

Life Is Love Lied To

Wet Dream

If he could

She could

Dream of galaxies

Float in fantasy

Remember what was reality

In purple did it dream, in water did it dream

In silver and pink and aquamarine did it dream

Under a bridge in the woods of Jacobsburg

Stood a fair maiden-a girl of about eighteen

Becoming a marble piece, with English Ivy hair and pearly white innocence
glistening in the soft winter sun

The man she was with had planted her feet firmly to the concrete where she
dare didn't budge

She watched him with a shiver, in awe of his mystery and his oblivion to the
breath that was visibly escaping his face

She watched him undress

Gone was his shirt, put aside were his shoes

Unzipping of his pants which happened in a quick and swift move

Removing his crown-he was not at all apprehensive

Exposing his vulnerability, which was moderate and full with taupe colored
lushness

She was shifty with her eyes

And rosy in the cheeks

Her blood pumped heavily, heart beats thumping in rapid succession to the promise of eternal bliss

Until the white jagged scars on his chest hissed at her-from when he had clawed at his own heart ache

But that was then and this was now, and now had said its farewells

He held a look in his eyes of justified settlement, from contemptuous to content

Trust in her (*for she would be different than the rest*)

He was letting the drawbridge down after a long inner perilous journey

Eager to ask the goddess before him her hand to marry

For she made the wounds from his past bereavements no longer itch

Birds chirped in agreement-tokens of praise from Gods grace to peacefully trespass

Nature was allowing time to unite them without a questioning cop or curious jogger

Gratitude and perseverance pays off in the end

He had buried the dagger that he feared would kill him

Crawling out unscathed-after welcoming death to walk beside him

And with patience and humility she came along smiling

So he jumped into the creek as she stood by watching

Baptized by the notion that devotion will set you free while hip high in frosty black water

His white goose flesh was transcending to an unnerving purple, not like he noticed

She was taken aback, not by his request but by his bravery-for it was February

How cold he must of been

Shiver, Yes, I do! Shiver

Their lips ate each other, soft like butter

So hungry they must of been-starving for this moment

It was sealed with rings of gold placed upon their bony fingers

And applauded by the copperheads who looked on from an undulating sea of sedge grass

A cornucopia of flowers, blossoming from her blood:

A trumpet as her breath, declaring her undying love:

A commitment she had sung from the chambers of her lungs:

"I want the ceiling of the bridge to be covered in paper butterflies.

I want the water to run over our bodies, and here it will be when we die!"

If he could

She could

Dream of such things.

Flush The Monsters Down

There were boys, moral thugs

And there was me, coy

With a dormant fire, waiting to be ignited

They were white guilt-not knight-hooligans

With marijuana and money coat of arms on their
black zippered hoodies
Congregating in the halls
With their smirking stares saying it all

I could feel their motives-but shook it off before it became logic

Vandalize my sanity
Desecrate my virginity, for I was unassuming
Just wanted to play pretty

And it was a game to them, to fill their empty lives
They were snarling balls of fat and metal braces
With shit-eating grins and birthday Playstations
Grabbing at their crotches
Neighing in between their moms whipping snot from off their faces

Xanax & whiskey
Bottles of Adderall and Valium-pills of pinks and yellow like Valentine
carnations
On a hotel bed sheet, what a jovial atmosphere
Walking down the coral-lined dock with eyes wide, a glossy glare
Head inside a fishbowl, swimming-watching-listening
Learning about drug dealing and stealing like it was the truth
Back to laying-wishing-in a blur of no purpose, but demented youth

They courted me with confederate flags, how could this contradiction be?

To what they listened to religiously!

How I lost my way and even "My Property!" -screen printed on a pair of my boardwalk shorts

His mother would boast about her sons misogyny, wear him like a product- a "top of the line" trophy

If only..

But my hips were too wide

I baited the line

For my hips were too wide

And so I took a dip

In their sea of shit

They poked and prodded with their fingertips

Until I became violently sick

I was nearly blue and gone

St. Planned Parenthood-Ocean Drive

I was drowning

drowning

For months at a time

Trapped in the last line of light at nautical twilight

I was in dire need of breathing

Until a gentle kind revived me with its words
Told me I had to believe I was alive if I wanted to be living

Smiling in a dripping wet daze above a yearbook, tearing out a page
Flushing down the monsters that I chose to surround me.

A Servant At The Sink

Do not take the road that cuts through the pine trees
Take the way into the halls, scooter past the iron beds to see the maids in
recovery
Drift away like wood at sea and over hills through rows of rubber red
shrubbery
Help yourself to hard candies in the hen-on-nest dish or a cup of chipped
china
She hardly touched her sun nap tea
A daydream can only ever be as real as you let it be
Follow the man who intrigues you deep
The lady loves to hear him speak
Feel inside yourself what he has to preach
After the suds on your hands dry off and the children have food to eat.

Tutu Broth

(fertility-conceiving-aborting)

An ocean of bones flowing through the mountains
A temple of pink ribbons at the end of the canyon
Root vegetables buried deep inside the fountain
Nourish by bowl
Sip marrow gravy
Gelatin-a smile
Inject your quiet baby
Rain outside, but it is dry inside of me
Sculpted vines tied with frustration around the princess canopy
Humid air to breathe-forest of solidarity
Branches for lungs to breathe in decisions on humanity
An ocean in the tub
A fish in the cyrofreezer.

Strawberry Hard Candy

He goes out to buy the wine
Details are insignificant
I said red, but I prefer white
"Not too sweet, not too dry."
"Will it make you happy?" he offered but not a dry eye
As I inscribed the lifeless rituals of my heart onto my paper thin spine

Contemplating how to contribute my patronized wonder
Make it worthwhile while he indulges my hobby
Swirls of patchouli bath bombs fizzing in every thought
Submerged like a mermaid, but tangled in the seaman's net is her heart

The sun sets, feeling useless
World is spinning, feeling nauseous
Olive without its pit

Snow days brought about strawberry cake
A cardboard house
Chess by candlelight
And a trash bag of failed aspirations

The water drains, a porcelain gulp to the sewer
Drying onto cotton my inebriated fantasy

All is hopeless

The whining, the whining! It never stops
Diffusing yellow paint from my pores
Chalk it up to the drawing board!
Sick all of the time-yes! "This is why I can't work!"
Yellow, yellow acid rain trickling down my throat
Damn seeping leaking guts!
But he doesn't take to the excuses

The green dots on the oven morph
Time to be slumbered
In a coma to hold off all that is blundered

The family trio runs about like rats, singing their psalms of anger throughout
the corridors

As they chant faster and faster
Bed. Bed. Bed!
Cope-King-Master
Patience. Poverty. Please, no reminders!

She isn't cooperating.
Now the hook is bent on the door
"Discipline" they mutter
She screams "SORRY!"
But all I hear is "I want more"
I want more
I want more
I can not give more

The neighbor turns up his TV
Lives on the second floor
After getting his share of red wine at the store.