

Passenger's seat

The bloody scream of my alarm jerks me from sleep,
its frantic flashing reminding me it is a bomb.

Go, go, go, it orders,
a scarlet siren shoving me towards the rocks.

So, I go, and here I wait.

Confronted by red lights.

I stand on the corner wondering what they're keeping me from,
the answer comes lumbering towards me.

Settling down, I take it in...

a blind woman could see how filthy this bus is, and even if she couldn't, she could smell it.

My shoes stick to the floor, my iPod can't quite drown out the snoring man, and squalling baby.

Achoo, achoo! Snot flies everywhere, some lands on me,

Jesus I hope that lady isn't contagious.

Red light.

My head collides with the rattling window,

shit, there goes another thought.

Almost there,

a wino leans in close, his body weaving as the pendulum of his life counts down to oblivion, he asks me if I need help.

It's funny, I was about to ask him the same thing. Great minds I suppose..

Red light.

Where has the day gone?

Red light, redlight, red light.

The desk is too small for me. I hold onto it tightly, sure that it is shrinking. Even so, I'm afraid I'll end up holding thin air, or maybe I'm the one disappearing?

I wish I were more, or even less substantial, just so I could be certain.

Looking down, I consult my shadow, but it only shrugs in puzzlement as do I.

And now, I've missed my bus.

I climb into your car; I wish you would turn the radio on.

Silence doesn't bother me the way it does most people.

They see it as an intolerable emptiness that needs to be filled at any cost, I see it as something that has the potential of turning into anything at all.

Still, I wish you'd turn on the radio, because I know it bothers you, and I don't want to make empty conver--

What? You were, right in the middle of making dinner?

Yes, there is quite a bit of traffic at this hour.

Well, the thing is my reality was collapsing right on top of me, and now I think I'm fading, ectoplasmic if you will. Which explains how that rattletrap swept right by me without so much as slowing down.

No, I don't believe I've lost my mind, oddly enough that's the only part of me that seems static. It's the rest of me that's unaccounted for.

Red light.

Blink, blink, blink, my curser mocks me. The silence is overwhelmed with sound, and I can't hear myself—

Do you think you could please turn that T.V down?

Can't you kids go play outside for a little while?

No, you can show me your comic book later, right now Auntie really needs to---

Achoo!

Jesus, you're not contagious are you?

The Fall

I like the way the leaves scurry after me,
Little leprechaun feet I think,
as they stay just a step behind,
hopping merrily as they whisper conspiratorially with the wind.
I wish I could tell you about them,
make you smile and shake your head at my nonsense.
Instead I watch my sister's cat stalk them.
He doesn't tolerate invisible little people.

I like that the wind has a voice,
I listen to it, but there seems to be no reason for its shouts,
Still some part of my mind must recognize its language,
How else could its words move me to tears?

I like that the chilled air mingles with the warmth of the sun,
As if winter and summer love fall as much as I do.
A beginning,
an end,
an in-between.
Autumn makes me feel on the cusp,
Of something good, or something to fear, I don't know yet.

I like that I met you before winter came,

In a time that's neither here nor there.
You've forgotten me,
But I trail after you on little leprechaun feet.
You step past me,
not even sparing a glance.
You don't tolerate ghosts.

LEECHING

The color of my life leaves me drop by drop.
I've turned it over to you.
In a cycle that will not stop,
you take it, it's nothing new.

I've turned it over to you,
my life is of little consequence,
you take it, it's nothing new.
A quiet death, after a silent existence.

My life has had little consequence,
In trying to save this love I have also failed,
a quiet death after a silent existence,
My grip has loosened, my passion paled.

For trying to believe in love, I have been failed,
Seduced and held by a phantom's promise,
but, his grip has loosened, the passion's paled,
My spirit detaches me before the fatal farewell kiss.

Seduced and held by a phantom promise.
A fever swells within, consuming all,
but, my spirit detaches me before the fatal farewell kiss.
Now, I can let you fall away.

A fever swells within, consuming all.
In a cycle that has stopped,
As I let you fall away,
the color of my life revives me drop by drop.