

Glitter

Bodies

we are but bodies
moving, twisting, serpentine
mindless, meandering
animals.

Deep minds
and shallow hearts
speaking only
with liquid courage
churning, boiling in bellies
crimson lips
whisper nonsense.

Love is for the lifeless.

Gilded girls
shed golden skins
naked, paper, nothingness
textbook lives
and textbook dreams.

silk hands
silk mouths
silk mind

No
I want to be alive

Please tell me I'm alive.

New Light, Moonlight

I spend a lot of time in the city
Between the forgotten hours of one to four.

Stretched out on some grimy bench
Cigarette balanced between lunar white fingers
Head on my rucksack stuffed with god-only-knows-what
Waiting for the first train.

Perhaps this is a funny sentiment
But when your eyelids drag with exhaustion
And you're intoxicated-
A bit with drugs, a bit with booze, a bit with youth-
The streetlights cast the night into a swirling shadow
And, suddenly,
The whole world looks like poetry.

The clock strikes thirteen
And stars stare down like predator eyes
From a sky smeared inky black
With color slowly bleeding into the glowing shield of smog
That protects those sleeping from the lurking darkness above.

Shouting and screeching echoes through the alleyways
From men, roaming, ravenous heinas
Wielding glass bottles, some half full, half empty
Some busted at the base, with a gaping hole
Open wide like a mouth full of glittering shards for teeth.

And the gasoline along the street
It pools in puddles, and flows in streams
Dancing and snaking about car tires, carried
By the remnants of yesterday's rain
So that its pearly sheen glows a rainbow in the passing headlights.

The scream of metal on metal
Of brakes forcing a powerful engine to a halt
Pierces through the night, shattering the image.

My train arrives with dawn, and I wish for nothing more than sleep.

I stand up
And my cigarette butt falls to the ground
Burnt to its stump like a dying out dream
A dying out species
Smoldering to stay alive.

Nocturnal

Dusk

streaks of red cross the sky
clouds like bloodied fingers
tearing away the sun.

Beneath bridges
damp with water and rot
behind dumpsters
trash-strewn alleyways
in cars
parked amongst the shadows
darkness creeping slowly
welcoming
those who love
in all the wrong ways

an emergence.

Bittersweet, pungent
opius
sweat and smoke
blurring with violet horizons
boys and girls exhaling
heavily
wisps of toxic breath that creep to the stars
saddened, runaway ghosts.

Invisible people
seeking refuge
amidst the blindness
the caresses of arms that remain
unseen.

Fires flickering, contained
within discarded cans from forgotten streets
stuffed and fueled

with news of yet another war
silhouettes amidst the smoldering red
tiring with the embers.

Alive, while all else are sleeping.

Salty skin
and tousled hair
tossed from necks glowing pale
tattooed by a lover's bruise.

Riverbanks littered
with remains of secret escapades
oil dancing on water,
glimmering through lunar shadows
in opalescent hues
spinning stagnant
caught in pools between rocks
coated thick with mud, polluted
seeping from the city.

The stench of summer
slinking slowly through the blackness
tapping gently on
stained glass windows
a repulsed apology
for those who lay exhausted
on beds of grass and concrete
staring upwards
at a universe
they dare not disturb by day.

Children
who traverse the unknown; the unwanted
becoming lost
in well-lit streets that intersect
like lines of a palm
closing to a fist.

Eyes close with dawn

tender and pink

harsh and blazing

And kiss the night goodbye.

Exodus

We are so much like the earth
Humans
Used and abused
But still raging, nonetheless.
The ground which has provided too much
Appears just as the hands which overworked it
Dry and cracked
A patchwork of lines
Splitting dirt and skin.

All the green was gone
Before I was born
So now we wander about this wasteland
The new, twenty-first century lost generation
Stumbling, cursing at the nothingness
The sun has bleached the trees to bones.

Our paths intersect, occasionally
As do the cracks in the ground on which we tread
But mostly, we go our own ways
And therefore, I crawl blindly along
A putrefied riverbed through which life once flowed
Dust swirls about in the wind like a ghost.

Just searching, desperately
For something to clear the rasp from my throat
And let my parched lips speak again
But even the mud cries to drink
So I climb from the riverbed, head spinning
The stone glows as a moon in the desert.

Reflecting the light from above
Radiating thick waves of heat
The boulder stands fast, absolute
Firmly planted in the sand
Worn smooth from a past that saw rain
I press my lips against its surface and taste

Salt, and fresh promise.

From one of many skeleton trees
I reach upwards
And with a hollow crack
Break free a long, knotted branch
With which I hit the boulder
Bearing down all my remaining might.

Yet no water comes forth.

So I strike once more at the stone
Swinging harder, and harder
Until the useless, makeshift staff splits in two
And then with my fists
Beating, beating at the unyielding stone
Until my knuckles bleed
Blood that burns dark and red, and drips
In serpentine coils down my wrists
Until this too dries, a tattoo of clay.

The damned rock provides nothing but a shadow
Because I've been chosen for nothing
And because there is no god above us
Just the blazing, blistering sun.