

Cave Door of Spring

It doesn't get dark anymore. All the thrown-away light sticks around long enough to bounce off the fresh snow. A certain reverence exists for the snow. It would be dirty as soon as it fell if they didn't. Usually the people affect their surroundings. They're forced to look at the reflections of all their grimy misdeeds and trespassings in the soot and the squalor. Their ephemeral perfection captured in the obvious meteorological metaphor. The perfect little person inside everyone's mind that has never done a thing wrong. The person who comes out when someone is getting high on ego. No amount of forgotten memories could will them to empathy.

People hate to walk on it. Scared to ruin its glittering perfection. Even the satisfying crunch won't fill them if they think they've soiled it. No, the people will never be ready for Spring.

But here I am ready to tramp on it. Ready to defile every inch. Ready to remind myself and everyone of what we have got in ourselves that is too dirty to air on the clothesline. We like to get stuck in our hermitages. Our caves of self-rationalization and pity. But the snow piles up and all we're left with our perfect stories of ourselves and we have no secrets to ration out. I can't tell my perfect mother from the perfect businessman. I wish it could be like that.

But I believe that the snow needs to melt. We need to imperfect creatures. We need the heat and the rain and the heavy, too-sweet smell of flowers. Here I am. Ready to open the Cave Door of Spring.

Ravine

I'm deep in the marsh. Varying shades of grey and green selected randomly from a swatch by someone who didn't think it mattered. It only mattered to me now. I was the one being coddled by its venomous vines. They could've been periwinkle for all he cared. At least I had tried. I can still see the sky tumbling over itself, asking why it turns. I'm dizzy she yells but the people just look through her at the stars. I've decided I'll die in my trench turning with her. Two beings left behind staring at the one thing that can save them.

Fantail Pigeon

What reason does the bird have to be proud? His tail is worth millions and the hands that crafted him were skilled, but he cannot fly. He tries and tries but he doesn't know where the muscles are. He's dead and he knows it. He wishes he could inch himself off the edge and fly for just a second before he breaks. But he doesn't know where the muscles are.

Double Portrait

There's blood in the bottle. They'll tell you it's scotch until your teeth rot out and the dentist stops answering your calls. But it's blood. If they hand you a glass of wine, it's their venom. Turn and run before your blood decants in their smoky hovel.

Boston Common at Dusk

C'mon boy the ghosts are coming out. They like to see young boys like you. It reminds their tired minds of what flesh feels like on rotting bones. We'll miss the train home if they grip

you. I know you can't help leaving tracks in the snow, but cover them up as best you can so as not to lead them to our den. They'll want you until you've given them your life. Once they've haggled it down and gotten it they'll be rid of you. They'll suck out your life for sustenance and set your bones aflame. No one will remember you if they post boy isn't around. So let's get on back the ghosts are coming out.