

To Those I've Loved

Her

She said she never loved me.
It felt worse that time,
The night of the dissolution of our three years.
People talk about red flags.
I was blind to them all in the depths of my love and loneliness.
There were red flags but also the tenderness.
The warmth of lying in bed together,
Feeling intoxicated and in love,
Warm like cats lying in the sunlight,
Sweet drops of dopamine gold lying in the sweat of her forehead,
Hesitant strikes that warm the ass,
Making hot rice in her kitchen,
Drunk off each other and the alcohol she freely imbibed.

Five years later,
We meet for a lunch in Chicago.
She said she never loved me.
But we wish you other well and the distance magnifies as we part ways.

A Night Out

High hats and dance beats echo
But not enough to drown the loneliness.
The loneliness bangs in my head and heart like a drum.
The beats of the dance floor consume all the ways I am alienated
from my love and my labor as I search for friendly femme eyes.
The beats hug me like a lover as we shake away our sorrow into
sweat and longing.

In Peace

The land is expansive
- as vast as the sky
The sky stretches out in dark turquoise as open as my heart is for you.
Mother Earth heals with the touch of the wind caressing my arm.
The river churns against the rocks in cool eddies
My feet curve to hug the earth.
The vast water holds me in peace and the sage smoke clings to my skin and hair.

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Ghosts of respectability, shy, trembling like a leaf trapped in a screen door,
Consumed by a fabulous fury, undoing your body, uncovering your rhythms,
The girl with braided hair, white round face, eyes that sparkle like agates, who smells
like vanilla beans deception and solitude.

The lanky white boy covered in darkness who smells of Indonesian spices and sweaty
intellect, ferocity glittering like cats eyes catching light, voice sexy and soft from
cigarettes and coffee.

The woman with the pixie-cut hair, sitting across the table, cheekbones cutting my
speech into wrecks.

Madly conversing intoxicated demons in the night,

Whipped out blade firmly cutting lines of dopamine firing sweet drips of gold,

Your sweat on my stomach, whip snapping across my thighs,

Grinning: ambivalence apart.

Like you're dope sick and you've been here before—