

Sublime Love

[T]he vivid sense of the beautiful reveals itself in the shiny gaiety of the eyes, by smiling and even by noisy enjoyment. The sublime, in turn, is accompanied by some terror or melancholia.

—Immanuel Kant

Yes, the sublime will consume you like tissues
when liberation is at stake. You may be beautiful,
but the sublime wants coronations
sanctioned by the red cliff's soft edge.

Kincaid's pastel beach will only be considered
if gray waves threaten. Conquistadors will launch ships,
Napoleons will throw dice, sublime lovers will gaze
beyond beautiful people that do deserve better. Beautiful lovers
are the mile markers on long trips; their modest demand of forever
buried in barnacled chests. Sublime love won't stay long—
enjoy the temporary possibilities that gave you purpose.

Cold Shoulder

My track shoes are ready to filibuster this beach walk—
every plush kiss, talon clench. My gaze ignores
the anniversary pearls horseshoed around your neck;
I turn towards polyester hip bones swishing by
dripping saline beads. The same cellophane drips
slid off your skin—fleeting sublime moments
blunted by gentle crashes of rom-com waves.
As I'm ready to abandon you in this Kincaid landscape,
your lightning strikes through the tangerine sunshine:
*Something has to give 'cause I can't stand
this cold shoulder much longer.*
Our beach turns into a red cliff. Red clay powders
my heels, little pebbles callous my pinky toes.
I'm scared on this precipice—you may fall
for others. I recall beauty and desperation—
a reminder of what the sublime chase is all about.

The Terrible Sublime

I don't have the palate to distinguish sweat from tears. I won't ask;
you may draw your dry erase magna opus on my white mug.

A flower bursts from the ceramic—pink petals and golden pollen
radiate the lime green grass. Truly, you don't need

to supplement the rays with your sunny inscription:

I'm a sad, sad person, so please don't take my sunshine away.

The purple rain will sprout new beginnings, new beauty—
your hedged bushes will beg me to stick around.

I can't think of anything to write, inscribe
you are a sad, sad bird.

Flat Worlds Are Sublime

He was soon borne away by the waves and lost in darkness and distance.

—Mary Shelley, *Frankenstein*

An old mission is an easy sell to conquistadors in cargo shorts. I love the idea...
...my palm tree breath sweetens, sours with cannibalism. Eat more

beauty and I'll be okay, just okay, and I can't...
...I swear, I'm a conquest away from a fetal position

in marigold gardens. Dreams of redwood fences...
...rot wood vessels drift towards Eden

trapped in floating arctic islands. I will prove...
...frontiers don't just slide into the sky.

I am lost from the chase...
...purposeless without it.

Sublime explosions

like gray A-bomb reels—Cold War zero hour
in theaters littered with unpopped kernels.

I buy bouquets for possibilities,
save my scented stationary for frailty.

The bored layer of eyeballs
tell us we're flawed if we don't seek
As long as I always have you...
Finality, and all the expectations

of getting by after the explosion.
Surviving the requisite *I'm here for you*
is the pursuit of qualmish repletion.
We all have an oasis and *forever*

relieves the sandy esophagus for some.
Mine happens to be by a sprouting desert—
I seek the impossibility of the next sublime
until it becomes too possible.