

If You Surrender Silence

I will break
the sound, bury her with my tears;
hold all these years on tired tongue,
 spent
un
 -sung and
 -spun.

If you wave ivory banners
high, I will weave their color
-less bleed into my skin, save the scar
 -let shine another day
 fall
 and burn,
 as star.

If we speak
only in the Braille of trembles, mum
-bled fingers tracing stories to the breeze,
 I will count
 much more
 than leaves.

Timbre

“The world mends her
-self daily.” Your breath binds
 my bent ear.

We are prophets, born of blur
-red centers, brighter edges.

This quarrelsome sky
 trumps all, and I
box shadows,
 drunkard clouds rolling over in un
-expected circles, wrapped in
 sleepy thunder.

Curiosity

Let me in
-trigue you, then
with my magic pen
and center stains
drying.

Bell the cat
-astrophic change
all you want; it'll sneak
up on you, anyway.

I've got an answer
or two under my
skin. I keep itching,
inching it along but
this avenue of con-
-fusion winds strong
and loose and lost,
waiting for a toll
to pay.

If only you
were taller, maybe,
used by clouds in a
way that I could see
stars. Some scars
are a small dimension
all their own, grown
long and lean, sinew
snapped and ready
for
any
damn
thing.

There are things I know, and you do not listen.

Lithe, I um
-brella the
truth,
and wait
for
 salt
water
 storm.

We buy
our polar
opposites
for shekels
and a bold
bruised song.

The rain falls,
 cold.

Beginning as bone,
we be
-come stone.

Epiphany in Ebony

Clad black in
 raindrops
memory
 mourning
 silk,
she argues storms
with a vast
and empty sky
folds paper hands
into loose lilies
 stands
and holds her breath
to call him home.