

Revision of a Wayfarer

I would have walked here,
but I had to run the distance—
I get nervous if I'm early,
so I did not leave on time.

I would have walked there,
but the world is too exquisite—
I had to drive with the top down,
feel the moon rush through my hair.

I would have walked here,
but the sky was gushing buckets,
so I waited, in galoshes,
held my thumb out for a ride.

I would walk everywhere,
but the world rotates too quickly.
I have to fly like an eagle,
let my spirit travel free.

Sonnet in Love Flat

Who has not said love? Yet who knows its hue?
She has said *Love. I love you. God I love*
you. I fucking love you. Fuck I love you.
Fuck you, love. She meant *I love you*, sort of,

when she thought she knew the word. But she no
longer feels the words she spoke, no longer
knows what she longs to say. You want to go
to her, tell her that your love is stronger

than the faded phrase. You could beg and plead
for her to stay, to try again, to stay.
You have said *Love. I love you. God I need*
you. Your love-want-need deepens every day.

She looks past your craving eyes, to that smudge
she meant to clean. She stares but does not budge.

Take It Off the Table

This is the time not to consider
doing what you *so* want to do,
which you really do not want
to do at all. You've had enough.

Blessed are those who wield the weight
of waiting for the urge to pass,
who bear the burden of yearning,
without ceding to the lure.

No one has to carry these
forever or alone. Raise your hammer,
crate the habit, stack it next to the box
of shame in the back of the shed—

the storage shed across the river.
full of deadly addictions; fears;
tenacious, gnawing desires
which brave souls have locked away.

Never forget these relics.
Never break the seal.
These are a part of you
you still hold, but do not need to touch.

Blessed are those who walk
through this world empty-handed,
open-eyed, brains burning with clarity,
souls subsuming peace and pain.

Grade School What Ifs

What if I wore colors in third grade?
By then, I'd sort of faded.
My mother didn't know why I liked greys and browns.
I couldn't tolerate her canary yellows.
They blinded me, the golden greens
of her sweaters, her emerald jewels.
I wanted simple clothes which no one really saw,
which didn't taste like energy when I felt low.

What if I wore royal blue to school instead of grey?
I'd match the sky on the sunniest of days,
I'd sing on the swing,
the corn is as high as an elephant's eye.
Royal blue has nothing to do
with sadness, cold, or an empty soul.
Royal blue is full, whole.

What if I wore purple, not some pale lavender?
I'd run in circles on the playground,
friends in red and green chasing after me,
maybe fly fire orange kites with rainbow tails,
even higher than an elephant's eye.
Not purple like a bruise, which is sort of blackish grey.
Purple like fresh blood still flowing through my soul.

What if I wore that same canary yellow shirt,
but I could see, clearly, despite the glare?
I could wear the golden green with pride,
and I might even brush my hair—
I didn't often bother, in those days of tan and grey,
to take a comb to my head when I rose from my bed.

What if I wore red, crimson, deep and rich?
I think the rage would rear its head—
a risk I would not dare to take.
So, in the end, I do not think there really is "what if."

The Violation of Our Bones

The fire the sun the light
stockpiled in the depths
of the stones of our bones
bring balance, vitality.

The solid strength
bears the weight of
flesh and miles and years.
The pain the ache

the whiter on white
the articulations
the mottled grey
the lucencies in x-rays

the marrow the invasion
the pallor of age the topography
meant for maps, not bones.
The weariness of cells.

The bitter end which seeps
into blood and joints and brain
so that we cannot walk
or think or live another day.