

## Broken Seal

My grandfather promised  
to tell me something  
That no one else would  
That no one else would ever tell.

And so I waited  
And he waited I guess.  
He always looked cool -  
leaning back on his dusty mustang  
nicotine stained hands on his worn jeans.

Years  
And then decades  
And then, when I had nearly forgotten about his promise,  
He died and left it to me...  
his service journal from Korea.

He left a note inside the cover  
that said he wanted me to know  
Because no one would ever tell me  
No one tells anyone.

He had killed  
With his own hands  
Not with a gun – not at a distance –  
he had to...  
And that is when he learned about it...  
The protected seal of another– that only Death itself is to break –  
Not another mortal.

And the intimacy of that  
Is what no one talks about.

He was fused to that man-  
since he crossed into the seal...  
That's how he put it  
Carried it, he wrote, cradled in his body  
the rest of his life.

He wanted me to know –  
Because it is a sacred thing  
A secret thing –  
He wanted me to know  
Because the knowledge favored being known  
That 's how he saw it  
And without my having the burden of discovering it myself  
He passed on the unspeakable  
Take it – he wrote – and perhaps use it as a wider way of feeling.

No one will ever tell you about it  
But me.

## Dad

Who could have told him  
about poetry ...  
about his first daughter,  
when he still stood frozen  
year after year  
at the bathroom mirror where his razor  
had become a chainsaw  
transfixed  
unclear  
suspended.

How he then moved about the rest of it all  
confused  
while she, fresh and pink,  
already learning to tie ribbons  
over the breaches of entry  
his explosions had made.

A man with milk walks up to the door three days a week  
back then  
I wish dad had been that obvious with what he could offer  
instead I grasped for him with one hand  
and protected myself with the other.

But he was busy with that razor  
looking for a simple edge  
to clean himself up...  
praying perhaps for a self control he could trust  
elbows planted on the tile  
palms upholding the stress.

Her hands on the crib  
vigilant guard framed within his pressures.

Both sleepless somewhere in their shared heart  
both up for adoption  
to some guidance that might know.

## Originations

The world breaks off and we kiss each other....  
without knowing the tiniest thing,  
we nuzzle up to  
mysterious mathematics...  
And your eyelash on my cheek  
reminds me  
I have an album of identities  
that I burned long ago-  
that has hung in the air heavy  
for years...  
forming like smoke  
acting like smog  
but really is just ash with hands.

Ash with wind hands  
ash with fire feet  
waving, dancing, waiting  
for me to just fucking inhale...  
to just shock the platelets of my lungs  
with all that history...  
to spark the motor of the one  
who knows how to let a dead thing leave the body.

And since you showed me how  
I now lay branded  
Like the skin of my arm  
stretched as red as  
a pregnancy in advanced stages.

Not even the most passionate  
have more tender beginnings.

## Confessing to Truth

I faced off with it  
And said:

“I have something to confess.”

Truth nodded,  
Truth was compassionate.

I cleared my throat, looked around, and leaned in:  
“I have heard people say they are devoted to you,  
that they are seekers of you, that you set people free and...  
I’ve never known what the hell they are talking about.  
I don’t believe in you... I am sorry”.

Truth sat silent  
Truth grabbed me by the hair  
Hard  
Intent  
Opened up my neck  
Kissed me  
Over and over  
Cried  
Cried at my breast.

“You have no idea how lonely I have been” is what Truth said.  
“Nearly everyone positions me  
as though I were a noun  
but I tell you ...  
I am a verb.”

I nodded,  
I was compassionate.

And then...  
Truth made me go down  
Where I happily stayed a long, long time  
To be taught the dance  
To rub and warm up what is even bigger than Truth.

It was there that we conjugated the entire world...  
and no serum will get me any closer than that.

### When I Say I Want You

What risk is there  
In holding hands with your spirit?

In twining with your soul?

Not much really...  
Where it actually lays it down  
is somewhere else all together.

So stand in that doorway,  
And leave your eternal self on the other side.

Walk in,  
come to me...  
as your Ego  
your Personality...  
and let me finger the topography of what has been shaped  
when the forces of you rubbed up with the forces of  
Time  
Of place  
Of circumstance.

Let me study all that you are  
due only to you being HERE.

This is the loving gamble...  
This is the hardest part:  
To worship-  
To pay homage-  
to that which will not ever-last.  
To hold in excruciating reverence  
what you have become  
by way of these environ's.

Please...  
When I say I want you-  
I mean it.