

Speak

The Unsaid is heavy on my shoulders.
 You should know, but you wonder.
 I could exhale and all the bitterness would fly out.
 Permeate the membrane that covers you. Shudder.

Stay protected, stay safe.
 Because words—once born—will not die.
 They set you free, but make you liable.
 You can't unlearn the truth like a lie.

Boil and stew, simmer and crack.
 Words, fermented, sting and burn.
 Ice my tongue, around lacerated lips.
 Once it comes there is no return.

Grizzled memes run the circuit
 Racecars, neurons, in the mind.
 Unleash the sound, I should not do it.
 Ignorance is ugly, but it is kind.

Speak Part II

Crying out can come in waves.
 A pulse repulses all restraint.
 Silence is yellow and it is brave.
 A judgment to communicate.

To the Lizard Living Under My Porch and Thereabouts

Dear Lizard:
 First of all I would like to welcome you to my yard.
 But I have a few questions to ask:
 How did you choose this house?
 Can you tell which humans are killers and which are nice?
 Some choose wrong.

You have to judge my appearance since we can't make small talk about the last NFL football game.

You can't ask for milk. You can only look.

What do you see?

A nice, regular woman with a family and a dog?

Well, I resent your stereotype.

OK, sorry, let's start over.

When I come home from work and see your bright, granny-apple, grainy-velvet skin, it makes me feel something like happiness.

You look back at me and freeze.

Do you know that you can't play dead with your eyes open?

You're giving away some of your secrets, although some I will never know,

like: who are you really, on the inside?

a scoop of air, or a Native American warrior?

animalia or a great aunt?

Did we just connect, or am I dreaming as usual?

Will the neighbors judge me if they hear me talking to you?

I just need a sign.

You're like the coworker that I always smile at and say "good morning" to, who just stares and blinks back, unseeing.

No emotion, just orbs. Reluctant headlights.

But we've locked eyes for too long for this to be nothing.

So look. Just in case you're someone important,

I have a few things to say.

In case you're my grandma, I'll say I miss you.

In case you're God I'll say I'm sorry.

In case you're in a reincarnation holding pattern,

I'll say, Namaste.

In case you have a lizard soul I'll say welcome to my porch. You are safe here.

Timecapsule

Welcome, my friends, to the 21st Century.

You will like it here.

There is no death on social media.

No one needs a grave.

People will come to your page to see that you are alive.

And you will be there.

Just as they left you.

In the clothes you wore last year.

It's a new brand of immortality.

Your page is a memorial.

A denial.

A haunted house.

A digital timecapsule.

Enjoy the technology.

Morning

The first, fine, ray of light squeezes its way through the blinds.

Buttery streams carrying dust motes, like sparkling air-magic.

The room slowly resigns itself to happiness.

The Spiderweb

I showed my son a spiderweb. *

He saw—with wide eyes—
Luminous strands, impossibly crafted
Into one, precious, universe,
Tenuously holding itself aloft,
Shimmering in the morning breeze.

He reached—with tentative little fingers—
Toward the tiny iridescent empire,
Trying to understand,
Attempting to verify by feel,
The miracle that was vision alone.

He connected—with moist skin—
To the gossamer dreamscape,
Threatening a tiny apocalypse,
And woke the spider, who had been still,
At rest in the midst of his perfect home.

He glanced—with new purpose—
Up at me, looking down at him,
Waiting for his smile.
He crushed the spider between his fingers.
Then he smiled—already trained by the world.