

All of This by Happenstance

Lullaby of the Exothermic Chemical Process of Combustion

Toxicology report says baby's gone:
from crude diamorphine semi-synthetic
piss to just four pounds of ash. Still,
she has to go home and make dinner. So,
we go home, turn on the oven's self-cleaning
feature, let the heat make us new.
Sinter us ceramic; seal our clay bodies; turn
our flesh into a pot; plant in us
a brave life. Let us house what dares
to exist here, where everything will end,
where everything has ended,
just like we had dared, too.

Eight Hours of Sleep (to the minute)

Today was plump with itself.

Yesterday was endless all the same, relentless even,
and it seems that the day before that
and the day before that...

I'm becoming a non-human, growing gills
yet drowning in desire, this desperation that takes
the days...all these days...fills them to the brim, then spills
over with all that time spent wishing for tomorrow
and then tomorrow
and then tomorrow...

Each day sullied and soaked in bathwater
from my last listless cleaning, that broken sleep.

I can become grateful. I've done it
before, when I had all these things
and all these ways to reach them: elastic arms
and the will to move them.

Gratitude becomes me
when I see how fast time is going
and going
and going...

Plenty

Moving is a grueling task, but
more grueling is the task of un-moving:
learning to live in a space, nesting,
assembling together all I can to make myself
comfortable and protected,
becoming the wood thrush that sings
joyfully as corners and scents
become familiar, become mine and me,
so I'll stop hitting my pinky toe on our bed frame
in this tiny apartment with my love
that I'm learning to accept is mine and deserved
in the way that everyone deserves love,
not as consolation.

I'm so excited for you.

You've got a whole new life to live now.

We buy a wardrobe, he paints
the coffee table yellow, and
when work is done, we feast
on fruits and berries gathered in down time,
singing our intuitive birdsong
with our own words, making this
years-old tune new again.

Golden

This is where my heart lives:
summer; dancing under the hose
by the apple tree; rotten fruit flesh hiding
between my small toes; Audrey washing me clean;
Momma's gaze upon us like a blanket.

Somehow, she's still there, even now, seated
on the concrete porch, tank top, ponytail,
the weight of the August sun resting
on her freckled shoulders, and she bears it
just to sit on the porch
and watch us play.

One Body

Our thunderous sky softens, and the first drop of water
smashes into the pavement. A second drop slams into the ground
just inches away, a third halving the distance between the two.
Exposed to air and lonesome, they beg the heavens for new companions.
A fourth touches the third, then a fifth and a sixth and so on, joining,
the pile of them immediately becoming one. More and more continue to drop, all
bumping into one another just before embracing in a tight hug,
tucking and rolling into a small puddle—how easy it is to accept all the more
falling by the second. *Where are we? How will we manage?*

The storm rages on, gravity pushing them down, our droplets falling fast
into the unknown. Fear almost wins, it always gets a few licks in,
until our heroes find themselves on an adventure:
they are one body running through red lights on city streets,
cascading down sidewalk-chalk-covered cul-de-sacs,
gliding past the town's empty ice cream shop.
This quest launches a new feeling: the freedom to let go, to allow
the weight of each other to bring them down to the lower, lush
parts of the city they couldn't imagine from heights such as clouds.
There is fear, yes fear, but also hope and possibility and liberation.
This is our triumph! Joy can exist here!

And later, too, when the sun emerges from its hiding place,
persistent change coming for the lot of them once again,
they will float up together, rejoicing at the thought of all this:
their touching, their loving, all of this by happenstance.