

Sunday Mornings

On Sunday morning, the blackberry sings
Maple sugar, sweeter than ignorance.
On Thursday night, the cloud spins
Depositing my father's dead dreams
Like a salad spinner discards the lifeless water.
Hope dwindles like an abandoned tire swing
Creaking with the nostalgia of a previous life.
We saw the signs, yet ignored them,
Running every red light we could find.
We try to find our innocence,
Desperately sipping from life's brittle straw,
Praying that it will not break.

Determinism

You came from a lush green valley of leas,
left a shell of intertwined branches,
And instead created the veil from sunshine
Under a valley. So, if you look up,
Hand outstretched, you consider the home
Of the lowest roots.
You do join this for a few.
You do some more too.
Eventually, every sapling is ceremoniously joined,
The reborn home,
For the valley of leas.

The Coffee Tree

My head hangs low under the sulking branch
You relish in the suddenness of spring,
Roses blooming in fuschia and crimson.
All under the bursting scent of the acai,
Saturating the air of the coming summers.
In the lush green, there are fields of lava
No one can hide on a day this clear.
Gone are the days of the stowaway;
Here, I can see him.

The Sulking Honeysuckle

The bird's nest: a single family
Alone in their tree, trying to thrive.
Each tree cries
Neon honey, slowly crawling toward Gaia's feet,
The mist smiles in microdroplets on your boisterous hair and bare skin,
And soon you glisten like a decaying icicle
The faint rustle of deer and a cracked twig
Sends
A current through your spine
The carbonation stings
Your tongue and the scent of spring fertilizer whispers through the day.
Your skin is sticky from the heat
Of life and cooled by the tundra of loss. The lush grass
Performs in aria on the stage of dead leaves
And bare branches
The melody of animal life
Sings louder than humans here.
Regardless, I stroll home, absorbent as a parched sponge
I touch my dry palm to the grooves
Of a 300-year-old oak tree, overwhelmed by the history.
A freshly groomed labradoodle walks itself
Down the street held by an invisible leash.
I finally connected to Bluetooth, which meant this was foretold.
But, there's something about it. The gilded cage of age.
The brilliant snow warms my skin
Faster than a goose-down comforter.
I rise up,
Somersaulting through the sharp air
Until clinging on to the third-highest treetop. I yearned
To touch the ground
That will be gone soon, on the frozen lakes of Chicago
Or gloomy skies of Boston. The effervescent twigs sink
Further into the black hole of lies.
She of course was traveling home,
Slated to arrive back there within 17π nanoseconds
Or to Mars.
The boiling dirt and the warm snow
Brought life to this abandoned street. The birds chirp
Into the 6 am dew, urging their children to return home.