

NEVADA BEACH

The sand is muddled in shadows,
the wind is steady.
The light is warm and decreasing
behind the mountains.

The bugs have descended,
like an evening plague
but we continue to sit,
not finished writing or reading.

You are snapping your newspaper,
scrawling notes
on your hand.
I'm wrapped in a colorful towel.

It's quiet except for
our changing positions.
The bugs are getting thicker.

"You ready to go?"

GREEN

Here I am thinking I'm the strange one,
contemplating green
as we drive along the highway
through thousands of trees,
changing sunshine to chlorophyll
quietly, predictably.

You tell me you can't believe
I don't know the exit yet.

“We've been there 20 times. What the hell do you think about while we're driving?”

“I don't know, green.”

“Why don't you pay attention to what's going on around you?”

“You're driving anyway. I'd rather think about other things.”

Now, months later,
the tress covered in snow,
a new possession has traveled
through many hands
and landed on the arm
of our couch.

Bluets points you out
as the strange one.
Maggie Nelson is falling in love
with blue,
seeing it everywhere,
writing a book on the subject.

I'm not the only one.

I imagine her daydreaming

in the car about blue tarps
cracking in the wind and I resolve
to prove, one day,
that colors can also get you
where you want to go.

MEMORY LANE

I don't just stroll
down memory lane.

I circle the block
and sit cross-legged
in the yards of strangers.

I've been eyeing
a plot of land.

T-SHIRTS IN THE LAUNDRY

It's been four days since you left.

On the last day,
as you were stuffing your backpack
you handed me a piece of paper,
"this is for you."
I looked at the small black stanzas
neatly typed out,
my name was in the title.

It was only two weeks
we lived together
I tell myself again
still, I flip through pictures,
try trading now for then.

The gray day on the pier
is turning pink and I can't remember
what you look like
without a hood covering your eyes
or a waffle smashed in your face.

The shipwrecked rock seems bigger now
and I can't believe you coerced me across
that chasm to the top.
I remember your face, driving back.
I wanted to look at it longer.

All these moments in such a hurry,
the images start to blur
and I get tired
trying to catch them.

I'm still carrying the poem around,
folded in a square in my pocket.

It's getting softer,
like t-shirts in the laundry.

I turn off the TV and start to write,
remembering what you said
about revisions and wide-ruled paper,
but my words don't walk
with that resolute calm
like yours.

I cross them out,
fuss and scribble,
mostly because
I feel closer to you when I do.

MEET ME OUTSIDE OF TIME

Meet me outside of time.
I'll be wearing white.

Suspend all your ties.
Don't plan to return before dark.

We'll follow the sun until it runs out
then ask the stars what's next.

Sleep will come in separate trees
when we dream our separate dreams.

In the morning I'll fade away,
return to the ether – my home.

You'll wonder what kind of day that had been,
when you wake in your bed alone.

“The secret kind.” I'll whisper, as a thought behind your eyes.
“The kind that spreads to the next and the next,
becoming what it will or will not,
but this you'll know: you have lived.”