

Thoughts on Walls She Smiles On

Stay the Course

On a sea crackling with snowcapped tidal troughs an echo rang ashore that could be heard through the spiral of a broken seashell.

A promise that you'd never leave

There's a sound I want to hear and I'm not sure if this myth is screaming back at me

But it sounds so lovely and I put myself on a cross to believe it was true

I stand with both arms open but it's winter's chill it's December

I find myself barefoot blue lipped

still waiting here

It's been hours or universes I stopped keeping track when the bottle with my wish came back in pieces

words thrown like pebbles and broken rocks- protecting a city of dreams that we built with our sun who fell dark

we threw up walls to make sure nobody could tell we were bleeding

Together wrapped in envelopes of repeated behavior and denial

We watched Rome burn together

We cried because the heat was too strong for your leather skin to bear

We jumped into the ocean waiting for something to happen but he just kept breathing he just kept repeating

Like our prayers, and why they weren't being answered

My air, was supposed to be his strength

Underneath a moon that kept getting closer and our world a little bit smaller

But something happened

In between Hail Mary's something happened

From soil spread the kicking and thrashing- legs of children that dressed themselves in the color of your eyes and the shape of a nose

We built the British empire in cribs with dimmed lights on a hill named Doncaster

And a yard too large to rake

We spent afternoons playing darts and folding cards

We built ships and they found rivers muddy and dry

But they kept smiling and they kept sailing

Despite wind that blew in both directions

Glass fractures, but why is it so hard to say the same thing about a heart

Why couldn't we see the pain.

In this odyssey it's hard to leave. I swear I'm calling back

I know nothing but blackness and this spirit is talking to me in tongues

He reminds me that the closest thing to my past is the sound

Of how you moved mountains to stand as one -the same. Through a storm you built shores.

Helen never saw the bodies

Neither did Achilles, but it was the men who sailed home that etched the former in stone

While they crawled back to lovers with unstitched scars and raptured bones

For the battle often finds itself in the minds of those doomed to survive

Who wake inside nightmares where the devils are wearing smiles that look familiar?

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I wish I could taste your suffering one more time
I wish you could hear how there's nothing to hear
And how tomorrow starts breaking into smaller and smaller parts
Until I find myself asking questions that we swore we'd never ask
what if happiness becomes forgetting?
Or at least trying
And love evolves to something in the past tense
Because we gave it all in surviving
I guess I'm just tired I guess I'm tired of looking
And you're nowhere to be found.

Knuckle deep on Grafton Street

An essay on the distinction between love and the seismic
Where the former stands for a collection of emotions, desires, and needs. It serves as a
manifestation for every drop of tear one might be willing the shed to keep it from falling.
It has no place in the dictionary. It is understood by all.
Spoken with tongues, colors of skin, and tasted in every mouth with eyes.
A child knows a mother
-old centennials, the shoulder of each other, a bond between brothers.

Seismic is more difficult to explain, but it hurts just as much. It burns twice as bright, and it lasts
not long enough.
Seismic love is the coal fried burning in the lining of your stomach. It's the thought that steps in
front of eating
Seismic love is weightless.

It is important to understand the difference.
She made it clear that the former could be what is true, and the latter what we hope.

A moment was spent seaside but that's old news
And what is now is the smolder of a bonfire rising towards a morning soon to be.
She looked like a finished crossword puzzle at the tips of each finger
Her eyes- warm enough to melt grammar
And the moment was carved so deep into now's core- she hardly saw it coming

The clock became redundant in a nightfall marked by patience and the last time we slept
together
Drudgery in the wake of an awoken spin cycle
Sheep dressed in frustration, soft as they bore of my tedium
Awaiting a turn felt like the wave which never came
And yet-she slept so beautifully

Recklessness treats the oven like it's always on fire
It usually isn't-but it would be a whole lot better if it was
At least, there'd be a reason to run
A place for shelter, and a wind to knock it down.

Suddenly
She became a garden-I water when it's time.
And the flowers will be whatever color feels right, her words, something I will long to recall
I will have skeletons on a shelf and strawberry skin for trophy
Her name: a number

The realest feelings become those that which we know are not real
And the hardest memories to swallow are Seismic by nature, and truth in disguise

I flushed you out with an orgasm in isolation

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Aching with remorse-soaked fatigue,
Pieces of memories peeling
Skin to skin it was august

Outside the minutes bled across a dawning horizon
Hot eyes and dancing palms made sense to keep moving on a keyboard
Searching for cement in excuses
Laying wasted in a daydream-the morning wept you into existence

What worked was a synthesis
What broke was resolve
And what unfolded was a nightmare inside the boundary of a bed frame
Told as a redundant pile of make believe and behavior
Spelled in the spaces between your pelvis
Please just breathe
or
Talk to me
It's four thirty-seven
Amphetamines leave an aftertaste I'm having trouble swallowing
I just want everything but sleep
And a phone squeezed between left shoulder and cheek, fetal position under a fortress with the
lights out
Listening while you fall to dreams
Waiting for the right time to trap door eyelids and meet you where the dance floor always has
room
Inside a record store on the corner of Grafton street
Knuckle deep in a copy of Cobain's diaries
a poster of Abbey road peeling overhead with
Enough history to bury civilizations separating our chests in a long isle that takes up the entire
room
Sleeves of vinyl singing for your eyes to listen
And they look at me. Alone with Rhiannon. It's everything.

Another morning with the window open
The fan circles musty air around piles of laundry dirty and clean
It's a sensation in the temple that derives a thunder of self-pity
Flashbacks
The black becomes still frame sequences
Moving in a painful scatter, entropy personified by the things I had to say
And it gets packed into cardboard under the dirt - above earth's core
For a time when nostalgia crosses path with self-indulgence
And tomorrow walks across the street without looking both ways
Inside a future that stagnates with the weight of a present I didn't ask for
you can't ask for this
Excuses rusted into a routine we dance we dance we dance
The noise it's seismic and I love you all the same
Good night

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For her not long ago

It went a little something like this
A dance-outfitted compromises
A smile, without a sound
A room with two hearts in it
Messy clothes lay bare to ground
Outside a wave of wind washed sea frills
Stinging skin alike
She raced upon conclusions
Eager for the night
All alone we whispered-despair a rhyming tune
The heart of lessons learned
Beat more and more for you

Alive a clock stopped standing
The black
Turned blood to blue
We handed the past our compass
Staggered steps "i swear I'm fine"
Desperate for a taste of rewinding
Fighting tears, fighting falling, clawing a line
You cried about yesterday
A touch of sunshine in your eyes

And now the wind stands calmly
A schedule built to keep
The earth it turns so quickly
But gentle at our feet
And yet it makes me wonder
I think, it goes like this
If you love mirages blindly
The sand becomes your gift.