

The Dream

I dreamt that I had died
Simply floated
Into that nonexistent place
For me, a tiny room –
In which there was a vast ocean, an
Endless horizon
And jagged rocks raising as high as the sky
And I was alone, free
Save each creeping wave
That would swell and crash along the shore
Sending pebbles into the air
That did float, suspended
Hung like universes on an invisible string
They quivered and crashed
Imploding galaxies on the sand
And a permanent silence
Settled, etched
Between my sighs
As slowly, breath by breath,
I came alive again

Far Away Is a Scary Place

I wanted to warn you about the snow

Before you left; how

It falls like white ash on your eyelashes, holding

Them down, like the weights

You used to bench down in Georgia for sport

But you never gave me the chance

And the truth is, I loved you

For who I thought you were

For who I saw in my dreams –

You, accompanied by love letters written in code

You, accompanied by smells of pine trees

And New York

You, accompanied by mountains that I think of

When I think home

And the truth is, I only missed my mother

But you were just as warm

Cycle

I.

In January it was the New Year

So we made our resolutions

To love each other more clearly

To set up Definitions,

Goals,

Guidelines

To love each other with

A pre-determined outcome

No surprises

II.

In March we drove for hours

To nowhere

And with my hand in your hair,

We certainly looked the part

You only had three songs on your cassette

And you played them on repeat

When we got home I could sing them word for word

My only memory a vulture with no legs

Splayed out on the side of the road

III.

In June we went to the beach

Under the pretext of visiting your mother

And adorning her grave with sentiments

And plastic flowers taped sheepishly onto the stone, so

They would not blow away, so

The dead could keep them as their prizes

You told me that your mother was crazy

And you said the word as if it had a meaning

You said she only jumped because

She thought she would fly

IV.

In October we carved pumpkins

And made pie; you said

I use too much cinnamon; you said

You were tired; you said

You never get enough sleep

We're a pair of insomniacs, the two of us;

We only pretend to sleep

So we have an excuse to close our eyes

V.

In December the snow came

With a fury and locked us in

So we decorated my tree and sipped hot chocolate

We sat entangled on the couch reading books with dusty covers

And read our favorite passages out loud

When the snow finally cleared, I begged

You not to leave

It's always so cold

Without you