

## The Stages of Disquiet

### Camouflage

The vermillion of malevolence descended on my island like a chartreuse, jasmine sand.  
Balmy chrome spewed through the air from every mammoth wave.  
Wind trickled them into my cochlea with the tangerine spray of your tongue.  
A liquored up moment, your licorice gum chewed up all the dreams you inspired.  
I blocked out too much in denial. I put out too much with my tears.  
I kept the chameleon sequestered between both of my slippery hands.  
The thunder was precursory in every mortal drenching, in each meeting of our souls.  
The lightening only ever cracked in lustful hues of gluttonous gold and once the hunger hit,  
I was left with my hands full of crayons I ingested to color us in.

I drank down ten tons of confusion with your battered grapes of wrath.  
The scriptures always painted bad in not so subtle shades.  
The scorching of the crimson rain  
left me with saffron contusions,  
pelted my conscience with putrid abuses,  
and smoked from the onyx of Lucifer's guns.  
I found out that nothing is darker than transparency in love.

I bled with magnanimous fervor,  
emitting magentas of fury, becoming a pulverized vegetable,  
throwing up my colors as you stomped with the boot of your soul.  
You drained me in an exodus I always thought led home.

## **A Premature Cremation**

Your ether is ephemeral, yet it renders all things idle  
while my roots are ripped up, murdered, in your pink fluorescent hum.  
A pile of stunted disarray,  
a diaper of disheveled dreams, a splaying of a life  
all left inside a sallow room of staleness, putrid air.  
The pungencies just overwhelm. They stick to nostrils and...  
I sniff sophistication from your catastrophic guise.  
Elegance, dismissive in  
the notion that the wardrobe wreaks  
of only beer soaked alibis that celebrate yourself.

You perch your shaky, stealthy hands above my open chest,  
inserting encumbrance while ill.  
They lurch, they feed addiction.  
Inconspicuous killers until  
I'm rendered insufficient to do anything at all.

As mourning filters through a funnel dipped in endless night,  
I savor so a savior might eliminate these sins.  
The Seraphim you send to me are shadows scarce of strength,  
and I become too disavowed from any omnipotence  
to realize that placebos lay inside this pseudo healing.  
Conglomerations mixed within my vomit, your regret.  
Thirty years and counting, yet  
I panic in the pain.

Spelling infinite words of waste,  
you comprise a palindrome most people won't decipher.  
Pencils become knives or swords - they stab,  
they scrawl insanity, they fossilize your steps.

I am indiscriminately left  
barefoot and befuddled,  
though I'm scrambling for crumbs.  
You are the dryer that hums of your warmth  
while eating my surplus of socks.

You came to suckle absolution from the marrow of my bones.  
Now brittle organs moan, and break,  
while coveting the poisoned air they're sanctioned to survive.

My sustenance derived from dirt,  
Depraved, sequestered and unnerved...

Your ashes yearn to scatter me before my coffin calls.

## Diffusing a Time bomb

This is a typical tirade - it plays to a thunderous beat,  
creating a storm in a now sleepless beast  
so that just after midnight on Monday,  
rejecting all Gandhi's gyrations,  
I'm under Napoleon naked like a masochistic feather.  
I'm still an imitation  
and I'm backwards in my weathered shell.  
A turtle that trots toward exclusiveness, but finds that the rabbit has beat him to...  
An overwhelming bout of rain, my melee now, and nothing more  
than the time already used before  
strikes me like curdling coffee,  
spoilng the cream before the pot is ready to be poured.  
This is authenticity at its very worst.  
This is mediocrity at its very best,  
solidarity at its finest.  
I'm a widow in a wedding dress she never hoped to own.  
When I was growing up and still too small to know another way of life,  
I lost my marbles in the lies that dismantled my core.  
I never learned to fly, to soar, they only clipped my wings.  
The thermometer was broken, I was frozen with a faux pas heat,  
And I was welted with their wood,  
so hard  
to bandage up the glassy shards when they are swept away  
almost over night  
by an all elusive janitor.  
You pieced me back together but  
my wires were still crossed.  
The red one was cut and the clock never stopped.