

Fireworks

I put the car in park and
sink my face into the wheel.

Broken glasses.
Heaps of broken glass.
Life is difficult to see.

A boom resurrects me, and urges
my head toward constellations of
bluebell, butterscotch, sanguine;
Sky-etched filigrees mirrored off
the vacant living room window.

The explosion precedes the light.
Maybe it's the reflection, or
maybe I just can't see right.

Out in Rain

Pitter and patter
pitter peters out
out of time
out in the open
open but very closed
open and alone
alone by choice
alone isn't lonely
lonely with people
lonely in the evening
evening under neon lights
evening plagued with strangers
strangers look away
strangers disguise regret
regret lights the streets
regret breeds stillness
stillness let us hear
stillness drew us near
near to each other
near to our dreams
dreams of the future
dreams I don't remember
remember my past
remember who I was
was it really worth it
was it really what I needed
needed to live
needed or wanted
wanted for pleasure
wanted for me
me and my big mouth
me on the sidewalks
sidewalks of bright chalk
sidewalks of murky puddles
puddles and red high heels
puddles and old lampposts
lampposts flicker
lampposts hold me up
up at the crack of dawn
up in the dead of night
night devours the city

night hangs on my shoulders
shoulders hung on by another
shoulders soaking wet
wet with tears
wet with rain
rain starts to patter
rain starts to pitter
pitter...
patter...

Easton, February 3rd, 9:33 a.m.

A lighter flicks, a voice belts,
sharp and quick.

Lawnmowers hum,
come and go.

Footsteps in the dirt,
soft and slow, then rapid.

Pages flip,
papers rustle.

Generators, HVACs
buzz low and deep.

Brakes screech,
engines roar.

Here,
only by some stroke of luck,
soft and faint,
the wind in the trees;
a squirrel gnawing
on an acorn.

A Paradelle for Silence

But I have seen nothing outside my room for three weeks.
But I have seen nothing outside my room for three weeks.
My silence is keeping me in the dark.
My silence is keeping me in the dark.
Have I seen nothing but the dark for three weeks?
My silence is outside my room, keeping me in.

I am writing this poem to get over my silence, to lose it at the door.
I am writing this poem to get over my silence, to lose it at the door.
Maybe it opens me as it comes together slowly.
Maybe it opens me as it comes together slowly.
Am I writing this poem to get it together? To lose it, maybe?
My silence opens the door as it comes over at me slowly.

My shoulders hunched over into me, this hand is a mess of writhing pain, with no rests.
My shoulders hunched over into me, this hand is a mess of writhing pain, with no rests.
My silence presses me to stay awake. Always on. Help.
My silence presses me to stay awake. Always on. Help.
Hunched over mess with writhing pain. Always to stay awake. Of no help. This is me.
My silence rests a hand on my shoulders, presses into me.

Silence of my writhing hand, into my hunched over shoulders.
As it comes over to me, three weeks slowly presses at me to lose
outside my room. Have I seen nothing? A mess in the dark.
Am I keeping it together? But with this pain? For it always rests on me.
Maybe the door opens? To get help? No. Stay Awake.
My silence is writing this poem. My silence is me.

Moving Day

From thin yellow wall to brown cardboard box,
wrapped in tape,
no longer can I marvel at the lacings
in your trumpet ivory dress and the
sunlit halo of your windblown hair.

Instead I now marvel at the fist-sized
hole in the wall tucked carefully behind;
the clever façade of this house crumbles.

I could hang new pictures.
I could patch over all the holes.
Buried memories;
move on.

But I'll still hear your voice off key in
every worn-out love song,

and I'll still smell your cedarwood perfume
in every shirt I own,

and I'll still feel your hand holding mine
as I stroll the faded boardwalk,

but now I'll always win
when Jeopardy comes on,

and now I'll have to serve
the second cup of tea to the drain,

and tonight the creaks of this queen bed will echo
through the walls of the house and, unrequited,
gently paint the room

with stillness.