

## **I Am Ready For My Hair To Grow**

I am ready  
for garden nymphs  
to empty their watering cans  
and dust their magic over my roots,  
so that the budding wheat may explode into the sun

I am ready  
for my hair to reach  
horizontally like creeper vines,  
writhing and twining around each other,  
consuming every single living thing in their path

I am ready  
for a snake charmer,  
equipped and cocksure,  
to perform his intoxicating song  
and coax my tresses out from their sanctuary

I am ready  
for strands to descend  
like fibers of a spider's web,  
trapping the defenseless creature,  
leaving it to starve or to be eaten alive

I am ready  
for curls to unfurl  
and emerge rejuvenated,  
determinedly bursting out of the chrysalis,  
until flight of freedom is the only option remaining

I am ready  
for the pieces  
to be pulled away  
from my scalp like vultures,  
taking bones from a pile and carrying them off

I am ready  
for my hair to grow  
Now.

## **Femininity**

Plush purple piano

plays satin music

Slivers of moonbeam

split supple skin

laid atop ample canvas

intermittently recessed,

and depressed

A sea of red velvet shadows

Aerial drops of satisfaction

hover, then descend like hail

Wanderlust pours from wide open eyes

and onto oval lips

Melody and silence

make friction

until the heat is overwhelming

and mercilessly stimulating

A solar system

in the palm of your hand

softly spinning, swaying

slips through your fingers

like fine sand

Her song beckons you near

She demands of you

Let go your burdens

and step into

Simple mystery

Innocent maturity

Reverent oppression

## **What Do I Have to Sing About?**

What do I have to sing about?  
I, who, while tombs  
were stripped and ships sunk,  
stood there?

Shall I sing the praises  
of movements,  
those old and those to come?  
Should I conduct riots,  
raise hell  
and hurl myself unto the pyre?

How does one apologize  
for playing the fiddle  
as humanity burns?  
It turns to ash  
and falls through my fingers

Cries become lullabies  
then silence

I want to take a match  
to the poppy garden  
I lie in it instead

Steadfastly, I waver  
and hover like a melody

I don't know how  
to locate my gaps

I know only  
that I daren't  
write a song about it.

## **Hey, Mister**

Mr. Barely Blue Eyes  
Mr. Sensibility  
Mr. Sensitivity  
Mr. Intoxicated  
Mr. Misleading Sighs  
Mr. Maybe Someday  
Mr. Man Of My Word  
Mr. Goad  
Mr. Yellow Brick Road  
Mr. God On High  
Mr. Good Intentions  
Mr. Chord Suspension  
Mr. Piano Man  
Mr. Just Because You Can  
Mr. Sous Chef  
Mr. Simmering Anxiety  
Mr. Lingering Questions  
Mr. Angel Voice  
Mr. Halo Hair  
Mr. Devil Does Care  
Mr. Pretends Not To Have A Clue  
Mr. "I Fell So Hard For You"  
Mr. Wait  
Mr. Whispers  
Mr. Worried About What Could Never Be  
Mr. Pink Rosary  
Mr. Poetry Fodder  
Mr. Can't Say Stop  
Mr. Cupid's Lips  
Mr. Curated Smile  
Mr. Love Language  
Mr. Let Me Make You Happy  
Mr. History Buff  
Mr. History

Mister, you better hope this poem is good enough  
to justify  
my broken heart  
and premature goodbye

## **Dirge of a Woman**

She had never taken pride  
in her intact virginity  
nor did she put much stock  
in the notion  
that maidenhood  
was a woman's most treasured  
and private  
possession  
Why, then,  
did this particular  
force in motion,  
likely the least painful thing  
he had done to her  
so far,  
feel so devastating,  
like such  
a ceremonious  
loss?  
It did not  
make sense  
to her.