

## Love

When Love was a girl she decided she wanted to be a geisha  
She only wore the most beautiful kimonos and painted her face white with rice powder  
She entertained her family at night with new routines she taught herself during the day  
From music videos she'd seen on the T.V. or animals she'd seen outside  
But then she decided that she would marry Frank Sinatra  
And she was forced to retire

When Love was a boy he decided he wanted to be a cowboy  
He begged his mother to buy him those orange tipped plastic guns from the grocery store  
He spent his days fighting Indians and wrangling cattle  
With lassoes he made from small bed sheets and dental floss  
But with time the old west sunk into the shadows  
And the guns and floss lassoes collected dust

When Love began to grow and lost all sense of sex  
It wanted to be the wind as it brushed over the skin  
It wanted to be a tree in the forest protecting the ground with its broad branches  
To be a home for animals to feel safe and warm at night  
It wanted to be the look in your eyes when they finally opened  
When you could finally see  
Then Love slowly defused into the atmosphere  
And became all of those things

## **Reincarnation**

The sun could never shine bright enough  
To make us forget the night  
The earth moves and we are taken  
To another day and time

Our bodies take on centimeters  
As the sand takes on the sea  
Changing shape, they grow into the ground  
As the tide recedes our souls are set free

Time will never be enough to justify  
Taking anything for granted  
Everyday we fill our lungs with life  
And savor the taste it leaves on the tongue

Everyday we learn just to live and love  
As everyday we come closer to the earth  
Until all the days and death  
Bring us back to birth

## Enter Bird Man

Storyteller spit out the fragmented teeth  
from your broken mouth.  
String them up into a necklace  
and I will wear it around my neck  
until I bleed your sentience  
Give me your words  
and I will carry on your tongue.  
Story teller teach me how to speak like you  
Teach me how to breathe like you,  
keep me close to your heart  
and I will be your iron lungs.

I stretched out my hands and found no boundaries  
as far as my fingertips could reach  
I am malleable absorb me into your membrane,  
into your postmodern mind  
I'll lay my head down to sleep in your synapses  
and we'll dream in punctuated thoughts  
I'll build a house from your broken bones  
Take up shop in your fatal frame  
I'll find a home in your fortress  
Teach me your history  
and I'll make a metropolis out of a ghost town

Bird man,  
God of the gate,  
give me your wings  
teach me how to fly  
from one world  
to the next

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I spend my mornings mapping out the sky  
Reading the full pages and filling in the blanks  
Trying desperately to walk in footprints  
My shoes never seem to fill  
But instead use as outlines  
Framed up on all four walls  
Refrigerator reminders of a destiny built into my blood

I spend my evenings driving into sunsets  
Letting the colors burn their afterimages into my eyelids  
So that even when the night seems endless  
I close my eyes and am surrounded by miracles  
And I remember how beauty works

I spend my nights in between her sheets  
Whispering prayers like incantations  
Mixing love potions, sweet honey nectars  
Pressing my eyelids together  
Letting rainbows cry from my lashes  
At night I forget the sun

#

We are running around barefoot,  
each footprint like a time machine taking us  
forward and back,  
rocking back and forth.  
Waking up each morning after another  
we tied strings to our toes so we could try to pull away.

Soul split itself in half so that it could be  
half in the smoke stacks and half in the ocean.  
Cotton mouth with q-tip teeth,  
tongue all moistened with algae,  
split in two, trying to reach sunlight.  
When you kissed me it felt like a morphine drip.  
Gutter mouth, cherry tongue,  
spittin' out bombs like gum drops.

It gets cold at night here in paradise,  
air dense with questions  
that can only be answered in riddles.  
I used to know what it meant to cry  
but I was so caught up in oblivion  
I didn't even notice when those rivers ran dry.

I took the strings off my toes and tied them to my eyes,  
putting a bitter pill under one eyelid  
and Naloxone under the other.  
I don't want to dream anymore.  
One way or another it's time to wake up.