

As I Hold My Breath

thirteen

i want it

somewhere in the core of me
something

shattered

borne of blood and fear
and something Higher
a red bird rose Inside of me
and a Smokescreen fell

the car
the woods
the car
the car

he

broke

what i Never said he couldnt

when the man Asks if he will see me again

i say

yes

and

yes.

enter

the Maelstrom

as

the

sun stands

still.

fifteen

 a new black hook
reels in the same
mouth
the Early meat

torn

and bleeding .

hummmmmmmmm

sempiternal
amaranthine

the life of a fly

he cried afterwards, i cried at home

stitched together Was

fuck you under my breath

crying in the bathroom And

crying in the car ,

crying in the car

Sacrifice i

holding dear the things the hurt

i was

only thirteen

when the

sun stopped

rising

But Prudence

Fine lines of thread cast out like a rope--
An ugly kind of hope that
Strangles its victims,
Pulls them close
And that iron chord
Just tightens
And thrums under the skin
Like a singing heartstring
Or a severed artery,
And, oh, how do we learn to
Grow back the limbs that have been snagged,
Battered in a storm,
And burned like
Wicker in the fire
Of an unrelenting ghost,
Don't you know that
the past never quits haunting
And we never do forget;
We just learn to immerse ourselves in
the here and the now
And we savor the tantric taste of
defeat like a fine wine,
These fine threads of loss
with which we
Either weave tapestries of growth
or tie tethers to the old

We choke ourselves with these knots
of intermittent
Noise, static reminders of our
failures that are so
Hard and rough that they become
real, solid
Like bark of a tree or
the edge of a stone
That cuts our fingers upon first
touch, and our hands become
hardened, calloused.

When Pandora opened her jar, it was not Hope left at the
bottom, but Prudence.

Bumblebee

I. It started with the bees.
The little *hum* of their bodies as
They would float past me was always a dangerous
kind of music.
I ask you today, bee, why did you sting me when I
tried to pick you up from the road?
When I tried to save you from drowning?
When I was merely sitting idle in my yard?
Did I provoke you or
Scare you or
Somehow offend you?
Why is it you fear to be touched?

II. Another question: How sweet is the honey of a
dead bee?

Is it not just as sweet?
Nevermind, I never cared much for your honey.
In truth,
I only ever hungered for your stinger,
And the way that you made
Me feel just a little bit real.
Just a little bit human.
In the spring you would pollinate not just the roses
and the lillies,
But also the ivies and the weeds.

III.

What is it like to love your life? To love all of it?
Do you first change your life or do you first change
your mind?
Can I learn to love the bee for just his music?

IV. I always loved the thing that broke me
more than I loved me.

He found me, he crushed me, he made me.

Didn't he?

But little

By

Little

Im learning to forget his face, and remember
The way that I looked before I swallowed his poisoned
honey.

V.

I trace my love for music back to you, little bee.
You continue to inspire me and change me but never
again to hurt me,

For you took away that foolish naivety
That led me to you that day and the ones after.

I was broken, but now I am aware.

A little honey, a little *hum*,

And a little music here and there.

Fields of Asphodel

I. When I die will they remember me in stone
Or by the carved wood of the willow?
Will the gold be tarnished by the
Stinging dust of neutrality?

Will I love a little,
Breathe a little,
Dance a little less
And call it living?

II. If the good I do can ever outweigh
All of the bad that i've done--if my
Gold is ever more than the blood on
My hands, if the river is ever wider
Than the space between each rib,
If the reaper and his loping dog
will ever accept this offer of my bones
then will I be free? Clean?
Cleaner than the rest.

III. We all have our crimes:
Some steal lie cheat kill,
And others do nothing
More than exist-- and what
Worse crime is there?

IV. You may see
 These folk-
 These criminal
 folk-
 Wandering
 About in
 Asphodel.
 And if you do,
 Make sure to
 Not ask them
 Why they're
 There or what
 They're doing
 Because the
 Answer will be
 That they do
 Not know or
 They do not
 Care, and what a
 Tragedy that is
 And what a tragedy
 That is.
 The ghosts blow again
 In the wind,
 Through the fields
 Of asphodel.

The Three Steps of You Leaving and Coming Back

Step One: you take me down
to the water where
you wash your
hands of
me,
and then,
feeling loads lighter,
you crane your neck to the sky

and *Shout!* like the hawk you are,
beating your wings through
the vast sky that
you own,
and then swooping
down to the ground below
to swallow up the mice and rats
and other birds that you also own, *oh king of the sky.*

Step two: you write me across your skin
like an anthem, feeling the way
I beat and churn
and tear
inside

your ancient leathery lungs,
hearing the way I scream inside your varicose heart.

*Do you remember the way your heart felt in its
skeleton cage as it threatened to burst
out of its container? And do you
remember the way
your marrow
sang
in its bones,
not a melancholy song,
but one of fragile triumph and nervous synergy?*

Step three: you remember
the song and its
sound.
You remember the
way that you felt. You open your
Earth lips and sing our lovely, lilting song.

