

Midnight Drive

I was lounging upon the sofa at midnight,
My skin coloured by the TV's blue light.
It was just me and my thoughts,
So I went for a drive.

The town was asleep; street lamps flew past me.
Without thinking, I ended up at your cemetery.
It was just me, the stars, and your grave
So I sat by you—and screamed.

I talked to you for an hour, then dried my eyes
Next, I pulled into the place of him and I.
It was just me and this time—he wasn't there,
So I just sat alone and stared.

You are gone but I still feel you live.
He is here, but I feel he is dead.
Oftentimes, I visit you in the night—
I cannot visit him—
How much harder it can be
To grieve the loss of someone who's still alive.

Religion

Gold

That was always you

Leaving dusts of it on my skin

Till it's trailing off of my body

A reminder of me being above and beneath

Your sheets

This isn't just in my sleep

So a heaven exists after all

A statue of you

I've observed and loved your being

How a Greek would worship their God

How a fairy worships nature

How I—

Worship this ruin of bones

Our bones

But in yours I find my temple

Gold

My lover is gold

From the first time you kissed me it's been

Leaking into me

From your lips to mine;

Fleeting moments of your temporary worship to me

And you always find my way into my poetry

Even when

You do not love me

God

Doesn't love me

Over Tea

The memory is a funny thing.
I made this conclusion the other day,
When I ran into you on my way,
On my way to write my novel—
The novel was to be
A reflection of you and me
Until you invited me to tea
And everything changed.

We laughed about our past
Even though we didn't last
But then...I remembered something
Based off of what you said.
“We were just kids in love.”
“I never treated you rough.”
“I gave you more than enough.”
But that didn't sound right.

Until this day, this too I had believed
That you really did love me
With every part of you; we just couldn't be.
I stopped laughing and left—
I had lied
I repressed the truths
And hid them on a shelf in my mind.
I've found this horrid book now.
I had “remembered” things in a different way.
But not anymore.

The hand that held mine
Caressed me in a way so kind.
Like the tender touch one gives
To an animal or person who is injured,
Who may no longer be alive.
But it also squeezed me! Taking out the life within,
Sentencing me to an end.
And though your touch cunningly soft,
The callouses roughly hit my skin.

The hugs you gave me,
Making sure I was okay.
But I had failed to remember the time you shook your head
And walked away.
You couldn't even look at me when you did.
And that same night you would leave.

The mouth that kissed my lips
And told me oh, how you loved me.
How I wrote great songs and, “Babe! You're so poetic!
You've a creative mind!”
But your lips also passed between them
Words that cursed me and blamed me.
“It's your own fault you're depressed.”
“You're messed up.”
“And you're so pessimistic.”
And then—I hated myself.

The memory is a funny thing.

And I realised this over tea.

Thank you for the invite, by the way,

But now—I think I’ll rewrite that novel—about you and me.

Remembrance

She was only four when your presence up and

Left us.

And that is

What I fear most.

I am scared,

Scared she will forget you existence.

I don't want her to lose sound of your voice,

Though I know this almost impossible.

I had more time with you.

I get mad

When I can keep something clear about you.

I get sad

When I can't talk to you.

And though I still do,

It's not the same.

I focus on imagining what you'd say.

I know how I feel

And that is why

I ache for her.

She was there when you breathed last,

Shaking you, calling you,

But you didn't budge.

You didn't flutter your eyes into awakening.

"Mama didn't wake up,"

She told the guy you and she lived with.

"Mama went to sleep."

"Mama wouldn't wake up,"

She told me

One month later,

“I miss her,” she whispered.

“I have a picture of her,” she nudged.

“Look, I miss her,”

Passing the photo.

“Where is Mama?”

“They told me she’s in heaven.”

“Why didn’t Mama wake up, sissy?”

I wonder if you ever did wake up,

And now watch us from where you are.

I writing

And she giggling.

Us in our most beautiful states.

Please, visit her in her sleep.

Speak to her in her dreams.

Hold her hand.

Protect her like you always did.

Kiss her tears.

Lay by her in bed.

Maybe in some strange occurrence I can come too.

And our older sister.

The four of us again.

Laughing and sleeping and loving.

But please,

Whatever it be,

Wake up for her—

I need you to please

Wake up—

The Jar Trees

And then—I came upon the jar trees.
The cut off limbs and stuck on glass.
A colourful spectrum,
About the surface area of the woodened space.
I remembered our joke.
That I'd grow you a jar and pick it from the tree for you.
You said you'd declare me—
Goddess of the jar trees.
You'd praise my name,
Stay with me forever.
Praising—ever praising.
And I was going to do it.
I was going to grow that jar for you.
I was going to grow it and paint it,
Using hieroglyphics to be studied,
Interpretations of the now ancient us.
Putting one hundred or so notes of love inside.
For you to pull them out,
For you to know—
Know of my love,
My love for you.
I touched the bark of the tree and thought of her.
A morbid thought of life and death.
How the tree is dead, and so is she.
At this thought I walked on
To the garden.
The one where my sister and I planted the azaleas,
A light pink one and a vibrant one too.
Dug a hole and nurtured them there,

In her memory.
They were beautiful just as she.
But one of them died.
The other barely made it through the winter.
Bare limbs and withered once lively blooms.
It came out alive—okay.
Even so, it followed the other—eventually, it too died.
My sister’s and then mine.
Thinking of death, I walked to where we buried Baby.
A dog we had at daddy’s when I was twelve.
I asked where she was.
“She’s dead,” my sister said.
I didn’t believe her.
But when I knew it was so,
I wrote a letter.
Telling her that I love her.
That I’d miss her.
That I was sorry for getting mad when she gave me a scar
On my left arm.
I told her that I was glad she gave it to me.
This way, she’d always be with me.
I buried this by her.
After this,
I went to the carport.
Where we sat, the day you met my dad.
I threw a baseball to my dog,
Forgot there was a roof
Overhead.
And we laughed.

But mostly,
This is where we noticed together,
The jar trees.
My dad pointed and showed us.
I thought it silly,
In a cute way.
But you said, “No.”
“It’s expression.”
And you’re right, it is.
But so is this.
You never cared for mine,
Did you?
I think that’s okay though because I have better all within me.
Though you left before I could give you yours,
I have better jars to give.
Better notes and letters to write.
Better beauty to create and nurture and grow.
I have better things and people worth missing.