

A Polaroid

to remind me of the distance,
landlines connecting
point A with point B,
to pencil-you-in
give definition to your smile,
when I
dissolve you like snow angels
in springtime

to remind me
the slope of your nose
cleft of your chin
hand gestures
and way of moving in the world,
when your footprints flood out of focus
at high tide

a polaroid

a memento for an effigy
eaten away by elements
for when my memory muscles
fire into frantic overdrive
trying to remember you.

Baby Steps

Holding my breath
hurts less than the exhale

shallow breathing
a lifestyle broken into

a pair of shoes
a size too small

ignoring pain signals,
the whiff of burning flesh

cutting the chain
untying the leash

at the moment
the ball is tossed
but no wherewithal

kicking concrete
fighting the good fight

baffled
by these broken bones
and not knowing why
is to forget
I once knew how to fly.

“You’ll get back on it again
like riding a bike,” They say.

I was never on it to begin with.

My spinning wheels
are still in training

yet I’ve learned to crawl
at a very young age

but one day I’ll walk
one day, I will *walk*.

Deafening

The world continues
behind glass
unaware

within reach
out of reach

and you are

so close
not close enough

closed in
closed off

fear
of having struck out.

There you are
and they carry on,
lips moving
a conversation without sound.

They drink
so you drink
because you feel you must.

You talk, as if like breath
your life depends on it
and smile on cue
because no one likes a downer.

They laugh
but you missed the punchline.

You watch them
watch others
watch you
when you palpate the glass...

it shatters

the sound of inclusion is deafening.

Existence

Time stands still.
It is *we* who march on

centrifugal force
impelling us toward the edge
where tangibility becomes invisibility.

like magic
we sublimate
from solid to vapor

our existence
abstract as the ability
to describe air
only in terms of its gift
for moving objects

otherwise known as the sum of nothing

spectral when measured
by weight and volume

existence recorded
by number of black outs
and downed trees.

Like photons
we shrink to pinpoints of light
when we drop off the grid
and into dark matter.

See It All So Unclearly

Beyond the rear window
the road least traveled
drops from Earth's edge,

and in the windshield
unfolds
one turn of the wheel at a time

In a cockpit window
there are clouds
and nothing below...

tens of thousands
of tons too many
blood, bone and steel
levitating in cold comet

weightlessness.

In the window
of a camera
there is but one frame,
the ocean at sunset.

No beach, no lovers
hand in hand.

Just fire melting into sea,
pink and gold
the sky a mere curtesy
to the wet tyranny
sealing the terrain
under its mirrored calm.

The Choice Is Right:
a game to be played
without a smiling host
in a jacket and tie
no audience or family watching
from the other side of the glass.

The selection of a window
must be made in private

because a new car
dream vacation
spa get-away
is neither a means to an end
nor a surprise ending
to a new beginning.

because a world behind glass
leaves no margin for error

only a rest stop
runway or island
for those who imagine it.