

On the Gold Line, North Bound

He thumbed the ring she gave him

Only two mere months ago.

Waves – entangled and colliding -

Wrapped around his left thumb.

She always said his love was

An ocean:

Consuming and comforting,

As pure as the east coast salt

She could taste when he kissed her.

It's a promise of forever, at least for now, she had said.

He hated breaking promises.

How does Tylenol work again?

If the pain is everywhere
but I've taken six pills in 24 hours
did they get lost
just like me?
A cloud, silver stitched
ripped seam by seam
until I rain, until I drown
in the tea, tears, and
pink lantern atmosphere
of the one corner in my room.

Then, one third the energy
of a normal day (two months ago)

rouses me into my favorite jeans

is to ask every day or two,
to wear a scarf on a windy afternoon

To be stupid enough
my mind once again.
but unraveling
momentarily burning
my scarf into my eye
and the wind whips

I walk home
bring peace for a few hours.

Mochas and croissants

and out to a coffee shop.

Merciful Me

To be gentle

Is to set my breast aflame.

To shut off the water

So the fire's licks may maim.

For to let my chest burn

Would leave only the ashes

Of that which I now spurn:

My femininity.

To be soft

Is to peel my hips away

Like I shave off apple skin:

My will guiding the blade.

For by freeing my waist

Of this hourglass affliction

I would finally taste

The sweetness of slim.

To be kind

Is to let my eyes betray.

To see the mirror ripple

As my limbs become displaced.

For my siren sight

lulls me into the deep

To drown inside

My ... *that* body.

Me, Minute Man

A time traveler am I, tumbling through memory

To find where it all went wrong.

When did I fall in love with the world

And where has it left me?

For, I found a wandering soul

Whose eyes painted themselves the color

Of seas and skies

And I offered them a turn

In my own, personal timeslip.

They took my hand, I lead them

and what else is a lonely time traveler to do

But love?

They didn't stay long enough

To see my favorite few moments: our fateful meeting.

Had they grown tired of the cosmos?

How could they, when they were the first

To have seen them glitter in the timestream?

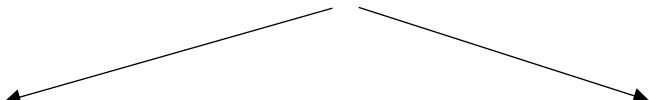
Perhaps it was not the cosmos,

But I who had grown stale in their heart.

If the day has come where

My stars, my lifetimes, my soul powered machine I give to you

Is taken for granted, equal to the sights of any telescope



Then may I continue, alone.

All I have ever wanted

Is a love to give my infinite time to.

But now I must chase

The moment I learned to love

So I can rue that day until I die.

Then may I begin to chase

The moment I learned to love

And reside there until

The frozen time mends

My heart together again.

Trauma Porn

~The Christmas Special~



And there he was.
Popped on a gum studded bench
Across from the Auntie Anne's.
Starting from the bottom, his boots:
The size of the soot prints in the family room
Next to the platter accented by crumbs and carrot tops.
His suit: red, flushed like his cheeks, which fairytales foretold.
Like the peppermint stripes he hung on the tree every Christmas Eve.
His beard:

But he must have one! Mustn't he?
She had just seen him, face to whiskery face.
He came from the North Pole just for her.
How could he lie like this?
... she was getting coal this year, wasn't she?

~The Slow Burn Short~

A snowflake – the soul of winter,
An earthly star that dots the day -
Reflects the sun in my eyes like a mirror ball:
A promise, shattered; A memory split,
Never to be seen the same again.

You reach out your hand, watch it land,
And it melts into your love line.

No, it can't be!

I didn't mean to!

I just wanted... how did I let this happen?

Blinded by constellations collecting on eyelashes, tears well

In remembrance of your murder.

~The Spy Drama~

Moscow, December 1956.

The Baltshug Kempinski.

Agent Leah and Agent Marter

Check into room 252.

Cases drop and eyes scan

For any foul play.

Leach checks the tub and the closet,

Then unsuspectingly turns

And checks the muzzle of

Marter's pistol.

Eyes, glaring down the barrel,

Empty.

Like the casings falling

Plink

Plink

Plink

Like shots that empty into

A chest cavity.

The cracks ring out

As credence is spilt,

Crimson.

Like Leah's lips,

Coated,
Using one last, blubbering breath
To apologize
For abstaining from a bullet proof vest.

~Artist's Lament~

Each of these screenplays, a failure,
Superimposing onto you
Like vinegar onto 16mm.
Every day, I beg my soul for peace
To latch onto any other spark
Than that of my pain.
Frame after frame, each shot I curate
Is an extension of my mind collapsing.

What I wouldn't give to escape this chemical hell
Of forgiving him for the stranger he became
But never forgetting how I baptized his memory.
Because a soul without sin is a lamb
Grant me horns and hooves, for I must be the devil.
But demons don't hurt in this harrowing way
And saints do not break their vows.

So, this crack in my heart must be his, alone
Chiseled like a Michelangelo.
And each piece I create
Just a copycat cast
Of my sorrow imposed on the world:
Stuffed down their throats like the word of the Lord,
Blocking their lungs like the smoke of my home,
Until they themselves turn into marble.