

Poems Without Birds

I dare you to find one
that doesn't just take off
on the wings of words, a poem
that doesn't just sing or exalt the sky.
Poems without birds travel much lower,
step much slower, their earthbound
aspirations forge a path through
a pathless woods.
Poems without birds
find their way into our hands,
find a way into our pockets
where we tend to forget about them,
until later when find them shrunken
and twisted in the laundry
mysterious, deformed, paper roadkill,
like old sales receipts
for things we no longer have.

Abscission

Look it up, search and find abscission.

There is a name for everything:

Platitude, limerence, loss,

Pythagorean Theorem.

So many things with so many names.

Not long after we are born we learn
that everything has a name

and we begin to say them,

call things by their names to

bring them magically to us.

The stem that holds the leafy
part to the tree branch owns the name of petiole.

Maybe it doesn't matter so much the name,

until you feel the inexhaustible pull of the world
yourself and realize the impossible strength

it takes to hold on, and stay connected

through the seasons and all the changes

in the weather: wind and rain, and hurricanes.

The petiole subsists.

Things that make such a difference

have names you want to pronounce correctly

and teach to your children, whom you have named.

And when the fall comes, and the petioles

take part in the leaf abscission,

we stand in wonder of the changing colors,

admiring the emptying trees as they accept their loss

almost as if they had a choice.

A Limerent Love Story (in two parts)

Part I

I caught her like the Covid virus.
Unexpected.
Unfamiliar.
No remedy.

Then I almost died
Of her.
Like a stabbing pain inside my chest,
I carried her in my heart when she
wanted out.
Pounding blood
like thunder, muscles
tensing.
Heart beating
and
unbeating.

Resting silence like the end,
but not the end.
No end came.

Only stillness in miles of
loneliness
like sunlight
hiding in the high grasses
waiting for the sunset
blinded by the golden bands
of outstretched like arms
reaching but never holding.

Then darkness.

Some things you can
not touch,
not even when they get closer.

Maybe in death.

But then, the choice is not yours entirely.

Part II

Still thinking of her,

gives me
ideas. I remember the things she said,
things I thought I never heard before.

Her words whispered into my soul,
blowing softly, then building

like an unnamed hurricane.

Her syntax sexes me up.
I want to get naked with her voice,
let her crawl inside me like I am a cave.
Her voice echoing through me,
melting my mineral darkness.

Her breath
cool on my skin.

She never knows when to stop.
Patiently she wants to find the truth.

She knows what to do.
She takes all that I give, but
I don't know why.

Now

she likes to re-tell the story of me.
She reminds me we are done,
tells it's time for me to go.
But I don't ever leave
and only she knows why.

Fledgling

I will

follow your

lead:

Flapping

Fluttering

Falling,

Failing!

Until

I do not

need to

follow you

any longer.