

Night

Some eggs close our ears in serenity
but start, without this inability we have,
Mobility holds us back. They said we would learn morality
shelled, but astuteness is pale blue,
all of our feathers still on our palms.
Man truly comforted with celibacy,
and angry goes a long way.

Green

Green is the color of 5 year olds frolicking
as mothers call their names;
frogs hopping for their joy, pad to pad bobbling.
While their legs fall down into stomach's acid; pain
gurgles in me as moldy cheese
slides into my lactose free tummy.
Grass shards stuck in the soles of my shoes
Green is the color of newly naive leaves
Who fall to far from their home tree
As the as edges of my childhood box bevels

It's muted when my eyes look at the back of my eyelids
after staring too long at fluorescent lights.
It's the color of my face filled with fret
As I try to shimmy myself into the little green dress.

Final Practice

Pebbles skipping solemnly
over the shallow surface; dead bodies
struggling to breathe the silent furnaces.

the myth of happiness flies too close to the sun
melting with each subsequent flap of golden wings;
gravity takes over. Quivering towards the lagoons
surface; drenched by the moons succulent light.

Fluent in the antiquated language of pain;
pain slides down throats like nectar providing
immortality, cultivated flowers. Sweet smells fill the air
with syrup like memories of fathers and

mothers who used to kiss boo boos goodbye,
but now the promise of torment dawns a new day. Fish in
ponds pretend water above doesn't shake as water ripples,
pebbles skipping over the surface like ignored youtube ads.

Making

“Glory is fleeting for obscurity is forever”

- Napoleon Bonaparte

Wedge. Pat. Shape.

Everything starts somewhere

Untouched new fresh.

Hunk of clay turned from nothing into

Slapped down on a board.

Pat. Pat. Pat

Center. Cone. mushroom.

glory is fleeting, clay spinning round and round.

Becoming tall and small. Each curve taking on the
shape of wherever it was touched last.

Trying to push it into a factory set.

The clay has a memory.

It remembers being seven balls of clay.

Wedged again and again;

holding hours of frustration.

White, Grey, Brown emulsified.

Hollowed out; smashed together.

Carved. Fired. Painted. Fired.

A little frog pot is born; handel like the tail of a monkey

unlike anything innate or mundane

but you will see it again, for obscurity is forever.

Thump

I cannot hear.

I cannot see.

I can feel the base of the sound system
synchronizing to the cadence of my heart

The music is keeping me alive.
I don't know where i am;
who i am.

But the music is keeping me alive.

“Cats out the bag”

so i guess the tunas is out the can
their mother left years worth of knowledge
tightly bound by decades old tweed
that took her hours to thread by needle
weaving in and out of the pages.
holding her together just as tightly.
her voice trembles as she steps closer to the cliff.

Her eldest daughter licks her fingers
as she turns tear stained pages
thinking of memories of blackberry fields
where they used to lay for hours.
watching fluffy clouds pass by.
the same clouds that now whir while her
tears fall like drops of rain nourishing a field.