

GREEN

Standing upon the dock,
Looking out into the ethereal mist that shrouds the green light
And spreads its beams across the bay,
I too chase after that emerald point.
With miles of tossing waters between us,
It is no wonder that every time I press on towards you,
I lose what breath is in these lungs
And begin to drown under the beating of the currents.
They push me back
But my stubborn outcry exhumes the precious air from me
And drives me deeper into those cold separating waters.

I will not fail as Gatsby did.
That man did not know when to drop the mask,
To stop searching for the past
And allow the lessons to shape him into a new man.
Instead, it is the past that I fight.
The inability to present that new man
Because Daisy suspects I am still
The poor and weak natured boy she first met.
Rather, standing in front of her is a new man
Readied by the years of careful watching and planning.

A new man weathered
By the years of being forced to stand on the shore
And quietly watch Daisy's every happy moment,
Dictated to memory.
Now a new attempt at capturing that green light,
That previously unattainable dream.

I may be unable to relive the past,

But I pray some new chance at something a little bit better

Awaits on the opposing shoreline.

SEVEN TWENTY-ONE THIRTEEN

A second chance.

For ten days my heart has fought for freedom

From its cage.

Trying desperately to escape

So that it may at least catch just a moment,

A brief glimpse of the very thing it beats for.

A word without its definition is meaningless.

A second chance,

Instead of that fateful bittersweet departure,

You might return and satisfy this

Pulse-quickenning plummet

Towards life away

From the very essential definition of desire.

A heart without its beating is meaningless.

LETTERS TO LADY LIBRA

My dearest lady Libra,

What happened to your balance and sway?

They say our kind are the keepers of justice,

The ones who keep the order.

But these days you have lost your even weight.

One side heavier, dragging you down.

What caused you to change so drastic?

To give premise to one side over the other.

My darling Libra,

When did they tamper with you?

Did they sneak into the Parisian catacombs

And tamper with the metric thousand and her identical sisters?

Did you confuse metric with imperial?

The translation from me to you

Skewed in languages. We never studied.

The mathematics of our steady definition.

To Libra who is lost,

What is the source of your pain?

Why do you hide behind

The half-smile?

Your scales have been empty

And silent for too many days.

The challenge of your judgment

Has turned them into years.

To Libra, if you are still listening,

Come and find me when you are ready

To make your final judgment.

Weigh me against our past.

Whatever charges you have against me

You will find the evidence wanting.

That desire to know more,

May be the only thing we have left in common.

PROCLAMATION

To whom it may concern:

This is a love letter.

The ravings of a lunatic.

The ramblings of a madman.

The mania of a romantic.

The alternate reality hope of

A parallel universe dream.

If the song lyrics and philosophical rhyme are both true,

Then love and madness are not so far away from being the same

Catalyst for gravitational pulls.

And if love and madness are indeed one,

Consider me serial and seriously consider

My every gift and word towards you.

I pray that you would be the death of me.

I wish for you. The would-be life of me.

HEADING NORTH

If home is truly where the heart is,
Then I suppose my chest should prepare to be empty.
My heart is packing its bags for this relocation.

Take that small corner of my heart
That I gave you when we first met.
Take it on your adventure
While I remain here at home.

Show it that there is a world out there.
Even while I am here,
Trapped in this northeastern corner.