

Sitting alone in the mountains

Sitting alone in the mountains writing poems in my underwear
I haven't seen another person in days on this pine-softened slope.
The heart of the mountain is cold.
Even in summer, the early morning air cool and thin
living close to stone.
My heart aches to be this canyon dweller, a hermit
in the sun and wind.
I am made for mesas, I feel, and chaparral.
But I am only blowing through.
I slept in a parking lot near Kearney on the way,
cut the headlights and drove by the light of fireflies.
On a frontage road a coyote ran alongside my rolling wheel.
I don't live here.
I am laying to rest this life I'll never have.
I am in mourning.
Last night a gash of stars shone between the opaque cliffs.
I slept listening to the dark. I've stayed a week, I'll stay another
burning pinyon to stay warm at night, cooking beans over the fire,
singing songs I love, writing new ones, dreaming of making love
in blankets by the fire.
I am falling in and out of loneliness.
I am boiling spruce needle tea.
Can I become the mountain?
I want to
be beautiful
and for someone
to know
I am here.
I want to be told
I can stay.
I want to
be sure.

When you begin to love yourself

Begin to love yourself and you
begin to grieve. There could have been
more of you all those years.
Like an old coat, where do you put it now?
Grieve the people who loved
the version you didn't.
This is what you have been waiting for:
knowing there is no such thing
as the perfect thing. It's all you.
When you begin to love yourself
you don't let your weakness have so much.
It is just one part of you.
Now you can do anything.
You are free. You are in love.
Now, now you carry an ember
and no longer need to keep building the fire
with your past.

God bless Berlin

Did you ever see it?

She angled her eyes toward him
from the car's dark headrest
without moving her head.

Many times. It was ugly as fuck.

Out the window through the bleared light and rain
dark stone of the city passed.

Beneath the sandstone pillars of the Gate
rubble and graffiti if you knew where to look.

Some parts raised like scar tissue.

The taxi stopped then rolled on.

She sank deeper into the collar of her coat.

She moved her head, gesturing
out the window like peace
entering the city.

Gulch poem

Early, before the sun came over the ridge,
the morning star held above the highest pines.
The dark dawn, somber as a crow.
The smell of pine sap in the chill of daybreak.
Young, I didn't know what to do.
That there was nothing to do.
It was the earth's
morning and I
was the earth.