

Two Clouds, Two Trees and Me

Two clouds part inside my brain,
And I examine the space that remains.
The thoughts circle back like hawks,
And the carcass of my former self
Lays on the hearth beneath a shelf.

The green is good
It nestles it's way into my face,
Draining the tension away.
It likes to hang out stage right
Waiting in the wings every night.

Then it sleeps in my head
Where I lay it to rest,
Melts away the stress
And the jaw aches a bit less.
And the breath becomes freer in the chest.

Slowly, my mind lifts back into place,
I stand in the mirror, lining up the planes of my face
Which seem not to match in their confusion
When finally it fuses,
That I realize
I'm not a woman,
But I'm not a guy,

I'm something in between

As liminal as the space between two trees.

The tree on the left...
She feels the threat
Of change disrupting the plains
So she withers away
Afraid.
Then she burrows in the ground with dead leaves on her face.

But the tree on the right, he doesn't wanna realize
He doesn't wanna wake up his own eyes.
Perfectly content in a disillusion of resentment
For not speaking his mind.
He always tries,
But the lady on the left immediately cries.
And with a sigh, her heart dies.

What a trio we make.
In our misery, our lives at stake.
I keep wanting to get us a therapist,

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But tree man keeps says he's not interested,
So I wait another day.
And hold the crying tree girl's face.