

Deaf Hearts and Blind Eyes

With Deaf Hearts, we never hear each other's screams;
we look out to a beautiful landscape with Blind Eyes.

I'm colorblind:

all I see is black and white.

With Deaf Heats, our hopes fall.

On Blind Eyes, failure is all we see.

They say "eye for an eye",

but I'm already blind.

Two

In two minutes,

the sun will set.

Yet our gaze will stay –

together we pray.

Not to gods, but to ourselves.

For each other's eyes,

to be like pictures,

and speak a thousand words

in a language only

we can speak.

Belwin

In the morning,
my mind laid black:
full of dark clouds among
a sun-less sky.

But she –
the girl I seem to write too many
poems about –
brought sun through the clouds,
yet I still love when it rains,
especially the moments after.

When the ground sinks,
the metal smells,
and all of the humans
rush outside.

But here, it was late,
rain was near,
but the Earth came together,
and gave the two of us a gift,
never to be forgotten:
she never rained.

The two of us –
her and I –
found the prairie of our dreams,
where the Earth smiled as it watched
with colorful flowers.

The deer watched us, too.

As we walked,
the Earth smiled with nostalgia
like the first time
a kid tries raspberries.

We found a spot,
too quiet and neat,
that even the Earth
called it home.

As we talked,
yet never spoke a word,
the deer watched
and thought:
“is this what we are afraid of...?”

She and I laid out the blanket we brought,
and the sky was about to cry,
yet it didn't;
the sky fought for beauty.

As the sun draped behind the blinds of clouds,
the light hit her eyes,
which made them sparkle like
a little stream.

It was a crescent moon,
that peeked through the clouds to see

the beauty below him.

Like a creek to a stream,
and a stream into a river,
the sky flowed from blue-to-white
black-to-gray,
and orange-to-yellow;
it was all the colors of our dreams,
where I never dreamt I would be:
entangled in her arms.

As my lips touched hers,
I rode my hand down her black dress.
She was so evil, yet so good.
I pulled her neck as if to speak my thoughts;
I grabbed the top lace of her dress,
and she felt it tighten,
as the colors of her soul fell down.

The sunflowers watched us,
and not the moon.

I lifted her butt laid littered with Earth,
and kissed down her dress,
as if she was a tree
that I climbed growing up.

I kissed her stomach like
my dad kissed my mom's being with I.
I felt her waterfall;
she felt my trees.

I looked at her,
and the moonlight lit her eyes with glory.

I thought I could cry.
“This is beautiful” I said.

She nods.

The deer watched behind the woods,
as the combining of three souls began –

The Earth,

Her,

and I.

The three of us were planting the seed
for something which only the Earth knows.

What will grow?

I have no idea.

Forever

Love is the plan;
the plan is death.

We live day-to-day
endlessly.

On a faceless Earth
where happiness is erased
by a broken pencil.

A kid scribbles notes

you cease to see;
with his mother's truth,
I am blind-to-be.

His Mother's truth:
"Maybe – after all – forever
is a word meant
for memories.
Not for people.

Grandma's Day

Grandma's are mothers;
great mothers will be Grandma's
She lives the lives of two:
herself and her child's.
So, why don't we have a Grandma's day?
A day in which,
we double the flowers, sky, and God himself.
Where we appreciate the burden they held,
the wisdom they gave, and most importantly...
Their Hands.
The same hands that soothed an unwed mother,
and picked me up each time I fell.
And even after all that,
those same hands clap together in church this Sunday.
So, again I ask, why don't we have a Grandma's day?

First

Behind two windows,
the sun laid eyes
in the May sky.
With two trees who danced
with no goodbye.

As the sun collapsed,
a purple light lit the room.
“It’s a weed lamp” she says.
But, not to me;
It’s more abstract,
as I’m a poet... or so she says.
So, it’s a perfect frame.
for our hearts
to catch fire,
and become a flame.

After awhile,
I looked into her trunk,
And her into mine.
We spoke of the trail,
and our hearts entwined.

Then,
by kiss or by touch,
we fell together
like a timeless rush.