

looking for daylight

Nonchalantly in a riot
you hold my hand
as we slip among
the passed out revelers
looking for daylight
through the gas cloud
drifting aimlessly
for a place to rest
till things settle
and we are lost
in the crowd
a tangle of limbs
invisible
inside the chaos
safe
in each other's arms

only a pony

You tell me it's only a pony
I watch you ride him, fearlessly,
like when you were a child,
filling me with dread that he
should have such power over you
Hateful creature, made for mayhem,
bone crushing, unpredictable,
upon his back rides everything,
meaning nothing to him
You say to trust you
I do –
but trusting him comes hard
Better to tell myself
it's only a pony
and look away

in the midnight sun

Elastic girls smile from billowing gowns
a thousand different color shoes
pushing red carts to pick fruit
at the museum
A chorus of beautiful men
hidden behind masques of silk
shower air kisses over the crowd
riding their bicycles on a river of ice
more fantastic than anything ever imagined
On this perfect night the sun never rests
no sleep with the one we love
only to lie in stillness
on a neon bed wide as the June sky

prayer before resting

Before bed you asked
me to read you
the Lord's Prayer
a strange request
unsettling me
to the point of exhaustion.
Laying you to rest
I pray it now
recalling you –
a video flickering,
streaks barely visible
in the light
shadow beings
chasing us
back to when
we could see
it all. Everything
in the dark.

dark in the afternoon

Mixed race girls
come by to say hello,
happy to see me again
after my long absence.

Their sweetly foul smell
of cigarettes and sweat,
the well-learned skill
of faked attention,
still intact.

A hand brushes me hard,
making the point of why
I am here and what will come
soon, in the dark,

where secrets are exchanged,
excited smells absorbed into skin,
scents I will return to later,
after the music stops
and it is time to go.