

Winter is Coming

My eyes shutter open to your little wails, you crawling
again, toward some apparition, or monster

you met in your sleep. Your swollen eyelids dripping
like leaky faucets trying to keep me awake

through a ghost cold Michigan night. This night
is full of creaky floor panels, yawning

and whispering in the dead language
of dead trees. Leafless hardwoods

clattering, tickling the stars and moon, coaxing them
to not fear the coming light

crawling across the sky, the trees full of giggling
birds, whistling songs of brave babies

and frightful satellites, each with monsters
to conquer and apparitions to endure.

Crunch Drunk Love

I don't love you

thinking that I don't love you. My forehead wrinkles, my eyebrows frown
when my phone rings, your voice cracks, as I drive home down Mission Street at 2 a.m.
Stop lights blinking yellow, the streets cool their tar, birds hide in beds of twig and lost string.

I fight you

to be stronger when you don't think you can be. I see lights flashing a few blocks ahead, traffic stopped, a
permanent red-light. Your body in your gray birthday dress, half-awake, on a concrete mattress
signals the beginning of the detour. A thick-bodied lady holds her cheeks, shakes
her head in disbelief. A shattered pelvis has dimmed one of her headlights.

I left you

only during the week, when school demanded. Friday nights were at your house, Sunday mornings
were pillow pancakes blanketed in butter. The quick 3-hour drive got me to you, a nodding head, ready
to snuggle your tense body, molding to your battered bones.

You move slowly

because you have to. Walking with a walker. 4:15 a.m., your hand rubs my face
to readjust your pillows. In the hospital... I didn't sleep, because you couldn't-

I won't sleep

if you can't. In separate beds I hear your heavy tears drip on your grey pillow—I wake up panting, sweaty,
crippled—
3 a.m.—Eyes peeled—Are you awake too...

Two Shots at Nothing

Black trees and robot laundry
swim circles in the ocean.
Pelicans feast on bottle caps,
whales wear fishnet dresses

to underwater parties drowning
themselves on bubbles. Dancing
beneath smog-brown moonlight
reflected off oil slicked duck feathers

styled to impress the loons. Horizons
wobble uneasily, waves freeze
sharp peaks aimed at every star
like iPhones meeting celebrities.
A selfie a day keeps the doctor

concerned for the mental well-being
of everyone in the picture. Narcissi
wasn't envious until he couldn't be
the one receiving 'likes.' Mercury
laden walrus fur jackets worn
thin by belugas dining on porpoise.

Yet, if human's should ever go
extinct, the next creature to emerge
as separate from the life-web
will not know the history, culture

of partying like there's no
repercussions.

a poem

I once wrote the perfect poem
tied it to cinder block and sank it
to the bottom of the ocean.

I kept K's clanking in a structured way
and put P's purposefully together looping
lovely alliterations. Like a spider about to eat your brain
every line would've enwrapped your mind. Stanza after stanza hopped
from the page like someone smashed its toe
with a hammer. Assonance flowed like wind
through Fabio's hair. I wrote a model
that people would only look at, partly
because they couldn't understand what it said.

Metaphors swam deeper than sperm whales
hungry for squid. Teeth clacking for calamari.
The squid's siphon pumps once, then a half,
then not again. Squid legs dangle listlessly
from the jaws of underwater giants.

Poems can't be read on the benthic layer
so great poems should make your mouth water
like the taste of sour lemon, make your legs itch
because you read it on the page and make you stretch your jaw
in that weird way most mammals do,
like a sperm whale falling asleep
to my perfect poem.

Poltergeist

I want to live inside you.

I want your heart's thumping
to wake me every morning.
"Wake Up-Good Morn."
I would rise in a pulse,
you wouldn't have to beat me.

I want to eat at Your Stomach Inn,
I don't care if I can't tell
what it is I'm eating,
if it goes in your mouth,
I want it in mine.
And I would help you
if you couldn't properly digest.
I'd be your human-rumen.

When I crawl around, playfully,
in your bladder and kidneys,
I promise not to watch
when you pee. I would float
in your sigh as your release.

Carrying senses to your mind
my afferent nature will tempt me
close to you. And my efferent reactions
will send me away, but I will still
be there. Living inside you.

Hearing what you hear
seeing what you see
how much more clichéd can I be??!
I want my address to be:
Me: The Other You
1001 Wherever You Are Ave.
Your Feet, UU

I'd prefer you send me messages
on the fog in the mirror because I will always
be using your eyes,
watching you
as you watch yourself
run pruned fingers
across chilly glass.