

Over Tea

The memory is a funny thing.
I made this conclusion the other day,
When I ran into you on my way,
On my way to write my novel—
The novel was to be
A reflection of you and me
Until you invited me to tea
And everything changed.

We laughed about our past
Even though we didn't last
But then...I remembered something
Based off of what you said.
“We were just kids in love.”
“I never treated you rough.”
“I gave you more than enough.”
But that didn't sound right.

Until this day, this too I had believed
That you really did love me
With every part of you; we just couldn't be.
I stopped laughing and left—
I had lied
I repressed the truths And hid them on a shelf in my mind
I've found this horrid book now.
I had “remembered” things in a different way.
But not anymore.

The hand that held mine
Caressed me in a way so kind.
Like the tender touch one gives
To an animal or person who is injured,
Who may no longer be alive.
But it also squeezed me! Taking out the life within,
Sentencing me to an end.
And though your tough cunningly soft,
The callouses roughly hit my skin.

The hugs you gave me,
Making sure I was okay.
But I had failed to remember the time you shook your head
And walked away.
You couldn't even look at me when you did.
And that same night you would leave.

The mouth that kissed my lips
And told me oh, how you loved me.
How I wrote great songs and, "Babe! You're so poetic!
You've a creative mind!"
But your lips also passed between them
Words that cursed me and blamed me.
"It's your own fault you're depressed."
"You're messed up."
"And you're so pessimistic."
And then—I hated myself.

The memory is a funny thing.

And I realised this over tea.

Thank you for the invite, by the way,

But now—I think I'll rewrite that novel—about you and me.

Peaches

It was raining—

And I was walking back from an afternoon stroll,

Splashing the ground's water about.

I was thinking of you on my way home.

Each drop that touched my body reminded me,

Reminded me of the drops that kissed my cheek missing you.

It was raining—

And I was at an art auction on Main Street,

Looking at the men, women, and landscapes.

I was thinking of you on my way home.

Each bidder's cry reminded me,

Reminded me of the way you loved art but never bought any.

It was raining—

And I found myself inside reading,

Reading poetry of Charles Bukowski.

I was thinking of you on my way home.

Each line that made me nostalgic reminded me,

Reminded me of your image in a way most clearly.

It was raining—

Ad I was emptying myself for sleep,

Listening to the taps upon the roof.

I was thinking of you on my way home.

Each dream I had reminded me,

Reminded me of memories I'd tried to repress for my own sake.

It was raining—

And I found myself on aisle eight.

Not knowing what to buy or if I should,

I turned aisle seven and stopped-

There you stood.

I haven't seen you in years...

I pretended to busy myself with some nearby peaches.

I stayed there and you walked by.

When you did you looked at me and...smiled?

I wonder-do you remember me?

Today it was raining

And I bought three peaches.

Midnight Drive

I was lounging upon the sofa at midnight,
My skin coloured by the TV's blue light.
It was just me and my thought,
So I went for a drive.

The town was asleep; street lamps flew past me.
Without thinking, I ended up at your cemetery.
It was just me, the stars, and your grave
So I sat by you—and screamed.

I talked to you for an hour, then dried my eyes
Next, I pulled into the place of him and I.
It was just me and this time—he wasn't there,
So I just sat alone and stared.

You are gone but I still feel you live.
He is here, but I he is dead.
Oftentimes, I visit you in the night—
I cannot visit him—
How much harder it can be
To grieve the loss of someone who's still alive.

My Lover's Burial

So it seems that we-finally stumbled
Into something on which we do not agree
And maybe we never will
Perhaps we'll go on for the rest of our days
And on this, we'll stand on separate sides of the fence

The problem here is not who is right
It is what will happen after this
Is there a heaven and
Will you go? If not, will I feel the lack of
Your presence and will my tears reach where you are?

In life, if I never crossover to your side
And you never join me—it is alright
I will reach over and
By the cherry blossoms, I will hold your hand
Never leave you, only keep you, in the warmth of my hand

When my days end I will pretend
Tell myself we will rest in the same place
I'll open my eyes, there you are
Pray it's not an illusion but if it be
I'll roll over, find your corpsed hand—to hold
I'll stay there with you, I'll wish to not leave

Lord—please say that I can stay—by my lover's burial
Please say that I can stay

Why You Couldn't Love Me

When I see a city skyline I see the vibrant colours, fuzzy against the darkness. But, I also see something else. I see a couple sharing their first kiss, one's hand lifting the cheek of the other and the rest of the scene radiating out from them like a lively oil painting. And then I see a girl walking home in the same city with the same city skyline but tears mark her face and she has thrown flowers that were given to her just an hour ago in some trash can on the corner of Broadway Avenue that is also filled with other things that used to be desired but no longer are.

When I see a movie, I wonder how someone can take two hours out of their day to follow a character's story and cry when the character's heart gets broken or they get sent to the hospital or, worst of all, they die, but they cannot do this with a person in their life and they cannot or will not sympathise with another person's sad, sad story for only a minute.

When I see water, I think of how calming it is and how on a night when I am drained, I'll sit in the bottom of the tub letting the water pour down on me, the droplets racing down my body as I feel release. But, I also think of a child somewhere who accidentally wandered into a river and the parents who will always grieve that loss and feel guilty for not being there to save their child. Or a family who somewhere who doesn't even have water: dehydration and malnutrition could creep in and take them.

Stars remind me of how small the Earth is, how small I am, and the moon gives me comfort. The stars and moon are truly impressionable and beautiful. Hands and arms-they can hold you, sooth you without words. But just the same they can choke you, squeeze you, leave you, all without words.

Sunsets calm me and are for me but sunrises are not and unsettle me. See, I think that maybe you had tried to love me. But I see things. I feel them. Beyond what you could ever see or feel. Everything is so much more. I look around as if I'm standing outside a window and seeing things play out inside. I see the world, all the people in it, and I feel the universe. The whole universe is compacted within my frail little human bones and body and I feel it all. I think that is why you couldn't love me. Because I am the universe, lovely and tragic all at once, and that was too overwhelming, too real, for you. And I am sorry.