

Shall I Compare Thee...?

Hey, baby, shall I compare thee to the celestial sky?
No, I'm no crude man; I'm not about to tell you that
You're as huge as Jupiter, or even that
You're from Venus—and I'm from Mars—
So let gravity do its work, and us ours.
No, no. I'm a man of gentle demeanor;

All I wanted to say was your
Eyes sparkle just so, like one single
Electromagnetic, sinusoidal ballerina wave of Sirius starshine;

Your irises are reminiscent of
A majestic solar corona when the sun
And the moon intertwine much like Heaven
And Earth do whenever our eyes lock;

You appear to me some sort of
God-fashioned constellation,
Angelic angles, and curves, and cruxes and all.

Ever since Sagittarius's arrow stabbed me through,
I had to put my mercurial nature aside, and try to hide
My cupidity for the warmth of your nova embrace.

Manliness

First thought: it's easy to be a man. You have to be just that—
A mere male and nothing more.

On second thought, no; it's not easy at all
To awaken, divest yourself
Of the dreams and dreads of yesteryear
With a razor-stroke down your neck
And the iron aroma of a fresh bead of blood,

Sheathe yourself in a button-up and your favorite
Tie knotted your favorite way, and slip your
Blazer sleeves over your arms. *Overdress.*
Assert dominance. Puff up your chest.
You're a grade-A egotist,
They'll all say.

No; that's not it at all.
You often mirror-stare at the effortless
Interweaving of cloth making that helluva
Nice noose because your father never taught you.

Hold the door for a group of girls,
With some antiquated notion of chivalry.
Are you some kind of chauvinist?
Reel in that bass at Bastrop Lake, *with*
Some primitive desire to kill for food.
No; no— none of this is true.
You hold the door indiscriminately for all
Who chance to be around, endeavoring
To add a silver lining to someone's rotten day.
You sit in your boat with a line stuck
In the placid lake to quiet the incessant,
Frenetic, disquieting volley of
Overwhelming thought.

Sip out of an Old-Fashioned glass of
Whiskey; get Brandy-brained
Just for fun.
You're a dime-a-dozen drunkard.
Yet is it all just for fun?
It's never just for fun.
You douse the day in a drink
To dull the residual pain—
The residue of Whiskey coloring the glass
The color of mahogany caskets eased into the
Earth, a dear friend inside one.
No. It's definitely not easy to be a man.

That Dancing Guy

Throbbing lights and beats
Make one think
Like the cause
Of Rushing, slushing
Blood somewhere
Hidden behind the
Walls, there's some
Secret impetus behind all this.

Flailing arms, leaning low.
As sweet to see
As sweet naiveté,
Or perhaps the cup
Sitting on the table
Soon to leave a bitter aftertaste.
You can almost see the
Saline pearl of sweat permeate
The thick basement air with its fragrance
As he shakes and spins again.

Though, now you see his contagious smile
Then think, "maybe I too will dance awhile."

Lessons in Convalescence

Things were easier when I was a boy:
Beautiful, halcyon, simplistic.
Without the fallacies of the world,
I was a happy little boy,
Without travesties of kisses and affection.
Dreams of princess brides littered my reveries
And ruminations.

Yet I am still no more than that boy.
No-- I am that boy, but disillusioned,
Not clairvoyant;
Convalescence just gets harder from here on out.

Don Juan has nothing on my position,
Because I'm in it for the win—
Whatever that's supposed to mean.
Still, I'll keep on receiving your false kisses
And your best wishes, but your best intentions
Won't affect how impassive I've become.

Come,
Shun my naïveté,
Call me neurotic,
Notice my futility:
It's better this way, anyway.

Let me digress and say sorry for not being
What you or I need.
I'll say sorry once more,
Because this is just my amelioration,
The rationing of my feelings:
This is me convalescing, being just the boy I used to be.

Heaven Wouldn't be Heaven without You

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
When the sun sets on our lives,
And we exit the stage for the very last time,
I know what will happen to those beautiful ashes of yours—
Charred newspaper proliferating,
Along with
Nicotine-laced smoke and also
Along with convalescence,
At the end of that little
Stick adhering to your lips with loyalty—
They'll be tethered to my fate
If I begin to float,
Despite the sins they seem to fumigate,
Because heaven is supposed to be this
Perfect place with your voice reminding
“This life is feeling;
This life is passion;
This life is even madness.”