

From the Man Behind the Curtains:

To be or not to be—who the hell cares?
Hamlet, you ponder between life and death
while peasants struggle to stand, to bear
their heavy shoulders, to capture a breath,
to keep their hearts from ceasing to exist.
Ah, never mind them. They will live each day,
each second taking them toward death's mist.
But! Sweet Ophelia will castigate
herself into insanity, consumed
by your riptide of lies until she sinks.
Her love can fill the craters, hollowed gloom,
of your deprived and lonesome soul. But think!
My daughter will not drown beneath the dread
of your nightmares. Not even when I'm dead.

Moonshine

Your chocolate eyes, like luscious white wine,
lures me from loneliness into your loving arms.
Your eloquent tongue, like tart tequila,
tranquilizes my conscious, trading right for wrong.
Your dexterous hands, like a surreptitious screwdriver,
silently and studiously manipulate my every move.
Your malicious feet, like monstrous Kraken,
kick and knock me down, becoming one with the ground.
Your endless words, like broken bottles of bitter beer,
stab my heart, shattered pieces sticking like memories.
My tears cleanse this soul you have tainted
with your toxic temperament. The fog clears, and now
I can see. I was intoxicated by my own ignorance.

Checking Out

Your yellowed teeth bite and pale lips suck
relentlessly on the cantaloupe
like it's the only known cure
for your disease. It reminds you
of sweeter times, and I remember us
walking along the eastern shore, searching
for shells under the morning sun. Now
pining for puzzle pieces, your eyes
dart from left to right, wandering
and losing sight of the bigger picture.
I try to help. You shake and push me
away, asking, "Who are you?"

Grandfather

No one seemed to notice the dust
layering his body with grime.
His hands began to rust

and his feet started to crust
over, moving slower than the ticking of time.
No one seemed to notice the dust

covering his face as he discussed
his marriage, wanting to forget the crimes
that made his hands begin to rust.

Like a pendulum, he would lust
after women of utmost sublime.
No one seemed to notice the dust

of his deteriorating mind and the trust
of his wife. Caked in lime,
his hands began to rust

and his gears started to bust
apart. His voice no longer chimes.
No one seems to notice he's turned to dust
because his hands began to rust.

Lost Within The Waves

The salt water swallows my feet whole
as I stand like a sand sculpture, sinking
into the ocean with each pass of a wave,
watching the sun turn into the moon
and back again. Time has abandoned me
just as you did when my affections
for you poured out of my mouth
like rain on a stormy, summer day.
My heart chips away every dawn
from the silence you promised
would never exist – silence so loud,
my choking cries cannot be heard.
I've lost you. I've lost you like a shadow
in the dead of night. Only memories
return with the rising sun, blinding
me with the blazing truth: you are
never returning. But like the ocean tides,
you travel back and forth in my dreams,
never truly washing away the image
of the face with which I'd fallen in love.