

## On the Pillow Where You Lie

Pause. Pluck the moon into memory  
before the sun cracks open the yolk of dawn.  
Sorrow weak and gone in reverie  
of heaven's breast bone; the wild blue rambling on.

In this now, I am not watching you die.  
You are whole and fit to me as you were  
once, when we were new. And foolish.  
We, Tom and Huck, aged hard this year.

I won't be ready for your rye  
departure, your stone-wrought name slurred  
in clipped grass. I am too selfish  
to let you go. With death so near

I mourn the living you, but it's not dark  
yet. Soon the moon will cradle its mouth between  
the burden of sky. You and I, marked  
by fate, thrust into an idle god's routine.

## The Older One

I do not have a fairy-tale sister.  
Not the sort with twisted fingers  
and charred spirit. She is the winter  
between seasons. She is only a whisper;  
the gladness of fresh snow and honey lemon tea.

What we are is not a Hollywood marquee.  
We do not gossip or share ice cream.  
We are ships in the night.  
Blood strangers.

Once in the morning light  
we built stick houses for The Green Folk.  
Begonias ruined and laid by the stream  
to garnish crowns as we sang 'Da Luan, Da Mart'.  
All for a moment.

I am as unsure of her as I am of that day.  
Small clean memories are too few to be forgotten.  
Sisters, we are told, have a bond that is uncommon.  
Not so. Sometimes sisters struggle to obey  
the path. We fall apart. Unaware of the dangers.

Young Australian

We lay in the summer bed  
having never slept together  
but for the steady breath  
and the quiet warmth  
of our arms pressed as one.

## A Threesome with Liquor

Ah yes! Music is the fool of love  
but not as forgiving as rusted brandy  
shattered like the melody.  
Reach for that tender woman in the bottle  
then tell me you adore me.

But goodness falls short of  
this. You, unable to hold promises, scanty  
in bockety hands, are still astoundingly  
beautiful.

We often cherish the difficult things.  
They glue together small pleasures.  
You sleeping while I read.  
Fresh bread kneaded together.  
Silk sheets against bare thighs.

But erratic days become too much and bring  
hair pulling ENOUGH! That pressures  
the twist of conflicted needs.  
I learned to never trust you  
and I am at fault for trying.

Immaculate Exception

another song for Ruben.

To this day  
your heat is engraved  
into the grooves of my fingers

Remember  
we sang, Tomorrow!  
Our eager dreams stretched  
beyond the time you borrowed

This month. This hour  
sorrow worships  
*all* your names

And when this sour  
thing  
rubs raw young flesh

I don't want to go on  
and can't...

Go on.

Oh to speak with you  
One. Last. Time.

The only voice I hear is  
my own darkness  
Or worse. Nothing.

And I am sorry I never cooked you breakfast.