

Mourning Dove

There is something madly alluring about her
tragedy; a victim seeming nothing less than
remarkable.

All those passing stop,
if only to please mere curiosity,
but become entranced
by her
heart, bleeding upon that lyre...

This morbid crowd
a carnival at her lips.
She carries

on, distraught, foraging for seeds
of hope in dawn's dim light,
lamenting.

And when she knows she has
but one last drop, she will hang
that harp where she sits
upon the branch of the willow;
the only one to ever offer her an arm

so tender. It bows
under the weight of her torment,
weeping with her.

Ephelides

In my free time I have begun to study
astronomy – *we're talking basics*
here, back to simple observation,
mystery not dulled by mathematics –
classically romantic admiration.
And even in the limitations of nearsightedness,
I have discovered stars that remain

uncharted.

I may not be able to write
as descriptive an image as Eudoxus,
nor give my findings as nice a verse
as Aratus, but no matter –
we gaze upon quite contrasting heavens.
They spoke of asterisms made of scattered fire,
and I of soft pigmented constellations;

beautiful contingencies that rest
upon her cheeks and shoulders; adornments
for that smooth marble body – artwork
the ancient Greeks would have lusted after
envious to not have been the sculptor.
Look closely, now, and convince me
there still are no more than eighty-eight

constellations.

Self-Help

To be blue;
to dance with shadows, swallowed
by yet another suburban town.

Or, perhaps
I was born here, among the crooked;
not to be trusted, running after women...
 It *must* be, such was I;

emptying bottles, tearing at labels –
mere misplaced feelings of defection –
hollow, yet full of desire...

You found pleasure in the idea
there is no saving my kind, but
I was weak.
 Am I still?

As we were made, devils
with two hands, disguised.
Existential crises.

They claim there to be a source
to suffering as well as a path to leave
such a steep, destitute valley...
 Show me, *please*.

How?

How?

My heart asks, but my eyes distract.

Her pale skin.

One more glass.

Supply & Demand

Want

Bodies crave to satisfy

Demand

Hands implementing solutions

Tracing down that hourglass

Identifying the paths they can take

And how they can take them

Predicting reward

Seeking risk

One thinks to chain the animal

The other to leave it breadcrumbs

Ephelides II

“[T]he multitude read the stars, at most astrologically, not astronomically.”

I know, as Thoreau had, it is foolish to lie
underneath stars and do more than map them, to postpone sleep
only to falsely decipher what's strung between; suspended
stories. Éireann claims these were made for us, discoveries
reduced generation after generation to myth and
bullshit – only fools find truth in them, I know this – and I fear
to be so ignorant to make the same mistake as others
before me, to view you as what you are not, or for less than

you are.

You are not just some mere sign of hope, of possibility; my own story
to weave in the dark among dying lights.
You are not a mean of gains nor some wife-to-be-made; dot-to-dot
you are a miracle in your own right, I know this.
I know this... but would you allow me

a moment

to be so arrogant as to imagine this sky
and all of her stars were put in place for me,
to reveal new miracles, none explained, hopes held high
upon those marble shoulders – bare them; I beg
to see that sight, so confounding and so puzzling it does not come

without fear;

“too good to be true.” Would not it seem most unlikely
that I, of all the alternatives, be chosen to witness
these peaks upon which stars sprout and hint of heaven?
And there is no question of my coordinates, for nowhere else exists
so fit to boast her constellations, this new-found map of mine...

No matter our belief, whether we realize or choose to
admit, we all hope for significance, in placement and in order
of our lives, and of our loves. So, whatever claim one could possibly lay,
be it the alignment of her stars themselves or the chance mishap of
an unlikely traveler's being at the right place
at the right time, I will lean on arrogance in just this,

thinking how, in a world full of men and women searching
for heaven, I could be so lucky mine may have instead found me,
and that all I might need is belief; to accept, to cherish, and to nourish
with every breath... But if in this I am to fall or falter, or fail

completely, may I remain after the collapse
so fortunate to still, even if only ever again
supine, gaze upon her skies, a lovely angle, still blessed
in my arrogance, I know, but let me imagine
my own significance.