

Looking Grim

I drink bottles of fresh pressed cranberry juice, soothe the pain of urinating

Sip tinctures of herbs in alcohol

These hopes don't cure me

I can't halt the haunting, as if my soul wanted to cast me aside

And go the high road, way up high

Did I desecrate my temple?

I was oblivious until now

Let's see...

I do not run the trails nor do I skimp on meals when I should

I sleep so much I wear the hour hand out on the clock

In fact, I gobble time up

I don't groom my mane, four months after it is a Brillo pad

Suppose it makes sense if my soul didn't want to pay rent

I can feel another realm beckoning for my presence

I know I have been invited, yes, I have been expected

But I will stubbornly refuse to go, because...I have other plans

Will the reaper be so kind to understand?

Not yet, not yet, no no no !

My essence is a slow march to the grave

A receding flame

Sand in an hour glass, biding its time, just playing the game

I hold the torch for no one

I bear the cross for no one

I did wrong only in the eyes of me.....

Having a difficult time swallowing my fate

I am capable of crossing this bridge by myself!
Reaper, do not wait for me
Let me sing, alone on the pier
Dangling my feet in the tears of for-never
Stay far away, stay far away!
Many votive candles, encircling the oak trees
High flames to heaven
Light be by my grave
And in this moment it is not real
But a slow march coming down my street
The light inside me is evaporating
Like my soul, no longer trapped but being set free
Don't let me die on me
Try on me
All the remedies couldn't replace the heart I gave
The nights I stayed, awake endlessly
Steadied teetering cups of silver on my old wooden dresser, soothe the uncertain degree of
infection-mask the mystery
I see you run and dance, and all I can give you is a glance
Sorry I can not be holding your hand
Let me sing, alone on the pier
Dangling my feet in the tears of for-never
Forever
And always

War on Candyland

There were sparkle bombs
igniting from every direction
There was licorice trip wire
and tootsie roll bullet shells sprinkled all across the fluffy lemony terrain
She had to watch her every step for it could be her last
The smell of cherry gloss pervaded the air
The enemy was near
And then BOOM!
She found her skin fading to a shade of cupcake pink as she slid down a hill that ended at the
foot of a molasses swamp
She had been shot.

Solid Blue

Living in a luxurious prison
Decorated with feel-good memorabilia
I extract myself out of the void of mystery that lingers there on the border of my consciousness
With lighting the smells of balsam fir to enable my comfort that lives dormant inside my
uncertain self
I light the rooms to ease the feeling of this emptiness
For “misery loves company”
I sit like a cat on the couch, staring out into the abyss of the unknown
Far beyond the bay windows, not visible to the naked eye
Far beyond the nights parallel power lines
And here I thought you could catch a star, so gullible, he would tease me.
I am living in a delusional illusion
Maybe more of a profound nightmare than a superficial sensorial dream

And it is all too overwhelming, for me.
I will have to be patient from here on out
Patience in an orange glass vase
In the center of a waiting room
Facing a picture of a tidal wave and its impending crash.

Lovely Love Love

Into the woods we went
With the wind pushing us into each other
The trees watched us from afar, curious about our exchanges
I offered his mouth a kiss
-he kissed me
-he kissed me
The breath of my heart filled the room in his lungs
I offered his hands a song
-he played me
-he played me
We sat down on blankets of rocks and pillows of moss
He held my hands and traced my fingertips across his lips
And kissed each one, with an even gaze
A surge of heat flooded my feet, so hot it ran and streamed up creek
-I blushed
-I blushed
I offered him a hug
-he held me
-he held me

