

Stir My Heart

I wrote this for you
But you'll never read it
And I'll tear it up
Like paper hearts
Two days after Valentine's.

Cause the stars in the sky
Aren't twinkling lights
That we put on the tree at Christmas.
They are balls of gas and fire
And are millions of miles away.

What I have to say to you
Could fill the space between us
That the fog of war has covered up
And filled with unknown and regret.
A potpourri of ash and cigarette butts.

The train rides in the morning
Pointing at strangers in the cars
Creating their stories and
Imagining their futures
Until the train stopped and you got off.

The wheezing sound you hear
Is the oxygen escaping
Through the cracks in my facade
The empty smiles and hollow gestures
Like messages on candy hearts.

A broken bone heals twice as strong?
But I'm so very broken
That I'm barely alive
And any chance of coming back
Walked away with you.

The Family Field

Grandpa's voice has faded into the memories of other people's stories,
And when we water the family field every year we think of him,
And try to get the seed to grow like it did when he grew it,
But it doesn't –
And maybe never will again.

But we go out to the field again and again and toss the seed and till the soil,
Because that's what was done before we were born,
And we think that it will be what is done after we die,
But we don't know –
And we don't ever wonder.

The sky is dark with the dust that blows across it like dirty snow,
The children wear masks and goggles and lean forward when they walk,
And the adults are covered with scars that make it hard for them to move,
But they struggle through –
And walk the field again and again.

Grandma's voice is telling us that it is time to move on but we don't listen,
And we still cannot figure out how to get the land to grow again,
And the children are taught how to grow the seed as if the seed will grow,
But it doesn't –
And maybe never will again.

Days that Love

Hiding in the shadows of your heart shaded by the memory of where you are not with me at your side like the start of us in a hand clasped together we feel fingertips slide away into a painful bliss of cherished kisses touching my lips with fleeting grace as my hand draws down your arm moves toward mine with harsh intent eating at my heart bursting with love of a dream with you lying in silence our eyes glistening love of the first hope that draws your hair into my eyes kissing on top your body rolls away.

The Depths

I stood upon the rocky shore,
At the edge of the lake once more,
And staring into this blackened sea,
I saw all the worst parts of me.

Black and oily, this undulation,
Haunting me since my creation,
And I whispered to my friend,
"Let's go in and back again."

Finally, in we swam,
Him by me, hand in hand.
He looked at me from far away,
"Let's go back," I heard him say.

Letting go, I swam alone,
Into my darkness, my unknown,
Staring back, upon the shore,
My friend screamed, "Go no more!"

Suddenly, I drank the depths,
With nothing else, released regrets.