

Abel and Others

Abel

I covet that which my heart will not have.
I wrap my hand around a rock
And hold it to my chest,
Feel red envy hot within me,
Dream of an enemy felled.
I am not my brothers keeper,
But often he is mine.
My legs are weak,
Skin chapped and parched,
I cannot parse
This feeling,
There are too few of us in this desert to spread the hatred round
and so it burns within me like so much Greek fire.
In my hand I hold a rock,
Wrap my fingers round it,
And dream of sticky ends.

A flush from head to toe,
Watching them stand so high while I am hobbled at the knee,
Watching them watching me grovel,
Tasting so much dust,
Feeling it scrape the space behind my eyes,
Clay and sand and orange sky,
Not even figs taste as sweet as a plan come to fruition.
Not even an olive, rotten, is as bitter.
Not even manna can satisfy my famished soul.
If blood is power than yes I thirst for blood,
Thirst to look in the mirrored lake
And see more than a fool,
Staring back twisted,
Sick.

I hold a chunk of granite while their backs are turned,
And when the good lord asks I tell him no,
I'm no one's keeper.
I felled him like a tall tree,
Felt the crack of bone and rush of life...

But Abel rose up from the ground
And they all wept tears of joy

Kingdom

I've lived in many kingdoms before,
Heard silver tongues that talked of paradise,
then showed me rust.
I can still smell it in my dreams,
When I wake up with a racehorse in my chest,
Thinking all I was set to inherit.
It still grabs me by the arm as I walk to my door.

I triple lock the demons out,
But they still follow me in.
I torch the monuments but the scaffolds remain.
You can salt the earth to match the dead sea
but not your memory,
I learn that every day.
And as I lie there with my ghosts I whisper
My kingdom is my own
My kingdom is my own.

What do you do when your king is a despot,
Who hangs a cloth and claims it is the sky?
When you are prince of the stars there is one answer:
Let the red dwarf burn it all.
There was a king who liked to see his face
So much that it grew strange in his eyes.
He stood with a mirror before him,
his whole family long gone.
Make of it what you will.
I wear Orion's belt on my waist.

Much more than law makes a kingdom.
Much more than blood makes a man.

Shower Beer

There are cryptids that have been spotted more
Than the sight of you without a cigarette in your hand.
You take 3 smoke breaks an hour when the bottles come out
And prescribe yourself one every 90 mins as maintenance.
People not in the know make fun of your love of candy,
Coffee,
Sugary drinks.
You take a red bull into the shower with you to see if it feels the same.
It doesn't.

You pray every night,
Staring out at a velvet sky studded with diamonds,
Seeing your God in every one.
On cloudy nights it's harder.
Those days you look at every needle on the wintering trees,
Every fractal,
And see a higher design.
You look at the flame of your bic
And see your own ghost,
The part of you that died.

You look at your reflection and see the part that still lives,
Remembered what it felt like to fear meeting your own eyes.
Some time after May 21st, 2016 you looked in a mirror
And remembered they were green.

It never gets easy.
It can get less hard.

Sirius B

How could I pull away from these grave ties,
Swim from these waters indigo and deep?
I turn myself from your egregious lies,
Purge from myself the promises I keep.

Is there a way to scrub you from my soul?
I gaze upon the ocean of the sky
And feel the sting of innocence you stole,
Sirius B in orbit, spinning by

A ship abreast a wave it cannot fight,
One star circling the larger for all time;
An anchor and its chain, so far from light,
While black holes swallow planets in their prime.

How similar, the cosmos and the sea
Your maelstrom, supernova destroys me.

Sunshine

I noticed the sunshowers today,
And stars, how they caught in your hair.
Your light eyes, though I do not know their shade.
If you could say just two words, maybe three,
A thoughtful glance, a brush against the hand,
My heart would race.
How have I come so far along this course
Yet feel the knock of knobbly knees,
Grade school flutters somewhere far within?
How is it that the ice melts?
These glaciers slow and deep do drift
To such degrees that my heart sees the sun
In ways that fill my mind with so much dread.

The wheels turn, rust flakes
Gathering somewhere in the back of my throat,
Having drifted down from my hippocampus
And the cogs of memory of a love now lost.
This is but a ghost of that,
But can I not find refuge in your warmth?

My lips cannot form the right words,
They taste of metal and shame and thoughts
So tangled that Alexander could not cut them apart.
So I watch and smile,
And speak around my truth.
One day it may find you.
One day you may be in the past.