

Lucky and Luckless In Love

A Note to Prepare You

Be nice to me even though you know
I will leave you on an unscheduled flight.

Make our bed warm for me when I can't shed the chill in my bones.
I will leave you and melt through the sheets to drip into the earth by morning.

Murmur to me, just a whisper to remember those times I was a good man.
I will leave you before the falling star strikes the earth.

Stroke the side of my right cheek with your wrinkled fingers.
I will leave you alone in the soon cold sheets we still share.

Say you remember when I brought alive that wet passion within you.
I will leave you a map to your pleasure in memory etched with pain of gentle endings.

Take every ounce of my fluids and mummify me pharaoh dry.
I will leave you by falling through the floor when you least expect it.

Say the sun still shines through the French doors of our life.
I will leave you the echo of my footsteps climbing to our bedroom.

I will leave you a legacy of faded shirts to fly as kites
And signal your remembrance of my arm across your shoulder.

I will leave you the rest of your life without me.

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Love's Truths

You know she loves me.

She makes idols to my mysteries.

She worships
the quicksand I walk on.

She looks up to me
from above.

You know
I love her.

I stroll on the banks of her muddied flood zone.

I hold her light before me
to devour my darkness.

I stand under her sword
hanging from a thread of truth.

She hides her tears
in the clouds.

I hide my fears behind
an arrogance of trust.

And the differences
between the mirrors we hold up

light the fire of passion
we escape into.

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The Position

Assumed when we start the night,
my left elbow rests on her left hip,

the curve of her bottom presses into my stomach.
My left arm curves around her torso to cup her right breast.

Her nipple rests in the relaxed space
between the thumb and forefinger of my warm hand.

In the night we break apart,
mitosis that allows for reunification.

When we awake, we listen to the rhythm of breaths
to read our mutual state and retake our position.

She likes her left leg on top of mine
to make a stack of ankles.

I hate the king bed where our darkness
can create distance between the sheets.

Those nights we drift apart,
we can become lost to each other.

As the alarm goes off and dreams fade,
we reach to resume the position or,

practice other skin-tight moments.

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Borne from Our December

Our cold breaths make words freeze
and shatter on the floor between us.

I want to walk into the winter wooded yard,
lie down between the trees and shrubs,

let the earth enfold me
to drink love's blood
and devour dried bone.

Maybe in spring,
something she can love
will grow.

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Cover Love

You can cover love
With hate
With distance
With sadness
With pain
With fear
But you can't
Make it go
Away