

The Local Flora

What's more to say of bees?
If this one's lacking flowers,
There are lots of other trees.

You might pursue their nectar
But still must hold to these:
We have no use for honey.
We won't abide your sting.

Wrecked

Hair like night with starbright eyes,
I know not the constellations.
I'm locked within her piercing gaze,
Overwhelmed by sensation.

Waves crash over,
And over and over,
Each higher than the last.
We're lost to sea and mystery,
As my siren tows me down.

Up above, on ocean tides,
Wreckage sinks into the depths.
I'm unafraid, whatever waits.
Without her, what is breath?

Passing/ The Courts of Public Opinion

Ramblings give to darker thoughts
I wish I never knew.
When I'm taken in your sights,
I feel all I am subsumed.

But for much stress and cowardice,
I deign not correct your story.
There is no plea as I pass again
Before judge and witless jury.

And with not sense or diffidence
To be found amongst your party,
You sentence me to so much time
Passing.

On Dreaming

I begin to dream
Of fantasy worlds again,
Where previously I'd
Dreamt always of you.

I wander the paths,
Clearing dust and debris.
Others still must be made anew.

I travel a ways
Through castles and fields,
Where I linger at
The once-sacred grove.

But what spirits there'd been
Have moved onwards instead.
They'd not received all
That they were owed.

Memories chase me to distant shores,
Past the edge of all that I know.
What lies beyond, I cannot see.
And what better a reason to go?