

Lava

Burnt ass feet
Crispy nubs
Orange glows and air that moves in waves
Hiss and deep plopping splashes
I wish I had adventuring rope

Bubble Bubble

My goal
A platform and light switch
This 9-year-old veteran knight's mettle is one of, previously, unknown renown
She is Lady Charlie of House Simmons
Her clad and sigil a porcine unicorn with a rainbow of flatulence
Our armor and shields
Forged in Castle Bitchslap
By artisan couch cushion and blanket makers who sacrificed all for our quest

Bubble Bubble

Why are there so many rocks that are impervious to magma
We jump from couch to boulder
Over pillars of shooting flame onto a soon to be destroyed wooden chair
The heat rises
Splatters that criss-cross

Bubble Bubble

The crags and scale of the cave curve
Like a cathedral dedicated to thermal expansion
A leap, another narrow miss
Falls are numerous and a smashed pinky toe
Marks the first injury of the perilous challenge

Bubble Bubble

A quick leap and a sippy cup filled with the healing elixir the elves give vitality
and strength
The light switch
We both make the leap to the final ledge
The rock gives way
Lady Charlie hangs from the ledge
Dangling from my spiraling strength
The lightswitch that would turn everything to cold rock
I reach

Bubble Bubble

I pull her up and throw her over
She soars through the air with an exhilarated "weeeee!"
She reaches the light and looks behind her
To see if her fellow knight was still there
Now the kingdom is safe for crawling babies, the shoeless, and small animals.

Bubble Bubble

Comfort In the Clouds

You look up from an inspirationally pressing vacuum of thought that ranges from the average count of sesame seeds on a hamburger bun to how northern crabs, **specifically**, would do in family therapy. The world tactfully flicks you on the nose for attention. Now it begins to come down hard. You knew it was going to rain, but damn! The deep graphene sky somehow defied its own shrieking silence and kicked up the wind so it would actually have something to say. This was going to be a stormy day. This is one of those visually ominous days; one of those fragrant days of medium doom and petricole.

I love this weather. I love the wind and cold that bring out an electrifying state of being...along with making soup and stew that much more...everything comfort. Like the soup, the dark clouds are a delicate seasoning to the spice of being outdoors. It creates an entertaining buzz and tension that make being outdoors a game where the only way to win is to get your ass home before the storm starts.

But you don't...or you won't.

The wind and rain you feel blowing on your face seem to actually have intent, maybe even a personality. It has a tangible origin that you can see in the distance enveloping everything in the sky save for that persistent and overbearing sun. It never really defeats the sun, but in its attempt are those neo-modernized Scandinavian sunset colors of orange, pinks, blues, and the quintessential gray...so much gray. There is relief in the futility of arguing with a storm. There is always relief found in things that refuse to be bartered with, things that can't be provoked or frightened, things that can't be intimidated or bought, things that can't tell you apart from all the other monsters that have roofs and umbrellas.

Dark clouds let you know where you stand.

Twilight

...an ode...

morning or night
your indecisive nature
Is comforting
in my impending lust for slumber
like mixing coffee and laughing gas
my pensive and catatonia
Eyelids dense as black holes

make your luminous and arrogantly
gold jewelry shine as bright
as loud as the workaholic crickets
care not for the lack of night

the wind blows city lights into
violet horizon
the dragons of escapism

streak unchallenged
over your neon pink and buoyant
scotch guard of stars

my end is your beginning
your beginning is a signal
for apples to return to the tree
the transient source wanders
leaving in its wake
a rainbow of rich kid crayons

sparse and low mockery
provides the hum of obligation
freezing warmth to the listless
morning or night

St. Agatha

Oh, Aggy Lynn!

You have earned this slow clap.

Bless your ridiculously small-minded heart.

If you do not bullshit your way out of it,

There is a special place in hell for liars like you.

You will learn about it after choking unnoticed

On your dry ass, deep-fried Cheesecake Factory chicken titty

Chicken titty that resembles the love child between a cat's tongue

And that strange wood that boy scouts use to whittle airplanes.

No, I will not pass the goddamn catsup.

Fuck you and your social media altruism.

You struggle to spell the names of half of the animals you claim to be helping.

No doubt your parents were too busy with Klan planning to read to you

Oh and now your sea monkey little brother is getting in on this.
Bragged about date raping a mother of three after a Bollywood show
IN ATLANTIC CITY seven years
Now my guy rides a \$6000 F*#@#ing 10 speed bike to read "The Little Prince"
To pigeon eyed Montessori spawn
Go ahead Bartholomew, dazzle them with your ho-hum French
And your ridiculously aggravating man bun.

Sorry...BACK TO AGGY

I can hardly be bothered to throw away my plastic cups and bottles
In the recycling bins ...which are most likely closer.
I know. My failure; no one else's.
Yet here you are commanding love and attention
Like an adorable little girl singing about Jesus on *Showtime at the Apollo*.
Why?
Because you scrubbed a dirty seal that one time?
Knowing you, you probably brought your own oil from home.
Took that picture with the orphans you coaxed by promises of adoption?
You are the world's brightest angel.
If they only knew how much of the Amazon you would mow
Down just to make flyers that read "Save the Trees".

What happened to that oblivious young lady?
What happened to the school-aged bully?
What happened to the girl that thought it funny to refer to me as "colored"?
Where are the mocks concerning my ability to read
Where is the shock?
Who was the worst

Where is the indignation at my ability to articulate, to you,
the absurdity

Where are the jokes?!

These jokes...jokes, no doubt crafted in trailer park pastels, baton twirling
religious dogma, and meth flavored hotdog water.

Maybe I miss her.

Maybe I miss her truth.

Maybe truth can a surprise gift.

Maybe when I am breathing the same air as someone that is...

maybe, both prideful and hateful of things that no one can control, I

Maybe realize that I always know where I stand.

Maybe this is about more than watching a charlatan bath in altruistic glory

Maybe this is about turning your molehills into mountains

Maybe monsters CAN be saints

Maybe sainthood just requires that you are a powerful force.

Maybe that force facilitates the friction needed for growth and strength

Maybe I'm using naivete as a defense mechanism

Maybe your brother is still a dumpster human

Maybe this is just another played out the story of a balloon

With a fetish for cacti...