

Coin

One of them is summertime,
where it nestles itself—
the sway of sheets.
The other, a war
swindling me.

And as I tug at two ends
of a vineyard rope
petals grow out of my scalp
replacing bushes of white hair
that could have been there.

And to love is a foul sport;
in pink and sour, it bathes me.
But to die in your name;
good God,
such sweet flowers I'll bear.

The Foxtrot

And to live a life that is holy—
to live a life that is holy—
in the goodness where Freedom strolls,
let us foxtrot the red untold.

Let us love, and love,
and love,
and find love, and speak
of love.

Let us make love, and partake
in love
until it broils our flesh—
sun-kissed and embroiled
in glory.

And to live a life that is holy—
to live a life that is holy—
Heavens,
we raise our palms to the sky.

Time

Too much,
that is time.
Artless,
we trust that it heals.

But beware
of this dextrous machine
because holy as it is,
it moves soundless;
without a soul—
steady,
as the red, falling leaves.

When They Know

Your shoulders slouched, elbows on
purple-flowered knees, and
you sat on that god-forsaken, timber bench.
Still, I saw you a god of all gods.
A fault-ridden beast I saw as you sat there
with angels stood behind you on tip-toes,
yearning, hungry for a blue-eyed glance.
You were cold that long, summer night,
and yet the timber bench soothed you.
Church bells bowed their corroded heads,
all behind you,
and swayed them from side to helpless side, slowly.
Mary's tears shed on pink, blue, and green glass,
which hours and hours they had spent to perfect,
and yet all that is perfection was you.

And today, your knees are fine, shoulders up,
as though you now know you are god.
You walk closer, and I am the angel now,
hungry for that sick, blue-eyed glance.
The quiet murmur of our tea kettle—
it creases your forehead as our shoulders brush,
and you walk past me, past our long-gone timber bench;
past the lightly sugar-coated raspberry pie;
past the sweet, blossoming smell of softener;
past the Church bells which wail outside our front door;
past my bloodied cheeks and Mary's pouring tears;
past my bloody eyes,
and past our bloody goodbye.

War

A thin boy startled me today.

And the many times he had murdered me in our past lives,
were inscribed on his skin
like razor-marks and the word of God.
And from those razor-marks leaked rose water,
conspiring with the air that surrounded us.
And inside his chest,
underneath a thin layer of skin danced cannon balls,
and the tips of ten thousand arrows
threatened to make him cry.

And I wanted to see him cry.

So I neared him—a battle at the break of dawn—
inscribing the word of my own God on his skin,
protruding my ancient arms
and heaving the thin boy into the portal of my dreams.

As the walls behind him cracked,
I heard him sputter his last breath.
Turned out that the God I believed in
was also dead. And my thin boy
was now bleeding rose petals to contrast his fair skin.
And tips of arrows stabbed out of his ribs,
sending jasper stones clattering on the ground.

Six seconds in,
He looked at me and, with a bloodied grin,
sent a kiss fluttering in the air that surrounded us.
It was when the kiss died below my feet, that,

Hallelujah—

I saw a thin boy cry.

