

When I went away  
I thought I'd kept the wolves at bay.  
I thought I'd seek and search and slay  
The beast beyond the battle's fray.  
He was twisted; tortured and tired.  
Before he spoke, he choked and smiled  
And apologized for how this had transpired.  
With my blade to his throat, he desired  
One thing before he expired. "Stay  
With me, broken man. Lay  
With me. Please say  
To me the truths which will allay  
This pain in me." And so, I touched one scale,  
Heavy as the burden of the patient snail,  
And told him I would not fail.  
I would make right that which had ailed  
Him. Would find my feet  
And never sleep  
Until that which caused him to weep  
Was made never to make another peep.  
"But you have promised this before." He said.  
"Sick man, it is not right side up but instead  
The long way 'round. This dread,  
Which has left a wake of dead  
That follows as your tail; that is your feast.  
A curse from which you cannot be released.  
The willow's whisper on the wind from the east,  
In this realm it is you who is the beast."

14

Perhaps I walk this path.  
Perhaps this path walks me.  
Perhaps I hope to sing and dream to see  
Of all this path might offer me.

Perhaps I write these words.  
Perhaps these words write me.  
Perhaps I wish to be and make this plea;  
Oh, how these words might speak to me.

Perhaps I made this hurt.  
Perhaps this hurt made me.  
Perhaps I'll die to feel or live to heal  
Before this hurt can conquer me.

Perhaps I live this life.  
Perhaps this life lives me.  
Perhaps I'll see the day, and seize that day,  
Before life's end can come for me.

25

And in this way,  
As have so many men,  
I'll remember these scars.  
And every now and again,  
I'll tell their tales and woes.  
Of the journey to transcend,  
Or of swords far less mighty  
Than this pen.  
For into night, dare I go.  
But into light, I pray, shall I end.

28

Is it this I love?

Or is it that?

That feeling of the way that made

Me feel that way too.

That way, surrendered to the things

That you do. You knew, too.

Playing hard to get but using voodoo.

I thought I hated you, I must speak the truth.

But, get the devil's nectar in me

And I'm always missing you.

Maybe not you, but that cruel

Way that you used to make do

With me being lesser than you.

That resentful ballyhoo

I hear, wondering who

You'd be without me.

A sort of limbless tree.

All sense and no glee.

All bitch and no belief.

27

I would like to love you.  
Sweetly, in between dreams.  
A touch away from eternity.  
A kiss away from paradise.  
Flow, as the river should,  
Between the realms of  
Two truths. Of here and there.  
N'er a place so sweet as this.  
The pines pining after you.  
Needles like savory remedies  
That season the senses.  
That relieve the tension.  
That weathered, withered heart  
Revived. The reason for this season.  
To be alive. To strive and stretch  
And touch and collapse upon you.  
Might I be a broken promise?  
Perhaps we'll miss that train  
As it leaves this station.  
As it retreats toward salvation.  
But pain, here, on this platform,  
The bitterness of so long,  
Shall make us long for this now, just so.  
Want is worth the wait.  
Woes, the price of wonder,  
Will win only if we give in.  
This chance may not be forever.  
But it will have to do.  
Yes, I would like to love you.