

Gums

many people will show you their smirks.
they open their lips to show you their teeth
but their ivories hide the tongue underneath

few people will show you their tongues.
they will lift their teeth and bite with white
morph the shadow of their muscle with your saliva bright

only one will show you their gums.
they will show you the places they don't floss
there is no in-between and you pay no cost

they don't burn beautiful, ruby red
they aren't the serenity of shadow
or the fake pride of cream
they need no one to bear them witness
they don't twist and they don't gleam
they just sit
and they are pink,

but they are actually grey
they are Thursdays
and undercooked potatoes
they are mid-length walks to the grocery store
and the automatic doors that open and close
they aren't under or over-cared-for

and I dream of the day
when we are so close
that you show me your gums

and they are grey.

Sad Song

she thinks the onlookers are part of the throng
as she walks upon clouds of color
only the sky is the real floor
and the crowd keeps comforting each other

she thinks the fair has gone on too long
and the music should start to get slower
only it's been days since the last number
and she is the only party-goer

she thinks the ringing in her ears is of a festival gong
and that the red lips are of a lover
only her own lips are real blue and sore
and the others are of her hysterical mother

she thinks the sirens are part of a sad song
and that she just cries from a place a little lower
only the water looks a different color
and it runs a little slower

Fast Food Industry

fancy gears allergic to grease
each unhinges for certain assembly lines
gears allergic to grease

words thrown like pennies in a pool for a child; so many "I'm fine"s
silence speaks of stains plain, won't wash away
each unhinges for certain assembly lines

same people come with different faces everyday
eyes to souls dying under superfluous good coming and goodbye-ing
silence speaks of stains plain, won't wash away

fake faces with shallow truths underlying, honest faces ever-lying
a child taps on un-crossable glass topping centuries' steel divide
eyes to souls dying under superfluous good coming and goodbye-ing

the oil of smooth-running, DNA-holding, convertible rides
human grease: sweat, blood and shouts
a child taps on un-crossable glass topping centuries' steel divide

grateful blood clots, with need-fulfillers claiming personal clouts
fancy gears allergic to grease
human grease: sweat, blood and shouts
gears allergic to grease

Snow Globe

After a while, does a snow globe stop waiting
for spring to come?

Does it stop getting rattled
by all the strangers
who naively believe
they need not lay down paper
out from deep worn out pockets
to pick it up?

Does it know that outside its personal outdoor paradise
lie the insides of a shop?
that out there
snow never falls up?

Or that fumbling fingers could crack open its sky,
without caring enough to plead why?
How the tourists who stop by have become used to snow that melts
and turns to ice,
melts
and turns to ice,
seasons that die
and come back to life

instead of flakes cut in factories with a knife

and a season so permanent,
it comes with a price

In Fear

He asked, Aren't you a little afraid?

I replied,

Some people have homes for different seasons in different states,

I have different states of mind,

I go home to different altitudes all the time

different climes, where I no longer get lost

but it comes with a cost, a bill for rent

paid every cent from waning wages

earned from writing numbers on pages, at a job that isn't a career

and you ask if I know fear?

I've wandered to it, lived in it, walked on its streets

I've earned it, I've learned it like a city map

in Fear it's always winter and the apartments have no heat

best place to stay between Doubt and Mishap

people call their loved ones strangers

instead of dear

in Fear

wages go farther here

with no make up in the stores

no signs to warn of wet floors

friends meet over erupting volcanoes

instead of beer

"Aren't you little afraid?" you ask

searching for a "yes I am" or a "no I'm not,"

but in fear people say a lot, they say everything they feel
everything they think is real and once kept hidden in Shame
the comments they thought were lame in Cool
no one in charge to lay down a rule,
like the Chancellor of Secure
if you get sick you never know if they will find a cure, unlike in Healthy
you could lose all your money, even if you're wealthy, you could die anytime
So, no I'm not a little scared,
I'm fine,

for Fear is where I feel most alive.