

I'm over you.

Anyway,

Here are some poems about you.

Asking Elon Musk For Help

I've resigned myself
to be haunted by you.

They said you'd fade away
like colors
on a knob-turn tv.
They said it would simply take time.

But I've heard that time
is all a flat circle.
Just like earth's orbit.

Maybe that's why,
every December,
I dream you again.

Maybe your ghost
forever lives in earth's path.

If so,
I guess it's time
I make my way to Mars.

Countdown

The clock strikes seven
and I'm reminded of the mountains I built
to scramble atop and
shout from the heavens
of your effervescent beauty.

Eight.
And I'm reminded of the masses I fed
with tripe of my heart.
Puerile and hedonistic.
Fat on our unfettered passion.

Nine.
And I'm reminded of the chasms I spanned
with webs of forgiveness,
willing together those
antipodal forces.

Ten.
And I'm reminded of the cyclones I spun
to clash with your venom,
reluctant to follow
the Montague plan.

Eleven.
And I'm reminded of the cities I burned
as I reveled in destruction,
knowing that somewhere
you quaked at my flame.

Twelve.
And I'm left to wonder:
how did you-
wholly broken and irreverent -
inspire me to make miracles?

Such a Fun Age

What if,
in that moment you told me
of his perpetually dragging feet;
When that cool breeze forced us closer
and the sun fell below the clouds
making the sky a romantic candle;
When your fingers brushed my arm
like a misbehaving child -
with just enough conscience
to wonder about intentions;
When the years apart
compressed into nothing
as you flippantly told that stupid old joke
that made us dizzy with laughter;

What if,
in that moment,
I leaned down to whisper:
Though caged, I always hear you sing.

A Rebuttal to Ian McEwan

"Not blemishes. Adornments." - Atonement, page 74

Not adornments.

Blemishes.

But rest easy;

For without

blemishes,

how could your

perfections

show through?

A Cup Holds More Than Just Coffee

Though you try to sound casual,
I still hear you on that bench,
the wind cutting at my bones
your words cutting at my heart.
You spoke of wild beasts and
a damsel in distress.
You talked of oaths to be kept,
quests to be won,
the whole while speaking out
the side of your mouth.

I listened in a dull haze.
Listened as a mute is wont to do.
Listened as a beast without a tongue.
I'd heard it all before.

Remember when you told me
my daughter would be a slut?
My son would prey on girls?

Prim and proper -
you always were.

You take another sip and ask
how my mother is.
Like you even care.
Why the fuck are we here?

There was that time we danced in the snow.
Limbs flailing hips shaking heads bobbing
to an invisible tune.
Scratch that.
To the tune of laughter.

There was that time we muddied the waters
of a manufactured hot spring.
Falling to original sin,
the blame always laid on me.
My arms spread wide, legs held stiff
as you pinned me to that headrest
and bit me with your charge:
Judas!

And though that was long ago,
and though you said you just want coffee -
sitting here, seeing your face, all I can think is:
a cup holds more than just coffee.
