

[How to Fall in Love with a Stranger]

I fell in love with you two years after
our first and last date.

It was a foggy afternoon amidst other
reminiscent remedies
when the sounds of our memories
sewed a patchwork melody into
my mind that was pure
melodic logic.

You came to mind like comfort food,
like my favorite beer after work—
as if it were only natural
I would thirst for your smirk.
I thought of your dark freckles and
your even darker hair;
a face that looks fifteen
with a 100-year-old stare.

I don't know why I decided
to love you at that moment
and never at any point before then, but
the way a stranger at best
entered through my ribcaged chest
as if my bones weren't there to say,
"What if this is a gilded stake?"

It struck me hard to catch this note,
I wasn't sure of what to think.
Do soul mates sear each other's ribs?
Or am I so easily staked?
But answers now are not important,
I know not where or how you are;
nor do I think in cosmic scales
that each of us is very far.

What might be though has me transfixed:
How can I keep this milestone
of existence existential thrown
at nonchalance for deep transcendence
and casual nights of independence
surviving cosmic consciousness

one step at a time.

I spend the days now fiddling
with memories belittling my
appetite for love.
They just insist they don't exist
due to falsifications
I purposely miss.
For if I saw them,
then I would see
the light that shone from
each our eyes
collapsed
on different wavelengths.

We just can't expect to
deal the deck on which we're living
'cause cards get lost and
decks go missing
so instead we can just
be forgiven;
for nothing's truly real.

[Year of the Snake]

I dig a hole into the silence.
I'll eat its contents for the quiet.
So quiet now, I am a giant.
My stomach thunders.

My mouth,
a riot.

The loudest caves are also the quietest.

[Talkin' Shit about Flowers]

I step on flowers on purpose
so they know how it feels to be the grass.
Their meek resilience a sign of weakness
from storms benign to storms malignant.

But even so,
we put petals on pedestals
to show we have taste
but don't realize how quickly
we choose to waste
time on a ticking
senescence of face.

There are girls out there just like these flowers.
They stare at the sun and pray to be picked
but soon as the pit of their youth has soured
starts the inevitable hour of wilt.

Well what then?
Well who cares?
New flowers are grown every day.

We are
replaceable
erasable
fiscally challenged
veteran fools
for thinking
we'd remain
in the game.

Beauty is a delicacy--
a crystal spoon at dinner.
Wave with the wind; walk like a cat
and never show your Bitter.

If I were from the Plantae kingdom,
I would be a succulent.
You can take my water and loosen my soil,
I'll live right through
the turbulence.

Oh, mountains and oceans!
Apex predators in motion!
are who I want as mentors on
What it Means to be Beautiful.

[Internally I Do Inspect]

The subconscious mind
tell the heart to beat.
The heart hums along
 beat to beat but
the conscious mind an issue sees.

Subconsciously, it is assessed.
Heart beats faster out of chest.
Consciously, I am a mess.
So confusedly I do attest
 that Something Happened here.

[You, Me, and the Empty Street]

Let's dance on the rooftops of lovers' dens
and soak up rays that spew from when
they make the love we want to make.

Let's dance to the moon and back again.

Let's run between the stars.

Take showers with the meteors,
and settle down on Mars.

We don't have time for thinking things through!
There are clouds in the sky and flowers in your gaze!
For when life isn't measured in the number of days
it becomes more about the Current Bouquet.

Let's burst these simple skins apart
and vomit rainbows from our hearts.
Let's run like savages in heat
and steal each other's long lost sleep.

Oh the faces we envision!
The thoughts that we dream!
Let's move cross country
so we say what we mean.

We'll have each other's heavy hands
above our heads; below our hearts
to balance out this simple art
of loving each and every part
of our fruitful faulty bodies.

We'll peel back sides from both our heads
and watch the frames slide by,
to see the movies of our lives
and slowly start to standardize
a roleplay with our lover.

I'll bathe within your boyish blunders,
you'll guzzle down my girlish grins.
We'll fake our future versioned lovers
to make this moment sing.

And yet, I may judge your broken windows—
your subtle slips of self,
and use them all against you
pretending it as help.

ı I wanna take you to the top
I wanna push you to the bottom !
This back and forth like tug-of-war
is what really makes us want them.

We'll burn our hearts out on our tongues
and bend our backs down low
to show each other just how much
we're really willing to go.

I'll give you all I have to give.
I'll sacrifice my sins.
I'll invest intentions I don't mean
to keep our vices thin.

I'll love you 'till our time runs out,
I'll call you 'till I don't.
I'll fish for broken promises
on my dingy broken boat.

I want to say that you're the last
that I'll never love another.
But roads do end at some point,
and I'm not one to stutter.

Oh, I cannot stop this selfish soul—
these naturalistic dreams.
I want it all and want you in it!
 But we're not always what we seem.

My love is with you till the end,
but ends are relative things.
In quantum terms of space and time,
 The End is the Beginning.