

A river in both directions

It wraps around a hillside underneath a horizon that bleeds a Scottish autumn

It wanders through portraits of earthy twists,
Climbing a background
Wet with bedded sod and pointed rocks
With her face a mirage in the foreground
Stretching far into a five o'clock sunset
A mile high - up the air
She was underneath my toes
Coarsely ingrained on a seat Arther claimed
Kings of past played pretend,
Worshipping gods, the spirits - a wind
She was real in the flesh
Moving with white caps over tides plucked from the moon
Crashing into banks, my bones they ache
For summer when she fuels the start of something sacred
Something scientific in the way she runs away but never leaves
She cried like rainfall, my soul it floods
The depth becomes death you just have to jump
Atrophy isn't a trophy- tell that to evolution
The idea that yesterday isn't meant to leave layers
washes up in a bottle corked with her promise I just kept swimming
I just kept swimming
I just kept swimming
I just swimming
I just
I

Metaphors Wear Masks

Supernova

Supernova dry like paint
she'd go dancing by.

I swear I watched sycamore street break into a thousand pieces
A heat seeking missile
Dressed in high waisted pants
And a pair of eyes - not mine, not mine

Soft was an afterthought
The future comes and goes
She came and went
I swear it can't feel like nostalgia to hold something you never truly knew
With her it was- who knew who knew

The sun rolled in on a cloud - a Queen of sorts
Green shoe stamped grass shined a reflection white with wind
October in antiquity
She smiles - she grins

We talked with knees over platform.
Hanging like honest children
Dreaming of the trains going by
Spinning out of control
We don't ask- we don't ask why

Metaphors Wear Masks

Where r u

Alone, awake, a bedroom floor -a jigsaw of unclean laundry
Pieced together with excuses for why it wasn't washed the day before
Rock bottom echoes a mantra
Loudly through the room- she becomes a ghost sitting in a blue chair
Beautiful brown hair
Shouting- you could never love like you could grieve
Until it rang so many times the walls started to peel
She crawled into orbit
Our spines -adjacent- just like they always were
we ripped a galaxy apart saying nothing at all
Until -nothing- became the only promise I could keep
And her eyes, the only space for regret

The number of times she melted was properly correlated with a mood
Sharp as whiskey, pointed nose and all
Olive leather wrapped over bones disjointed
Loose with ligaments
she stranded herself
High above a snowfall of comets
She carved through a black blue canvas that stretches as far as /
You can convince yourself that it really all started with a bang,
And ended with her phone hanging up