

Homage to My Fears

*You flood my mind with doubt.
Not like the quiet waters of gentle springs,
knowable,
but like thrashing waves of moody seas,
a gasp for air.*

*You are the distance between what is ordinary and impossible,
so I run.*

*You've given me a path to follow
a road to slam my feet against.*

*The farther I run,
through dense forests, hazy meadows, daring peaks,
the closer I find myself.*

*On the last stretch of land to the other side of fear,
you speak the loudest.
I sense that I'm near.*

*I love your taunting quality,
your nagging tone, your panicked voice.
I've followed you to the prize.*

*Unceasing joy belongs to me now as I feel the catharsis of persevering,
as I claim impossible ground,
attain my treasured reward.*

The Lovely Man

*I've seen you swallow compromise,
I've seen the light lift from your eyes.*

Don't say a word.

*I press my hand on bitter skin,
revealing wounds to live within.*

Unguarded, distracted, lovely man.

Grieving You

*You reflected the light in an unusual and mysterious way,
flecks of humility and desire ascend towards the surface,
pulling me in,
drawing me near.*

*I tried to look at other things,
I tried to walk past you, unchanged.*

*But the days stacked heavy against me,
I began to draw near,
to share in your space, your words, your humor.
Wildly aware of your presence,
every move, every mark, every absence.*

*You charged forward with conviction,
yet so beautifully lost...*

*I saw treasure in you,
I sifted through memories,
searching for gold.*

*I wanted to feel the wind in my hair,
the shadows of summer,
the heat of the air.
I wanted to lay my head against you,
to touch your smile...*

*But I grew weary of your quiet heart,
closed mouth,
guarded mind.
I grew silent to your silence,
bonded to your guard.*

*I flooded the cracks of your skin
found every exposure to settle in,
I braved your sharp edges with grace,
both wanting and un-wanting,
both selfish and sincere.*

*My heart grew weak within me,
night fell on my soul.
Sutured by time and forgiveness,
a row of memories to tighten the hole.*

*So, I withdrew my touch.
removed my tattered hands...*

*I will look to the journey of clouds,
the shock of thunder, the scent of rain.*

I will begin to heal.

I will build a stronger house.

I will smile at the setting of the sun.

The Nothing Poem

*Say something new, nothing at all
cause all I want is something small,
but something small is not as such
because for you it's just too much*

*And much is made of do's and don'ts
not much to make of mostly wont's,
not much to make of here nor there
so much to say, nothing to share*

*Nothing to share, so much to do
and words that rhyme with "me" and "you",
and "me" and "you" and "bitter end"
or "me" and "you" and "just pretend"*

*The page is turning far too fast
pretending now to make it last,
and "last" and "page" and "out of time"
much too late for another rhyme.*

