

Liminal Space

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I have not lost my thoughts
They simply wander unattended
Affected by pain
And nervous transmissions
On random paths
Like passion run amok
On the Rue de Fleurs.

Who could question
This concentrated collection
Of endless soliloquies
Rambling in and out
Of time? Some careen
Unabated through
Shifting waves of emotion
While others linger
Longer than I consider
Appropriate for my
Own well-being.

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Connection

I forgot to
Call
On June 27th
1973
We talked openly
Before

Your gypsy shadow
Played
As our bare feet
Shifted
On a hot asphalt
Road

My mind is
Fucked
Maybe the dying
Nerves
Determine the
Path

We waltzed
Away
Dreams shifting
Subtly
I forgot to
Reconnect

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Blisters

A toast to those
That have lost
Those that are lost
And those
Without love

A toast to those
Broken souls
Rendered hopeless
And those
In pain

Those left behind
In fog-filled days
In a small lake town
Those passed by
In dirt alleys
On the edge of down

A toast to those
That disappear
Those that falter
And those
Utterly despised

Your spirit
Continually grows
Your courage implies
Hope under fire
A toast

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Fire

I've died 89 deaths
In burning homes
Singed skin sparkling
In the glow of
Midnight flames

Not once did I
Question motive
Externalize fear
Or shift aptly ever
From night

I've lived 73 lives
In veiled compartments
Leaving bones
For empty broken
Folks to find

Not once did I
Wander lonely
Internalize doubt
Or drift infinitely
Away

I've herniated three discs
Defying odds
On frozen trails
I fall back
On words
I fight fire