

Through a Glass, Darkly

in blindness,

behind as rain beats down on fogged windows

I watch reflections dance with phantoms
of colored memories*

**memories of memories*

**elegy to elegy*

and every time I hear a door slam shut

I hear your crooked echo ring,

as the wind blows through your hair like
folded bedsheets in the morning

**face to face within myself*

Any Worse

many waves under one sky one wave under another sky

or no sky at all,

only stars,

shrieking >>>light in blurred motion.

ruins of temples of unknown purpose;

almost... *absent*.

red, red, red,

inside.

outside,

submerged gestures

(muted)

Boxcars

"stop palpitating, no one is going to kill you, no one is going to love you and no one is going to kill you, perhaps you'll emerge in the high depression of Gobi, you'll feel at home there."

-Samuel Beckett

As rivers open waves of light

slide to delta drains of ocean.

the commotion of calamity rises within,

ebbing and flowing out

into horizons beyond imagination.

constellations of stars a million miles apart

like

telephone line / telephone line / telephone line / telephone lines

stretching out the alley's echo,

"hello? who is it?"

"it's me,

everyone."

"can I help you?"

"I just want

your god-given soul"

a hole drilled through an egg deflated open

with past hopes fragments of its fragile shells,

a forgotten smile of missing teeth

in sands of grey, the greatest color.

where the snapping twigs go silent

so I can see for boundless miles,

in those winters, I'll stop shivering.