

Dating Apps Don't Help

Bird Song

The spring birds perch
Outside the window
Next to my childhood bed
into which I had crawled
When the dreams I did dare
To dream did evade me

Don't you know?
I asked with still-closed eyes
Half-awake to it all
It's horrid out there

Don't you know hearts
Meant to teach us the
Value of others are
Failing and lungs meant to
Breathe speeches and songs
Are choking and flesh
And bones meant to dance
And embrace and intertwine
And carry are being beat
By flesh and bones

Don't you know words
Meant to build kingdoms
Are stripping life of its
Color and leaders meant
To tread paths for us to
Then outrun are feeding like
Leeches on the hopes of
Their people and children
Oh, and children
Meant to dress barefoot
For running on the wind are
Shouldering weight too
Heavy for such small
Frames and not to mention
My frame, stretched and
Scarred and jaded and
Heavy from it all

I had only just fallen asleep
When the darkness of
The day was at last

Swallowed by the silence
Of the night
We know, the birds
Sang back to me,
Which is why we
Must wake you
And with song

Green Figs

I once had a fig tree that couldn't
Produce even one ripened fruit
Immature figs always fell to the ground
The problem, you see, was the roots

If you'd had been there beside me
Combing your fingers through the dirt
You'd find webs of roots reaching out and away
Rather than down into the earth

But roots go where there is water
My fig tree's roots' laid where they did
For the soil rejected its water
Like oil, never let it soak in

I thought of my tree just this morning
At the green age of twenty-three
I, too, know how hard it is growing
With roots not but two inches deep

Haiku on Applying Oneself

If you are depressed
Waking to the scent of sea
What's there you can't do?