

Bargaining With A Free Spirit

I am not trying to make you any less free.
I do not wish to clip your wings
or cage you
chained to my ring –

I just want my love for you
to be met
with the same dignity
I'd wish it be.

I need you to need me
as much as I love jazz
on a rainy day
or whiskey and painting when I'm blue.

I want you to love me
as hard as my heart beats
when I see something that reminds me of you,
or the way the Sun is swallowed by your brown eyes.

And I'd like you to want me
because no one really ever has before-
loved me
or made my heart forget to beat

as if I had seen a pebble
that may
or may not look like you,
at my feet.

Whispers

Empty am I.
Saying goodbye
made a monster
of the boy you left behind.
There were whispers,

whispers among the trees,
whispers in my ears,
whispers that knew we'd
be over soon.
It was in the leaves,
and the way you'd look at me.

Who else
could fill my soul's
ugly holes, with paint,
to make me beautiful again?
No one I knew, or could think of,
that would do it like you,
nor would I want them to try.

I'm haunted by the ghost
of who we were,
what you said,
what we did,
and of what we had;
good and bad.

Even now while I'm alone at night,
I see flashes of you next
to me in bed and again the
whispers fill my head.
You are cold.

The snow makes being alone,
harsh as a winter night.
Your pillow
offers little salvation
from the aches and stirrings
of a late night broken mind.

My spirit swims,
I pour it a friend, and

my heart beats to the drum
of a broken record;
our song,
if you'd care to know.

Psychosis

Sometimes when I open my eyes
I can't tell yours' from my green skies-
purple leaves on blue barked trees
red grass and unendangered bumblebees,
buzz buzzing in the winter breeze.

I know seeing sounds seems strange to you
and hearing smells is different too,
tasting colors aren't half bad-
I've been accused of being mad,
but mostly all I've been is sad
thinking of past lovers I've had.

If crazy is as crazy does
I was committed all because
the voices here inside my head
have called and wished that I be dead,
so now I brood on things they've said:

I am shoes on the wrong foot,
a bottle of aspirin I've took,
the sideways cut on my left wrist
after they've said I won't be missed
or been damned to hell by some Baptist.

What they don't know is that I will,
live on in black and white words still,
loved by those sad just like me
and held in higher dignity,
so Death and Dark won't be lonely.

Now when I open my eyes
I wonder for what the future lies,
straight jackets or pillow rooms
when I've confessed my inner gloom
and seen how it all ends in doom.

But someday I hope I can find peace,
a blooming field or summer beach
led to joy by whisperings
flying high with my wax wings
to know for what my stone heart sings.

Clarity

The gibberish-ed mess
I heard previously,
like static on an old television after 2 a.m.,
fell in sounds.

Every tone, a raindrop hitting the floor,
scattered syllables and words,
a language I could not understand before.
Every lip roll,

no cadence I could recognize.
It was a glance,
a smile, a word, a kiss, and
a rush of cosmic emotion

that opened my soul
like a bullet to the heart –
or legs in the backseat of a truck after prom –
and it made me feel like *this*.

Though I thought it was the end of the world, now,
now I understand those
words the universe whispered
in my ear.

When vibrations rhythm to swing music
and rush through your veins,
it answers all your questions about life
in one final word or heartbeat.

So now I know why the Sun
continues to shine,
I know why the caged bird sings,
and why the sea rushes to kiss shores of sand blissfully.

Glory

I have glory because I have so wished it
and spoke it
into existence.

I have glory because when I tell the Sun to come
and kiss the sky,
by nature or my command, it does so rise.

I have glory because I try
and look at my world with compassion
through someone else's eyes.

My glory is a penny on the floor, tales up,
turned over,
and then put in my pocket.

My glory is the rainbow I cannot see
in my tears
after I've cried.

And my glory is the hope in the eyes
of the school kids
who will read my words and know they cannot be defied.