

Even when you draw me,

you draw me alone
as a boy would
draw a defeated hero
or the monster under the bed
who is too afraid to go out.

Small flickering candlelight,
I'm a castaway drifting
towards an island of dark solitude.
please,
do not follow me.

They'll need you elsewhere.

Be the guide for the lost,
the sun of the blind,
the flame that lights a thousand hearts.
Drink from the well of sweet joy
warm countless hands,
travel far away from the sea,
sleep in flower beds
and love.

Disperse the gray skies of your children
and be the night lamp by their pillow,
the candle in a beloved home.

If you get tired of illuminating the dark,
if sorrow and misfortune besiege you,
even so
do not stop brightening
the endlessly dark sky.

Become a flash, a spark, a flare,
the dragonfly flying towards death
illuminating the abyss for us all.

Wraith

how long has this been here?
this soul, lost in anguish
that can't be seen, a cold wind,
a sight of regret.
the specter of something that was not,
that won't go away,
that won't stay.
your house is a pantheon,
your sorrow is a fist of dirt
stunned in time
in nightmare,
a tear that tears
who sees me in the mirror
and cries for freedom.

Homemade

Where do unanswered sins go?

And the light of the candles
in the street corner altars?

Who made a void of heartbrokenness the
pupils in our eyes?

How are we to escape
from this 2 by 4,
this dime bags for groceries,
this torn down buildings,
potters fields covered with mold and gold
and babies in the dumpster?

How are we to find a way out of this world
that is no more than a dead-end alley,
a beating waiting for us home,
in the bus, in the RV, in the tent?

How can I reshape the
form of my heart to
allow for something to
live in it.

Some kids paint a foreign god
in the outer wall of the bakery store
and it's dead.
They paint their savior dead
like everything else that is born here.

Witness

my heart grows bitter
on the ledge of
a low-hanging tree.

My broken knuckles
are open flesh
bleeding resentment.

I sit in the same place
as my father did,
in the dunes of our desert
to watch over,
with gun in hand
a dried up spoiled fruit.

The night's fall
is but a spider
crawling on the wall
watching a man die.

Aprils

why am I pulling nails from the wall
at one in the morning?

as if wanting to repair something hollow,
something deep and fill it,
even if it's with cement, but fill it.

leave it as a finished matter.
a scar that,
 little by little,
is being forgotten.

there, with the absurd secrets,
with the labyrinths of my poetry,
with this plaster mask:

I think of you and these are tears.