

You
have a galaxy brain
with astronaut
ambition,
an outer space mind
but a moon landing heart.
It's no wonder I
always return;
gravity,
always drawing me back home.

- *space, or you*

You told me that I was triggering when I was around you,
told me that I reminded you of a worse time
but what I did not want you to know
was that I was always
triggering,
that I too always remind myself of a worse time,
that I do not
unlike you
have the choice to leave,
to run
to hide
from myself,
that I cannot escape into this
absence of trauma,
into this house of healing
this temple of restoration,
that I too flinch at the sound of the wind
thinking it is my own breath down my back,
that I cannot think of love
without hearing your footsteps walking out
of my cut-red satin heart,
knowing you will not come back.

So know that I too feel the trauma,
that I too know the fear.

But while you have the chance,
while you are ahead,
don't look back.

- *Footsteps to escape*

I hope you read this.
I hope you thumb through this book
page after page
searching its cracks
skimming every single letter for remnants of your past
self,
the ways you knew me
imprinted yourself into me,
like clay on a wheel
like sidewalk chalk and wet cement.
I hope you feel the pulse of these pages
feel the sound waves of meanings
buried deeply within,
I hope you find these meanings
buried deep within.
I hope you dust the pages for your fingerprints
call in backup
dig into the archives.
I hope you pull out forensic files of yourself
and cross examine the evidence of my heart
on these pages
trying to find yourself in them.

But as you do
as you do, I hope you find
the shelter that I left for you in these words
the shelter once left for me.
I hope you find rest in the binding
of these pages,
indentations of loss
grief wrapped in every period, comma, and page break.
Feel it.
Let me speak it over you.
I hope as you search for yourself
in the vastness of my words
you learn their ins and outs
seek refuge in the caverns of their being
find comfort in their assurance.

Know that you are here.
know that you helped piece these letters one by one,
strung words together and spun them out of my mouth
onto this very page.
But know too, that you're not alone in this wilderness

this desert of my life,
that others have traversed this boundless canyon,
this barren land sprinkled with hints of life
up growing just as I do;
others have traveled here
and left their mark too.
They have made their impression
in the dirt and clay of my heart,
footprints in synchrony
a mass exodus into and out of my life.

So when you take this book off of your shelf
and begin dusting for your fingerprints,
begin calling to yourself from within
these pages,
I hope you find yourself.
See the person you were,
discover the person you are.
see your vastness
these canyons that you have passed through
the marks that you have left
and find refuge
not always in my words
but in your own.
Find refuge in yourself
shelter in yourself.
I hope you
find rest in yourself.
I hope you
find
yourself.

- *Fingerprints*

Is it true that every mountaintop must come crashing down,
that every satellite must one day give in to the temptation of
gravity? That no matter how hard a salmon presses forward, it
must always return to its birth stream?

Is it true that no matter how hard I press forward, I also must
always return back to my birth stream? That I must one day
give into temptation, succumb to the push and pull of this life,
this vacancy? That one day every mountain top will come
crashing down?

Well then, let the sky open, a cavern amongst the planets,
goddesses of the stars whispering sweet nothings. Let the sun
and moon separate, a love story long forgotten, gravity
stealing the light, time and space plummeting downward.

And let the earth quake, let her bellows reach their arms
around me, let her curves and stature be the reason that the
snow wails, that the avalanche rolls, and the ground cries as it
descends.

And let it burry me at this base camp where I started, where I
always return.

Let the torrent of this river run, press against my skin,
Call me sacred
Call me healed
Call me saved

Let this birth stream call me home. Let it ache in longing for my
presence. And I but a salmon, shall call back, following the
urge that drives me against the tide. Let me feel the cold water
against this warm body, and let it bury me too, amongst the
algae and rocks, where I once lay to rest before embarking on
this life.

But let me not forget my time amongst the stars, my time in the
open seas, where I once breathed for the first time. Let me
breathe again for the first time. When it is all over, let it be only
a memory. Lay it to rest in the bones of my lifeless body, in the
basecamp of this life, this birthplace of spirit and soul.

And do not be afraid
or sad, when I rise to make the journey once more.

- *Birthplace*