

Some Things Don't Need Titles

Stems. The ache pulling me from your safe skin seems to pierce,
rather than defend
me.

Your eyelashes curl delightedly,
and I cry tears of determined epiphanies that I care more about you than
“reality.”

Flighted screams, because when I see land approach
I watch your eyes close pieces of me.

Your proximity to my heart is of a distance unknown to Earth.
I measure our love in skin cells that cling when our palms combine
and form rhythms.

In glances that only demonstrate chances that I’ve missed to love you the way
that I should.

I’ve known since grasshoppers flickered our wings, and I’ve mocked your pleasant whims to
imply that you and I
should never consider each other
our dream.

But we are.

Because sometimes when I watch the hairs on your cheeks increase in length
I wonder when the time will come that they’ll scratch me on late mornings
when the kids are at school and work isn’t for another two hours and
suddenly

you aren’t just someone I toy with, may be it unintentionally.

You are my heart and my soul and the song seems to know us both
personally,

and in ways that I’ve never ingrained in my brain besides times that you’ve read my thoughts
more exceptionally than a prophetic lie detector game.

How is it that you’re as outside of me as a raindrop on a library book yet
you know my words and the authors note and hell
the fact that she had a zit on the left of her chin
when the photo was taken

inside the fold of me that hides because realistically no one is interested in anything besides
the white cream pages presented to them.

You know my publishing house, the year I was printed and you know the reasons why I was only
sold on the West Coast for three years

but you aren’t good at reading and through this I’ve learned
that cream pages only serve purpose if they’ve been typed into some one who is there -
or to someone who cares.

Now the me that plagues social media and portrays themselves as an outgoing entrepreneurial
ecstasy is unsure of even what socks to match with shoes that I’ve pondered for months and if
only God knew what I’d eat for lunch because Satan sure as hell could ask too -
but you place us in the middle.

We lick white feathers off of each others weeping medals that adorn us only for the sake of taking the attention away from our caverned pasts and hope for a better, seedless triumph. The guy who sits under my earlobe and screams existential explicit movie lines at anyone who approaches doesn't seem to scare you and in my form of measurement that matters more than any deadly devotion stamped on a piece of paper or better yet seared onto your wedding ring. Somehow I'm glad that you're my least gripping addiction, and least savored delicacy. Anything more and I'd be living dangerously.

I Found Myself Under Your Tongue

I know I should be
“productive” right now.
But the ripples in my eyes, that seem to reflect the gaps in time
in which I sought you,
scream at me.
I seek your warmth.
Worrisome caverns beckon to me,
and memories crystalized with you
reckon to be...necessary.
Parts of my brain throw stirrups in flames
at the others
that aim
to disintegrate
your claims.
I feel you chuckle.
Almost as though I am a note
hidden beneath your laughter
and under your plan
for a better “ever after.”
I am pregnant with your whims.
You worry me,
yet convince me of times in which
your empathy held my fear
in a prison
of inaccessible glory.
I know that what you're saying
isn't true. Your presence is a fluke.

When Summer Came

It was a violent spring.
Cheers hit,
smiles fell.

Histories recoiled on themselves and
baseballs were thrown
to our pasts. Sunburned geometry
grazed our toes and
sat down to hibernate.
We were nine years old again
at last.
Through rivers of DNA and follicle forests
we recreated.
We remembered, and we wept.
Yet we reached the sound conclusion
that voodoo was inept at what we needed.
We needed time.
Staring at decayed wood and symphonies of hay
we grew up in fish bowls. We were the needle
never found.
Now replaced,
we danced to regain
hand hip connections in balloon filled ballrooms we
kissed
away our youth.
Too quickly.
Pricked fingers and pine needled luck;
we wanted sun drops on our eyelids
unforced by machinery.
We wanted the willows freedom to swoon
at bathing ducks.

If Telepathy Were My Religion

Missing lies
and historical dreams.
I know a bulls arched back
and the crease of your lips
better than any repeated scheme.
Better than vibrations or screams.
Better than foamed beer and
your smile when you cave in
to me.
I am
just barely
able to kiss you with my glance.
I wish our eyes could speak sensual agreements
I wish we could argue with sighs

but we can't because
four million and eighty eight atoms
sandwich us in time.
Now our dusted brick walls,
cannot be penetrated.
They cheat death
and die.
All I want to be
is your pinnacle.
I want your breath so close that steam rises
from volcanic ash
across three continents
of you and me.
From the universe to minute detail.
Our irises manage to match,
and our waves transcend brain cells.

The Black Keys

Carved into my heart
is a swinging bench and hookah cords
snaking
through suppressed giggles, and words
that to this day
I cannot forget.
When you looked at me,
I saw magic in your eyes.
I saw the veins of a leaf
in the background of your soul.
I saw you cover it.
I see skateboards and water guns,
and mischievous grins that have been tattooed
to the inside of my eyelids
so that I will not forget
what it means
to be young.
You drove me home with the Black Keys keeping time
with the surfers walking by
and your blonde hair was as bright
and alive
as the sun. I remember
sitting in your kitchen
and watching a chameleon ache through its cage.
Knowing that in the bathroom

my carelessly shed tank top
was being tread on
by a girl whose name tasted like warmth,
a girl who knew how to make me unwelcome.
You told me that I wasn't worthy and
I looked at you and left
but what I didn't mention
was that within my knitted
white corset
my little heart was pounding hard
to keep its pieces together.
To this day the beat it plays
echoes the Black Keys,
and cowers at
your pounding waves.