

9/16/19 11:50 PM

I was told,
from a young age
to sit down and shut up.

I was handed a shovel,
buried the words
into the cold, hard earth.

I looked up at God,
questions burned holes in my tongue
the empty eyed cross stared back.

I turned to the preacher,
who bellowed before me
give up the kernels of my soul.

I lifted my hands,
palms submitted on high
drowned the small huddled mass in water and song.

They sang,
voices ricocheted like bullets
I was blind.

But now I see.

11/16/19 3:32 PM

Behind eyelids
warmed brown
with the beating strength of November sun

The warm breeze
trading spaces
with the crashing of waves

And in the lull
ocean mist
with flecks of sand tickling the toes

12/7/19 7:55 AM

The coffee pot is brewing,
on to the highway race track wonder who will win.

The blue rusted civic on the left,
or the silver BMW to the right?

The morning hive fills the ears,
making honey for the monarchy.

12/27/19 2:04 AM

Sometimes I wish I could have fun
the melt the brain kind
the no-good for you kind hilarity,
eight drinks in
the bass beat reverberating
up the spine and through your essence,
no eyes on you
just one mass of tangled limbs and sweat
sway,
to the beat
sway,
release for a moment
before primordial instinct is reigned,
quelled and fully tamed.

5/26/20 11:53 PM

When I read, I leave a trail
lines of ink; the slime of a snail
Dog eared notches on boiled down trees,
I break the ground and lead.

Weave through words
Notes in margins, crumbs for birds
Signals to those who hike on next,
I was here, a ghost between the text.