

Saturday Morning Cartoons

I'm a red flannel sweater
on a real rainy day. You're
a dried bed of roses hanging
in my window. A breeze breathes
through your petals drifting sweetened
sighs into my room, I fall asleep inside
the sleeves of your dress shirt while
we watch saturday morning cartoons.
You want to change the world for
the better but I want to create a new
one where we can live untouched.
You're learning to forgive and I'm
learning to forget those that maligned
us. I'm screening phone calls from
past lovers thirsty for assurance of their
rejection but I already cried my
crocodile tears over serving silver
platters to unsatisfied customers.
You're a praying mantis ignorant of
postmating practices. I'm a firetruck
that rings the alarm for no reason.
I start out as cute but end up a despot.
Thus, it is I hung high, dry, and rustic, shedding
petals on the carpet, making messes on the floor.
My limbs those stems strung out on stability,
gripping reality like a stress ball sponge. For
if I lose focus, I might fall all at once, and
the impact could crush my brittle layers of
flower petal flesh. You and I are built to break
hearts, but who'll be the first to burst red
pectin from their pores, shed teardrop gems
scattered below in tea leaf patterns that
so foretold that place beyond our rib
cage doors where gilded stakes
too soon took hold.

An Ode to Failure

A thousand mile fall from grace left me
with no scars to brag about. The cliff
from which I fell crumbled beneath
my feet soon as stomping on that
tired terrace, snatching forth my foresight
for the ocean o'er the horizon. I fell
between two bluffs and landed on
my back. The ground stiffly failed me
a silent, sudden crack. I arched away
to pick back up, my eyes spilling spoiled
ink. From left to right stood only stone
hallways, both and either seeped in
fire, nostrils flaring, jaws asunder, senses
shot and blaring under the sounds of
broken bones. Lulled by matters,
numbed closed doors, I counted
water droplets in the clouds and built
a ladder of rumpiled sheets. Down again
down my pillowed bones tumbled, flowers
stacked together, kindling with no coals.
I cursed the way walls wound around me, jeered
by edges of cliffs unseen. I sank below the
gravel and melted into rock to watch the
skies decompose. But soon my bones they
mineralized, billowed birds surged within
me, imps danced from my heart.
Dandelion dens grew loose shoots in spires
round my head so lest I decide to retire in
this piece of sky I settled to call home, work
waited to be done.