

Wish

The child stepped into the neighbor's garden,
it grew unfamiliar things.

Flowers seemed to prefer the shade while
green vines reached for the sun,

She wondered about the witch who lived behind
the heavy curtains,

the neighbors knew the witch lived here,
but somehow she kept herself in a separate realm.

She did not age,
her vines flourished in the snow.

It was said she granted wishes,
that she could hear them even if they were
only a whisper of a whisper.

She returned hearts from across seas,
could make life take hold in barren wombs.

The child thought her wish,
aimed it toward the window that was now open.

Mist rose from the dirt that grew warmer and
the window slammed shut,

the child cut herself quickly with a thorn,
left an offering of blood then

ran to her own house.

When she reached her room she looked in the mirror,

her eyes had changed from brown to blue,
She smiled while her blood sunk into the soil,
a new vine rising up into the red earth.

If

She might be pretty if she thought she was,

but she smokes too many cigarettes and

likes the dark spin of alcohol,

likes the sleep it promises-

without dreams.

What else would make them stop,

what else would make her sleep well?

Shes said this for years and her mother

never believed her.

When she screamed it was silent,

her thrashing silent,

and if it was silent what truth was there,

only two sets of eyes could confirm.

Only two sets of eyes would make sure

the cigarette was out.

What do you want from her?

A waiver of assured happiness signed,

of smiles, signed.

She can't give it,

everything shes loved has always been broken,

shes sick of being the glue,

when you hold things together

its only the broken pieces and you.

Home

Rainbows come in through the circle window,
she sits on the carpet tracing the color on her knee,

it's quiet this early in the morning,
except for the birds calling to each other,

“Are you awake?”

It seems they all are.

Her father snores are a deep baritone while
her sister and mothers voices merge together in the kitchen,

sopranos,

in a way they call to each other too,

like the birds,

“We’re awake.”

Rain or Shine

On a train he is traveling far away,
its night time now- too dark to see out the window,
but he can hear the train move forward,
closer to its destination,
further from the nothing he's left behind.
Maybe that's what is making him sad,
it wasn't hard for him to leave that
creaky house with green grass,
that old swing of his youth,
in fact just the sight was enough to make him sick,
to make his feet feel like the ground beneath him would drag him under,
“Run or you'll set down roots, like the tree that holds your swing”,
so he ran,
and the tree stood tall,
even when it rained.

Waves

All these rocks I want to skip into saltwater seas,

So I can feel the droplets cold my skin,

is it a sin, to dream this dream of deep

waters submerging my divinity?

Will I ever rock along with the waves?

Will I know what its like to have the sun

warm me dry?

Clear waters waft a daring perfume and I

find myself holding my breath,

as different shades of blue baptize,

wayward hairs on my head.