

Poem 1

Built to Fly

For birds to fly, first they must have wings powerful enough to generate what's called *lift and thrust*. To that end, birds have a special bone named *semilunate carpal* which makes it possible for them to even flap their wings. Without their four chambered hearts, creating a tireless blood supply, their wings would get too exhausted while they are in the sky. Luckily, their hollow bones help too. I think we all can agree that birds are built to fly? I've often wondered what we humans possess which makes it possible for us to love. Is there a tendon of inclination or a nerve of resolve connecting us to our ability to surpass desire and lust? We might be built for love in certain ways like birds are built for flight, and yet we get exhausted flapping our wings and when we can't off the ground we blame ourselves instead of our thick bones and inferior hearts.

Poem 2

June Sunrise

Maybe your camera lens

can capture the depth

of the mystery between us,

and focus clearly,

We are like two morning birds

darting among the late spring

and early summer blooms of vinca

spreading through your garden,

My wings are no match for yours,

but I'm happy to gather strength

on the winds of change as you fly off full speed,

racing the tree line at sunrise,

You know just where you are going,

the morning sky recognizes your purpose,

And is proud of your persistence and certainty,

as the little crescent moon pulls up the sun.

Poem 3

Write it Down!

So, a poem doesn't ask for a kiss
it just leans in and seduces its reader
whose head is bent slightly,
inferring consent.

Then a poem becomes a relationship,
only it knows when to end,
dignified by infatuation
not plundered
by unwanted obsession.

Write it down!

Poem 4 (in 2 parts)

The Book of Lu or Adventures in Online Dating

Volume I

I almost died

of LuAnne.

Like a stabbing pain in my chest,
I carried her in my heart when she
wanted out.

Pounding blood like thunder, muscles
tensing.

Heart beating
and
unbeating

Resting silence (like the end,
but not.) No end came. Only stillness in miles of

Loneliness.

Driving off into the sunset

Blinded by the golden bands
Of outstretched arms
reaching but never holding.

Some things you can not touch,
even when you reach and they get closer, still
they cannot be held,
until death gives you permission.

But then, the choice may not be yours entirely.

I barely
survived.

Volume II

LuAnne gives me

ideas. She says things I never heard before.
She whispers into my soul, like an invisible hurricane.

Her syntax sexes me up
I want to get naked with her voice
as she crawls inside me like I'm a cave
her voice echoes through me,
melting my mineral darkness.

Her breath
Is cool on my skin.

She doesn't know when to stop
but she is patient and wants to find the truth.
LuAnne knows what to do,
and she takes all that I give, but
I don't know why.
She teaches me who I'm going to be.

And, she tells me when we are done,
when it's time for me to go,
But I don't ever leave
and only she knows why.

Poem 5 **Tryptic: to be read 3 ways; right side only, left side only, then all together

Solace in Penn's Cave

Knowing grief finds its end in silence
not sorrow,

like love with no home
and an emptiness
more solid than bone

the loss melts slowly like the ice caps
but outlives the cold,

we seek an ancient destination and travel alone.
Wandering

Sinking
Drifting

down into Penn's cave, 450 feet below
the grazing buffalo,

among strangers
we are passengers in a flat bottom boat
where the darkness illuminates
the blissful secrets of mineral life

where the cool and dark conjures up
a silent joy,

Imagine
the trembling hand, and sudden
strength that holds the knife,

which pricks the grief,
just enough to fall on its own sword.

Relief

Buried
Deep

enough.