

“Emotional Promiscuity”

Eyes without sunglasses, souls without clothes
Save for a single half-hidden wristwatch
To know when it's time for the door to close
On our game of inner demon hopscotch.

I'm always down for a second going,
Wealthy in lubricants and protection,
Yet all the cathartic afterglowing
Demands an abrupt change of direction.

So I add them to my pocket prayerbook
And find someone else to invite upstairs,
Cozying up to a mystery book
With an ending the last page seldom shares.

Coming home to everyone and no one,
Clouds obscuring an ever-shifting sun.

“Cumin”

She seasoned food every winter season
With the grace and finesse of a top chef,
Never needing any deeper reason
Than that her tastebuds thrived where ears were deaf.

Filling a plate with just the right amount
To satisfy a restless appetite,
Keeping track ‘til being taught not to count
How many swallowed before they could bite.

There were nights when it didn’t seem worthwhile,
Nights when empty plates meant an empty heart,
But she still forced her lipsticked lips to smile
And say these words while her legs spread apart:

“Come into my culinary abode;
I’ll try my hardest to lighten your load.”

“Ghosting”

Why do people ghost other people?
Why do they think it's better to erase than to face?

Sometimes it's fear
Or an undryable tear
Or a shattered mirror
Or a wheel they can't steer.

But still, what makes it so appealing
And unfit for revealing?

Sometimes it's pride
Or a pathway too wide
Or a tongue tightly tied
Or a too bumpy ride.

Sometimes it's pain
Or not enough rain
Or a hidden stain
Or the inability to sustain.

Perhaps answers shouldn't be sought,
Though it always hurts a hell of a lot.

“You Matter To Me”

Whoever you are, however you dream,
Wherever you call home or wander free,
Whatever boat that you row down life’s stream,
Whenever you climb your destiny’s tree:

Know that you’re loved and irreplaceable,
Adding so much to each space you enter,
Bearing a magic beyond traceable,
Made to be an owner, not just renter.

Some may refuse to acknowledge your worth,
Subtly spitting in your beautiful face,
Casting doubt on the meaning of your birth,
Painting Earth as a miserable place.

But pay no attention to such cruelty
And be assured that you matter to me.

“Not Our Concern”

She looked out over the clean white-washed town
With hope and sadness in varied amounts,
Long accustomed to a precautious frown
Yet still dreaming of injustice discounts.

A Presbyterian family passed
Thinking of the new verses they must learn.
Papers talked about people getting gassed,
But the father whispered, “Not our concern.”

They were closely followed by a lynch mob
Heading the direction of some poor boy
Who was just enjoying corn on the cob
While wielding his favorite squirter toy.

Tears fell from the window though it was closed
As two blocks down someone was fire-hosed.