

*staring for a glimpse*

Kept

the words  
that keep back  
sit among the others  
conversing  
telling jokes,  
clinking wine glasses,  
laughing, crying, listening, speaking  
but remain huddled  
while those others jump  
from mind to mouth to ears.

even when they get drunk  
these words stay behind  
because they doubt  
what good will be done  
if they leave,  
and some are too scared  
to even try  
and still others too shy  
to have such attention  
upon them.

so they sit together  
mingling comfortably with the others  
and whisper  
“we are secrets”  
when asked  
*why they never leave.*

*staring for a glimpse*

Parlez

Speak French to me  
whether it is typed or spoken  
and I don't mind that I can't understand  
but it gives our conversation  
a level of international mystery  
making me feel worldly  
and wanted

Speak French to me  
even if you are telling lies  
those lies would be the most  
beautiful  
but I would not care  
the lies would seem true  
enough  
and I believe anything

Speak French to me  
because the greeting is  
so much friendlier  
the hug lasts longer,  
not to mention that  
kiss.

*staring for a glimpse*

Life

how much strength  
does it take  
to live?  
how many arm lifts  
to live?  
one Life two Life three Life  
four Life. Life. Life.  
Ten.  
physical therapy  
needs strength.  
holding on, staying here  
needs strength.  
keeping memories in line  
with those of others  
needs strength,  
sometimes memories slip,  
they veer,  
they are knocked off cliffs by words,  
then disappear altogether.  
and people too  
slip  
they veer  
they are knocked off cliffs by words  
then  
disappear altogether.  
one Life two Life three Life  
four Life. Life. Life.  
Ten.

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dream state

it's confusing, disorienting  
to awaken from blurred sleep  
yet not be awake  
my mind stumbles through  
a maze of scenarios  
trying to decipher which is real  
grasping at things that prove elusive  
like reaching for a rope and  
finding it smoke

where I am?  
this is not my room  
my window should not be there  
what is this? a person? a pillow?  
what's my dog's name?  
what day is it?  
why can't I feel my foot?  
don't I have a cat?  
where is my cat?

thornton wilder said that  
being in love is  
"like a person sleepwalking"  
a frightening thought  
given that for me  
I look into your eyes  
    where I am?  
when you are holding me  
    this is not my room  
you whisper in my ear  
    what's my dog's name?  
I feel you take my hand  
    what day is it?  
as you are kissing me  
    why can't I feel my foot?  
and throughout the day  
I dream of you  
    don't I have a cat?

*where is my cat?*

*staring for a glimpse*

that blue

a bluebird  
brings so much delight  
as if it's the rarest of sightings  
when the sun hits the male  
at a certain angle  
that blue!  
but a bluejay  
it's just that blue  
you know,  
you never hear people exclaiming  
I just saw a bluejay!

the blue of my door  
is different too  
than the blue in my head  
when I bought the paint  
and I'm still not used to it  
not to mention my poor neighbors  
cringing  
every time they pass  
why did she pick that blue?

the blue of the sky  
is the kind of blue that  
changes  
do you see?  
so when you say the sky is blue  
you really should say  
the blue is that blue  
and that blue  
and also that blue.

the blue of your eyes  
is that blue of being 17  
when singing about blue  
was all the rage  
practically every song on the radio  
I've never felt that blue before  
when I ran heartbroken into your living room  
you were playing the blues  
on the piano  
and you took me for a walk.