

Marathon

When everything went wrong,
I ran.

Three thousand miles
with an ocean in between
and I
spent my days making loom bands
sitting on the grass in the park
writing shitty poetry.

It all turned into nights
in the cellar of the wine bar,
sipping Merlot, our teeth
and lips stained cranberry red,
words illuminated by candle light

and purple slushie kisses,
too much kissing, too hard
on white bed blankets.

We each had stuffed animals
that held our places
when the other was gone.

You moved like thunderstorms
through my veins -
I left. I can never stop
leaving.

The grass is not greener
on the other side.
It's just as dead and brittle
as it is here.

Solitude

I've been watching the hornets
for an hour, buzzing
between the flat leaf plants
that line the Thames.

Time, it seems to me,
has become meaningless,
marked by a revolution
of the London Eye
or the creation
of a poem.

My phone is silent.
I want to say
how much I miss
the late night kisses,
early morning hands
on flesh,

but I don't even know
if you realize
when I disappeared.

The Best Compliment

I sat on a chair
in the basement
of Richmond City Jail,

plastic digging into
my back, tough
like our constitutions,
and I'm writing in my notebook

I am damaged goods

on a loop. I am stuck
in my words, broken
pen tip
and ripped paper
feelings,
until an inmate named Pat

who was watching my sadness
whispered quietly:

*You are not damaged
or worthless. You
have become stronger
at every place
you've ever cracked.*