

I Cycle

Alone with you
I'm frozen by your stare
numb to everything around me
Coolly caring, unaware
at this moment
life beyond you could exist

At your touch
I liquefy – The heat
your body generates
triggers drops of sweat on me
Your lips blood-swollen hot
slowly sucking in my skin
makes me moist inside and out
Your tongue licks, tastes my essence –
tears leak from my eyes

As you push your way within
I float, I rise transformed
into a foggy heaving vapor
Nothing left of me expellable except
deep screams of smoky breath

And once you're done
you leave. I settle down
resolidify into myself
alone and cold

Idolize

“Got no human grace – your eyes without a face” – Billy Idol

Must it matter – the owner of the eye?
Glowing, glaring, spying, shining,
Crystalled pistol cocked when closed,
Readied, aimed, then opened –
Shoots a stare straight to the target
welcoming a death to what is stale:
Corners, pockets, shadow, shade,
The deafening peace of anonymity
The beauty now beheld for all to see,
for scrutiny, for stabbing jabs
in case the spotlight shot has no efficiency
Be the blade a bane or blessing
or the bullet good or bad, maybe both,
all the better – does it matter –
the object, the eyeball, or its owner?

Cleaning House

Mom, you're gone to the facility
I can put things back
in their intended spaces
without fear of you co-opting them
as personal playground toys

Bar soap and deodorant
you sometimes used as toothpaste
are home inside the bathroom

My purple toothbrush that would tempt you
need not by my bedside be

The toilet paper's out of hiding
Three sit on the upright holder
knowing they won't be transported
elsewhere

The trash I redirected
when I caught you
sifting sorting and recycling
is rerouted to the right receptacle

Your car keys have resurfaced
"Discovered" in the lies I told
about their disappearance

My memories – bagged, emotions – canned
and stashed upon the highest kitchen shelf
when I became your cook, your driver
private shopper, nurse, and janitor
are now in hand and open
ready for their placement
in my head and heart

I finally emerge - free
to be the weeping daughter
I'm supposed to be

Write In Tension

The poem I intended
to write and let you read
checked the standard boxes
of what I had planned for it to be:
Themed of God and love of nature
Use of rhyme and metaphor
Sonorous calls to unity,
open souls and open doors

But what came out: a two-edged sword
that slayed my audience
Jumped off the page and stabbed my readers
in the gut doubling them over
It banged itself releasing waves of sound
that banshee-screamed the heads off listeners
as it laughed maniacally while hunting
for more victims it could torture

I tried to stop the lines
Attempted some damage control
Chased the verses down to catch them
Make the words do as they're told
I apologized profusely
for the havoc my poem caused
since I was equally confused
on where it came from, what it was.

Then the blade turned back to me
It glowed red hot, pierced my skull
halved me top to bottom
The poem became a torch of fire
set me ablaze and let me burn
down to a pile of smoking ashes
which set the poem free to be
whatever it pleased

The Answer To The Meaning Of Life Equals 42

from *Hitchhiker's Guide To The Galaxy* by Douglas Adams

At 42 I finally knew what happened –
When I hit 40 my whole script was rewritten
from what the 35-year old me thought a given:
That I'd always work play sleep eat breathe 27
because at 18 I could not envision
when exactly I'd start walking in wisdom
So understand I tell you this, I tell you true:
Life'll catch up to you by 40, but keep livin'
'cause you won't realize this 'til you turn 42.