

!!#@!

Is  
this  
not  
be  
a  
u  
tiful?

Honey skin  
sticks  
on mine  
in the middle of the night,

warm body  
on body  
and  
what  
hot  
breath.

The feline arch  
of back  
and brute  
noises  
the ritual of  
all  
ancestors.

Only sometimes  
do I love her.

**Meniscus**

I built this dream  
like a spiderweb,  
using the thin lining of the horizon  
tugged from the peace  
of twilight.

I walk along the strands  
like a tight-rope walker  
unafraid of death but clinging  
to life; I am not afraid of nothing  
but I am afraid of a life  
not lived.

**Love poem**

Flowers are less beautiful than your hand  
softly in mine, though I find myself planted  
firmly to the ground  
each time I pass under cherry blossoms.

That the smell of rain on a spring morning  
draws me out of your arms and into  
my early morning walks is only a means of  
understanding you as a part of the whole.

You will always be  
the first and last most beautiful thing  
I will ever see.

**Let them come**

Terror is the tool of the weak,  
inflicted in the hopes of turning a cut  
into an infection.

And here it is,  
sound the alarm to cut off the arm  
for a wounded finger.

It is easier to be cowardly in the face of danger  
until the moment the fear-mongering subsides  
and introspective reflection reveals a collective shame,

the shame that we steeled our hearts out of fear,  
and did not double down on our compassion,  
as the prophet Jesus Christ of Nazareth did  
in sacrifice of ideals bigger than any god.

There's evil in the bunch, they say,  
so the quickest solution is to burn the bunch.  
You better pray to your god, then,  
that no one survives,

for a hand reaching out for assistance,  
in being rejected is a sin on both the aggrieved  
and the denier, to be carried in the hearts  
of our children like molten lead.

The surviving generation will remember, of course,  
and the terror will be realized.

**Gloriously**

Quietly  
dear quietly  
i like you  
best of all  
in the deep recesses  
of my brain

untouched  
by the hording masses

my only regret  
is that in death  
i will not be there  
to greet you  
in your eternal  
threshold.