

From Him, About Me

I collect the murmurs of my lover
in jars like fireflies the least aware.
Her beacon emits and I discover,
a solitude I capture in midair.

She glows behind the glass of devotion,
radiates brighter than I ask her to.
I turn the dimmer on her condition,
she darkens to someone I never knew.

Without a form she's powerless to hold,
following my mind and whispering stones.
I open the jars with terror controlled,
I clutch at my hope and find it alone.

Yet diminished she is full of plenty,
to dwell as nothing, she is free from me.

Choreographer

Vague Interpreter,
I stumble.
Attempt to master
your post-modern piece.
Explain to me
how this moment
of ankles in the air,
holding the girth of man,
relates to grace.
When my partner drops me,
I wrap my limbs
in white gauze
with a halo print.
I trample roses
offered by audiences
until they are stems---
sticks and confetti.
I take the petal pigment
and make-up face,
tie stems with
only my tongue.
I nail the knots
under chairs in cafes,
hang them by safety pins
on lingerie.

I had to wake her

I, who had also
been father-less,
and therefore feather-less;
without wings.

I had to display
soft blankets
and brown skin
to eyes full of caverns
and endless skies.

Her eyes spoke,
even though
they could not see
their own tears.

I had to touch her
with the rough hands
of an artist,
nails clipped short.

I reminded her:
to the untrained eye
a geode is just a rock,
and an ugly one at that.

Only someone
close to the wild
can imagine wombs
full of crystals,
the Fibonacci
of music made nature.

How I pray

The Composer draws a line from my tailbone.
Cleaves intestines, evades clothes, exits navel.
The horizontal line extends to forever---
which leads or follows when skies atrophy.

Every third moment my line inverts to the moon.
Chucks my feet, rivets my back arced, holds me.
Hands ineffectively dangle on stale terrain.
This vantage point reveals the moon is not
paper or butter, but a comma in a verse without
closure, brimming with possibilities of ands.

I avoid drinking water, reluctant it wick
from my navel string and extinguish god's thirst.
Suspended with a gray ache in my mind,
I anxiously jerk my rope convinced it will retract,
snapping me against the Composer of lines.

Betrachtungen

If we turn over your fists,
peel finger off palm,
like coffee for calm,
and the wind is not there---
we will try again,
this finger-combing of the air.

If your tears resemble
phoenix-ash, we will spit in them,
make finger-paint,
draw mustaches
on shadows in Plato's cave,
and ask for rain to dim the fire.

If your feet only know flight,
we will follow them
until they lie like wrinkles;
furrowed but smiling,
caught with metaphor
and childbirth.

If your nature speaks brass,
and mine flint---
I will remember rules
were made to be broken,
and translations never
as good as native tongues.

When you look in my eyes,
and see human, not god---
I will forge rings
out of flawed diamonds;
leave you to your quiet
inside skin.