

Where the Southside ends

Somewhere between the golden egg of youth
and the rickety rust of a train
graffiti an old idea gone inky fade,
there is a memory sprouting,
growing over its follicles,
a spider on the verge of ascending its own glittery mold,
a word that hangs in the lilt of a young girl's breath,
so simple it slips
quietly into love on a stranger's ride to a new city.

Leaves strangled on the side of tracks,
garbage piling the soil where children used to lay
backs wide open, pressed extensively into sky –
imagining the fluff that came from their lips,
spreading their stories mercilessly,
knowing the weeds would take root,
no matter the welcoming,
there would be no way to forget the breaking song
their mothers sang over and over,
humming through the track.

Dancing Boy

You entered the story naked, your first cry a tiny anthem
running fast – your little mouth haloed, already wide open.

I need you to hold on to that first idea of love, the relentless
shine of song, the wanting and the worry, the way you were
never without arms.

Although the world doesn't always believe in the beauty of chaos,
your bouncy curiosity is the purest kind, the only kind that matters -
the kind that makes a fire of a spark, a love note of the alphabet.

I say, go boldly into that childlike banter, hug vulnerably the world.
Never turn your back on your back.

Every man should own a suit of tulle, the pinkest shade raspberried in between the creases of their
overused hands.

Your hands were made for creating thunder, for waxing the shine of color onto paper
for twirling in the middle of the day.

Hands that believe in the possibility of anything and anyone all at the same time -
Welcome your rocket ship of wonder.

A dizzying dreamer, the most tender of stars,
you are the impossible chance, the wonderful unfolding,

the rainiest of summer days,
unabashed and unceasing,
the boy with his heart mapped wide open.

Wedding Poem

1.A bubble floats, content in its own movement, the way it fades into open air, the way a kiss flutters, escapes, a whisper, a move into sunshine.

2.An impossible language. A vastly indefinable syntax, a rich bouquet of flowered song.

3.It is the light of morning seeping into cuffed slumber, fragmented dream, black and white flash, stars shredding the sky.

4.Laughter is an unstoppable music, profound sound, a single drop of dew hitting white washed sand.

5.A fevered loyalty. This is the promise, the fierce throne in which two hearts cloak.

6.Time: a cherry blossom opens, a blade of grass unfolds, a tiny breath emerges from the softest grain of summer, spreading its fingers like a strand of perfect pearls.

7.The map unpaved – jagged wonder, the night he unzipped his mirror and found her standing inside.

8.Once upon a time, there was no moon. Only the possibility of moon. And melody. And notes strung into journey.

9.This is a dance that never ends, a joy unfolding.