

1. *She Will Come*

a finger pressed against the burning wood
the tightness of a hug that cracks your rib
the searing of your skin
dragged across the merciless cement

for you,
loneliness comes from loss

years without real love
left your wounds unkempt,
healing warped,
disfigured,
growing skin, but not life

it will come
it will come

she will come

ten years later, your lover observes
the unevenness of your ribcage

she kisses the rotten fruit,
wilted scars along your body
and blows a cool breath of letting go
onto your gnarled finger

she makes a wish for your fate,
a wish that
home is now;
home is right where you both lay

her eyes fill with the sort of cry you've never seen
in another-
water of the lost
you recognize yourself in it

her eyes fill with acceptance

she has come
she has come

let her

2. *Versus Gravity*

Look at us lay,
motionless
stuck to the floor of chance.

I'm dreaming of a horse drowning.

My heart is in the process of breaking
when I wake up
to your bare ass
and smile at the nonsense of life

The logic of living and loving is
as tangible as a storm
on a distant planet,
an explosion underneath the earth

a drop of your mother's milk
still on your tongue
as you feed your first child.

When all that's between us is distance
will I feel you in my stomach as a rush of blood?

Can I hold you in my mouth,
keep the touch of your lips
inside my hip as I go?

Will there be a flag at home
waving itself, like
an ocean's arm calling me back?

I've never felt the pull of an unknown galaxy
versus the gravity of a human being
until now.

I've let myself plummet to the ground,
soil filling my ears.
How can you hear the howl of a fallen lover
through ten-thousand miles of dust?

3. *Haiku 69*

you, one word all night
in the dim blue light, waiting
your bird won't take flight

4. *Mothers, be Weak*

Mothers, be weak
while your child is still small,
still a bare shrub
growing her new buds,
fresh blooms
for all the world to pick.

And boy, will they pick.

Show her that to fail,
to not know,
to question it all
and learn forever,
is to really live,
breathe,
give.

Show her that she
can peel her heart
of all the armor
you've provided her
and know it will be protected
by her own two mighty hands.

Give her the unwavering
sunlight of consent.

Or else, she will search for it
her whole life -
(in you,
or not in you)
the golden stillness
of an answer,
for the clear sky,
the mind of God
dangling on a Petunia tree
like the last blossom.

It can't be picked
It can't be found
It can't be grown

It can only be smelt,
felt
like a ghost hovering in front of your face
since you were born,
that dances away as you step closer.

You can give reality a name,
strip it of its vagueness;
show softness.

Mothers, before you go -
be weak
at least once
to save your child.

And so, in knowing that you are human,
she will finally be allowed
to feel at home in her own mortality .