

I Wonder

I follow you sometimes,
grabbing the last bow
on the kite tail of your thoughts
as you surrender them to night.

I have wondered and wanted
at what is written in the tribal language
along the cave walls of your skull for so long.

I pretend I am a nothing but the shadow
of a profile on the tip of a large, grey cloud.
I ride on mystery and sleep,
hiding myself and my desire to pry
you apart and look inside.

I have wondered and wanted at what is floating
in the ancient recipe, the brewing lake of your blood
for a thousand car conversations
on the way home from dinner out.

Sometimes I miss the tail.
I leap too late and come down
with nothing but air and sand in my hands,
nothing to hold on to.
You used to remind me that everything I am is not spilling
out of my fingertips.
After, I am left to wonder all night,
are you like me?

California Love

The gutter drips and I champagne
sip the silver that runs like an estuary
between your chest,
carving out a ravine with my lips for it
to harden in your sternum and make
you stronger. Bionic, platonic,
tectonic plates shift
underneath each other, moving me to tell you, that I
don't really believe in anything
anymore. I quake. I'm frail and
everyone who knows me knows
that I'm a flake; I always fail to be there when I said I would be.
The harder you push yourself onto me,
the more I become like you—hungry and missing teeth where you need them
to really rip apart the ones you say you love.
Sometimes it burns me to touch the truth that
I am so stripped of my conscious, but then again
I know no other way than to enter your bed
as bare as I came into this world—crying, naked, hungry
and missing teeth.
So I sit holding my hair over my eyes in the basement
of a burning building
next to a box of baseball cards, an old Fleetwood Mac vinyl
and your Mother and Father's wedding album.
Just one more artifact you keep so no one's feelings get hurt.
Just another thing you'll forget about in the fire
and leave to ash away
in the Santa Ana winds.

Between

There is a place so ambivalently
warm and dark, a universe of cold
saturated in sunlight--I can hardly map it
out for you, but when you come near and
I close one eye, it is like I am one foot
on your planet and one foot
in my childhood living room.

The closest I can get to bringing you there
with my words alone
is to remind you of that muffled
twilight zone--the one between your head and
my collar bone--eyelids pressed into skin, imprinting images of the blood surging through the
blue veins below.

There. It smells like
copper and whatever perfume I fancied to wear
that day. It is blue, orange, tangerine, lilac and black, all mixed into a mosaic of what
it means to be close to you--to trust in the floorboards beneath our feet and the shelter all around
us,
to know deeply that home is no more than
sticks, stones, and sky.

I Miss You

We pick new roads to travel down, diverging
apart until you are completely out
of sight yet
stuck in the honeysuckle heat
of my mind, and clinging
to my skin like sweat and sunscreen is the knowledge that the tree we wounded our initials with
three years ago has swallowed up our story into its bark and devoured every sweet moment of
you since I was sixteen. Driving somewhere North of
heartbreak and New
York I can't help but
wonder if the grass on the side of your road
has wildflowers, and if
i'd know them by
name.

Lung Cancer

You wasted
away while rain crept
through cracks in the porch
roof and filled your ashtray.

Cigarette ends
float on the surface,
a school of stout
white and golden
brown fish, bumping into one
another, swimming in
a pond of ash
and rain.

They spin as
if they are being twirled
by an invisible
finger and spill over
the edge.

What a waste.

Through new cracks
in my skin, rain creeps
out. The roof of my mouth
is filled
with ash and the end
makes me spin
like I am being
twirled by your bony,
invisible finger.
I spill over
my edge.