

How quickly it fades

From jungle gym tales to crystalized lies.

That blink-of-an-eye innocence

frozen into garnished words

hung in sporadic candied droplets,

with it's gleam

so bright, it blinds.

So fragile, it stutters

until shattered,

until broken,

until stolen.

Vanished with the overnight chill

that turns it all to stoned memory.

It will rest in peace with Yesterday.

Life behind the window

Eyes fixated on both
the black stitched screen
and thick vivid green
of the broccoli bush.
Still, silent serene,
Bicycle bells
and train horns,
Wet grass and soft plush,
Senses overload.
Swallowed down sorrow
with four tiny pills
and a glass of milk.
In 30 minutes,
birds transformed from
nuisances to celebrity songwriters.
My Percocet dreams.

“How can you want something you’ve never had?”

For you, love lives in literature and films and music,

in fictional words fabricated by the “broken,”

and in fantasies you’ve envisioned thousands of times.

Different scenarios all dripping with the ungrasped reality

that Wisdom will never be obtained by holding the hand of Inexperience.

There is only one continuous entity:

the consistent face of inconsistency

divided into two truths.

One. Expect nothing less than absolute unpredictability and

Two. It will always be just within reach without ever being fully seized

unless you push the limits

and break the chains

to seize it

Only empty shells settle for reality

Never abandon the “Delusions” that exist inside of you.

The ones that create a life of their own and resides in the corners of your mind and the core of your being.

They are imaginary blueprints to your dreams that separate you from the extraordinarily average, and break you into the world you'd rather call home

Condescending commercials never end

You listen. They speak. But do they really care?

Locked knees attached to legs that have collected dust.

You promise you'd use them if you could-

To dance your way around the world,

over La Seine in France and the Brooklyn Bridge in NYC,

through Dracula's castle in Transylvania,

to where the English tell time.

Spin to music at Coachella in the Californian heat

and spend Mardi Gras wearing beads in New Orleans.

Ride gondolas in Italian waters,

zip line down the rain forests of Costa Rica,

draw in the Grecian white sand beaches,

and play hide and seek in the Egyptian pyramids.

Follow through with the empty promises of forgotten dreams.

You would create, you swear.

Use your weapons to invent masterpieces

in place of years of destruction, all that you've touched.

Undo it all, the written and the ruined,

a second chance for the saint who has done nothing but sin.

But until the day you can raise yourself up,

wrap your inflamed fingers around the remote and

turn off the television, you are frozen. Body lain stiff,

held hostage beneath the blankets that weigh you down,

stuck listening to the commercials

in the dead of the night.

No sleep, no life, no freedom, no release

for the sinner who will do nothing but sin.