

Step Right Up

When she first told me she was getting off the carousel

I didn't know how to react

We'd been on it for years

Up and down the merry-go-round

Of love and lust

Spite and spark

Bite marks and rug burns

So many turns

Of course she got dizzy

And carnival contests are always rigged

I should've known when I got on

Play stupid games, win stupid prizes

But I never take my own advice

The motor's busted

Or so she said

That's why there's smoke

The engine's combustion was too much

As such, a burn was inevitable

But sometimes when the smoke clears

I can hear the gears turning

And I swear I can smell her

Then I look back as the circle spins

See the horse heads bobbing

And I'm reminded that I'm riding alone

Wish I Could Draw

Sometimes I wish I could draw

But if I could

I'd only draw you

Leaving sketchbooks filled with scribbled drafts

Lines

Over

Lines

Trying to perfect the shape of your face

Never getting it quite right

Because even if I could draw

I'm not the artist that God is

I'm glad that I can't draw

Because if I could

I'd try to find the perfect pencil

To color your eyes

And I'd never find it

Because what color is light?

What color is heat?

What color burns a thousand churches?

Picasso

We call Picasso a visionary

An Apollo of the abstract

The way we call beautiful what he intended to be ugly

Much like you'll praise God

When you find my pretty corpse

Buried beneath the rubble of the rapture

Then maybe my pen will leak blood and water

And a surgeon will do with a scalpel

What that old Spaniard did with a brush

Misery

Oh misery, my beautiful muse
Caress my heart with your cold, clammy hands
Wrinkled fingers curled into a fist
Now release
So I can breathe again
Feel the wind and smell the salt
Melt in the warmth of pain forgotten
And wounds stitched by lover's lips
Til the breeze burns my cheeks
And licks at my nose til it's damp and pruned
Then reach out again and squeeze
So I can remember what it's like to write again

The Witch's Kiss

A slurping sound sludged through
The bubbles of the black cauldron
And pillars of green smoke spiraled into the air
Pungent with pickled toenails, parsley, and mud slugs
A dash of sawdust and a drop of virgin tears,
If you're able to find some

Feathers of a fowl flown south
Plucked without warning
Like the vacancy of heartbreak;
A storm unseen
Boarded windows to the heart
Wrists swung and nails hammered
The incantation begins:

"Wrists that swirl the cauldron
Fingers boiling with gout
Of all the poisons one could choose
Love hurts worst, no doubt

Love spells don't sweetly settle
They're bitter and they're sad
And they burn the chest like bourbon
But without the warmth it adds

There's nothing pleasant about them
Except for the fact they work

But to down the drink of delusion

One must sip it how it's served

And mirror the spell within

Spoiled

Rotten”