Were We Alive Before?

Your grin faded a
few times we were together, I
Would joke until you
Brought it back

You left a group
To walk me toward
nowhere, a
Blissful empty room

Our songs were
Soft, hummed, mostly in tune
with no one else,
Less music, more swoon

I melted berries down, I
Had picked to eat, I
Cooked them to
Give you a red treat

You stole time I didn't
Know I had, days just appeared, you stole
A heart chamber that had laid
Still and sad

You healed burnt skin with
Me, placed pleasure pins in
Me, lost distrust with
Me, shed anger, distrust, with me

One day, I left
You and
came back, fearing
Another lifetime alone,

I Found a shelter,
a house that
you built,
That we own

My pride swelled with
You, laughter rose with
You, pain washed away with
You, sea salted to taste with you

Someone came to
You, gave a flame to
You, you blew it out so we could,
in the dark, be just two

I walked a few miles for
You, a workout for our personal
Charity, Tom and Dave,
A charity which saved two lives

Were we alive before
We knew each other?
Perhaps we saved no one, but
Planted each other

You ran to me at
a lake, that was the
Last summer
I lived, stepped outside

Maybe another mind will come
Along and birth me Anew,
for now I am gone,
As gone as you

<u>Clouds</u>

You lifted a finger to a
Whipping breeze of wheat scent
The clouds above breezed left, then
Right, small spindles of blue and white

We left the field in pretty spirits, whisps
Of longing still linking us
How long will it take for the
Strands to break?

Will a breeze ever blow us back?
Are we clouds, blown about,
not agents, or
Can we steer?

<u>Smother</u>

Smothering families are
All the same, though
The smothered are
all different, like
That girl who ran from smothering into
A life of rules laid
Down by med school
Or like that guy who ran to
California and hikes for a
Living, collecting views and free days
To make up for
Poverty

Then there's
My sister, so
Unsmothered she didn't learn how
To smother and so can't smother a lover
Or mother a child

There's myself, who
Had no smother and so
Looks for a smother in
Other
Places like
My lovers
Who all hate me
As much as I
Hate them and
Their smother

Myself, my sister, we
Hate the smother
And no wonder
We never had a
Mother who was good enough
To smother.

Nighttime, A Date

My one favorite shirt is
Drying, sadly, and I
Tried to find a good replacement but the
night is amiss, ersatz, not a pretty picture.

The pretty pictures in the restaurant
Are creepy, primary colored, blunt, clashing,
the food is better, but those
Instagram pics of the restaurant? not pretty.

The date is long, slow at first, smiles in the
Middle, real ones, that tell each other
Something, nothing substantive, yet,
Still, something in the smiles, even the drunk ones.

The night is too hot
For fall, why doesn't the global cooling
Start soon? we owe it to the animals, we
Both sweat out the date like animals.

The light dims and we
Haven't touched, let alone kissed,
She walks close, I see spots on
Her nose that all look nice, even the sick spots.

To head home, we say goodbye, and
She sighs a little, and I ask why, and
She says she likes me but
Doesn't like that I'm a guy.

I Break

Some summer morning, I break
A day has started elsewhere, in the
Kingdom most people are doing their
Jobs, as I have always done

I break into a deformed piece, not
In two. I break out of
Love with myself, with
My friends and lovers too

The piece of me that carries
On, ordering follows, swallowing orders,
Bends into a weak steel wrangle, tangles
Itself into nothing, wilts and surrenders

Summer is long in this
Kingdom, a sweltering, simmering
Hollow heart sits all season, suffering
Heat, touching a soul ache, a plea

If I had more to wake for, like
An anthem to a king I slave for
Happily, a lover I whisper to
Blissfully, I'd wake in whole, not break

I break on this summer morning because
I love my small wish too
Much to watch my days in this
Kingdom waste me away

Morning sees me break to
Stop wasting, though the worst
Break is the loss of hope in
Wasting paying off in wisdom