

## Grounding

The soil beneath your bare feet glows—  
for you know  
deep below your soles  
it can feel your wounds,  
can speak them aloud  
to the air wrapping 'round  
your head and your heart,  
your damp palms and young thoughts  
while somewhere far off  
in the same moment, this,  
a thousand eyes are locked,  
locked in awe,  
watching skies filled with violet light.  
The promise of a greater Why.

You love it where you are.  
Here you've learned a great deal  
about softness and joy.  
About loving the one you're with.

And you do love him.  
And you do love you.

But this is not the only where.  
This soil does not need you  
or hold your feet in place.  
And so you know  
And so you go  
to see that violet light,  
to meet it with your eyes,  
ask those greater Whys  
and answer them.

And so you go.

## Undoing You All Again

One day I'll un-tack the swatches of your skin from these walls  
having huffed off all their intoxicating scent long ago  
un-decorate this room of you I'll  
un-display the post card's gold-trimmed lettering with which you wrote down our love—  
“LA's openness makes me think of a great house we could build together” penned so delicately  
“and how I would move anywhere on Earth for you”, inscribed too precisely.

One day I'll un-relinquish myself to your magnetic field  
I'll do the work, engage the thrust, burn the fuel I'll  
de-couple from your orbit  
and re-enter my own atmosphere  
gasping deep those first precious breaths  
of an air my flesh can recognize  
no longer flailing in the glorious vastness  
of your star-speckled space.  
I'll be home in me again.

One day I'll re-dissolve you into a stranger,  
some handsome man in a crowd.  
Tall with dark hair: my type, everyone's type— my type I'll  
think \*I wonder where he's going,  
what's striping through his mind\*  
as I always will, in passing.  
But then I'll pass.

One day I'll un-do the whole of you  
de-construct your taxonomy  
pick your loose threads  
from the fabric of my life  
and spin it all anew.

That day is not today,  
nor is it tomorrow,  
but I can smell its cool, damp freshness  
crested the horizon.

## On and On to Hallelujah

It may grow distant  
and soon to forget  
how small and soft  
your human form sits  
when now such thick  
and deep-set time  
passed moments by  
when last you laid  
your head upon  
the stomach of your mother,  
point of your guileless dawn,  
she'd hum a tune  
you both once knew,  
"He Who Began a Good Work in You",  
or when last you prayed  
mass upon  
the bare chest of your lover,  
one hundred fine hairs  
decorated his sternum  
and there held hands  
with your eyelashes,  
a moment so holy  
so nebulous now,  
a day or a decade behind you,  
for there is no craning  
of your neck,  
no looking back  
behind to check,  
there is only now  
and what's to come,  
face fixed upon red horizon  
over hardened earth  
and a churning sea  
of bodies wearing  
your very face  
and tattered clothes,  
screaming hallelujah.

## Do You Curse the Final Wave?

Do you think about the end?  
If so,  
how does it taste  
on the soft palette of your cortex?  
Is it bitter and rough  
like a persimmon too-soon bitten?

Every so often upon walking  
through a town sewn into my mind  
deep  
as the blueish printing of veinous plumbing  
laced through the calcified interstices  
of my own hands and flattening feet,  
I will peer far down the way  
to pick out the gaze of another  
much older than I  
and I will think of his final darkness—  
of the certitude it will carry forth,  
and the immediate urgency  
with which it will flow.

Over foothills far,  
toward the valley which cradles you,  
like a biblical,  
unstoppable, unbreakable,  
viridian-black wall of annihilation,  
it will come to crash  
up against the door  
of the room wherein you cower,  
so unready for its decisive blow  
only to percolate up under the threshold,  
finding its other way in, without a moment's pause  
to cover you in a cool, viscous touch,  
slide its slick-wet fingertips  
into every sacred, gaseous cavity  
and ever so silently disappear you.

Or—  
can you taste the latent sweet?  
for it is faint  
but present still

as with the end  
comes rest to lend  
a favor  
to your battered, tired feet.

## Breathless Thought Carried Within One Single Second's Glance

Pray tell me all your thinking  
and I will tell you mine  
for never have I tasted love  
so hopelessly divine  
it trips me up  
and blacks me out  
in ways yet to be seen  
I'd do anything  
I'd do every. thing.  
I'd do any single thing  
to get to you  
to pick you up  
and wrap my heart in yours  
I'd fight, claw, cut  
I'd eat a man  
sprout wings and fly your way  
to see you smile  
for just a moment  
one shallow, fleeting moment  
where lips may part  
and brows may raise  
and your eyes lock on mine  
as I run on these fumes  
of your spit on my face  
it's a drug in my veins  
it's sick, I must say,  
but I've no other choice  
I've no other way  
I'm pulled under  
filled up  
by the hopelessly  
divine.