

Language of the Stars

A neck so sweet and fair;
It was a glare
in my judgement, not to linger.
A peppered kiss I gave you,
full of innocence and bliss,
But I did miss,
The chance to let my tongue dance
Upon your constellations,
Tasting each beautiful universe,
Becoming well versed in the language of the stars;
Their song flowing into my mouth
Their honeyed essence melting south
down the dip of my spine
And I would willingly lose my mind
If in time, each captivating star
would whisper the secret praises
of that wandering traveler finding its way
through the mazes
Finding some places
Among the sky to call
home.

Aquamarine

I belong to the sea, and he belongs to me...

My coils learned from his curling waves

I need the salted air...

He crafted his swells, imitating my bleeding flares

Set me free from these wooden caves.

I belong to the sea and he belongs to me...

The shimmers of light graze my cheek, a silent prayer

The briny taste cuts my lips, giving me what I crave

I need the salted air...

I awaken when the moon is high. I call out; you know my fury. I am needed somewhere

My lungs hold churning waters, screeching, spilling over swears

I belong to the sea and he belongs to me...

I am potent like you, maybe even more, I will not allow my zeal to be stripped bare

my wrath and breath implode craters in the earth, I too, am engraved

I need the salted air...

The moon sweeps me into her pale arms, she murmurs 'I will bring you there'

You rush towards me, immersing me... our voices roar, the earth quivers, opening up the graves

I belong to the sea and he belongs to me-

I need the salted air-

Uninvited

If you want to partake in misery,

Partake!

Do not let anyone stop you.

But-

with that comes company,

and she will come,

knocking on your door

asking for tea,

She will not leave.

She is waiting,

waiting for you to crumble

then she will take your remains,

sweep them into her tea,

and drink you whole.

Tohubohu

Anarchy is my friend,
and I depend
on its pure and utter chaos.

I am destruction.

A beautiful piece of the unknown.

Get out,
get out now,
because I'd hate to drag you down
with my cherry lips
and quick hips.

All that I am

I owe to this.

“911, What’s Your Emergency?”

My father doesn’t wear white anymore.

When he leaves for work

black shirt, black pants, black boots,

Only a smeared drop of white

on the upper portion of his shirt,

and it spells E-M-S.

He has learned,

not to walk with hope taut in his muscles

because he will leave with a shirt

tie dyed shades of red,

the dye most heavy on the tips of his sleeves.

You enter with a black shirt

No one sees the terrors that dissolve into the fabric.

My mother used to make him change in the back yard,

with his red shirts

He relieved them from duty,

resting in a crinkling black plastic bag.

His black shirts are scrubbed

then thrown in the washer.

Not even the hot water

can remove the stains

none of us can see.