

## Chasing Stars

Sweet songbird,

How still you are this morning.

Most days you kiss the dew

From the waking sun,

And sing your soft songs of rebirth

Into her ear.

You whisper the day into existence.

Your song guides tulips from their beds,

Stretching their yellow thin fingers

Through the night-gripped haze.

Your call stirs the recluse,

Prompting her to spin her translucent signs

Of life apart from life.

But today, you stopped your morning ritual.

You lay silent and still,

Weary and heavy in your nest;

Content to let this world

Fend for ourselves without your

Sweet guidance.

My love, my songbird,

Sing me your song, just once more.

Come out to greet me.

Washing night away with warmth and steam  
Is too lonely a task without your beguiling song.

Join me in preparing the day,

As my light cannot reach

What your song does not awake.

## A Blooming Moment

At the peak of its existence

It's very likely that only one person  
may see the magnificence of its quiet life.

One who stops to see,

To realize,

to appreciate,

To patiently wait for the opportune moment.

He will cherish the moments between

Blooming and withering.

Between noticing

And forgetting.

In the everyday mundane,

He will see a growing galaxy

Thinner than paper,

As sweet as honey.

Some may think

To leave it, stem and roots

Forever connected.

But for me,

I hope he chooses to never part with it

For its time is fleeting.

I hope he chooses to revel in

The absurd amount of beautiful creation

Which took place.

From sown seed to veined petals.

For me, I hope he realizes

The part he will play

As the sole witness

Of this quiet, beautiful life.

For me,

I long to be loved

As if I were

A blooming flower.

## Coconut Oil

We are weeds, blistering through concrete cracks

We are stars, burning through empty dark places

I was told my face would not last

The absolute ability,

The flexibility of my youth

Would burn up, blister,

And instead of portraying

A life well lived,

Portray a careless woman.

Why are wrinkles and sunspots

Crows feet or dimples

Why are they not beautiful?

When did beauty become

So subjective?

In these end times,

confidence is measured

By how much of the mask we paste on.

The underlying bad ass is portrayed

With dark eye liner and red lips.

The goddess of the night

Is clothed in bronzer and blue contacts.

I shrink, belittled by

My own scrutiny.

When did we become so mean

To our reflections?

The social norm to assume

Because I am not told, It must not be so.

But, the hushed voice, lingers

With resistance to the implicating

Thoughts of demeaning my worth.

In between hesitations

I hear my spirit saying

Trust me, trust me

Your beauty is the morning flower

Unearthed by warm light and soil

Moved by life living around you

Loved by people who

See wishes where weeds grow

Cared for with delicate touches

Gifted with words full of sweet nothings.

Your skin is the shape shifter of life's circumstances

The canvas for all secret kisses and internal bruising

Your eyes leak with memories and lost moments

Crinkling at recollections of that glove you misplaced

After wrestling your sister to the ground

A silk scarf dropped in the heat of passion  
And picked up after a run through salty air.

Your face is someone's muse and your most intricate masterpiece

Reflecting all you've seen

All you've tried or failed or anticipated

All you've concealed.

When did it become so heavy?

When did layers of this liquid skin

become the answer to my flesh problems?

As if the more I concealed from the world

The less likely the world would take notice.

But that holds no truth.

How I hid never fixed why I hid.

And why I hid has disappeared,

Down the drain

With that perfect face.

We are weeds, we bloom through concrete

We are stars, granting wishes in dark places

We are raw, and that is beauty.