

The Next Open Door

The light puts on its coat and the
city comes to life.

All the doors swing open in sheer joy
as the cool, crisp air comes sweeping
in to awaken dusted doorknobs and
coddled cobwebs.

Who's to arrive, who's to show up and
march through that open door?

The thirsty one, the early riser with a
confidence streaking his poor, poor veins.
Veins of blood that know nothing else,
not a thing else, than
waking up when the consciousness hits
and walking through the
next open door.

An Impression

this thing called ink, it
left you marked.
it left you dirty and signed
with the times that once passed over
the syrup of your skin, the tone of your
voice and the hue of your aura.

where were you then? if you looked into
the mirror again, would you
run again? a splatter of ink for
the matter that didn't matter and for
the space that was empty, so empty
inside the place that left with the
salted wind, with the one-winged bird and
its gifts of ruby ravished motions that
seem to have no end...

no end, I heard they call it love
or is it plastic?
which will make it out first alive,
the full moon in all its fervor
and innocence, or the bright, bright
darkness of the sun within the center
of your breath?

Love on the Horizon

static electricity stuck
in between the
meta lives of souls
with yin, and yang.
rush now, rush now, no time
to wait, no lines to
draw, all boundaries to break with
no end in sight

I heard they call it the horizon
I heard it goes on forever
I hear people seek its depths for
the only eon that absorbs the soul.
one chance to soar, one floating
pass to ascend toward the aether
a fall
will leave you here,
or there
where it leaves you.

no more, none beyond the distance as
strong, as iron and stolen as the line
across the sky of ditched dreams on the
side of planetary free ways.
so many ways to lose it, so many,
too many to ever count a finger in
the hand, hide yourself,
hide myself before we
disappear into the unknown.
no one will know.
no one.

Yellow Butterflies

green with the blackness
waiting to see through the
red to only fall helplessly,
deeply into a lucid pool of
blue...

a blue so light, yet so reflective
it might reach down for
fathoms, and
fathoms.

fathoms of light blue is all there
ever has been on the
white porcelain plate upon the
table of grassy greens and
small yellow butterflies.

They dance about as you
ponder what else there is
to eat in this
blue, blue
world.

A Think

a think so thick that it covers
the walls, a thought so rich
that it reeks, it stinks of
electricity and invades
the room and bounces of the
walls like a mad light,
strobing, stroking your
consciousness that just wants
to go to sleep.

to go to sleep to fall into
yet another
storm of brainwaves.
Yet you ride them, you
ride those waves until the
dawn breaks.