

Loose Strings

I am frayed.
Upon inspection,
beyond all of the frenzied chatter
of rage and apprehension,
I feel warmth in the symphony of dread
sounding through my mind.
Even for just a moment,
I feel excitement
for the jagged plain of potential
that lies before me.
My greatest hope
is that whatever is ahead of me
is salty
and vast
and warm.

Familiar Places

I'm really starting to like
this strange walk of life.
Death basks in the sun
and decay walks on the fine lines
of its shadow.

I'm retracing my steps,
wandering town the vascular trail of tenderness
and cherishing our ritual of aging slowly.
In doing so,
I'm beginning to love the dance of time
and its cold devotion.

late winter and its tendencies

I must say,
I know exactly what the night
draped in snow
means to me.
But what am I to it?
I am desperately searching for a reason
to be here.
I'm beginning to feel like my limbs
are made of rubber bands,

pulling and snapping.

I need to empty my mind and lay in some grass.
I kind of hate the cold.

My will to live is burning
my frozen feet like hot coals.
There is nothing romantic about wanting to die.
The snow taught me that.

I stood in the snow as nothing
but a dampened vessel
and learned that perhaps,
it's good to be cold.
Perhaps it's good to be nonsensical
and romantic
and spiteful.
On this late winter night draped in snow,
I found my will to live.

Perhaps, I'm nothing
beyond this moment in the frigid air.