

Dear poetry,

Dear poetry,

It's not that I'm not.

I am.

It's just that
I can't say it
to anyone, even you.
The air hangs in
barbed wire curtains
when we're alone together.

Your constant tugging
might be me so
grapple with our tightrope,
pull it taught
whisper your
hurricane
eyes in my ear.

I like it.

Then back up.
Maintain the tension
before you exhale
and extinguish the beauty
of our war.

Lifeline

Baby

give me your hand and
I'll peel back each
guitar calloused finger
one by one
I'll attack you with
your own
biology smooth
your palm
with my thumbs
and show you again
inside
clenched fist
resists blood pressure
and pulse-
you're squeezing
that lifeline
your life, time
mine too, so Love, give
me your hand as
space is placed
trace my hope—
my palm reads you
I still see you
that downhill tomorrow
the stars stitched
in your skin-
unfold your five
and jump in.

I'll allow my sphere to shatter-

To break and to ache in the
sea blue salt of my truth I'll
destroy myself completely
sit cross-legged in the shards
scrape fingers through the tangled
rainbow ribbons of my hair
-not to unknot

but to amplify anguish I'll
delay reconstruction knowing
My Sky will bring the sun up
but I'm mourning 'til my morning
still not ready to end tonight yet so

allow my sphere to shatter-

to break and to ache in the
blood red pulse of your limbs I'll
slice myself to slivers
lie face-first in the shards
slide fragments through the tangled
rainbow ribbons of my veins
-not to unknot

but to amplify sensation I'll
delay reassembly knowing
the sea will push My Moon on
but I'm mourning 'til my morning
still not ready to end tonight yet so
don't you dare
rush me.

Dear poetry,

Don't leave me. I keep
writing but my words
are trying to conform
to the stereotypical short stanza
with rhyme scheme
and I hate all the metaphors
and how they're lying on the
page and the freedom
of my verse has migrated north
for the summer but baby
I'll keep it cool here, Dear poetry
don't leave me. I keep
writing but my words get trapped in
boxes and your magic is still
stronger than mine so release me,
reopen my soul
because I know that nothing's real
but you're the closest thing I've got Dear poetry
don't leave me. I keep writing but my words aren't

me.

Providence

Half a moon stamped in the sky
if you look close enough
the other half
it never goes away
and it's much more peaceful today
everything and nothing new.

Half a lyric, I
forget from where
or which way to take it
or not take it so
be patient with me
when I forget how to
start this
forget how to
keep this I
don't want to lose this.

Half asleep, spin
a shell in your hand
carry me back
to our constellation of
everything and nothing new
stamped in the sky, Love
me and you.