

Selected Poems (3)

In the Water

You said he bounced you in the water
after sending them away
to play around the bend.

They were holding hands as they walked
wanting to look back but not daring.

They knew in their guts the play was not real,
but they would be safe around the bend in the river.

He bounced you,
your smallness against him.

Young limbs not yet grown
waved like fishes in the clear water.

Hands like minnows feet like trout
as he beat against you.

Netted,
you held your cries your pain and fear.

You kept them safe,
the safety of all held
in the water of the beautiful river.

Her Eyes

Her eyes are raw like meat.

Like chocolate with coffee,
they melt me.

She speaks hard truth and bleeds lies.

They ooze from her pores in fumes of daily drink.

Mired in habits and ever hopeful of ease

her yearning shows in moments I can't fight
or find as hard as I try.

No drink, no blood, no truth gives her the peace she seeks.

Sometimes she catches a glimpse of it in the corners of her vision,
so close, but where and how to touch it?

Left or right it doesn't matter, when she turns her head
it slips just out of reach.

No help I am a dried up club beating my own heart,
faint from the blows.

We stumble down the path together
her head searching side to side
and even as I beat my bleeding drum,

I love her raw chocolate eyes.

You Spill From Me

You spill from me.

When I open my mouth

your words, your colors, deep purple red and black.

When I spread my legs

your sounds come out of me as you push in,

and push me out of my way.

I fight to keep a vestige

of my own liquid self,

but you keep spilling from me.