

Puzzle Box Ghazal

Four walls hem in what some call a room,
what does it mean when someone asks for room?

A longing for wingspan within my womb
I beg red rivers to run, make room.

My parents' house holds caverns of silence,
bruised tongues. Mother sleeps in my old room.

I cannot shake the habit of living
feet feathers to flee to a new room.

Mrs. Woolf, it is not true, I can live
on much less – a crescent moon of room.

My call to write, muddy tracks of words coat
Wide meadows, blank page an empty room.

Snails have it best, cradle fertile darkness
upon their backs, pockets of hushed room.

Content with air between joints, belly as
balloon. Breath tiny sky dense with room.

Within clasp of shells is how a pearl blooms:
pressure warping space conjures room.

frayed (a villanelle)

you'll never guess the pain that's kept hidden
the stitching that unravels first – the seam
the piece that comes apart slowly within

purple patches, red lines a map upon her skin
she walks the streets around you, quiet as a dream
you'll never guess the pain that's kept hidden

the bitterest of pills swallowed with a grin
she smiles at you, her eyes betray a gleam
the piece that comes apart slowly within

muted words on paper the only story she'll begin
for if she tried to speak, she'd only scream
you'll never guess the pain that's kept hidden

the lies she shares all day are close to her as kin
yet secrets leak free in the night's moonbeams
the piece that comes apart slowly within

the energy this act demands wanes her soul so thin
her frayed grip on her life part of the scheme:
you'll never guess the pain that's kept hidden
the peace that comes apart slowly within

Cycles

Time passes as molasses here
sighing, I count my wounds
thumbing them like craters
three cuts, a sore neck, a hollow womb...

When my eyes & limbs feel heavy
crushed by the weight of empty rooms
I remind myself of the women
& then I know what to do.

Chandra, Soma, Luna, Moon
I'm on my way; I'll see you soon

I creep over to the window
the sky outside a velvet bruise
gleaming from it, the pearl of my sisters
its rainbow aura leaking streaks diffuse

I make a bath to prepare for the journey
humming softly a dreamy tune
water steaming, I add rose petals
for tonight we are luminous full.

Chandra, Soma, Luna, Moon
I'm on my way; I'll see you soon

Cleansed by the Sea of Tranquility
I laugh about all this Earth abuse
the gravity used to be so limiting
before we remembered this way to choose.

Dancing, screaming, crying cackling
silk light continues to pool & infuse
my movements made fluid as shadows
dripping gemstones, the milk of the muse

Chandra, Soma, Luna, Moon
I'm on my way; I'll see you soon

My spaceship consists of:
blanket, candle, journal (the usual tools)
quartz, amethyst, jade
singing bowl, beads worn & grooved

I pack up, take a deep breath
lift off quivering, a gentle balloon
my kindred goddesses await me
returning home to my roots.

Chandra, Soma, Luna, Moon
I'm on my way; I'll see you soon

When I have to come back for Earthwork,
it's time now for the new.
with hurts healed & spirits high
by the gathering of souls who love me true,

I wait for the birth of the sign
from my body, a red flower blooms
I smile & give thanks for all mothers
our cycles forever attuned.

quanta: a theory of touch

i need my love.
not so i can hoard it up in the
pursed-lip safety of padlocked boxes
pried open only with knobby knuckles
of skeleton keys,
but to pour out soft
share the secret of keeping downy feathers
in a constant cracked-shell world.

i knew something was missing when
i began to fiend for the
faint thumbprint of the moon
early in afternoon skies
& passersby
holding the hands of children
everything became a prayer.

i need love
so I can paint breezes on concrete corners
of gridlock streets become cages
braid it through muscles, smooth sinew
caress hoarse cords into lullabies
til my cupped palms take the shape
of the saltwater of every lake
dreams coursing down from soul's windows
upon each & every face

you see
i thought i lost a piece somehow
but pieces got edges,
they clunk & jumble.
i wanted ripples to stream from
my fingertips
knead my love into the caramel of your skin,
ribbons never to harden with time
but stay pliant, silent to
hear whispers
as cells sigh into
each other.