

Moonlight

moonlight shining on the water as i drive over the bridge
but i cant stop and look
like the rest of my life its passing me by
my child growing and learning and
failing and falling and learning
to get back up again or at least trying to get back up
me pushing and pulling and prodding and urging and begging
him to move forward
to find his light
to be who he is supposed to be so that
he doesnt go through life like me
sad and scared and lonely and alone
if I could tell him I would say
you are everything child
sun and moon and stars and deepest oceans and hottest fires and crust of the earth
the blood in your veins has seen every far corner of this planet
you are everything
and I want you to be able to stop and
look at the moonlight on the water
without causing an accident

Hunted

How many times can a rabbit
outwit a trap
or captor
before her blood spills
crimson
onto Augusts forest floor?

Soft, sweet, cunning bunny
I see myself in you.

Cassette

Inside he was wound tight, and taut,
spinning from reel to reel and
from head to heart,
on a treacherous loop.
He created balance from imbalance -
fathers, brothers, uncles hands, fists, and tongues.
Mothers and sisters ghosts.
Fear and fears absence, and
tragedy
drove the reels.
But,
oh my God,
the notes his love would hit!
Wild and reckless rhapsodies,
playful canons, stunning arias,
feel it down in your soul 8 bar blues,
arpeggios, crescendos, and legatos.
Rock and roll.
His life ended
with a sharp clap.
Staccato.
My finger bled,
stuck in the center of the spindle,
trying to wind him
back in again.

Mattress

Some nights you feel so outta place that
sleeping on a stripped mattress makes
sense.

You wonder why no other man has ever
loved you like your brothers have.

The sprinkler outside your bedroom window hisses on
and the electric fan blows on your face
making a desert out of your eyelids.

You've been calling it stress
but can't fake it no more.

Depression laughs
buried underneath you, under where your sheets are
supposed to be.

He has burrowed out of reach
and is taunting you,
but you're too tired from the struggle of acting normal
to even really care.

Somebody tucked him in
long ago (was it you?).

You curl yourself up
naked in all senses and dejected, and
wrap up in invisible blankets
press your face into bare pillows, and let
the mattress quilting emboss itself on your body.
There are no words for this.

Reflection

Catching my reflection last night
from the light of my dining room
shining against that window pane
(that was too busy holding out the
darkness to even notice)

I saw a lion.

A mane, big and wild and free.

Poise, grace, and ferocity

betrayed the common misperception
of my mild disposition

and revealed

the true me.