

Finding It

The soil beneath your bare feet glows—
for you know
deep below your soles
it can feel your wounds,
can speak them aloud
to the air wrapping 'round
your head and your heart,
your damp palms and young thoughts
while somewhere far off
in the same moment, this,
a thousand eyes are locked,
locked in awe,
watching skies filled with violet light.
The promise of a greater Why.

You love it where you are.
Here you've learned a great deal
about softness and joy.
About loving the one you're with.

And you do love him.
And you do love you.

But this is not the only where.
This soil does not need you
or hold your feet in place.
And so you know
And so you go
to see that violet light,
to meet it with your eyes,
ask those greater Whys
and answer them.

And so you go.

Undoing You All Again

One day I'll un-tack the swatches of your skin from these walls
having huffed off all their intoxicating scent long ago
un-decorate this room of you I'll
un-display the post card's gold-trimmed lettering with which you wrote down our love—
“LA's openness makes me think of a great house we could build together” penned so
delicately
“and how I would move anywhere on Earth for you”, inscribed too precisely.

One day I'll un-relinquish myself to your magnetic field
I'll do the work, engage the thrust, burn the fuel I'll
de-couple from your orbit
and re-enter my own atmosphere
gasping deep those first precious breaths
of an air my flesh can recognize
no longer flailing in the glorious vastness
of your star-speckled space.
I'll be home in me again.

One day I'll re-dissolve you into a stranger,
some handsome man in a crowd.
Tall with dark hair: my type, everyone's type— my type I'll
think *I wonder where he's going,
what's striping through his mind*
as I always will, in passing.
But then I'll pass.

One day I'll un-do the whole of you
de-construct your taxonomy
pick your loose threads
from the fabric of my life
and spin it all anew.

That day is not today,
nor is it tomorrow,
but I can smell its cool, damp freshness
cresting the horizon.

On and On to Hallelujah

It may grow distant
and soon to forget
how small and soft
your human form sits
when now such thick
and deep-set time
passed moments by
when last you laid
your head upon
the stomach of your mother,
point of your guileless dawn,
she'd hum a tune
you both once knew,
Michael Row Your Boat Ashore,
or when last you prayed
mass upon
the bare chest of your lover,
one hundred fine hairs
decorated his sternum
and there held hands
with your eyelashes,
a moment so holy
so nebulous now,
a day or a decade behind you,
for there is no craning
of your neck,
no looking back
behind to check,
there is only now
and what's to come,
face fixed upon red horizon
over hardened earth
and a churning sea
of bodies wearing
your very face
and tattered clothes,
screaming hallelujah.

Do You Curse the Final Wave?

Do you think about the end?
If so,
how does it taste
on the soft palette of your cortex?
Is it bitter and rough
like a persimmon too-soon bitten?

Every so often upon walking
through a town sewn into my mind
deep
as the blueish printing of veinous plumbing
laced through the calcified interstices
of my own hands and flattening feet,
I will peer far down the way
to pick out the gaze of another
much older than I
and I will think of his final darkness—
of the certitude it will carry forth,
and the immediate urgency
with which it will flow.

Over foothills far,
toward the valley which cradles you,
like a biblical,
unstoppable, unbreakable,
viridian-black wall of annihilation,
it will come to crash
up against the door
of the room wherein you cower,
so unready for its decisive blow
only to percolate up under the threshold,
finding its other way in, without a moment's pause
to cover you in a cool, viscous touch,
slide its slick-wet fingertips
into every sacred, gaseous cavity
and ever so silently disappear you.

Or—
can you taste the latent sweet?
for it is faint
but present still

as with the end
comes rest to lend
a favor
to your battered, tired feet.

The Heron

I remember the heron
the length of his architecture
a sundial feathered and sleek
a needle there, tilted toward god.

I remember the moment
though I was not there nor even born
when the heron caught the glimmer
of hope in a young woman's eye
and struck for his hungry, beady life.

I remember my mother
as she looked me in my eyes
still, for now, in tact
took a thread so fine yet mighty
it could never be plucked, nor cut, nor worn by the elements or time
and sewed this story into my consciousness
into the great cross-stitch for which she was the template
and I became colorful in her own image.
Scarlet and black and vermilion.

For so long I feared the heron
could feel the piercing stare from his tall silhouette through the doorway crack
waiting in the sliver of light
I would not look in his direction for
waiting
he was for my eyes' shine
I kept them to the wall
so desperately wanting to protect them for myself.

I remember my mother
she gave me love
placed it onto my tongue
holy communion in the name of protection
but it oxidized in my mouth
turning to sear and fuse to my hard pallet
to become another bone through which
I could hear my racing thoughts reverberate
in the quiet of the night
when I glance up at the sliver of light
to meet the heron's eyes.