

Revive Eden

As I drive these piney wood roads,
Evergreens tracing the sunset with their jagged teeth,
A crimson eye peering down as my car flies down the highway,
I remember
 those foggy, adolescent days.

The feeling of eyelids heavy with black, glossed
Over the markers of sleepless nights.
Ashtrays and heavy metal, putting on the skins of people
That we weren't quite yet.

Car trips flooded with crocodile tears, the
neighbors wondering what changed in the good girl next door.
Angry words and angrier still,
 when the fun ran out and we were left to
face ourselves.

This crimson sky has seen it all –
And I have slipped into the skin of what I wanted to be.
I'd give anything
To do it all again.

On The Corner of Tyler and High Street

A miserably humid
summer day; I
swim through haze
and heavy air.

Sticky dew
and creeping heat
crawl across my brow.

The weight of a day
filled with potential,
yet again spent in regret.

Waiting around
on a lone bench,
watching cars go by –
I wonder which of them
contain the friends
who forgot.

My mind
wanders as the
clouds stroll across
the sky. A bleeding sun,
orange and grand
as it falls to its knees
to retreat under
the cold shadowed horizon. All
as if to say that
the heavens are miserable
too.

Midnight Escape

I was always one to follow rules,
Those barbed-wire boundaries meant to make me whole,
strict, straight and narrow.
Just the thought of defiance felt like attempting
a high-stakes escape.
Never did that sight cross my mind,
the blackest of black nights being pondered miles below, bright spots in the atmosphere
blotted out by towering street lights,
black Converse, close to unraveling, padding
down the same neighborhood street that would look so different in 2 am hues.
Never would I trade my comforting bedroom light
for the humid glow of navy blue, only found in the quiet outside my bedroom window.
That window, that of youth, I never felt passed me by.
The window of risk and rambunctiousness
that friends seemed to clamber out of,
willing to trade innocence for experience.
That window that I would never open,
fearing that disappointed eyes
would be the price.
That midnight escape,

it never came.