

Glass

Nothing mixes quite like sex
and funerals are for soft touching
or silent condolences brushing dust
above a dimly lit alter while between
sheets carry diseases in the form
of passions or barely washed
comfort in knowing God is crying.

There were attentive hands for
touching that ring wrapped around
a finger can tell a lie if only
I cared enough to not care
enough love can fill the great
voids are for the broken.

My mouth can belong to people
who walk my path out of convenience
is no excuse to destroy
my insides are tangled and knotted
in the way a surgeon must cut
me open to reveal a heart
beat me bloody because I
deserve the wicked back
hand me the knife to slice
through all the red tape
my eyes shut so I can't wake
up in the sky among the
angels who have pity for a girl
who can't cry.

Why can't I cry?

Ever wonder what keeps the dead
up at night where they lie in wait
wired by their mouth
who become frightening
In their form
of memory
creeping in for a slice
of flesh.

My life is a bridge
burned by a corpse
in gleeful apathy

where tomorrow held
my neck with rope
to discover how long
it would take
for the bridge
to consume me.

I saw a snake on that bridge
on my way home from
the funeral coming to the
end of my grief with a strike
of venom in my eyes to
become glass in the hope
of remaining blind as the fire
burns and the salt gathers.

My Lips When Red Remind Me of My Mother

She holds me close
and holds me bitter.

To ever think that
there was ever a time
when I was kissed
by the red lips
of my mother who traced
the lines in my palm
that followed the trail
in all the familiarity
of a second life
was to remember
I did not matter at all.

Tick and Tock

Every turn of the clock sends a chime that in its nature cannot be stopped
in the fear
of being late.

In the case of death there is no softer chime than that of its stopwatch
with its golden chain
and the initials GR engraved
in all its horrified glory.

In any case there is no use listening.
It synchs itself in beat
with the heart and when both cease
to tick only
the chime can be heard.

Tick and tock.

Stop.

To the Man Who Whistled

Once I was told to be a bird.
That in forming wings and singing
a song I could "Bring that ass over here."
In my talons I could grasp my dreams
And with that grip "Give us a kiss."
to never see the end of the sky.

I don't want to be a bird

In their flight
there's no knowing
when they land.
Do they land?
In the day of their final soar
they die in the sky,
falling broken to the ground.

No, I don't think I'll be a bird.
Whatever I may be
its certain I'm no bird.
So, keep your goddamn whistles
for the one in the sky
and with a tune so sweet
may it shit on your head.