

I See Red

An old friend, draped across my door. Bare-threaded, drenched in red
showing nothing more than a one-inch strip of bare skin above the waist
Inviting cold air in, asking to stay a while

And a trail of hardened wax sticks, blazened on the inside of my jean
Whispers of annoyance which step-by-step throb
Until completely tantamount to unconscious stitch

But slack drawn between your brows don't seize in the cold
And there is nothing but smooth cotton gracing your limbs
Your grievances don't quite fester into saucers and teaspoons
That one day overflow with tears soaked in mourning
Of what could've been

And while you bathe in the pomp of my rosebuds
Those that finally get to breathe, out from under the ashes
You wonder when I was burned
Or who did it
Or if it even happened at all.

Sanctuary

So what did you find in Kansas

A few brush drifting through the wind

Tall fescue grass and an idea for a little red boat

An endless dream trying to keep itself afloat

A sanctuary from the trail you left behind

In the New England cold

Perhaps a red and yellow striped butterfly

With gorgeous curls and a vibrant laugh

A beautifully piece of artistry, foreign and brilliant

She lifts you up

Two monarchs flying side-to-side

And as soon as you feel the frigid, Northern winds again

You realize that you forgot to keep both feet on the ground

And Kansas remains as nothing but a spot on the map

With a few brush drifting in the wind

And a dream you once had

Of evading his frigid grip

Has now diminished into the reality

That you are and will always be his kin.

The Dancer

You dance in a room

With one record player

The spinning wheel will not stop scraping against the old, rusted spindle

And the quiet verses of a hymn sounds slowly, meekly

“Soar on wings like eagles”

But you can not fly

You can not escape the room with the old record player

When you have no wings

There lies a window at the very top of the wall.

Hard to reach.

You must be tall enough

Unyieldingly steady enough

To leap that high

For once you do, you will realize that you do not need wings of eagles

To catch a glimpse

Of a summer sky
Filled with other young dancers
Waiting to dance with you too

Jen

As I walk below the willow trees,
I feel the gentle breeze,
Of a saccharine flute.
A midday June,
Laced with perfume,
A sweet hymn, now mute.
A girl crush- in all her novelty,
Wispy, blonde hair and eyes of naivety.
Yet threatening to those within close distance,
Scathed by her honeyed innocence.
And as I walk below the willow trees,
I feel the gentle breeze,
Of our tarnished psalm.

Safe

She hides.

Between the mailbox and the towering oak tree

You expel your thoughts in arduous soliloquy.

Yet no one listens

No one wants to stand in between the tongue that bites

And the gentle bee

Her stinger out, but no one will see

That a melancholy teardrop roams free

As a gentle reminder that the girl,

Looks far down the road and certainly not at he.

Yet a calming peace blankets the cache

A brief glimpse back to before

The yelling and fighting

And his accusatory sin

Stands a young man with you, his brown-eyed girl

Teaching you how to trust Adam

To evade the serpent

Only for you to painfully discover,

That the Garden of Eden will never again

Let your supposed protector back in.