

The Flavor Of Your Name

I spoke to you in whispers,
Gentle words against your ear.
It was clear you were still sleeping
I knew in your dreams you'd hear.
I ran a finger through the space
Beneath your chin, your satin neck

I am a wreck, reciting memories
I'm soaking in regret

I remember slipping notes into your purse,
Before the dawn.
And breathing in your subtle scent
So deeply, fully I was drawn.
My hands fit firmly to your waist
As if designed to be connected

I've collected and rejected every second.
I've deflected blame,
I feel ashamed of wasted chances
Just about the same
As I remember second glances and the flavor of your name.

Jigsaw Jane

Her mind is a puzzle,
The kind you find buried in a thrift shop box.
The picture on the top is weather-worn with all her creases,
And there's sharpie marks that warn you about all her missing pieces

I found her edges frayed,
And found some subtle comfort in the curly hairs that strayed
Like hedges needing tending, bending weeds that needed spray

Maybe she's a meadow on a mild summer day,
But I must lament quite sadly
In all sureness I can't say,
You see
Although she seems demure
There is a fury held at bay.

The Seven Suns Of Surz

There's a planet out in outer space,
A place with seven suns,
And seven groups of beings
Who all worship different ones.

The yellow sun has fellows sending prayers night and day
And the red sun has a ton and they all worship different ways.
The blue sun has a group of gorps that sacrifice the geeps,
And the black sun has a stack of Jacks that never speak a peep.

The other three rise only on the sacred day of Reez,
And the separate groups that pray to them will wait until they freeze.

It's really all quite silly to a tourist from afar,
To see seven groups in separate troupes,
All claiming separate stars.

But if you study closely we are mostly quite the same;
Although we only boast a lonely star,
We gave it many names.

The Walking Woman

Twice a day she walks and talks
To herself and to the sky
I nod as she is passing by
She does not break stride to reply

Life and time have curved her spine
Ever facing callous ground
Her lips work but produce no sound
She has a rhythm, I have found

Deliberate with every step
With grocery bags clutched tight in hand
I've offered, "may I help you ma'am?"
Her gait, a voiceless reprimand

She has a name I'll never learn
She asks for nothing in return
For what she offers indirect
A silent strength I must respect

Inertia

I keep finding pieces of myself in the strangest places;

The fragments of one's mind
Often follow the most unexpected trajectories.
For a brief moment I question the craftsmanship
Of the chair upon which my dignity sits,
But quickly realize
I find more comfort in standing.
In this attempt to recover my confidence
I've uncovered the roots of my fear.
It dawns on me-

- I've been watching life through filters of stained glass.
As I attempt to avert my eyes,
As the glass shatters around me,
The finish line rises like an alien sun from an endless horizon.
It seems relentless in its recession,
Until I realize I've been running backwards.