

Sixfold Spring Submissions: A Decade's Impression

On Spiking the Coffee

There's something in the weather
of familiar, fallen days.
I found my crooked center
in the corner of this place,
and my startling connectedness
to this affiliation
brings me right back
to collegiate damnation.
The truth is I hate to sound lonely years later,
but though he is pouring fresh cream, I'm still sour
and I admit that I'd eaten
the past as my breakfast
as soon as I walked through the door.

Now once more, sitting sideways and useless
in a restaurant used as a bar, then a store,
I swivel on an awkward wooden stool,
trying to be beautiful for no one else but you.

Observing these prime hours
of so many solid strangers,
I am somewhat dismayed...

I focus on the fall display
of gourds and light up pumpkins,
and on choking back the raindrops
that are starting a stampede.
I'm not open, for it seems
the rot on the Cornucopia
is copious, reminds me only
of one solitary thing:
that it will almost be Thanksgiving
And I cannot move past twenty- one.
With the Amber Pacific on the horizon,
you infected me with more than a lie and
My coffee was brimming with liquor until
I learned what it felt like to drink all alone.
Until then, I needed your skin on my own,
calculating closeness on the way to your departure.

I indiscreetly shed my wardrobe
like a spongy, soggy mess,
and have nothing to wipe up lament with,
other than this napkin that's been stained with pastry grease.

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If only...

I had spent my Sundays holy,
or doing all of my homework, or folding all of my laundry,
rather than praying in bathrooms while watching
the waste from my vodka re-born.

Sometimes needing less is more,
a versatile truth.
I hate that I relive my youth
In almost every place
as he buys me more sobering coffee
in hopes that these memories will fade.

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A Premature Cremation

Your atmosphere is empty, yet it turns my footsteps heavy
as my roots are ripped up, murdered, in your pink fluorescent hum.
My flower loses life when watered with your glass of rum,
the ice cubes turning sallow in the staleness, putrid air.
The pungencies just overwhelm. They stick to nostrils and...
I sniff decomposition in your catastrophic tomb.
Wrinkled sheets match, crease for crease,
the oldest parts of you,
your wardrobe reeking only
Of beer soaked tears of loneliness that celebrate yourself.

You perch your shaky, stealthy hands above my open chest,
inserting your burdens while ill.
They lurch, they feed addiction.
Inconspicuous killers until
I'm rendered insufficient to do anything at all.

As mourning filters through a funnel dipped in endless night,
I savor so a savior might eliminate these sins.
The Seraphim you send to me are shadows scarce of strength,
and I have moved too far away from any greater power
to realize that the answers lay inside this pseudo healing.
There's too much longing mixed within my vomit, your regret.
Thirty years and counting, yet
I panic in the pain.

Spelling infinite words of waste,
you comprise a palindrome most people won't forget.
Pencils become knives - they stab, they fossilize your steps.

I am indiscriminately left
barefoot and befuddled,
though I'm scrambling for crumbs.
You are the dryer that hums of your warmth
while eating my surplus of socks.

You came to suckle absolution from the marrow of my bones.
Now brittle organs moan, and break,
while coveting the poisoned air they're sanctioned to survive.

My sustenance derived from dirt,
Depraved, sequestered and unnerved...

Your ashes yearn to scatter me before my coffin calls.

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Synthetic Dreams

Hot fire flies through burning eyes,
igniting on his over heated breath.
He smiles like the world is fine,
then crumbles from the weight of nothing left.
His snowflake's fuel, though miniscule,
it somehow melts like ice cream on his soul.
One sugared mess, one kiss of death -
we both decide the flavor of our cones.

On me, his wounded wings are tied.
He seeks synthetic sun.
He tries to blow both brains and mind.
Lethargically, I feel the buzz.
Where I am sparse, he's been raked clean,
no one intact, no give, all take.
Where he's been silenced, I still scream.
It tires me when he's awake.

His storm exceeds our paradise.
His torment shatters hope.

Small insect in a boundless host,
his folly puts an end to how I love.
He flies too high, he flies too close
explodes to bits in darkness...
I can't come.

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Celebrity

I'm sitting in my panic, staring at a purple star.
I don't know how it landed, but it must have fallen far.
It's thriving as I'm failing, and I wish it would be mine.
But I could never hold, it cause undoubtedly it'd die.
All I can do is stroke it, knowing I'm not made the same.
It views the world wide open, while I'm closed up in my pain.

I'm sitting in my panic, staring at a purple star.
I don't know how it landed, but it does not bear a scar.
It's growing and I'm shrinking, and I wish I could hold on,
but if I suctioned to it, then it'd shrivel and be gone.
I have to let it flourish in a place I cannot heal.
I'd like to think it's nourished by a source I'll someday feel.

I'm sitting in my panic, staring at a purple star.
I don't know how it got here, but what's even more bizarre
is how the star looks perfect in its' home above the dirt.
I must feel pretty worthless as I roam inside my hurt.
The purple star comes first when I decide to stand or kneel,
And if I close my eyes too long, the stars no longer real.

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A Castle of Sand

The water is drastically spreading
across the crooked crevice
in a damaged porcelain ceiling,
supposedly brand new.
We don't know the source of the leaking,
and if it weren't for constant thoughts of you,
we surely would be saved...
not crushed to death,
one foreclosed mess
Inside a hopeful grave.

Yet I sit naked underneath
the point of no return.

I can learn to live with all
I've had to live and learn,
or I can drown another love
and blame the tsunami of you,
but one dream must now be deserted
and two vows must now start anew.

I forcibly remember
the night of my surrender,
and putting on your skin
as my spirit was lifted
straight out of my chest.
But promises crumbled to sand...
The only thing I could hold on to
Was arrogant wood meant to scam.

I'd never been warmer while losing my life.
I'd never been stronger until you took flight.

My walls, built around you, fell down in my hands,
You shed me like a writer sheds a soliloquy, a stance.
And I was left speechless with no solid ground.

So now, before this house falls down
And you decay my mind

I think that a plumber's salvation
Might fix my foundation this time.