

Innocent Calamity

The white sun whispers sweet silence,
Into ears enclosed inside the lilac lily.
Beneath the horizon of a cloudless night,
Its pedals live prematurely at risk.
'With no water to weep' the sun says,
'You will drown in a desert of dry air'.
The lily coughs dust instead of pollen,
Its stale stem bowing at the sun's heat.
'My veins may crave the taste of humidity,
But with all the world's water I will still rot.'
The sun beams with an innocent calamity,
As the scent of rain rides the sky.

Don't Look

The glass, my obsession, perhaps once was my friend.
Like a cat staring through the sides of its eyes,
Its existence becomes both noted and ignored.
I know what stands behind my reflection, but proof is too permanent.
Acknowledgement my own achilles heel
Born out of reality, manipulated through experience, it feeds off of me,
And I it

Thieves

Winter's moon flaunts stolen light,
Ignoring the earth's insidious tremble.
Snow seeps through clothes into children's skin,
Their hands raw and blackening; innocently unnoticed.
They're surrounded by an army of 3 globed men,
Slowly melting in a war they never asked to be in.
Laughs slice through otherwise unmanipulated air,
Echoing in the cold eardrum of a nearby boy.
Greedy eyes stare at free, careless boys and girls,
His heavy boots chipping the doomed and disintegrating ice.
The lake beneath him quivers with hunger,
Desperate to leave nothing but the begging for breathe.
Frozen fingernails tap the glass of its ice prison,
hoping for freedom through a heavy child's step.
Children begin to notice the shrill cold in their brittle bones,
And they notice the pain in their small frostbitten hands.
They notice the maniacally laughing boy beneath the ice,
And they notice the aging in each other's eyes.
Sunlight crawls over white tipped mountains,
Warming the children who stand hopeless and empty.
Though once the trees lose their shadow,
Winter's moon will have stolen again.

Shades of Me

Lengths of loose yarn lay prisoner within my palm

Pressure keeping a pattern unnatural and strained

Hot breathe saturates the follicles trapped on the back of my neck

Fingertips dusting mine, releasing rigid muscles with allowed guidance

Color after color spills through these finally breathing wrinkles

My body letting go of what was supposed to be me

I Need You

Baby, baby, baby,

Blending like butter between bread.

Your words flick the fabric of my underwear,

Swelling my mind with desperation,

To stretch under your breath.

Even when the line dies,

I feel the thirst in your voice.

Words carefully and deliberately chosen,

Masterfully motivating,

my manipulated masochism.

At the edge of our teeth, the tip of our tongues,

Click.

Licking fresh sweat,

From lips ripped,

You leave.