

Tell me you'll wait with me

Please tell me you'll wait with me  
at the edge of a beautiful cliff  
at the end of the longest road  
the top of the steepest staircase you can imagine

Please tell me you'll wait with me  
near the end of the hardest, coldest,  
snowiest winter. Wait with me  
Before you flee south.

And tell me please that after  
forty whole days of fasting  
you'll wait to eat with me one more  
day, even hungry and tired of waiting.

If you think you can do it  
I think we'll both learn how  
one drop of wine  
can make us both giddy and bright,

How a cube of melon from an ice cold  
bowl can taste like the sweetest bite  
of a whole barefoot summer  
of dewy mornings.

If you tell me you'll wait with me  
on a raised starlit terrace  
one hour longer than seems like enough,  
I really think the sky might softly drop

Around us, and the moon will seem  
touchable, tasteable, and our eyes will  
glitter, seem vast and deep as the universe,  
bright as ages of light.

And I might see what you see  
and you might see what I see.  
Please tell me you'll wait with me,  
that you won't be too tired.

Wait in a cloudy-windowed highschool pool,  
when the lights are lowered, after dark,  
with woodplank benches  
and mildewed grout.

Tell me you'll sit there.  
Tell me you'll wait.  
Tell me you'll watch me practice.

A kind of memory

A wool blanket.  
A necklace that you never wore.  
A bound notebook and its unfilled pages.

Objects have remained,  
absorbent and  
saturated with history.

The witnesses to and proof  
of your anger,  
proof of generosity.

Collect and fold them all  
safely in a cedar chest,  
with lavender and myrrh

So as to not find yourself  
in a cradle of withering textiles  
and dull, corroded jewels.

Better the ephemeral,  
barely memories that leave  
quickly.

Let yourself be taken in by  
the smell of bagged garbage,  
the scratch of just cut fingernails.

Recall the vacuous colors  
of another person's skin,  
of a another person's eyes at night,

The shock and power  
of angry hands  
gripping you tightly.

Better these, than objects.  
Let yourself go  
and then come back.

## Continuum

The sea was very cold.  
It's appearance changing  
With the sun.  
Calm and iridescent.

The man bobbed lightly.  
His feet resting  
on the pebbled surface  
Beneath him.

And he was strong  
and he was proud  
and he was lonely.  
He faced the sun.

And the woman stood on the shore.  
She was tired,  
and the water  
had been cold.

She saw the sun  
and she saw the man  
and she thought  
'Everything is moving.'

She thought also,  
of the skin on the soles of her feet  
and how it touched the sand  
and took from it warmth and roughness.

She saw the beach sloping down  
sand grains swelling  
into pebbles, smooth rocks  
beneath the water.

She thought of the water,  
cold and metallic,  
and the way it held the man,  
buoyant and immersed,

And how the water met the sky.  
And she turned towards the dunes  
Covered in beach grass  
And thought how they

Extended, down the beach  
for a long, long time.  
And there was life in all of this  
for the woman.

The day was ending  
the man in the water  
she on the shore.  
'If we are moving', she thought,

'Then what is this stillness?'

There was no edge  
between the sea  
and the sky.

Just a blur of color  
which took the form of a thought  
in the woman.

Something foreign but simple,

Like a need for children.

Volo / Amare

You began the project  
of removing the word 'want'  
from your vocabulary.

First in speaking  
and then in a deeper place  
beneath tenses and spelling.

In this elimination, you began  
to experience thirst  
separate from the thought of water, immediately.

You sustained an awareness of pain.  
You unmedicated yourself.  
Your grocery lists shrank.

Things like boredom and fear  
became larger moments,  
paused and indwelling.

You found yourself  
filled with them completely  
before continuing on

To the next thing,  
the thing that follows,  
inevitably,

When you are used  
to finding an answer  
for every question.