

*A Delightful Child*

I greeted my gut,  
and my core,  
other organs,  
and more.

that moss of you,  
ran through and through.  
much of your eyes,  
a lot less of you.

a hymn was that nevermore,  
and the night hasn't been seen since.

on the hill of ruins,  
i heard the soil crack,  
saw the Chatillon  
reject the vines,  
but your silence brought me back.

"oh, what a delightful child"  
i heard  
"bask in this ephemeral craze-  
337 days wait for you"

my name fell victim,  
to my fresh heart,  
yet i still sprang for your pipe dreams.

that ecstasy i felt,  
relied on how many you took,  
so, layers of green,  
turned to tiers of blue.

let your buttons pop,  
let the letter show,  
you flaneur,  
now have nowhere to go.

I left some words,  
in your chartreuse chateau.  
they float  
and float,

unkempt like these words.

Memories of Mellow

*Sam*

Clouded sulphurs

pass high and by.

Shall I swoop in some nectar,

maybe get up and try?

Frenzied, I crack my windows.

Desperate, to hear their cheers.

While, I cherish the birds chatter,

I need another to catch my tears.

*8pm*

Thank a soul for these waters,

the temporary cleanse.

Place loose words on paper,

In my blue hour,

I make amends.

Sarah weeps in the back,

Jimmy still has the blues,

I lay still under his sycamores

and her quiet night hues.

Glass On Edge

You breeze past withered cadavers,  
a recklessness to your movement.  
I see you've grown comfortable-  
but one day they will laugh at you.  
Fleshy now, soon to be sapless-  
welcome.

Men swing on porcelain wrap-arounds,  
their women pose behind the great marble.  
The yard holds its stare,  
and from it you hear,  
'Follow the gourd! Follow the gourd!'

They'll be tight-lipped at first,  
but you know who they know-  
so, prepare for the teathy greetings,  
and praise for your polite mores.

Did you hear?  
You are the first face,  
worthy of a double take.  
All you need now is the uniform,  
and damaged mane.

In due time you will look back,  
realizing the animals were right,  
that you took them lightly.

Hello? This is the moment you go back,  
the moment you run.

Why is this still continuing?

Hello?

(The glass is far from the edge  
it was not safely picked up,  
but negligently pushed off of it.  
The bits and pieces were  
were repurposed.  
Made into an entirely new dish,  
and has gone from being sold  
for \$10 to \$60,  
you might see them pop up  
in your neighborhood.)

I see you've reached the top,  
You've been gone so long,  
I hardly fathomed you.  
How do we look from your peak?

You party in porch circled quarters,  
inhale the stiff mother's pie,  
and sign off on jokes you feature in.  
Do you hear them laughing yet?

Your mouth is so de rigeur,  
and your garments have yet to change,  
I see what is occurring,  
taking note of this casualty.

As I pass the pines,

the ones that saved me,  
and the god-fearing boards,  
I let my fingers dance on my chest.

My words are idle,  
always were.

So, I take them with me.  
and in remembrance  
will be you, me  
and the glass that has yet to break.

*The Opportune*

In no man's land,  
you must treat the weather  
as it does you.

Every day was met  
with a white-hot attitude.

In the midst of our fall,  
under the lights  
that no longer flash-  
I knew this bliss,  
like our breeze,  
would soon pass.

These fields  
covered in the fallen needles,  
hold only the wails of its doing.  
So we'd pass time,  
passing each other.

These interim intimates,  
with whom I shared my hazy laughs,  
floating in Falfa's chevy.  
So smokey it clouded my interest,  
So sticky it stiffened my vitals.

The girl of Sunrise,  
who stayed at a cozy lodge

hoping to secure her future,  
with the insecurity of her legs.

The boys of my beck  
only collecting a call  
when I felt haunted,  
by my true desires.

I said no to the ersatz church,  
with no prayer.  
For I cannot allow my mind  
to shamelessly pretend.

I said no to lake stays  
for Marion, Moultrie, and Murray  
have the palest of blues,  
but I cannot be amused by your false idols.

With them  
riding after the bell forever.  
Past the dunes,  
past Levi's land,  
and Mary's magnolias

With sights like that  
a girl so lonely,  
a girl so bound,

had never felt more free.

To you,

I was a mother giving

my sore shoulder

despite the need of one.

So, for that, I have to flee like a father.

To you,

I say run from the captivity of this seclusion.

With no way out

may you fly above the great white,

or numbly walk under it.

*In My Blue Hour*

Moods manage my room. They set dress, and appeal to the ways that are in.

Light is so 'yesterday'. Embellish my manor with blindness and gloom.

High octaves don't fit me, so the 'hey' I throw will dampen spirits.

My brain told some neurons to throw a gala, so this springy bed will stay disarrayed.

Take me over and under, humble my rare delights.

Oh, how you never miss a beat.

In my blue hour, I will say yes.

So docile, and foolish to believe these little devils will fleet.