

Make a Masterpiece out of Melancholy

Love is mourned when I
Forget it in the drawer of
A hotel room, abandoned like
The key to my old house. I will not find
What once was, but I will
Find something similar,

Something new.

When a memory leaves, I feel a breeze
Aligning with the air you breathe;
I reciprocate and replicate
Your speed and grace
To prevent any wasted breath

Between our lips and labored lungs.
A mantra finds its way through me
And my midnight desires.
I'll take the tangles in your hair and
Comb my fingers through them,
Unweaving the knots and

Repairing the broken strands.
I press further into your shoulder,
Crawling into the nooks of your body
And resting in your safety.
Look at my hands,
Our beautiful human hands,

And feel the forsaken warmth
When they collide.

It opposes the winter
We found each other in.
May our faces be water
Flowing within one another,

Combining what we are
With what we wish to become.
Your clearest skies open my eyes
And I can see is
You.
When I close my eyes, I know

This night will last forever.

Railway Requiem

I only have forty minutes to
Put my ideas on the page
Before I inevitably delete every line,
Every cross-hatch and steel bar
Simply because my train was delayed.

All I see is the same shade of blue,
No matter how much I look away and
Get a different view of the scene.
It circles my heart, shaking it
Like a child's fake-dead stuffed animal
Hoping to hear even a fraction of emotion
And find some proof of life.

Love will seek to destroy what it cannot rehearse
And the curtain is slowly opening but I've not yet
Written down all of my ideas.
My brain has frozen over
And my heart is left to palpitate in arrhythmia
As I lay underground, waiting for your bell to ring
So I can know we're in this together.
All this to repair a hole in the middle of my universe.

Even upkept engines falter when faced
By the same roadblock again and again,
And when they think they're ready to move on
Another something is on the horizon.
When a new memory resurfaces, it waits
At the front door of my old house
All for the sake of remembering without rest.

Cheated Villanelle

Life once was but never now is calm.
Try again, go back to what you've been,
All because my father found my mom.

A broken heart by birth within his palm
Passed on to those he calls beloved kin:
Arrhythmic beating, ever-fleeting calm.

Ripped dresses and stained suits at prom
Remake mistakes that flaked off like dead skin
All because my father found my mom.

He carries empty bottles in his arm
Relied upon to heal the rift within.
He needed more and more to be as calm.

Weaponize the Lover of all Bombs
And destroy our home, wrought in sin,
All because my father found my mom.

Separated by the state and psalm,
How was she immune to your poison?
Never now is love iron-clad
Since the day my mother left my dad.

Don't / Please

After Sylvia Plath - *You're*

take me to dinner
and Cover the bill, as
you know i could
but i know you will.

Send me some money,
i'm doing just fine.
drown out my sorrows
with whiskey and wine.

please Tell me again how
i'm destined for glory.
Edit and revise
my life story.

Kiss me with passion
meant for a murder.
Overcome me
with religious fervor.

Burn down the house that
i built on my own.
don't Say goodbye to me,
i'm horrid alone.

Tear out my nerves;
i'll feel nothing anymore.
Cut open my tongue and

Throw me to the floor.

Say my mind isn't worthy and

Fuck me, desert me,

i lay there begging.

Hit me and Hurt me.

Make me your doll.

please Forgive me, father.

push me further

underwater

Mixed Messages

After Gertrude Stein - *Tender Buttons [Objects]*

SHOWER CADDY.

It falls to the floor, starting your day with a sour note. Probably a C#. You might as well use a trash can for your musical-showerical necessities. It can hold water for a drink, a bath, a baptism, a drowning, whatever you need to sing out your praises. The sound resounds unfounded by an audience, yet still anticipating its debut. The stage is empty except for your memories as presented by your mother's coworker's partner's child's pet's former owner, you.

You.

A JAR.

The door is open unless it's not. The door is folded. The door is not a jar. The door is witty and sly. The door has a beautiful voice unvoiced by itself.

Reflective tape paints strips of light against a solid-color-chipped-paint-job surface: the front wall of your room. There are no windows and there are no doors, but there is a small opening acutely angled which lets me see you from afar on the ceiling: too far away for a beautiful sunny day, we're meant to be outside. Sing to the clouds for sun, to the stars for snow, to the doors for openings, to me for you. The door is ajar.

RESPLENDENT RESIDENCY.

The hospital bed rolls along the floor, its plastic wheels getting stuck on every dip and divot every 360 degrees. The squeaky song is unmemorable by even the perceptive-est of ears. Dust flies through the sunbeam akin to gnats swarming your head. They shine in a way that a few years ago you would have loved. The particularity of particles is irrelevant now, for when everything is small enough, everything feels the same; those same annoyances occupy your olfactory and auditory pathways.

ROTATION.

The old phone your father owned still rings out every November 17th with belated wishes and promises unfounded. Did he ever sing happy birthday in the right key? Would his father have

done this too? You make a game out of it. The beeps and whirs of his old rotary percuss the song in your head that only you know. Maybe your mom should talk to him instead, that might fix his tone deafness. They never went on that trip to Alaska though, so maybe that's why the world is ending. It'll take just a few more clicks until the song is done; you can count them on just one hand!

SKIN TAGS.

The road can be so comfortable in summer, radiating heat across your body like a burning blanket. You never sing alone, as at least ten voices are heard in dissonance with each other on the precipice of safety. You are all given ribbons and awards for your performance. So much yellow, so much black, your favorite colors.

Someone's getting paid to hear your performance but their face wishes that you would just stop struggling and get on the stretcher because you're still alive dammit you're not gone yet stay with me here it's not your time yet

MICHELLE'S BEACH HOUSE.

They went to the perilous paradise, 1964 Alaska, for a retreat from trepidation. All they needed was a drink, a baptism, a bath, but Michelle is no Goddess and she was a witness to god's wrath that day. He did what had to be done to the people who got what they didn't deserve, for the world is cruel and its creator is apathetic. They all said red was a bad color for a beach house. Perhaps they were right.

POETRY FROM AN OLD BODY.

I finally wrote a poem, Father Are you proud of me? Will you see me With my feet flat off the floor Running soon to the hope That you hid from me, The Christmas gift in the cabinets Out of reach from a child like me? I have an old body now Father, And I hope that you Understand my song But I don't think you will. I make a masterpiece out of Melancholy, though it rings unheard by men like you. What did I do to deserve you And why am I Keeping you alive? You may have created the Life we lead but you never Stuck around to see it end. Maybe nothing matters anymore now that everything is sinking and dead Maybe nothing is everything we are inside and out Maybe everything is ending and there is Nothing to do about it Maybe Everything Is

NOTHING.