

Clouds of Cinnamon

Clouds of cinnamon take to the wind
As drafts waft through open doors
A cherished belief takes hold in
The dusty rafters of memory
Every thought flickers away
Slipping through fingers like
Sandy summer shorelines
An hour glass for all the times
Today caught up with tomorrow

Sitting in this stillness
Subtle light flowing behind closed eyes
A warmth in a chilled room
Containing the multitudes of a promise,
Singularity of breath
Scents of cinnamon waft again
Fiery embers for when lights grow dim
A darker place exists yet again
Here is where it dwells

Freezing into tangible, azure hue
To the point where none return
A dream of anxious anticipation fleeting
Vitality turned taciturn
Memories of cinnamon clouds remain
Floating past frigid midday sun
Scribble silently, identically drawn
Strangers, each other and ourselves
Now is where we are

What It's Like

I know what it's like to feel lost she said
To no one in particular
On a day that couldn't decide what it wanted to be
When the monsoons came audibly
And our lady burned, caving in
With the weight of the prayers of the fallen
Her sanctuary flush with burden of all she'd seen.

I know what it's like to be lonely she continued
To hold a painful kind of emptiness
A nonsensical presence that nevertheless
Makes herself known.
Equally on days flushed with tears, failures, and misfortunes
And on ripe days of sunlight, magnolias
For the beauty of the earth
A hallow mantle echoes still and constant.

I know what it's like to long for salvation, she whispered
Barely audible into the sacred air
The peace of surrender, the stillness of grace
The subtle contentment that fills the cracks in all
Those solitary and searching moments and beckons
Them to shine without shame in the full
Light of day.

All Of These Roses Have Died (For Foggy)

Sinking in the feeling of truths revealed
A bitter pill to swallow nonetheless
Facing the ultimate breakup with the master of the craft – the irony.
How do you stop your heart from loving
What moves your soul
When pain is the only guarantee?
Farewell to this selfishness, no place for it to dwell,
You will sing again a new song, a better melody
Time to let it go – sinking into dark waters
Off the back end of the riverboat
You used to bring roses and strawberry wine
Plucking each thorn, tending each wound
Masking monstrosity from us all
In the folds of each petal and masterful word

What beauty is there in the pleasure of art
At the expense of others' pain?
Eventually it is impossible to look away.
How do you face the burden of each new truth
As a bystander with a broken heart
Aching for your sisters as they emerge
From perpetual motion sickness to bask in the free light of day?
You hold them up, you affirm them, you give them space
And let the music die – it's the only way
Packing away all traces into boxes of memory
Lingering slightly – not for him –
But for each and ever her who lifted you up
The adjacent joy, late nights on moonlit docks,
Long nights with empty wine bottles and term papers,
Blissful roadtrips and sing-a-longs of years gone by.

Time to say goodbye – hoping you seek forgiveness
Hoping they find all the healing they deserve
Plucking the last rosebud, and burying the pain.

Relief

It's a foggy morning
In the August haze
When the dank smell of green water
Ripe with algae blooms
Mixes with the momentary freedom
Of the wind in your hair
Melting away the underground
Delays that put you into the race
With yourself to find the next page
It doesn't matter why you're here
Just that you are, bobbing with the gentle
Beat of the boat beneath your feet
Crass, yellow, and holy
As things broken and rusted often are.
A brighter, warmer morning perhaps awaits
But that's not today. Today is the bliss
Of the dark, dank, sacred waters
The wind in your hair and the chill on
Your skin. The bliss of winter's child
Amid summer's full awakening.
Now and again, we all need relief.

If You Ever Doubt

If you ever doubt
Your voice is important
Raise it
Louder, clearer
Than the cold, crisp rain
Of an October day.
In this, the 3rd year of our
Longing
Of our skating on the
Thin ice at the bottom of the
Barrel
It's a long way down
Or a long way up depending
On how full your glass
Appears at the midway point
They've said it's a matter of
Perspective — an argument
Which could be made about
Anything if you spin it
Long enough and
Cease consternation about
Everything you have to lose,
Have lost, are losing —
Depending on your position
In the timeline (which
Is not in the least bit linear —
These things never are.)

If you ever doubt
You are worthy
Believe me, you are
As full throated as your angels
Can yell when keeping
Devils crying in their
Doubts and details — that
Is, after all, where they dwell,
Manifest, gestate, and are put
To rest. Another circular,
Triangulated anomaly. You
Will know them when you see
Them or when they see you.

Clouds of Cinnamon and Other Poems

And it's hard to say if
It will be mutually exclusive.
The wheel will keep turning
Whether or not you choose
To cling tightly to the
Spokes (I hope you do — everything
Eventually comes round)

If you ever doubt it is
Worth it. Have
Hope. The most illusive of
Virtuosities spouted on Sundays
By women who have lost so
Much of it they'll set your
Child-like wonder on a
Path of uncertain certainties.
And unfortunately
The road never
Clears or splits into roads
Less taken. That's for frosted
Windows, broken boots,
Platitudes. So many of them
With full throated gasps of
Truth.
Here in the soft, putrid
Soil and ragged shorelines
Of our forbearers
Toes slide into the sand
Thick and mossy, firm,
Determined.
Always keep that on your face
Looking forward. Therefore aforementioned
Doubts cease, disenthraling into
Ether way you must go.