

## Poetry Compilation

"Nothing is Perfect"

A certain tightness in the chest,  
breath shallow, partial exhale.  
Holding in the air as though somehow it means  
holding onto you for a moment longer.  
A stolen moment, a piece of your life.  
Small and perfect. You linger on my sheets  
and I see flashes of your face —  
a particular look, eyes steeled, mouth cracking open at the side,  
a perfect sound creeps out.  
I shudder. I could kiss you forever,  
forever holding you, pressing against you,  
feeling you burrow inside me, swelling and pulsing.  
Your caress is gentle yet firm and deliberate,  
touching me like you mean it.  
And maybe you do and maybe you don't  
and maybe that's not the point at all.  
One night. One perfect night  
in a series of days that fade from memory.  
Both of us perfectly terrified, raw and exposed.  
Perfectly naked. One night. And then you're gone  
and it's perfectly quiet and my mind swims in the rushing current  
of perfect memories we made together one night  
when our lives became perfectly small.  
Just two people, nearly perfect strangers.  
I empty my lungs fully and sigh one last perfect sigh,  
freezing in time the one night that, it's perfectly clear,  
broke the rule that nothing is perfect.

## Poetry Compilation

"Shells"

Through the old wood-framed window  
of my father's house,  
which is not mine but which has held me all these years,  
I hear the traffic on the street below.

The cars go by oblivious,  
like the house  
and the man inside. Strollers pass and running shoes bounce  
off the freshly laid asphalt.

I am dead inside. Or dying at least.  
Like the fly in the window  
that watches the cars go by oblivious  
to the dead girl dying inside.

## Poetry Compilation

"Falling"

You dissolved me with a careless glance  
shot casually in my direction.  
A stray bullet. Friendly fire.  
I sparked ablaze.

You cautioned me to keep my distance  
while you held me ever tighter.  
We drowned out the nights  
and summoned the dawn entwined.

Two pieces of the same rope,  
cut apart at the beginning of time,  
now rejoined to make something stronger  
than either had ever been alone.

You were broken when I found you,  
and I cupped the pieces of you in my hands,  
closed my eyes and pictured you whole,  
hoping the power of my imagination might make it so.

In my mind you were the thing I'd always wanted,  
though in truth you were shapeless and obscure.  
A puddle of mercury beading in my palm.  
An object not known but no less desired for its strangeness  
or for having been broken long before by a hand that wasn't mine.

The pieces of you sparkled.  
I saw them shimmer and imagined I could know you by their glow.  
I held them as long as I could, eyes clenched shut,  
waiting for my love to glue you back together.

You told me not to fall for you.  
I guess no one ever told you  
that's why they call it falling.

## Poetry Compilation

### "Chickens"

They loved each other once.  
It was a hard love with sharp, jagged edges  
and it cut them both and each bled out  
until there wasn't any life left in it at all.  
But it went on somehow like dead chickens do,  
nerves sending headless bodies forward in eternal wandering.  
And they'd find each other from time to time  
when the wounds were healed and they'd cut again  
if only to be reminded how alive they felt  
filled with the stinging ache of losing someone.  
Because there's nothing in the world that makes you feel more alive  
and nothing that makes you feel more like dying.

## Poetry Compilation

"Hey Little Boy"

Hey Little Boy.

How do you see me?

With the snow rabbit's eyes, starving for the wolf's fatal bite?

Through a magnifying glass, with a burning ray of sunshine?

Up in the night sky, with the moon in your eye, I say,

Hey Little Boy.

How do you taste me?

Like pancakes on Sunday morning before church?

Like the candy apple at the fair that pulled your tooth?

Like Wednesday night pizza you want on Tuesday?

Do you taste me like I taste you?

With grape juice in a mouth that's tired of wine, I say,

Hey Little Boy.

How do you know me?

In the whispers of your neighbors across a picket fence?

From the jacket of a book or a drawing by a friend?

Cloaked in infamy and the mystery of nudity, I say,

Hey Little Boy.

How do you want me?

Pinned like a target on your wall?

On a perch in a cage with a lock across my heart?

As a lipstick kiss upon your cheek

or a love bite on your neck to show your friends?

Rubbing my knee against your crotch, I say,

Hey Little Boy.

How do you love me?

With a dozen thornless roses,

and an acid tear etching a line down your baby fat cheeks?

With my name tattooed upon your hairless chest?

With an apple on my desk,

and your tiny hand inside my dress?

Do you love me as a man?

Or at least as best you can?

As you cry and as I lie,

I try one last time to say,

Hey Little Boy.