

lost in the ethereal.

tossing and turning
in the waves of my bed,
lost to the currents
of my sheets,
drowning in the undertow
of my pillows.
the dreams trickling
down my throat
to fill my lungs.

a flat whitewashed deck
overlooking a drop-off
filled with trees that tower.
we rock in chairs
over the slats of wood
gaps between them
and our teeth
as we grit them,
forgive the mountaintop.

pressed lips
and pressed for time.
tired and over and out.
cool air creeps in
and leaves swirl down.
get tucked up
inside a sweater,
all lonely wrapped
in scarves.

love languages.

my tongue has always been a mirror,
but lately it has been smashing to pieces
and now i've come to find that i have
a disco ball in my mouth.

i used to speak like hooked on phonics
but now it's a dead language.

crack my jaw trying to cram all this nonsense
down my throat. feed me your meanings
with that silver spoon. let me read your dictionary.
it's all greek to me.

you speak in silence and glances-
understanding takes days. weeks.

immerse yourself in me and learn the vocabulary.
the way that harsh is soft,
enunciate. it's in the lips- the thrust
of your tongue, vibrations in your throat.

the meaning is revealed in the way i stress
syllables, stutter over your name.

rainy sundays.

the fog on the inside of the glass
as the rain drops race down the outside;
trace fingertip messages to a distant love.

(this window is cool and smooth
like the skin of your back in the morning.)

steam whistling madly from the
stovetop kettle; steep the tea awhile.
roll the warm mug between chilly palms.

(the heat isn't unlike that of your legs
with ice cube toes pressed between them.)

a fleece blanket draped over sloped shoulders,
soft and welcoming- a lover's embrace.
pull it tighter to your body to feel the comfort.

(the pull of it might be reminiscent of
running gentle fingers through your curls.)

truth decay.

isolate yourself if you want to,
but know that you are not truly alone.

extraction,
visceral reaction,
shake up and smell the roses-
wipe the mud off your brow.
the earth can't hold you
any longer.

run out the clock and waste away;
time doesn't mean a thing anymore.

frustrate,
indefinitely perpetuate.
cycle through the motions
all over and over again.
repetition is for the birds-
fly, fly away.

sober up before daybreak;
look upon the body in your bed.

yearning,
keep returning.
paint that morning sky with
all the colors of the dawn.
give yourself to the stars,
you're the atmosphere.

kneaded dough.

get a sunburn under the neon lights
as you fold your long body over this pool table.
i blink hard as the thought occurs to me
for the first time- long time- frightening time,
i could fall in love with you.
some late november night where you flirt
and then we close up at last call
and go to eat waffles and laugh.

a treadmill to nowhere as i sweat
and measure labored breathing and then-
boom!- you. it's april and i haven't seen
you since january. you are still so
beautiful, gym shorts and sneakers and
a casual smile as you meet my eyes.
"come out with us tonight." words that
escape me before i can trap them. you do.

memorial day may finds me asleep in your
bed. a firstofmany times, my chest as your
pillow. you keep me up most of the night
tracing the ink in my thighs, running hands
over curves, clutching me to you- life preserver.
you press a kiss to my breast in instinct upon
opening your eyes in the dawnlight. i spend a
monday exhausted- exhuberant- you on my skin.

holidays that follow; father's day, independence
day, anyoldsunday- you and me tucked up in your
comforter, laughing quietly as we joke and play.
me and you and miles of skin, counting freckles,
asking about old scars. the white line on my chin,
the dip in your sternum. silly questions and odd
comments; "what's your favorite dinosaur?" and
"don't over-think things." we keep turning tables.

it's november again; we are another year older
and closer to the beginning than the end. i am lost
in you, in this, in us. but i don't ask questions when
you wrap my arm around you tight. i'd rather float
this ocean aimlessly with no oars than try to swim
and end up sinking. i was never formed of steel,
not that it would've mattered anyway. something in
you melts the ice in me. let's just bask in the glow.