

Second Coming

My first coming was long ago
So long in fact that
I've forgotten its ups and downs

Vague memories of shushed nights
Sweaty pillows hidden letters
Implanted somewhere in my
Brain and hips

My first coming was not exactly
A failure but neither a victory
Its downs slightly outweighing
The ups

And not much remaining now
Except my ingrown hardness
Fierce self knowledge and
Fear of it returning

You are my second coming
You happened not so long ago
In fact I remember everything

Melting readiness touching hands
Sounds of darkness
Whispers of promise

You are my second coming
Now implanted somewhere in my
Breath and breast

My second coming is not exactly
A victory but neither a failure
Its ups slightly outweighing
The downs

(May 17, 2023)

You've hunted me down
Deliberately and with no mercy

I've been trapped
By your words your lips
Your hands

You've encircled me
With your arms
With no end to me wanting this
Not to end

You've locked me in
On purpose and with force

My coolness disappearing
Inside your heat

I've been lured inside
Your body and mind
With no way out

(May 25, 2023)

Even though I tend to
Push kick and scream
Like a shrew that cannot be tamed

And fiery cannonades
Keep pulsating between us
For no reason at all

Maybe all of that is simply
A prelude to what's coming
When you finally
Lay your hands
On me

(Sept 2, 2023)

How I care

I care in listening
From your lips to my ears
I care in being there
Whether I want to or not

I care in silence
Even though I could speak
I care in accepting
Even though I could counter

I care in unlocking my door
Picking up my phone
I care in letting myself
Open up to things
Unheard of before

I care much more than
I would safely admit

Yet still
Not enough

(December 23, 2023)

Trip

Going on a trip
Is like a great escape

I look down through a small window
At the passing landscapes
Slowly crawling below

Mountains and lakes
Bare or snow covered
Everything crystal clear
Distanced in health and in sickness

I gain what they call

A perspective
Where my big issues float with me
Up in the thin air
Diluting slowly and with ease
Like ice melting in a plastic cup

Going on a trip
Is like erasing it all
Good and bad
With one stroke of a neatly printed ticket

Only one thing I cannot escape
As I glide miles above the rugged earth:

Your eyes behind those glistening glasses
As you say goodbye
Forever

(Dec 26, 2023)