

Hunger

i might have died young
pretty and unscarred
but i am stubborn
the gluttony of my soul
never sated
walking and yearning inspired
passion masquerading as truth
forever outside, out of step
dancing alone
and even as the milkman
leaves bottles on the porch
i brush past the sounds of morning
and wander finally off to sleep

Gravity

It all fell past him
out of reach, sound went too
he watched frozen in the doorway
a house he used to know
drained of memory, till even hunger left
the weight of plans pushed on him
made him thick
so that love and light could not pass
as a shadow, and shapeless
time and the cat ignored him

Front porch

she rocked
as jays chirped and wind blew rudely
through the branches above
she rocked back and forth
her weathered chair
moving in place...creaking
and like everyday
in her lap a shoe box
faded and bent
in which she carried her past
postcards and polaroids
letters whose words
were long ago erased
the wake of her life
traveling off behind her
in ever smaller waves
till any trace of her
had washed meekly into the shore
life condensed to scraps
and mementos
that no one ever asked about