The sky was like peaches, the clouds were like cream

We sat in nature

We sat in a dream

Lovely love love

We floated away in bubbles

To the tops of the trees

-he popped me

-he popped me

Our bodies a helix, our flesh intertwined

The birds turned to bats

Twilight melted the sky

The wind pushed us out of the woods

Out of its confines

To home we drifted back

Riding the tide

So happily, death couldn't of caught our high

Lovely love love

Lovely love love

Belvidere Man

Now I know I have seen you here before

Looking out of the corner of my eye

Down the dark and narrow alley way

My, how time has passed us by

But wait, not without us meeting again

In the same place

Between these iron gates
Our bodies face other, but our heads told our hearts to wait
Let me go around to the back
Down the old decrepit fire escape
Like a little girl with wanderlust
Searching for her long lost treasure
“What is that?” I asked myself
As I approached this tall dark figure
His brown curls were burgeoning out from his tightly pulled navy blue sweater
He fidgets and bounces up and down, but in place, as he holds up a brown paper bag
Oh, yes!
Do I recognize
To a drunkards delight!
How right! Yes, it is
To a drunkards delight...
I reassured myself, giddily
After accepting his sweet tasting invite
That he was only here to visit his friend
Teasing myself, because I knew why he was really there
The initial gathering took place in a little depraved part of town
Where the late night loners roamed around
Where the vigilantes sat slouching in their plastic lawn chairs under the orange street lights
“Belvidere” read the sign on the apartment complexes front window
The place housed tenants of a peculiar kind
One was an old man who smoked crack and flied planes in WWII
He boarded with his young acid head friend who had befriended you

In another room lived a grocery store employee, whom I met while out on the town, who always insisted on me coming over to meet his wife

One was a friend's friend of mine

Where I met you, that lonesome and late September night

I sat on the lap of someone wicked, sipping spiked punch

I took a liking to him, for an actor t'was reminiscent

Though he enforced his will upon me, I had not a sense of better judgement

When you saw me be passed around by him as if I were a good joke

A wave of sympathy came over you, a heroin-attached "hero" here to save a broken ol' me

Here, in this place

Where my heart stopped to say

"Hello" and "What are you doing?"

As you played with a cat whose claws were tangled in a beaded curtain

It was hard to make out what you were saying

Though for claiming to be inhibited, you did not shy away to show me your tonsillitis

This, I admired, your belief to "lay all cards out on the table"

As each card folded right before me

I could not help but to pause that moment and rewind to 7 nights prior

When I prayed on a bench outside of a Catholic church

Knees to my chin, staring at the rainbow mosaic stained glass window above my head

"Please God, save me," I begged. "At this rate I will not last."

And how funny that I found myself in this place of all places

A slumlords dollhouse from Hell!

Where there was a troubled 25-year-old man

Looking for that same kind of salvation I was seeking

And as you were leaving, I felt an urge

To step out of my own spacial comfort
I am not one to look people in the eyes beyond a glance
But I felt like I had already known this stranger
So I locked my eyes with yours
A broomstick was still strapped to your coat, a prop you had as a joke
Every molecule of me screamed "Don't leave me!"
As yours beckoned back "I will be around."
When I awoke on the Belvidere floor the next day
I noticed how the sun rose very slowly
I sat up nauseous and thirsty
My friend had gone home
My duty to escape had drained me, and so I stumbled to my departure
As I left through door number 4
Incidentally, there you were
At the bottom of the stairwell
You quickly thought to say
"Would you like to see this movie with me?"
I had an illness inside me. I should of not indulged in the brown bag's splendor
"No, I do not feel good. Sorry."
He backed away, his body hindering traffic through the corridors
"I will ask my friend, it is okay."
And then he literally ran away
I knew inside of me though he meant what he said
It was okay
Then I heard, two days from the last
He gave a pineapple to my friends of a friend for me

Though she kept it for herself, his intent was sweeter than his fruit
My hand dialed for his voice instantly
And you answered immediately
“Where do you want to meet?”
This time at a place of our choice
A place where we could interlock our flesh and bones so tight, I think our atoms would actually touch
A place where we could melt our wax
How we spent hours admiring each others lost pieces
I could not stop myself from thinking in between our kisses
That God is something else
He lead me to a place that was stranger than stranger
Through the dark, there was a light on the other side
If you can part your hands from your eyes
The sound of church bells resonated inside of me as they went off while we sat in your car
The vibrations left after chiming
“Life starts for you now”
Bhagavad Gita books were piled up under my feet where I sat in the passenger seat
While we held each others hands
You informed me, gothically
“Every man and women is a star” so you quoted Mr. Aleister
Then off we drove into the future
The friends I had, I left them for what they really were
At the bottom of a crinkled and damp brown paper bag
In the alley, under a fire escape
Or on a chair with a broken leg, encrusted with sticky red juice
Never did I miss any of them

And years later, without any regrets

I am still with the Belvidere man.