

You, Me, and the Universe

Dhyana

I thought about flowers enough to become them.
I found myself falling at night like the sun did.
My petals went brown each time it got cold here;
Marigolds stiffen, frostbitten, we splinter.

I thought about space and nothing was something.
Loving is being, absorbing, becoming.

We really only want to do things once we've done them.

Sometime when it's Warm

Every time I pass the window
in my kitchen, I think about
you in the summertime

and every time you have to go
to work, or something, I kiss
you harder than usual, so you

don't forget anything about me
when surrounded by
songbirds and acrobats

and I'll take you to get ice cream
tomorrow or whenever you need
me to be more translucent

because the wind is blowing in
from the west and I can feel
things getting warmer every day

like you, me, and the riverbeds
are made of the same stuff –
it smells like clay in my ribcage

I learn to let it go like the leaves
on the water, like the cloverfields
brushed by the Junetime breezes

your hair swishing in the North
Dakota weather, sing the
dandelions to the storm

about rough hands holding us
together and the sifting
whispers over hilltops

flutters in the leaves,
ashes on my skin,
we end where we begin

but it flows smoothly now,
the river has broken up
the twisted slivers

and less bark floats past
each day, the sun reflects
clearly in the current

the dock holds us up above
the flowing, and we are warm
with the fire of the earth

First Sight

Here in the comfortable pauses
I'll take a second to notice you
before I make my way into
the mainstream rhythms of
somebody's
maybe something
picking lilies from my shirt sleeve
calling pretty things insignificant
when they glimmer in a
car window
and I'm left thinking of
the backdrops of where
your petals will one day
stick in the fibers
and I'm left comparing
you picked off my shirt sleeve
against the somebody's
maybe something lilies
and if the purpose will catch
up in the fibers of their thought
to pick glimmers in car windows
and shirt lilies into somethings
we could maybe call
somebody's
and if I take a second to
notice you
peeking out from
the oncoming headlights
will you stop and look at me
and feel something for a second

The Sweetest Things

I've been staring through a thin sheet of glass
at a jar of honey fresh from heaven
with you swinging the hammer that could
smash the space between us.
I've been watching you swing at whatever
like you're terrified of nectar.

But darling, swing that hammer in the darkness and tell me what you make.
Tell me how it looks once you break up all the plates.
I know how it feels when something first shatters,
trace the outlines, find the glue-sticks, let's all put it back together.
I have to beat myself up if I want my skin to break.
There's honey on the table
but maybe there's ambrosia in my veins.

I remember what it was like when the voices all said the same thing.
I remember being happy,
all alone inside the summer.
Little girl, flower girl, mountain house, mushroom hunter.

You are so much bigger than you think.
The ocean is so much deeper than it seems.

So once you've taken your time and the room is all smashed,
here I am, standing, alone, behind the glass.
Your skin is all cracked from picking at rough parts and
the floor is littered with the corpses of art forms.
I know you wanted to see everything that room had to offer,
but when the dishes started falling it was already over.
So here you are, muse, all alone in your hoping,
covered in bruises, frustrated, and hungry.

Still, if you'll have me,
we'll start in on that honey.
And hell yeah I'm getting tired of waiting for something,
but the hammer's in your hand,
so I sit and complain:

No matter how simple it seems in my brain,
oh how the sweetest things are the hardest to gain.

Ancient Carolina Seagulls

The forestry fires depicted on tapestries above us in the canopy.
I was a sugar pile.
I am sifting quietly.

I let you deep beneath the fire side where
I am somewhere in the strawberry fields
waiting for you to get off work,
picking flowers in between the fruit
and twisting the stems
into pretty shapes and sunlight bouquets
that you can keep inside your pocket
when you go back home to the familiar burdens.

I want to tell you old stories I've heard
from younger tongues in windy places
about the galaxies inside your ribcage.
Don't look for yourself in another's reflection.
Don't take the Milky Way on second hand description.
The brightest thing you've seen so far
is a yellow and mediocre star.

When the other half of your everything
turns into a briar patch,
look inside to the sunlight sitting in your chest,
to the flower girl sitting in her summer morning best,
to knowing happiness is not a thing to find.