazzled,
my arms outstretched
 towards you,
retreating back into my dreams.

exposed desire

The last of your kind-
A gentle soul with a wild streak.
I lie in the crook of your arm,
my fingertips playing Morse code on the edge of your naked hip,
lips brushing your chest for the sake of the taste.
Your words muffled in my hair,
Your breath on my temple.
I try to burn the feeling of our legs intertwined,
into my heart, and
Your warm palm carefully cupping my bare ass.

You will skillfully make my skin weep,
and then you'll be gone...
I will be left,
too soon,
with a single memory:
the ghost of your tongue
 trailing along my spine
lingering
 around the curve of my neck
ending in a sea of desire-
your lips crashing into mine:
salt water waves eroding rough rock,
 leaving behind smooth sand.

Better Man

This is the story of a boy
and a girl...

Freshman math class, sideways glances, innocent smiles behind full brown eyes.
A gorgeous man beneath all that he thought he'd be.
A gorgeous woman beneath all she didn't want to be.

It didn't end the way they had hoped--
it never does.

Too much time apart, living lives so separate, different, but commonly painful,
smooth skin lost beneath scars with battered hearts on sleeves.

A likely reunion, now shed of their teenaged awkward bodies--easier to taste and feel and
bite and bruise....

I stood before you naked, all my scars shining by the light of your hallway,
And I saw the rawness and comfortable familiarity reflected in your eyes.
You stood before me, in the shadows of your darkened room,
With outstretched arms, calling me home.

I let you touch me--the insides of my wrists--
And I looked past your bloodshot eyes
And your uneven breathing
And your slurred speech

I was desperate to connect the dots
and the broken ties
and fill the emptiness
in us both.

And I loved you,
again,
Like I did then,
before.

You won't admit to me
or you
That you are different, that there's a problem.
You hold onto that image of you, of me,
of us,
before we were both run over and pushed away and torn apart.

For that, you will always be mine.

The Worry List

My worries are a mile wide,
Ten feet long,
As tall as the weeping willow in my neighbor's yard.
They drag me down, they slow me up,
But I never break; I always bend.
I got this.

These worries were do-able, bearable,
Before you.
It was stifling, I was worn,
But I carried them and filed them neatly
in stacks on my dresser,
being sure to triage them when time was on my back as well.

There was a comfortable misery in my known unknowns.
I was the person others would marvel at:
"How do you do it?"
Smile. Grin. Bear it. Add another worry to the list.

Since you-
powerful, mind-blowing, earth-shattering peace,
smooth skin and strong hands-
my worries are heavier,
weighted down with tear-stained hopes,
mingled with weeks of weary disgust at my weakness,
wrapped in your hoodie I sleep with now that you are gone.

Who knew fear and loneliness were so powerful together?,
Adding decades to the sadness under my eyes and drowning out the sound of your voice in my ear.

Seeking the unsought

I wait for you
But I'm not sure of your name.
I've seen your silhouette in dreams...
In daylight, men all look the same.
I pass you in the coffee shop,
Sit next to you in rush hour traffic-
You look through me
But I never notice.

I lie up at night
Imagining your warm body next to mine,
Your hand grasping mine (fingers laced)
Our smiles like fireworks in the dark-
You will fill all the unmended hurts in my heart.

Yesterday at work, I saw your love in the eyes of an old man,
sparkling and insistent
And I froze-
 no breath-
When I looked away, you had turned the corner and left.

I feel I am always tailing you
Desperate and demure
Wasting time with men who don't need me
Or want me
Or even know what to do with me.
But you will know what to do with me-
You just need to find me first.

This morning,
 before dawn,
I felt your weight shift in my bed
 as you moved in your sleep.
In the last of the night's moonlight,
I rolled over and reached for you....
I heard you sigh as my fingers trailed along your bare chest,
 down your ribcage,
 seeking the warmth in your skin.
When I opened my eyes,
You were gone,
My hand resting on your empty pillow.
I can only imagine that you took a wrong turn in your dream,
 and wound up in your own bed this morning,
Arm outstretched across the sheets,
 empty-handed.