

## Del Mar

I followed the crumbs  
of your cookie-colored footprints  
to the shoreline.  
Where the sand cracked like pie crust  
too comfortable in the heat.

I tiptoed the simmering buttercream tide  
and felt the ocean's first kiss;  
like smushing my face into  
blue velvet birthday cake.

Blind and flailing  
until I felt the rhythm in your embrace,  
let you bake me with waves  
from a full moon.

Aubade to REM

Sun beams tentacle around my room  
like a Kraken envious of my shine  
in the ocean of night.

As the moon sinks under sound waves  
of the robin's dawn chorus  
I dive after that luminescent treasure,  
into the churning horizon,  
on concrete wings.

Gasp.  
As sun beams bind my body,  
suckers pop eyes open  
to see  
my ship  
is sunk.  
I exhale salt, inhale molasses.  
It'll be a whole day before I can start  
to rebuild.

## Goodnight Story

Once upon a time

in tropical Kampuchea  
there was an outbreak of cholera  
that twisted young men  
into zombies.

They wanted brains.  
Big, plump ones that knew  
how to read and write.  
So,  
they concentrated the big-brains  
into sinking farms in a reeking jungle.  
Waited until they were swollen with hunger,  
ripe with juicy desperation.  
Then,  
they would feast.  
Gnaw on thoughts of freedom.  
Spit out the bitter ideas of the past.  
Blood and viscera noosed around their necks  
in a rotten, red scarf.

Later in the night,  
on our island of a king bed,  
I asked my brother if those zombies were real.  
He would only giggle as he tickled me,  
and wouldn't stop until  
my laughter turned to screams.

## Déjà Vu

Time.

You left me with nothing but  
shards of your image constellated  
across the inside of my skull,  
reflecting a ghost of you in  
everything I see,

I see how even now  
you strum my heartstrings,  
tuning it to the beat of your own.  
I hate it when you touch my radio,  
I prefer sandpaper static to this,

To this Groundhog Day status;  
my life as everybody's inside joke.  
Maybe someday I'll laugh at the punchline.  
Maybe someday I'll forget  
about your desert humor.

## Royal Red for Sale

With you,  
I never let a slow mofu  
flash me their taillight.

Gasoline puddles swirl  
rainbows  
into the spider webbed asphalt.  
Burn away the yielding yellow lines  
of the school parking lot.

Freedom, is letting the gas pedal  
hook a floundering foot  
and reel it into a pool of  
red sunset.  
Flirting with starlight until  
violet dawn  
joins the conversation  
to turn away my cheek  
like a blushing moon.

Baby,

I can't see you anymore.  
Only black tar and white paint  
as I breathe in the  
creeping gray mists of a  
September shower.

Too old for rainbows.