

The Honest Five

Maritime Daydreams

The metallic prow of our vessel breaks
the silence of the ocean as it emerges
from brooding fog. The sun gives our bones
some much needed wanting. Still, I wish
I would dare ask anyone why I fix
my bronze eyes to the water.
Instead, I'll take a stab at the present.
Rote waves like razor blade edges slice
through the air's lucid anonymity.
Each watery ripple seems conscious
as they pierce the sky through fields
of antiquated coalescence, centuries old
yet still convalescing past the spills.
I veer back to the hull and feel overwhelmed
by curt, violent splashes our men leave
in the wake of discovery or the solace
beyond the valleys. The vanguard crushes
innocence out of my trail.
Maybe the wind will grab my troubles
like a gull entrapping part of the sea
each time it fills itself with life.

Not Too Shabby

We are leftovers
from a race of creatures
so austere they carried their dead
into the next generation.
They bled into the hearts
of every failed dream,
pulling the roots out
to dry in hot July sun.
Surviving was thought impossible.
Yet somehow, we are here.
Somehow, we made it through the mistakes
of every empire before us.

Makes Sense

Don't let a haggard past
shackle your wistful dreams.
They will accumulate, dissolve,
or cultivate a fine patina of distrust
if they are abandoned in the winter snow
so rickety and spent it can't shine anymore.
The gust is right behind the bellows
if you pause the troops for a moment.
It is then that your locust-filled oasis
won't look so delectable after all.
Maybe you'll appreciate the anti-matter
gluing our feet to the sandals
we were so apt to drag around
throughout this journey of debts.
Ah yes. Now I hear the dim whisper
of a toddler first sampling the ocean,
realizing it was made just for her.

It Never Ends, Does It?

Even when my crooked apple tumbles
from the heavens to the hills,
I will be behind you with tears
filling your champagne glass.
Throughout the endeavor, I ask
only for a hand-me-down wince
of courage for the brazing hour
that is to come for us all.
Beneath the currents, above my will,
lives the instant when redolence
wears itself thin and threadbare.
On behalf of all war-torn lovers,
let me introduce you to the ephemerality
that dwells between the blood cells
of every shallow grave, every empty cot,
and every broken agreement.
In accordance with our covenant,
we are bound together like a noose
sitting atop the prison mound
or the rose buds wrapped around
my innocent imagination; it's not unlike
a star-stricken child meeting
their favorite dinosaur. We were meant
to keep this cat-and-mouse up
until the apple seed resets
our besotted game of chance.

Crossing

Contemporaneous with passion
lives a brooding river of fear
crossed moment to moment
as its boundaries ebb and flow.
We never let go of our troubles.
We leave them where they are
meant to be, growing if unpruned.
They trundle along as good times roll
faster than we can savor them.
Yet we make efforts commensurate
with the levels of happiness
we think we deserve.
We make forays into the abyss
so far as we feel our light is still
flickering on and off,
staying on for the most of it.