

how to get close to wild animals:

don't talk
too much
be still
allow them
to move
about freely
around you
don't try
catching them
become part
of the scene
say to them
i am here
is it okay?
then listen
with your
entire body
that part
of you
that is
drumming beneath
your skin
that is
still feral
that is
bubbling up
that is
much much
too governed
that requires
deliverance
you know
the part
allow it
to move
about freely
around you
don't try
catching it
become part
of the scene

2nd in-love-feeling:

i remember that day
like a pulse
the first time you finally
slipped the violet straps
of my dress off of my shoulders

and admired me
like a found reservoir
my two white mysteries
brimming with suspense
requesting a favor from you

your face, a beacon
of sophistication and wonder
your mouth, filled with alms
approaching the breast
my face burnt red

that blue blanket, lumpy mound
that i slept on for 3 months
was the only thing that cushioned us
from the eternity of the ground
i thought of guilt but didn't feel it

it was then
i took refuge
under your tongue, and on
all of the different sides of its
soft, knowing fruit

we cried out together
creating the answer
to something
we never asked aloud
i thought of guilt but didn't feel it

it was then
i made everything a secret
which really meant
everything became something
that i could not tell my mom

she's always envisioned me
with a man, four walls, a bed
she's always prayed for me to fall
into the safety net of convention
not for you

i became a lost pilot that night
screaming into my radio
every night i sent out
an echo through that rolling sea
where so many fish sleep

"explore these maps
learn them
turn them like the page
we'll never admit
our story is on"

chamomile:

so tender
a war torn bride
trampled and kicked
yet still releasing her
steady, soothing touch
into the most violent
of bloods
stoic as a widow
but with no dead lover
only her hundreds
of slow white arms
opening themselves
to the sky
still
in the face of demise
she never stops offering
her tiny yellow heart
in exchange for the sun's

darkness allows:

darkness allows proof
the vision of a colossal universe
expanding from the center of
our ever-blinking eye

and the galaxies reveal themselves
as great fits of glitter in the sky

how fleeting a life is

to be one body
of stars
of water
of skin

how tiresome
to find itself alive here
time and time again

only to die once more
out of habit
in the same old fading fashion

how fleeting a fate must be

to become one moment
of blood
of borders
of fight

how tiresome
to die here gazing down
resisting the inescapable night

only to live once more
out of habit
in the same old fading fashion

preparations:

i've gone out a bruised sailor
falling out of her ship.

never tried to climb back in
or find land.

i knew what would be there.
used to sit around imagining
this world
exchanged for the water's.

buzzed with the thought of meeting a big fish,
one not aligned with the known society of the ocean,
one that has seen the depths.
i let myself sink.

just kept on lifting the water over my head
until it was all above me.

but first, in my treading and tiresome paddling
i had prepared all of the things that seemed fitting-

my lungs, my eyes for the salt, my bravery.
but there was one thing
that no forethought could have readied me for.
the desire to talk with fish does not grow me gills.