

Sunken

Some things we take for granted
like that our pregnant friend will continue
to be pregnant
and a baby will be the product.
Nine months of cellular labor and a
brief rending of flesh
-bam-
Tiny human.
It is not always so
and so at times
it is worthwhile to recall that rending
is little more than a rip,
a rip in the fabric
not of existence
but of humans
she rips and it slips and darkness nips
what should be routine
taken for granted
granted, it has often taken
much more than her concave belly
and the lightning of her eyes.

Los Angeles

I have my own thinking to do
the dystopia of sandblasted walls and taco smells
clawing at the door, makeshift memories for the gaps
and i can't feel you moving
in my skin or through the symphony of freeway noises
brilliantly executed
(or at least executed, never mind the brilliance)
one star short of a constellation, your tour de
force fields soggy reminders of New England
springtime, brandishing dandelions defiantly
among the graves of 1886
a prime year for planting corpses or civil unrest

one always chases after the other

the search continues,
rotting wood births inadvertent skylights
and moonbeams enter none the wiser
for our timely intervention is anything but
the end of this era and the clock strikes
one person is the essence and the descent
into the shadows we fall,
plum-deep dark arresting our motion
ask me to rejoin the movement
ambient and quiet
counterrevolutionary in stillness
somniaulant, unnoticed between the city smells
grease and whisky perfume of working hands

a dog at its own tail, chasing to no end

skyscrapers do just that, and
the clouds are slow to anger but it's there
bellicose and nonchalant the contradiction
we have
time spent growing eyes and forgetting how to blink
inveterate, that mediocre gesture

the air is too heavy to cut today
and i can feel it sinking through my skin

Crossing

Movement, sacred only
in the mind of the
interlocutor. It lights, and
retreats just
as swiftly
weightless in its gravity

Gravid, these sinuous moments
with nothing
to prove and nothing left for
emaciated tongues to glaze over

Overt and fluid, the line
twisting in the realm of half-death
those quiescent,
loaded seconds of
suspended animation
before the voltage has its way

The riot that started
this discussion
already forgotten,
mothballed and dust-laden
its coarse
betrayal
Anonymous and unrelenting.

Arched brows
a reliquary and
a warning.

Animalia

Predators don't belong in zoos.
Steel and cinderblock dampen;
missing the kill - the thrill,
millennia caught and twisted
held captive by the imaginations of

small men, magnified in the lens of
history. They have done much
to take the lion out of the tiger
and the jungle
out of the wilderness

human hands covered in hair, made
miniature. The monkeys are just
that missing link
between you and me. Two million years
and we're still searching

for the perfect connection,
proud and shiny behind that glass.
Elephants ought to play
baseball, or anything but lonely convict
waiting behind bars for the little lost child

unassuming, in her innocence
she flips her hair. Never knows the stares
her polar opposites attract, black and white.
Zebras model Serengeti formal wear
an ocean and a continent away

The zoo holds its breath
never too late.

Brambles

your shirt or your skin
i couldn't tell what i inhaled
my nose is not as sharp as your smile

5am playing tricks,
watching as we parlay intellect *sotto voce*
grains of salt for our efforts
and aquiline reminiscence for the record

still, every brown-orange carpet screams
in tongues only two can understand
small moments
culled from eternity for my bookshelf

6am presents a challenge, as sleep is
on hiatus
we think we're clever in our repartee
but driving tired is the same as driving drunk
i've never seen a better accident without cars

seasons later and still i guard it well
presumably, you do the same
if i smelled your hair or your shirt
we should be glad of our little death
oil drops on water, the colors slip away