

## "Perforations"

### Dark Things to Be Loved

Can one step toward without leaving behind  
Alas, to continue on in this progressive fashion would seem if love, too, were  
no sooner to have been discovered  
than to be discarded as corn silks  
set against the gossamer strands of the last sunset  
as the Earth cools for another long night of forgetting that dinosaurs no  
longer roam  
Can industrializing passion be no different than harnessing the winds  
or containing feelings within 36 lines of prose  
For even love's concept has been reduced for four letters and singular  
syllable  
which can barely escape our mouths for fear it will hang in existence  
between idea and reality  
twisting through our fibers as veins and marrow  
without which, we may never be whole

6/8/14

Sorry for the timing but I knew I had to tell you  
that your smile makes me look the other way  
and I almost just can't take it  
Almost...  
'Cause there are scarier things out there  
beyond the wars and famines  
But what of the nighttimes that we face alone  
in empty beds with full stomachs  
dying without death to think there is real death out there  
going on without us  
and these are just emotions

### Waves

Where there is a wind there are waves  
And waves create a tide  
And the tide creates the shore  
That pulls back facades and allows me to write you these words like infinite  
grains to make a beach  
Upon which you can spread your towel and warm your skin  
So you light from the inside like hot heat

## Sustain

Maybe we need this  
Maybe we'll die in a plane crash tomorrow  
where despite our best efforts even the skies are out to get us  
Maybe I don't need you at all  
Except you won't leave my mind  
as you make the joke I cannot make  
that sits on the tip of my tongue with the saccharine sweetness  
reserved for sugar cubes and sweet tea  
As the honey that drips from your lips sustains me longer  
than any food outside of knowledge that I could hope to attain

7/15/14

When I told you that I didn't know what I was doing, you said,  
I trust you anyways  
So all rivers don't flow to the ocean  
but I could barely hear your words above the beating of my heart  
so loud that I don't know how the neighbors never knocked  
for us to keep it down  
washed over by sheets like waves upon shore  
leaving salty residue upon my skin  
Tonight I am who I could not be yesterday  
To die drowning in you is a privilege afforded few  
but I'll take my chances out at sea