

Petal and Snow

I awoke— petal and snow
Like a ponder, how the weather come and go.

Unpredictable in nature—Tears and
Laughter, they harm and heal.
I sit against the window ajar,
To my Right— is my reflection.
To my Left— the smell that warms
My bones and chills my lungs.

My eyes linger long with last night.
Combated by the dark, the searing solution
Occupied my lens, pushing
Against my cheeks.

O, Presence! O, Presence I once preached.
How I am one,
And cosmic lips cry gasping—
Gasping as the flood buries my perception.

When it is time, I will lay under the
Ghostly-fall, warming my bones,
Chilling my lungs— Gasping, gasping, gasping.

Tempestuous You Are A Flame

Her hands, faint & sweet
Dive into his chest.

Out of the glacial gusts, she emerges
Orbiting— her winds are warm.

Holy honey drizzles & discloses their love,
Becoming a fluent motion.

O, but tempestuous you are a flame
In the labial depths longing to stay.

And wild you are— like high noon,
Detesting love's wary refrains.

I am wildered by your ache for
Air, when Earth is all you speak.

Hollow Charts

I imagine staring out into the sky
Upon the brightest Golden circle, and
Watching—waiting, until I see no more.

For the light will take my sight
Just as I have asked it to.

No longer do I wish to see the thoughts of
Tomorrow that cloud my vision with
Everlasting fog and brume.

For it is your exuberant bliss and daunting
Charm that drive tears along the
Hollow charts of my front.

And as the day-breaks, illuminating
The fog from its shallow hold,
I see neither the savior nor the solution.