

Bright Blue

grip me faster
don't fall off the
raft bright blue
it's a thing that you
do I've seen it
the white tips of
rapids eating your
hair and lapping your lips
the oar reaching to no avail
off off you sail
I see it when my eyes
close I'm back there
savoring battered hips
save me from fantasy
grab my shoulder push
like boulder up the path
as the dark takes hold
and the stars are spread
like blue
berry jam
across the clearing
your fingers searing
little scars into mine
I want you to be mine
I hold every conversation
in cupped hands

We made a searching and fearless moral inventory of ourselves

Questions taken from N.A. step working guide

How do you identify your individual feelings?

By colors.
Puce for jealousy,
grey for what I think is love,
pink for how I felt
sleeping on her porch as the sun inched
above the park.

What conflicts in your personality make it difficult to maintain friendships and/or romantic relationships?

Doubt.
Doubts that burrow like badgers,
Doubts that bite like insects
in swirling swarms
Doubts that won't
leave
me
alone.

How has your faith and trust in a higher power grown?

Like fingernails.
Slow if looked at
day by day,
fast over a course of months.
Lately I fear
it has grown too long
I scratch myself,
my family.
But everyone in the rooms
nods like I've found
the answer.

Differences

I stomp on the
taut reds the brown
shriveled apples
lawn tomatoes
juices mingling
on my shoes
something she
would never do

My Grip

and all the cars
in all the car commercials
look the same
how the hell
can I pick the vehicle
that will make me
cool, sexy, relevant
if I can't tell
the damned things apart

not that I drive anymore
last time I had a car
I was a mess of a 17 year old
trying earnestly
to perfect the art
of the drunken stupor
I didn't know what kind
of car it was
I just knew it was red
and that its secret name was
"Everybody Must Be Zapped"
The license plate was
EMBZ, you see

I certainly felt cool
rolling into school
on my own sweet time
backpack full of chocolate
and booze in my water bottle
I certainly felt cool
talking up my new
shiny red car
that my mother paid for
as I ate my halloween buckets worth
of candy
and sipped my stolen wine

Yeah I felt cool
until
she asked me what was up
and I couldn't lie

Yeah I felt cool
until
she poured the wine
into the drinking fountain
and passed the candy out
like it was halloween
Oh yeah I felt cool
and sexy and relevant
until she got into the car
and I realized I held
her life in my hands
and my hands
well
they cramped up
from gripping the steering wheel
so tightly