

## **The Haunting**

When I die --  
let my memory haunt you in the recesses of your minnnd  
cloudy then sharpening flashes of  
images not quite graspedt  
like a voice that is familiar and foreign  
at the same-time  
let a breeze pass your ear as I  
watch your head snap  
quickly round  
gently touching the leftover kissssss  
you hear that?  
that is your night terror as I died in your arms tonight  
over and over and over again  
recurring skipping beautiful nightmare  
I sshoould've waaalked awwwwaaaaayyyy  
I should've walked away  
let me haunt you in death like you haunt me in life  
withholding love and affection  
providing s p o t t y attention  
just enough to keep me not enough to indulge me  
Haunting me with unrealistic hope for a forever  
love that will never ---  
happen

## **Am I a pancake?**

Syrup, tacky and runny  
The kind from the dollar stores  
Trickles down neck bottles  
Pools into lakes at the base  
Impossible to clean up  
As it spread fast and far  
Here I come with napkins, then towels  
A sponge?  
Sweet viscous sauce  
Saturating any absorbent

Materials near by  
That is your love

**hot and cool**

You ever sit hot in a cool breeze?  
Like physically hot?  
The sun beaming down ultra violet rays  
Warming,  
No burning one arm and one leg  
While a cool breeze blows  
Left  
Right  
Circles and waves around your person?  
Yeah?  
I love that