

Copper

Copper
flowing to me
almost directly
as if the current
could shake off wind's black breath
just for a moment
to deliver warm waves my way.

Heavy Steps

Lazy trumpet bleat
clumsy harmony like broken branches underfoot
a sunlit streetcorner - the same sunlit streetcorner,
over and over
framed by sidewalks emanating a summer we didn't feel.
He must have known the same terrible sadness,
back then,
to write melancholy into the very air itself.

Nocturnal

Repeat
rewind

repeat
repeat
repeat

wishing the waves of sleep would claim me,
glinting with moonlight
pull me under their foamy tops
and sink me into the place of no memories

hope,
and horror,
to be sure,
but no memories.

Native Ice

The darkness is back, and I am glad for it
I tire of feeling well
I tire of cheerfulness, laughter, warmth
In this dead winter I tire of warmth.

The black cold of night is mine;
I inhabit it like one who only recently
discovered her birthright: eagerly
I welcome the frozen landscape from outside body to in
I form my own ice and notice that particular tightening;
exquisite straining of water and heart
past the sharpest notes,
into the sky.

Yes. Familiar pain, familiar ache.
Familiar madness, frigid as tundra,
warm as blood.