

I Don't Know A Thing

I don't know me
But I know you
Like the map on the back of my hand
Showing streets flooded with blood
And the revolution of stars round nuclei
The centers of their own tinny universes
I may not know much in the world
But I know who you are

I know you're a perfect specimen
A prime example of even odds
Wasted potential that could have been anything
Anything but everything, anything but nothing
Anything but what can never be a thing
You're a vast black hole of lost dreams
And I swear there's something beautiful inside
Yet every layer pulled back reveals another wall

And I know, I know
I know that you are trying so hard
To fit together pieces from different puzzles
To line up their edges to make one whole
One perfect picture that no one could question
One painted mosaic compulsively stitched together
And then hidden away before the image
Can reveal you to scrutiny

I know you're misshaped
Out of mismatched DNA
Of mishaps churning round a vortex
And misconstrued into a maze
Of smart, but not smart enough
Pretty, but not pretty enough
Brave but not brave enough
Good, but not good enough
Enough

I know,
I know you walked more than a mile in those shoes
Because I cleaned them off when you were done
I know you want to believe in yourself

Because I promised to believe in you
Until you were ready to stand on your own
I see you in every window in the house
In every sliver-lined pane on the walls

And I know you're staring
Back through the looking glass
With the planet behind you
Its horizon being devoured by hope
A world I swear I've seen before
In the pages of a time worn book
An ink-centric galaxy on a parchment eternity
Words blending together like shadows
Dancing across the membrane of a cave

If I could just turn around
Around and around in endless ellipses
Spin until the ground morphs with the sky
Until our backs are facing, so close they might kiss
They're reaching for each other like long lost lovers
On the streets of a city they were never meant to be in
But they can't move through silence

My toes have turned into roots
Digging into the tiled bathroom floor
My legs are two marble columns
Corinthian testaments to an ancient era
Hip bones now turn into thorny vines
Climbing ever higher in search of what
A six-meter path cutting through a field
Bleeds into one and a half meters of darkness
My stomach feels foreign to me
A troop of soldiers marching across enemy lines
Two skies inflate with the rising sun
Then collapse under the weight of the moon
A giant ruby or garnet; a glowing ember
Tries repeatedly to burst forth from its cell
My neck is searching for my head amongst the clouds
But without eyes what chance does it have

I don't know a thing
But I do know me

Lost

There is something quite dear to me
That I cannot seem to find
Person, place, thing, or thought
Or something deep inside

“What is it called?” you ask
Well that I do not know
The name it has eluded me
And many a wiser soul

I know it must have once been mine
If not how could I lose it
But it has been so many years
That now I can't recall it

Its sound I am now deaf to
The feel of it has left me
But its shape I never can forget
The shape of the hole inside me

Please if you find it let me know
For I've been waiting oh so long
And all the years will shrink to days
When at last I hold it

There is something quite dear to me
That I can not seem to find
It has taken far too much from me
And now I fear I'm out of time

Dear Death,

Take not my soul, but my body instead
That it may be given another life
And a chance to be born anew

If there be a heaven waiting for me
Let them take the part of me
That most needs a new home

And if there be a hell below
Let them clamber up to meet
Their one piece of the physical world

But if instead we reincarnate
Let my skin become the night sky
And my blood become the ocean

Don't chain my soul to continue on
Let in wonder free from all constraints
And I'll float among the stars

Immortal

Let us become immortal
Or let's then etch these creations
From the far recesses of our mind
Onto every wall our eyes graze
Preserving these small infinities
Of a universe lost in thought
Thrown together in an abstract pattern
Shapes pulled out of an empty dimension
Written in the space between neutrons
Words pondering relative questions
That can only be understood
When no one's left to inquire
The breath before all life begins
The heartbeat after all life has stopped
Fragments hidden in time immemorial
Living forever, yet never born
Never forgotten, never found
This way at least
We're not alone