

My Songs

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I erased all the joy from my poems.

Abducted their melody, stripped them of beauty,
buried their form in meticulous syntax. What's left
is too neglected to scrub from impromptu
refrains, too entwined with their echoes.

Spontaneity dies on this pitch

embracing the music of stilted song.

Its memorial procession rhythm. Its whispering strings.

Blunt

I used to hide the meaning of my words.

Couch my feelings under warmth and color,
love and satire. My reality wore a made-up face
because my poems needed you to know I'm okay.

Let me be direct now. For once at least.

I am a split bottom lemonade pitcher. I turn
the faucet up. Let water rush from auburn spigot,
but the base fissures more. Cracks embolden.

And I remain porous and empty as I always was.

Suffocating

If words could travel on currents
like plastic bags kissing pavement
between spins and twirls, I'd wish
mine land atop your overcast curls,
slide down your misty cheeks, embrace
your neck like years have crept
forward and leave you breathless.

Statues

I've calmed enough to stumble
through mental catacombs. Tattooing
helical logic onto back alley labyrinths
with finger-paint and dumpster hors d'oeuvres.

I've spent years crafting statues to security,
stockpiling safety for moments of pressure.
Exalting their feet as age chips away at their
demeanor and their backsides crumble.

My strength has vanished. Mountains are
fissured. All that's left is compost and plastic.