

## Existence

Air and coffee don't  
Belong in the mouth together or else I  
Could have long known the  
Dying secrets of the  
Earth. That is to say I  
Feel that for our lack of  
Focus, we see it that  
God deals with the  
Hovering things  
I so long have ignored for fear I couldn't  
Just  
Kill them in my wake.  
Locking eyes, it's strange we  
Meet again. Don't worry. The  
Meaning isn't anymore clear in you than wherever I  
Next travel  
Out of the  
Prison walls of eyes. What to  
Quench my curiosity but  
Right-here things?  
Suddenly all is of  
The clearest confusion  
Under the sun. I speak in  
Vain toward what is  
Veiled. I guess I just  
Wanted to know I could  
Wander my escape, find  
X, turn to  
You when everything else is  
Zeroes.

## The Flesh

*Inspired by Bob Hicok's "How Origami Was Invented"*

It would be bold of me to say  
that we begin in skin,  
uncovered souls loose  
and not within us.  
But it would also be bold to say  
that our pieces now can hold them  
close enough.  
If we let out ideas & inklings so loosely,  
is our being even covered?  
No.  
And why should it be?  
But "underneath" we still call our flesh,  
natural  
that skin take the place of a shield  
if that's how it is--  
everything organized,  
put away under layers  
only a stab wound would puncture,  
tiny hairs seeping loose but  
what else?  
No way can our skin fall off  
and let loose the intricacies of ourselves.  
If so,  
they'd fall to the ground,  
a pile of organs and breaths  
at which the passerby gawks  
and holds his breath from the smell.

## Kingdom

I'm no longer inspired by candlelight,  
or stone staircases to Heaven,  
if for now my feet walk on the floor  
around golden seals pledging themselves  
to misfortunes.

I don't want to marvel at stained glass windows  
weaving folktale glories of Philander Chase  
if I encounter art but run with meaning.

I refuse to gaze upon wooden beams  
under high ceilings, if in the process,  
I'm unable to see the sky.

I hope my creation  
is not in ornamented stair railings  
or swirly lights overlooking starving crowds  
but in a single ceiling the mosaic,  
catching light against its will.

## Heaven

The winged bug,  
trying to weave a spider's web from a blade of grass,  
wears back shells like bursted gold innards of a coffee bean  
too beautiful for brewing into cups.

The indecisive tree dropped  
orange from its branches, bringing fruit  
colored delights to bedsides for breakfasts  
you'll never eat.

The repetition must appeal to your insanity,  
as interactions under graves are bound  
in stone birds and bouqueted flowers  
at the tomb where your legacy lies—  
A full name,  
your only words in conversation,  
while those gifts on the nightstand  
are the only words in reply.

The repetition must appeal to your insanity,  
because in your stillness,  
This is the land of dichotomies.

Above you sings the whistles of tree leaves  
and the squirmings of grasses  
whose roots you can almost reach.  
But you remain still.

I sympathize.  
Because even in my stillness,  
I have the freedom to move.

## Hell

I envy particles of dust that make me sneeze.  
I open my hand to things traded.  
I steal from the night its constancy.  
I break glasses accidentally in the kitchen.  
I lose things.  
I fake-fall in my sleep.  
I overlook stories to tell.  
I prefer chords to melodies.  
I wash it under the rug.  
I avoid.  
I love so many things I can't have.  
I write about it.  
I drink coffee twice a day.  
I see glimpses of myself in chatter.  
I open the door to give my past self refuge.  
I howl like a wolf at daytime.  
I wait for someone else to listen.  
I let another find the meaning.  
I like windows, but I hate them.  
I have only felt the spark a couple  
times when you've kissed me.  
I let you tell me of the sparks.