

Habituated Haunting

Lover can't you see

I'm waning.

The moon is no match for my phases of face.

Still, she shined upon all our stainless stolen nights
where the wringing of wrists collapsed into fights.

I am so warm in the blankets of your words:
a safety net that trawls my transcendental worth.

My feet drift asleep as you sing the lullaby you've learned
to keep me from running from the love that you've earned.

But there is no picket line for your policy of self-deceit.
I have no contract to cut off your business of control.
I'm laughable ; inaffable to the strings that you hold.

I've spent too much time decorating the haunted house you keep me in.

I'm planning an escape with the ghosts from your past.

We leave at the sight of the next full moon.

The Well

Baby, I fell into a well long before I met you.
I fell like a meteor; a last-minute spear
that seared the waters with my fever
n' scorched the surface of my skin.
I splashed walls with din of damp attrition
with waves that moaned of wishful thinkin'.

I can't hear your smile.
I can't smell your laugh.
I'll taste you for miles—but still not a chance
This well is too deep to always be lit,
there are pieces of stone that never quite fit
and the algae has grown to love the wall's tricks.

So I sit in this well and I think and I think
Do nothing but iron out all my mind's kinks
It doesn't always work.
It doesn't always wane.

And more often than not, it reeks of rain.
It reeks of thoughts only half-thought
Of factious feelings only half-fought
and of simple truths only half-sought.

She won't let me in and she won't let me out,
I must fall into grace and be spit back out.
This well has rules I must obey
the algae recedes against my ways,
and the stones stay moist as the walls raise.
I try to guide the way the waves cave but
I am not its master; it is not my kin
and I cannot rule what lies within.

So I give her this—I let her win.
Throw out my arms—show I can spin:
I can float in floods of what's been
I can surf surges that ensue Yin
and I can rise as a result of its twin.

'Cause this well isn't hell, it's filled with ideas
but its mother is darkness and its father a mirror.

She picks me up—she swallows me whole.
Holds me to bodies that house the soul
And it is in *this* pit of wounded throws
 You see the glow of the innermost coal.
 You hear the beat of just one heart.
 I sense your heat—but it's just too far.

Far enough to make me think
Do I kick my feet before I sink?
Could I learn to swim—sprout out wings?
Save myself from this digestive machine?
Or do I sit and sink and become its queen?

This water is cold, it doesn't compute.
How can I grow when I have no place to root?
She gives me a key to make up for this loss,
but waves must appease before I climb the moss.

But I cannot climb.
 No, not for long,
a key means nothing when I am not strong.
My fingers slip and slide and grip as
 my eyes stay fixed on her brick-lain lips.

This well is dark, I cannot see.
You take my hand.
 You Lead Me Be.
I gasp for air; I start to breathe
And for once in a while
I taste all the clean.
 I see your blue;
 you love my green.
Coveting colors tend to convene so
 we create a teal that's never been seen.

I take your hand.
 I Lead You Be.

We're at the well, I have the key.
But something's wrong,
 it doesn't fit.
She changed the locks when I couldn't commit.
I pound at her door and I roar and I yell but
 She doesn't like visitors.
 She doesn't like friends.
And she won't incur the leeches I carelessly led.

She doesn't know love, she neatly says no.
The doors are locked—I must go
 I do not belong here
 I no longer know
The waves that to and the waves that fro.

I am angry with her and her stubborn ways
I miss her quite dearly—my watery maze.
But time has passed and visits reduced
and I have come back with no good excuse,
 so she's fastened the door to never come loose.

I grow weary of waiting, of tending the door.
A year has passed and I'm dried to the core,
Dry to the depths that once so defined me,
and into the sun where I've discovered others find me
 A Striking Species of Fish.

I look at the sun and I feel its deep rays
and realize that well-dwelling is but a phase.
I must meet the ocean, the sun, and the waves
that crash on the shore instead of my face.

You're still standing there, waiting quite patiently
 for me to dissociate from a living quite distantly.
 I look at you and you look at me.
 And together we know,
 that finally

I'm free.

My Sister, She Spins

My sister, she spins
Spins round stars-orbits moons
the simplest thoughts she thinks of life
 Oh, they make me swoon.

She carves these perfect circles
to keep her in control.
The familiar keeps the ease so
 her feet take hold.
When we dig our heels deeper-
 doubt creates molds.

Oh my sister, she spins
spills to where you'd begin:
 smashing into romances,
 falling into frantic trances,
she tears out her hair.
masochistic Dancer.

The sun conspires to break her free
sets fire to the blindfolds on her feet but
that Circle she loves, coos conceit.
It cries and cries, "Keep the Beat."
 So she pirouettes through the pain,
 twisting round the hurt.
She Deepens the Curves.

My sister, she spins
Spills to where you'd begin:
 smashing into romances,
 falling into frantic trances,
she tears out her hair.
masochistic Dancer.

But those who spin gain speed
she spins so fast she throws the key.

all Intentions now bestrewed,
she's justly dizzied and unscrewed.

She comes on home,
spins round herself,
and still can't decide if spinning
is good for her health.

Oh she spins,
she spins,
she spins so close
Spins round me, spins round most.
Oh she spins,
she spins so close
Spins round me, spins round most.

A Whisper and a Clock

A little birdie babbled in my ear the other day
his voice but a whisper—simple thoughts of dismay:

“I know how you feel when the sun goes away
I know what it’s like to wish nothing but ways
to slow down the River that eats at the Cave.

It tunnels and burrows deep into your gaze, but
It’s blind to the taste of an impossible maze
that man has designed to find his bane.”

I clench down my fists and grind all my teeth as
my stomach sharply grips the acid it secretes.

“I am anxious, my friend” I softly whisper back.

“This is just the beginning of knowing what you lack.
You have demons in your head, and thoughts in your shoes
but you’ll never get ahead if you simply cannot choose.”

I look to my left and he is nothing but gone;
a whisper and a clock are all that’s left to bond.

Duct Tape

Build a moat around my mouth
to stop this soul from dripping down.
'Cause it's a flood when lips unlace
and I could never taste a drought
the way you slip around my mouth.

Oh, I've got a lot to say with not a lot to convey,
as you apply spools of tape
to keep drools of doubt from escape.

Swallowed breaths braid up my hair,
stomach knots-so I would care.
Oh this just isn't going right so
I'll get the nerve to submerge,
and we're not safe when I go there.

So rip this duct tape off my mouth,
I can't breathe congested by clouds.
That smoke you blow enshrouds my whole;
burns my nose and swallows my No, oh, oh...
bite the lips that count your slips
but too many times I'm close to this.
I'm close to this.
I'm close to this.

Go drink your brash and careless bliss
and fill my glass with a lifted fix,
so we can cheers to the days of reused remiss.
I'll unweave my web without your kiss.
Without your kiss.
Without your kiss.
I'm close to this.

Oh I've got a lot to say with not a lot to convey,
as you apply spools of tape
to keep drools of doubt from escape.
Oh I hope these words can come out to play

after you've fed me bones from the corpse of Your Day.
Your Day.
Your Day.
How Was Your Day?