

## **teach-her**

The pitter patter of rain is the sound a shiver makes as it runs up my spine,  
footsteps dancing as they pound old memories.

La cultura es la belleza.

I think this as I look in the mirror

And demons come without me having to say Bloody Mary three times.

They live in the shadows of my body and the folds of my clothes.

I imagine my skin as a façade

Like the storefronts in the old towns where the buildings just wanted to look bigger

But I don't want to look bigger.

I just want to taste the rain as all the hairs on my body stand on end and I can watch the shadows  
leap

Swaying to and fro to their own tune

A song I never really learned.

Did I tell you I don't know how to sing?

That I never learned how to turn my words into melodies

Or to speak the language of the birds

Their incandescent voices telling the world to wake up

I don't know how to wake up.

My words never seem to turn into memories either,

Instead my fingers can travel on metal wires and touch glass

But they always split open

And as the blood mixes with the metal, my flesh turns into a window:

See through and breakable,

The thin wire holding me together

Braided through my bones

Can you not see it?

Maybe that's because its hidden in the shadows.

The backs of my eyelids are a dangerous place

A world full of hearts that beat too fast and ears that just don't know how to fall in love with the sound of something broken

They were never taught how.

Did I also tell you I never learned to love?

That it hurts my heart too much and cracks the glass.

I'm standing in the rain now and the shivers have run away from me

The metal is rusting, and it hurts

I hurt.

The rain has turned into waves crashing down

Just as I start to drown

Overwhelmed by the nothingness

They crash up

And the white noise turns to black noise

A mix of sounds so bizarre that your mind can never follow everyone.

I think I hear a baby crying,

And grease popping.

A clock tower ringing,

Leaves rustling,

Snow falling,

Guitars, snores,

Teeth chewing, cats meowing,

The hum of a train approaching,

I even hear silence.

As the ocean drains the world starts to get cold

Bathwater swirling away

And the shivers come running back.

The glass melts off me, shattering as it hits the floor

And the metal unwinds.

The shivers now shake entire countries, showing me there's not much difference between the ripples of skin on our fingertips and the mountains we love so dearly

I brush the glass away, gently

The rain keeps on pitter pattering down.

Can someone teach me how to love,

How to sing,

How to wake up?

I never learned how

### **Race Cars**

Earlier there was an ostrich grabbing the windowsill

And the world was bathed in orange.

Stop everything,

so emotions can stand still.

But still,

time passes, in a new way

feet instead of meters.

Synthesize and analyze

It's all fine.

### **moving backwards**

The only thing I've left here is the long gone feeling of embarrassment,

Tucked in the gaps between houses built too close for comfort.

Voices are muted at home

Unimportant to ears that fear strangers

Everyone fearing that they too will catch a glimpse of their reflection and be disappointed by what they see

Or what they cannot see.

Perfect forms never translate to what they should be

What they could be.  
Always new images to perceive.  
Leaves are different when they never fall.  
Their age makes them beautiful, yet sad  
Like a grandmother who has forgotten her grandson's name.  
There is a reason we only visit now  
Because our real home  
Is somewhere we actually want to stay.

### **oceans**

The world moves with the sound waves  
A palpation of every breath  
Taken at once  
The colors pause.  
Eyelids become aware of their existence  
As the vibrations sync  
Perfectly.

### **mushy**

It all started in the back of a car  
Reminders of temporariness floating around us  
Hopeful eyes unaware of the magic that exists  
Unseen.  
The natural world enveloping us with mounds of golden tears sustaining the green  
So this is what its like to be dream.  
Colors melt  
And the world keeps on passing away  
Silent dreams punctuated by children's laughter

And music egg yolk yellow and nasturtium orange floats on the wispy wind,

Wavering in the kisses,

Illuminated but alone.

Worry gone

And wishes taken by dawn.