

soma

I'm terrified yet simultaneously elated,
 for the skin on my back to start flaking.
To trace wildflowers where ruins had been,
 days before.
Where perhaps Nature grows again with adventurous laughter,
 of never having been stifled.

I straddled Time, to slow the fuck down,
so I could step off the ladder.
 To slip into an expanse of in-betweenness;
in ocean's depth, crackled light
 reflect off suspended particles,
rise from depths of ancient times unknown.

Floating up to the surface, perhaps,
 I would be able to touch the glass-sky
I saw at the back of my mind-
 only to stay right beneath the surface.

Today I heard that I was Divine,
 from the murky depths of my throats.
Felt the ghosts of Time
 rise up my trachea,
 touch my lips,
as I gagged out past hurts.

I gasped once again for ether,
 pulling frantic air, as my face slowly dissolved,
back into the infinite nectar
of the Gods.

the delineation between cravings

i.

I want to suck on stardust while crying my heart out,
to a chorus of angels stripping me bare of my skin.
I want to birth words and sentences out of wounds,
and call my mother to tell her I love her.

I want to watch planets graze the crepuscule of night,
as the universe expands infinitely away from my sight.

ii.

I want to feel myself lifted,
 from the Alpine land of my birth,
 touch the inner most breast
of my sacred Mother.

I want to know what it feels like,
 to dig into dirt and find myself there,
restful and sleeping, with peonies for eyes
 and shadows on the nape of my neck.
Where old lovers dug fingernails,
 and scratched the surface tension
of my skin.

iii.

I want to dispel the fear of crossing boundaries,
 between paper and body.
To use the pen to mend,
trailing grooves of blood down my forearms;
salted tears healing scab wounds
 of old forgotten depressions,
stitched amongst the duvet covers
 of my adolescence.

I want to know what its like to write,
 indelibly without doubt.
To give myself fully to the work,
Wholeheartedly to the process,
To allow myself to finally slip a little underneath the surface of my face,
 to breath in poetry
and not kill myself trying to figure out
 what had always been right in front of me.

iv.

because at the end of the day,
nothing comes close to it.

 this satisfaction, this rest, and
its ultimate apex at the center of my chest.

v.

To feel my heart slowly burn away,
petter out its flames as dawn finally reveals its colors

 and I am left,
spent like a lover
 with morning dew,
touching the edges of the windowpanes
 of my youth.

The smell of balsam fir is thick in the air.

where I've traveled today

I've been practicing to kiss the dew of my juices
 off wildflowers growing in your palms
 for some time now.

I've wanted to lick the inner continents of your mouth,
 and suck your ringing clit with my tongue,
 feel the inner chambers of you,
 breathe me open,
 just enough for a hand to flick the switch
 of my heart.

I hold my buttocks in pain,
 for the screams of childhood anger
 are embedded in my muscular tissue,
 (and If I keep writing this, I'm going to need some tissues)
 but I don't want to cry now.

The silver streaked rainfall of the Huangpu knocks at my window,
 dark neon flashes,
 of golden, green, purple lights
 basking in my room;

An ear stays perked for the sudden wind,
 a faint hollowed clarinet singing my praise,
 out of an old fisherman's wharf.

Sat for what seems like an eternity,
 naked in thick glistening skins,
 on my sheepskin,

watching the hazed morning bright sun
 stream my body in a thousand colors,
 jasmine flowers circling my drink
 the grain of the image lifting,
 the pollutions level of AQI 152
 (unhealthy levels!
 wear your masks!)

basking at a higher stratosphere
 22 degrees of conditioned heat,
 lazy summers in January

now tell me climate change doesn't exist-
 I have fractured lungs to prove you wrong.

dying is a muscle memory

Took a bite from the mushroom of eternity,
sank deeper than I thought I'd be,
 singing my soul to come back,
 straddle my thighs,
and tell me with sweet ringing dews,
 "Remember how truly loved you've been."

Broke my own heart with claws lent to me
 by Archetypal Energies,
Flooding my light
 in infantile sweet glows,
as I pray to the gods,
 to let me break my own vows.

Blew open doors, with cracked lungs
 to sip on bitter-sweet fears,
 and lick long forgotten tears,
Swimming in my skull.

Slipped down the planet's curvature,
and saw my own shadow creeping up dunes
 and sinking in sands
 and slipping out of hand.

For I had nothing else to hold unto
except the beating of my own drums,
 rattling and incising
slipping up my spine,
 venomous fangs,
sweet poison dues,
waking me
 to my own immensity.

that one night I fell in love with you

I'm the motherfucking Pythoness,
 with band-aids for temples and sand for castles.
 I sit and turn in the desert of my soul
 amongst lizards and scorpions;
 fingers trailing grooves in cracked dirt
 peering under the surface to the Stream
 that feeds my being.

Shifting shadows of ancestors I've never known
 reflected in the stars of time immemorial;
 I sit with my fire looking at a blazing bear,
 come out of the ashes of dead lovers
 and memories turned to dust.

Pulling out cards,
 I rejoice in being the Fool,
 the sauntering shade,
 that alights diamond in teeth,
 the old crone with inky fingers
 stroking my cheek.

The Crow patters out of her mouth
 black beak heralding a dead-of-winter bones
 crumbling to leave space
 for a greater infinity to be born.

For solar winds to come,
 and liberate the breath stuck in me
 to alight putrid fireworks
 still remnant in my sleep,
 ones that casts shadows on my face of
 left-eyed-"wrongs" and right-eyed-"rights"
 while she points me with side-glances towards a world

of inherent light.

To teach me to live with curved goggles
 To learn to speak delight in the hearts of Men.

Because I see YOU on the Other Shore
 my tongue unrolling, speaking a truth that:
 "I am irrevocably in love with your essence,"
 that "you bring me to other dimensions,"
 that "with you, I see the cosmos in my hips,"
 that I lick in abandon, the dirty scars I carry, on your face.