

1968

inside of metal bodies
perched patiently on leather
we are the squinting glimpses
peering through a looking glass
we can only watch
the transient color schemes
smear in a spotted blur
press the pedal blindly
thrust forward fifteen over
down the nearest dampened road
heading west into the sunset
we cannot resist velocity
we can only count
the raindrops on the window
spectators as they crash
collide, or scatter
right before
our very eyes
staining a trail
right behind them
like a clear line
an eraser
leaves
behind

we are only epidermis

thick in layers over muscle
contorted between organs and bone
we cannot reach out to guide them
cannot protect them from the wind
and when we scream for them to stay,
or blurt advice, solace or cheer
it is as if they do not have ears
with the ability to listen and understand
we can only sit idly by
one after the other
see as they come
watch as they go
do whatever
as they please
pressing to absorb
into themselves
or each other
to become bigger
for a fleeting moment
(unknowing it will
only make them small)
until inevitably, eventually
they divide, they vanish
or a force akin to gravity
peels them -
a sticker from a surface-
to someplace
somehow better

or at least
farther away

and
we are all
momentarily
just captivated
even enthralled
and fascinated
marveling the concept
that perhaps, one day
it will be different
one drop will make it
one drop will finally
persevere

and when you arrived
crashing against my
cracked windshield
unannounced
the surface tension
you broke through
abruptly altered
everything

drip
drip
drip

splash.

if i could

i would build a moat

around these stone walls

you trembled to rubble

preserve you in a vial

fight through rays of sunlight

that dared to threaten evaporation

rub my hands together to warm you

during the white brisk winters

and the bitter cold it brings

i would take classes

to trick gravity

break all the laws

that physics teach

overcome impossible

hand written equations

up on a wipe-board

and refuse to leave

the emptying classroom

until there is an answer

i can give you

that works

present it to you

in a pretty

four inch thick

red plastic

three ring

binder

surely, i am previously aware

you're only hydrogen

and some oxygen

just like everybody else

clearly, there are no changes

in your basic alchemic bonds

we are all made of the same thing

you vocalize your ability

to create, adapt, attract

but have you ever stopped to notice

all of the beauty that you bring?

i know, that somewhere out there

there is an ocean

there is a sea

there are puddles

there are ponds

but then

there's you

and me

i used to spend hours wide awake

counting the minutes until daybreak

staring at a sub-par eggshell ceiling

trying to decide from fact or fiction

if it really was a myth

that parakeets die

only several hours

after their mate

no will to sing

refuse to eat

or stretch a wing

their permanent

goal of liberty

fell well short of

the will to recognize

the other pair

of rosy cheeks

and reunite

again

and i would never admit it

but i suppose i finally understand

these stupid love songs

playing on repeat

through broken truck radios

about walking lines,

head-on collisions,

wonderlands,

holding on

and letting go

right now
i am in this
crazy standstill place
chasing my biggest hopes
around an unstable table
in the middle of the living room
laughing and flinching
circling and running
knowing this is
the closest
we can
get

and i can't help myself from thinking

if we ever
were separated
in this constant
changing maze
would you be
running toward me?
i know
that you are stronger
i know
my legs are weak
but, i have this inkling
that if there never was an exit
even from the start

that in the center

we would meet

i'd be your june

i'd be your jackson

the city you drive to

to escape

i'd be your sweetheart

your saving grace

the loudest laughter

in the room

i'd be all of

your favorite colors

your rock and roll

rhythm and blues

i'd be the organic honey

in your favorite whiskey

your second forty

on friday nights

i'd be your broken record

worth spinning another time

nostalgia filling the gaps that scratch

your voice singing over the missing words

from memorizing every line

i'd be the open road

the dotted lines

and all the red lights

you ran through

i'd be your jack of clubs
beside your ace of spades
when you decide
to go all in
i'd be the winter cigarettes
worth smoking ten below
i'd be the spring walls of rain
that ruined my hair on our first date
i'd be your summer drinking games
the breeze that lifts you
when you fall

but i
am not
your everything
i am not
your anything
at all

you are my carter
curled up in the back seat
asleep and peaceful dreaming
someplace far from this cramped bus
filled to the brim with beer cans
and wanderlust
you are shining in the moonlight
and i can only revel in your glow
lean up against

the half-cracked window

count the raindrops

as they go

you just wait

you wait right there

for the moment

when i can finally

set the stage

until then

i'll be your

johnny cash

asking you

over and over

again