

*Quickly, Kiss the Shimmer*

Our looks remain  
mysterious as midnight  
waters; yet we are two stars  
in a garden, illuminating  
so far we could disregard  
the rest as candles. Forever  
my love letters float to you  
on secret boats of poetry. While  
the coat you bear loans warmth,  
it is sewn from someone else's  
stitching; I am not dismayed by  
your embroidery. Since I fold into  
you as accordions do; turning  
lonely notes into classic albums  
of orchestral chemistry. Your  
beauty is a self-sufficient rose,  
soaking in eternal glow; because  
it always has been, and always will be.

*Transit*

A voyage between her star-kissed skin.  
My lips be the Odyssey that weaves  
through her modest constellation.  
I feel the Sun slowly fever,

as I stroke her hand around  
the frozen bands of Saturn's  
rings; a bold embrace, that brings  
her face flush as blood Moon.

For us, the rarity of this eclipse  
has lessened, with countless tours of  
euphoric soars to explore her lunar legacy.  
Her eyes peer at me with celestial demands,

blue as two Earths with no clouds and no lands. The  
warmth resurge from her atmosphere has scorched  
my gravity's grasp, pulling all my force down the  
path to be deep inside her adorned orbit.

*Last Years Decorations*

The train window nervously  
allows silver glimmers of the  
murkiest sunlight, capturing

the fluttery dust drift  
like a glass of summery  
lemon water; the Universe

must know we look like  
a snow globe. Damaged  
figurines crafted for

unbalanced happiness;  
too bitter for the taste  
of mint condition.

Infinitely living one  
season of independence,  
where grief is freedom

and love is punishment;  
only to shake the dust,  
just to start again.

*Robin's Egg*

Simple and heavenly, you are my  
midday still-water glisten. My soft-held  
petal from the sunny-side of the wildflower.

May I paint you with nature's colors? The palette  
of pastels in your purities could make beige in a  
raven's wing; your window seems to hide right under.

There are no cracks in you, delicate thing;  
what lies beneath your shell is the reason the  
shell was built. Born in the blizzard vs. the feather,

yet, you were found in a perfect cloud of powder.  
When it's time, fly by your nest; and be as  
forgiving as a young mother's memory.

*A Song Beneath The Surface*

My window to the world sits as a lighthouse does.  
The gracious waves will brace their sands for the  
transient touch of the tide, as the Sun's golden hour  
glaze of sherbet sky slowly sinks into the iris of the horizon.

The inspired choirs of my nights comes from the sweet sea Siren.  
Oh, how elegantly she carols with unquenchable enchantment and  
beautiful terrors, like the first breath of an avalanche. A gift from the  
galaxy, that is all parts of a starlight's love child between Poseidon and Orion.

The aquatic Queen of symphonies, I listen to those odes and omens of the  
Ocean's orator. Her escape from grace and gratefulness. Her tragic tales of  
distant destiny. Her desire for silk robes, soft touch, and the easy evil of man;  
all coalesce into one perfect harmony that is unmistakably haunting.

The arc of her nefarious melodies comes from the dark space between stars.  
With pentatonic sparks of precarious hearts, that somehow found this crown of crustacean.  
A life above the surface holds no secrets, and thus, is swallowed by the shores with each  
forgotten jewel. But now who is the fool, if what we let drown eventually owns the ocean.

