

Gateway

To drown in an ocean
Is to drown in what reaches your lungs
It only takes half a cup

“But I think I love her”

You’ve found a Gateway unlike the door
And a weight that will lift but not carry
The rope has already fell to rot
So the question is only *what*
Will break in your fall.

“Won’t I still love her?”

We’ve stumbled upon a crisis
With a face pale, not stranger
And it looks at you like it knows
And it poisons you like a promise

“Shouldn’t I still love her?”

Now I live in a Terror
That draws softer sheets
And I ask it to spare her
And let me fall to a sleep I can wake from

“How can I still love her?”

Drink up poppy seeds and rosary beads
Find something you can pray to
For the face and all its sweetness
Has already made a poison of you

“What will happen to this love”

It hurts so much to look at you.
And know that no amount of air could save
For breath or buoyancy
The water has already made its way in

Yellow

This pain is yellow
And pressed against a window
Wide eyed song
To take in just too much of a world

This isn't water you drink or swim through.
Sleep under a storm,
Brave a chill that learns to gnaw
Shake the cold, shake the image
Pray to breath and breeze for some sleep

You ride to the edge, you don't reach it
And you plug your nose when you swallow the world whole

It's the smell that gets to you.

I'm sorry that I claim you
I'm sorry that I didn't

Warm/You. And ugly sweater.

I hope you don't think you're whispering
the stars could hear you from here
Don't you see their glistening
They're craning, they're growing
They're trying to get a better look

You. And ugly sweater.

I never understood why you kept it
Not enough humor in wonder
Lean into me and laugh
“Well, what's keeping you warm?”

I hate that you cut your hair short
There's nothing for my fingers to run through
They're aching for something to get lost in
A smooth that will follow you, and fall back into place
I guess you. And ugly sweater will have to do

I don't know what you're trying to find in there
My eyes have nothing to say to you
My lips are down here
Somewhere down here

I hope you don't think you're preaching
Baby the moon already knows your song
Look at it in all it's stillness

It's watching, its waiting

It's waiting for you to get the joke.

It's you.