

Slip

I sublimate, dilate—
manic buzz from melty laze;
leaning, lurching lizard-brain.
at pinprick introduction of
neurotoxin
point zero zero
two tick tocks into
cold blood faster than
flash flood or
nerve-conduction.

Lately I Can't Remember My Dreams

I wish they were grooved into me like rings in
trees, or raised like braille
beads, so that with a needle I could trace my
skin and at least
listen to etched echoes of
reveries, or feel what's real from
fantasy.

Convalescence

it's too late, we're already born.
this occurs to me while we
manage a careful death.

our bodies snagged on a lure
from first your lungs, or mine.

I watch the trees from
the window above the deck
for the tell of a breeze,
for the same reason I

stare at the cats' striped bellies while they sleep—
to know that they still breathe.

I don't know if you are
unless I'm with you.
I'm with you when
you reel in the night,
your heart rushing ahead of mine.

I'm with you when
we both feel like we want to die—
darkness forever sounds fine,
until something cold touches
you and you cry for the light—

you reach a part of you
across a bed for
a part of me,
as if we, conjoined, are
a more massive object than when apart,
and can impress time.

but it's too late, we're already born.
as the sun streaks across
blinds and stripes our naked thighs,

and the wind chime voices the leaves, we,
hot-skinned, without guilt or desire,
feed days to a fire,
and breathe.

Unseasonably

the sun—absolve her.
she rises, expects, warns, sets,
on spun revolver—

perihelion effect,
broils and abets—
tilted to the night.

both obligated to stay,
wilting without pride—
redolent, dry decay. but,

the sun is absolved.
still, she is dying to say
I'm sorry.

City of Goodbyes

in this city of goodbyes,
hear streets riot with the clamor
of what's ahead and behind,
sounding off together.

in this city of goodbyes,
keep coordinates of homeless hearts;
movement is the marching mind
afraid to be apart.

in this city of goodbyes,
say tonight, "I want to be heard."
for trees to oblige, align,
without another word.

in this city of goodbyes,
stretch but tear not the woven night.
in the unmoving skyline,
find me in a searchlight.

in this city of goodbyes,
stand out your orange on my blue.
when this world grows high and wide,
mine will shrink around you.