

Gently, Gently

I am not
awe-inspiring
like a mountain or an ocean.

I am not
raw power,
a grand dream.

I am subtle magic.

I unfold
slowly,
curling around you
like smoke tendrils.

I am the
quiet magic
in the charm of a small town
in the summer
or a still lake,
the sunlight reflecting,
sparkling,
glittering.

I will not turn your world
upside down.

I will wade through it,
bathe in it,
let it coat me so that I know
the deepest
parts
of you.

Oh Sweet Bibliophile

You said that I was a book
you'll always wonder
about.

I said maybe that was
the magic of this entire
thing.

What I wanted to say was:

I want to be your
favorite book.

I want you to know my
words and pages so well,
they're embedded into your mind.

I want to see your fingertips
stained with my ink.

I want to be the book
you reach for when you're
happy or sad.

I want to be the book you
carry with you.

Keep me close.

Slumber Party

Anxiety makes a bed
of down and cotton,
inviting me to curl up
in her tight
embrace.

Self-destructive thoughts
has placed my favorite
snacks on the nightstand
and is now softly whispering in my ear.

They want me to stay
but this is a slumber party
I want no part of.

My limbs feel like stone when
I try to move
and this bed is so
comfortable,
perhaps I'll stay,
just a little bit
longer.

Inconspicuous Magic

There is poetry
in the three finger salute,
the digits slowly
lifting off of the steering wheel
to acknowledge the only other car
you've seen on this county road
for 10 miles.

There is poetry
in the small café
in a town of 251 people,
a woman charging me \$1
for three cups of
Maxwell House breakfast blend,
calling me

Honey
at every turn.

There is poetry
in the hidden
lavender farm
on highway 127.

I didn't even know that Iowa could grow
lavender.

There is poetry
in the rolling rows of
harvested corn,
their solemn sacrifice
not so solemn because
they know that this is what they were made for.

Inconspicuous magic.

How The Tide Saves Me

I've always felt at peace
while watching the ocean's tide.

The rhythmic waves
settling a heart that beats too
quickly
most days.

Her constant roar
drowning out the
degrading voices always
screaming
in my head.

I taste her salt on my lips,
feel her sand move beneath me,
and I know,
deep within these worn bones,
that I am home.