

Soul Mates

If the soul that was created
the same moment that my soul was made
were to walk in the world with me,
to stand beside me,
look into my eyes,
to put his mouth on mine,
we would burst into blue flame
and the light would make the nighttime day
and a wave would tear through the air
shaking the trees
and rattling windows
and people miles away would turn towards the sound of joy/pain/ecstasy
and they would blush at witnessing
so intimate a moment
of two strangers.

Saturday Séance

Lights dimmed

Candles lit

Words uttered

Music Played

Hands Joined

Names Invoked

Desperate Séance

To raise what died-

Date Night

Love Grenades

Tossing words like love grenades
on a satin battlefield-
a simple rug won't cover
all the broken steps I've taken
trying to reach my way to you.
Tall assumptions-Wide divisions
two dimensions to our volleys
I can't get my arms around it
when we take our weapons out.
No depth of understanding,
no time of absolution
you have me in a corner
with no way to turn around.
You can see that I'm still fighting
So you know that I still care
It's all over when it's silent
And I leave you here to stare
At the place where I was handing
you the best part of my life
At the place where I'm still
standing up for love.

This Short Life

I'll hold your face
and teach you how to kiss again.
Not those drive-by pecks
that you give your grandmother.
No apple-bob
avoidance of something deep
and wet.
I'm talking
two hands wound through hair
get to work
close your eyes
let your mouth go soft
so it can have more surface
to feel what's going on
Tasting deeply of the
sweet wet cave-
a *really mean it* kind of
last chance
show you how i feel
kissing.
There's no time for less.
You need to get this
right now-
before there is no more
feeling it
in this short life.

It Just Arrived

Waiter, I didn't order this.

This great big fucking heartache

With the side of endless pain

It just arrived here at my table

to put its dirty feet up on my lap

And look at me like,

“Yeah bitch, I'm talkin to you.”

Ignoring its insolent glare

I tried to go about my business

Sipping tea and reading the daily news.

As soon as my shoulders began to relax

into a comfortable slouch,

the instant I dropped my hyper vigilance

forgetting for that brief respite;

that you broke my heart

and dragged it down a gravel road

behind your car in the blazing sun;

the very nanosecond I can breathe all the way in,

it leapt from its seat and body slammed me down again

then sat awhile, looking quite pleased.

I didn't order this,

It just arrived.

And no, I don't want a fucking doggy bag.