

## **Genesis 1**

We rose from sacred loam:  
two parts of an equal breath  
beholding paradise.

As he bound through the warm creek,  
I rushed over violet bells  
and embraced the gentle lion,  
sinking my face  
into his noble robe.

The sun fell to the horizon  
and we found the ancient tree whose  
boughs were sprung with blooms  
that streamed in torrents  
of soft pink promise.  
We danced in the gloam,  
painted in silt,  
naked, and entwined.

I rode him by the fire  
of the swollen moon,  
enthralled by his warmth  
and the untamed sky.

## **Unidentifiable**

I am more than  
I articulate.

My deepest parts  
run truer than  
blood and bone,  
beyond words,

my tiny, inadequate  
voice of influence,  
an imperfect representation  
of all I have felt,  
all I have seen and  
everything I was born  
knowing.

My river runs thick  
with bends and false starts  
swampy marshland,  
dams and raging falls.

I show one version  
of myself to the world  
and give the rest  
to the cerulean sky.

## **Orleans**

Venture down  
the quiet lane

beside the  
beach plum

and crawling  
rose.

Step lightly  
on the  
sun-worn pavement.

Come:  
away from your milk carton home  
and your perfectly placed life.

Wander to the harbor  
when the fishermen return

with their band of  
laughing gulls.

We'll watch the  
cherry-stacked skies  
melt to the horizon.

## **Ephemera**

Old bones rattle  
in the salty wind.

Waves crash and peel  
back my memories  
with the tide.

We sat here together, once,  
innocent shadows.

I lay my head on your chest  
looking to the winter stars,  
and we wondered who  
we would become:  
salty and desperate;  
learning how  
to live and to love  
on these ancient shores.

Gleaming water  
chases the pregnant moon.

The spring frogs sing  
everlasting,  
ringing in my ears.

A part of me is always here.

I leave it behind:

eternal, incomplete  
and impeccably broken.

**3 AM**

I lie restlessly

suffocated

by white sheets  
and moonlight.