

Love: A Lifecycle

Sfoglina

You trembled
like I'd leave.

Your eyes asked,
once again,
*do yours still sparkle
with the dreams we spoke of?*

I used my arms as primal shields
and hid you from the world -
if only for a moment.

And though you never needed my protection,
I knelt at your feet
and sat in awe of your spirit,
always for the soffit
despite the Devil's calling.

And of the moment I felt it -
the moment I knew
that it truly existed -
all I remember
is your ethereal worry.

That worry I vowed
to never see again.

Once//Always

I find that an embrace
is never quite enough.

My arms envelop your chest;
your arms, your shoulders, your heart.
I squeeze as tight as I dare,
wanting to save you from the world,
wanting to melt into you,
to show you my mind,
pick out the thoughts and feelings,
the strongest ones,
those powerful, overwhelming feelings,
that poets have struggled for generations
to put into words.
Words I used to think did the job.
Words I now know are drastically inadequate.

Maybe my touch -
the warmth of my skin and the tingle of my fingers -
can do the job that words have failed to do.

But alas, we were born as two,
and this damn skin stubbornly holds us so.
But maybe it's better this way.
There's a certain beauty in the eternal struggle.
The struggle to turn two into one.

We've always valued a last stand -
a hopeless endeavor,
heroically taken nonetheless,
like the Spartans at Thermopylae.

So consider me Leonidas,
and time as Xerxes.
Though I know it's inevitable,
I await it with glee.

The End

Not so much an end
as a stark realization.

Do you remember the fireflies?
That sweet aroma of freshly cut grass,
the sour taste of a night nearly through.

They blinked, they danced.
They enraptured us,
swept us away,
entranced us with their spirit,
their hope,
their charm.

What choice did we have
but to get lost in their light?

I can't quite recall
when I became aware of the sun.
It shimmered on the treetops,
it stung at my eyes.
The buzz in my head
morphed to petulant pain.

And they were gone.

Maybe not so much gone,
as devoid of their wonder.
Those luminescent orbs,
exposed as black pills.

I guess I had always known.

Still, I can't help but yearn
for just a few hours more.

The Estuary

Where does the mind go
before i fall asleep?
When i close my eyes,
leaving the warm embrace
of my sheets and my pillow -
escaping the cold embrace
of the world outside;
As i drift slowly
from the river of consciousness
toward the ocean of dreams -
where does my mind go?

You beckon me there,
and i heed your call:
i'm an estuary servant.
You beckon me there,
and i demand of the void:
Where have you taken her?

You used to ford the river,
and i was happy to have you,
briefly and cautiously
wading through my waters.

You then sailed the oceans,
and i battled through storms,
eternally and fervently
entranced by your spirit.

So why now,
do i only find you here?
This place of confusion -
salt riddled yet pure.

You beckon and i cry.
Your eyes always evoked
such a response from mine.
You beckon and i panic:
i'm not ready to say goodbye.

*It will all be ok, you tell me.
Let yourself go.*

Tonight,
at last,
I'm at peace with the sea.

Venus (I call her Aphrodite)

Shines vibrantly in the midnight sky.
A pinprick in a black sheet
Letting me know there's light on the other side.

I hadn't seen her in years.

I dreamt of you last night.
Plump rosy lips,
Salted and cracked.

Is that why she's here?
A sign that I can move on?
Or a reminder that I never will?

A bugle in the distance
Taps its eerie tune.
What day is it? I ask the stars.
I'm waning. Says the moon

I push the earth behind me,
no mind for windy ghosts.
I'm searching for a nameless face -
I call her:

 'My True North'