

Home Improvement

You need to escape a house
But the only way out is
through the roof
or the walls.

Either:

You build from the inside out,
Stockpile the furniture,
Acquire ornate, sturdy pieces
Only to smash them,
Stack them until the ceiling hisses,
The pressure bends off the gutters,
The windows shatter open,
Sharp mouths,
The bricks crumble,
The roof rips off,
Deliberately fatal.

Or:

You break through the house,
Coy while digging out the insulation,
Sometimes slow, scratching off wallpaper
While you sit on the toilet.
Break glasses just to shiver
When you let go and
It shatters into sand.
You get acquainted with a sledgehammer,
Stabbing wood beams until they crack like bones.
Swing after swing, it will take longer to collapse
As you trace the perimeter.
Destroy each room with
Patience and diligence.
This way is far more painful
Because even if you plan to be on the outside
When you make the final blow,
There's no guarantee it won't
Fall on top of you.

Stars

They pass or linger
Long enough to rely on
A steady point in the sky:
A grounding technique.
Absorb new points of light
Or recognize the bitter remnants
Of decaying spots between clouds.
Search for the star in another spot;
You wonder if it's already dead.

You make it hard to look at stars
Because I can't focus for long
Without checking over my shoulder
To make sure you're still watching me
(you are)
Like the space between us is
The only proof that you shine your light on me
Before you tuck yourself into buildings
To work towards a sufficient lie.
I'm jealous you can put away your feelings
Without them poking holes in your sky.

Up Out the Sunken Place

The world continues to tick.
I cracked my own wall
Built of false validity,
Shaped a product from my soul.
Hire my eyes, for they never close,
Scanning for the vein of story
Draped in shiny plastic numbers.
Hire my feet, for I will sand my joints,
Walking too fast to notice the burn,
To get there now, five minutes ago.
Hire my plan, I promise
It will be so beautiful to watch cynics discover
That I am the cynic and the hope
Biting both of its tails.
Hire my eruption of humility,
Stuff my concepts like bricks in a chimney
And spark them all at once.
Hire my explosion because nothing
Lingers without becoming ordinary.
Hire my happiness because I don't know
How long it will stay.

Nevermind

You are a distraction

Only because I can't ignore your body

For my screen.

I am sorry I can not easily blind myself

To what is around me.

I'm sorry that even far away, I am reminded

Of you.