

Broken Pieces

*Glittery flesh and dancing memories
Arguments occurring between innings*

*Takeout pizza, a connection begins
Kisses that start, exposing skin*

*Romantic dinners with Vance Joy
Meeting your sister, I couldn't avoid*

*Music shared. Ryder dancing. Texts exchanged.
Tattoo stories. Baby pictures. Bedroom games.*

*Rooftop sunshine, bliss in a glass
A story of heartbreak, your hero who'd passed*

*Your car was filled with a mirror and my stuff
Travis was closed, so we went to the bluffs*

*The Haight. Magic.
Anxiety. A mess.
Cha Cha. Deluxe.
Tears. Undress.*

*Goodbyes were hard, a Søren quote
Planes departed, a "new chapter" you wrote*

*I'd welcome a niece and travel the nation
You'd tell of Sturgill and your sister's frustration*

*The calls a drug
The texts of flirt
You sent me a mug
I sent you a shirt*

*The bull grows stable. A sun, some friends.
The sea goat notices. The distance begins.*

*Things change, and slowly feel wrong
My people, your place, blue angels and songs*

*A friendship for now, I breathe, you called
I guess time will tell why it never evolved*

*I sit in my bed, I count down until night
I look at the stars, yours is special and bright*

*The memories are there. The connection remains.
The daydreaming, the chemistry, all engrained.*

*"Broken pieces" aligned, you perfectly write
One day becoming stars, together in light*

*The gifts you've given all saved on a shelf
The cards. The pin. The mug. Yourself.*

The Foundation

*They approached the clearing, neither could know
Surveyed the land, for a structure to grow
The work began quickly, a strike of the match
Their heart beats ringing, the soundtrack; Latch*

*The first brick was placed, it was sturdy and strong
The materials steady, it all belonged
Dive bars and nerves, accompanied the night
A teasing goodbye, a brand new height*

*The walls climbed fast, day and night they grew
Roommates, friends, the tie dye crew
The blueprints aligned, among weekend plans
Twisted in bedsheets, holding hands*

*The structure grew taller, shaky and faster
Thanksgiving neared Christmas, dancing and laughter
But the building would sway, the wind would blow
The moment it shattered, dropped in the snow*

*The holidays came, blurry nights led the way
Apologies attempted to steady the sway
The love remained, but so did the storm
I prayed that the building could keep us both warm*

*Botanical lights. Brewery fights. Hikes and beers.
Dinner parties. Summer nights. Brand new year.
Matching jerseys. Handshakes. Learning to ski.
Champagne spills. Sage burning. A new set of keys.*

*The gust so sudden, the materials softened
A night pushed to morning. A date never forgotten.
And as it fell, it appeared more as a shack
An echoing question, "Was it built to last?"*

*The dust created clouds, causing confusion and delays
Not certain what would sit among the flattened remains
They approached the ruins, discouraged and unsure
Wondering how the place could endure*

*One thing done right, and the Daylight proved
The foundation stood sturdy, the first bricks unmoved
"We'll pick up the pieces, each build a place of our own"
Two structures, both sturdy. One singular home.*

Spring Equinox

Written During Covid's First Year

*The winter was long, cold and dark
Waiting for a lifetime, to make its mark*

*And in that lifetimes, hope was lost
A plague swept the earth an endless frost*

*And the lights went out
And the streets were empty
We were forced to face our fears*

*Fears of the known
Fears of uncertainty
Fears of being alone*

*And in that time alone there was despair
And in that time alone there was peace*

*We lived in isolation grasping for any ounce of human connection
Grappling with the guilt - what does health mean?*

*Spiritual health
Mental health
Physical health*

*And people turned inward. People turned against each other.
A woman shot in slumber, a man silenced without breath*

*But we linked arms. Faces covered. Hearts aligned.
Steadfast for change. Steadfast as a human race.*

*And we bonded together. Often times alone.
Bonded by a singular cause.
Humanity.
A belief, a passion, that the snow must melt.*

*I prayed for a presence every night
And I pleaded to Mother Earth she would send us light*

*And then it happened, a glimmer of hope
A new leader emerging, an antidote
Something shifted, the light touched my skin
A feeling of hope, a chapter begins*

*And when the sun rose, the light filled the earth
Time for new beginnings, time for rebirth*

*Welcome to my home a brand new start
Time to fill it with memories, time to refill my heart*

*And as the sun peaks I'll slide my key in the locks
The moment we waited for, Welcome Spring Equinox*

The Most Miserable Place on Earth

When Walt first wakes up, he dreads his monotonous daily agenda at the most miserable place on earth; a day filled with crying babies, overweight divorcees, and more mouse ears than Ariel has mood swings, however in hopes to help clear his head he does a line of blow to honor Snow White. Grabbing the papers beside him, his bad mood is back. Yesterday was a day full of reading new scripts for famous sequels. His biggest nightmares came true when within a few hours: Elsa is a lesbian, Mufasa is actually alive, and Moana leaves the island to become a CEO, a woman CEO!

He couldn't sleep filled with rage, so he decided he'd go out with the new Minnie Mouse intern for a late drink to see if she was more Lady or more Tramp. This morning the polka dot dress on the floor answers that question. He steps over it and ventures outside to get to work. The park gates open and he marches into the Underworld. The place is a hellish display of noise, dwarfs, lions, and 101 spotted dogs. He breathes. Nothing will bother him.

Let Aladdin hump that damn rug.
Let Belle practice her weird bestiality sinful acts.
Let Mulan do her transgender "warrior" thing.
He tells himself to Let It Go. Do the Warner Brothers ever feel this miserable? Do they see little brats running around talking about Slytherin and Hogwarts and wish they'd stumble upon a poisoned apple?
Walt thinks he may take the day off.
Maybe he'll head south and do a night or two in Miami to see if he can't find some inner zen. He will give up the animation, the happiness he delivers for others, the smiles and sparkles, and he'll sit, relax. He wonders if any one would notice. The headlines read "Mastermind Behind the Mouse Goes Missing."
He knows the answer. No one would care. He needs to change that. He turns back and heads into the park. Maybe Moana being CEO isn't so bad? It's better than the next shitty sequel they'd have written. Finding Walt. It's like Nemo - but with humans and cocaine. He heads into the park.