

The Lost Idea

I have traversed many miles
walking with the night,
her satin leash wrapped gently around my neck,
ushering me under a lazy compass of stars
and away from a frail night of
suggestion and malcontent.

Where I have become
a daydreamer in the night,
eyes glazing over,
body weaving like
a mechanical soldier.
slowly falling
into the rabbit hole
of my head.

Where I touch
the membrane and pulsing vein,
stumble into the sturdy skull
housing a coiled mass of brain.
I slowly collapse into a tangled knot
of treasured idea and thought,
searching for the story.

Birtherd along the winding highway
without pen and paper to collaborate.
The moment when eighty miles an hour
of reckless power yields creation,
& neuron, synapse and speed
turns into conceit.

The book premise frozen
with suspense and intrigue.
A page turner indeed,
sworn for accolades and top ten lists.

And as I attempt to close in
onto where it hides,

it scurries back
recoiling into it's lonesome wasteland,
like some feral cat
who knows nothing
of a friendly hand, it is
oblivious to my yearning,
to take it home
and wrestle it into submission,
to sew it onto hand and feet,
and give it deserved recognition.

So I remain,
propelling my feet softly
light sole on concrete
gripping the weapons,
the pen who salivates
ready to puncture my paper
with the words
as they make their way out.

For there is nothing left
back in the stagnant terrain of my body,
or lying on my desk for that matter
except the blank pages
of the greatest story
never written.

Housewife

She sat in the center of her home
becoming the heart of the halls,
the blood drifting in and out
of the corridors,
the clot which stood still
in the living room,
unable to move towards
her next destination,
stuck staring at the dusty painting
which haunted her tendency
to fix that which does
not need fixing.

She hummed the delicate tune
which ascended into the
aorta of her kitchen,
to the apex of her attic,
and descending into itself in
the valve of her armoire,
before unraveling out through
the long vein of her chimney.

The housewife,
who makes a living
with sharpened bread knives
and turning scones into Christmas trees,
who croons ancient love songs
into her infinite spare time,
who dines with well kept secrets and
napkins folded into swans.

And I wonder,
as I stare at her from
underneath my book of Russian poetry,
how she holds up when
the front door bursts open
and nature sings a solo to her heart.

Misanthropic Poem

The great verses would prefer it
if you didn't try to commit their curves to memory,
They croak at the idea of becoming stuck
in the empty vessel that is your head,
only to wither away
into a few words short
than what was originally said.

They would prefer it if your eyes didn't gaze over them,
as you try to untangle the layers of their secrets,
or unravel their threads into plausible meaning,
or even worse,
determine value based on the fluidity
of their rhyming words,
and the
vertical lines which slice
their way
down the
blank white
of paper,
forming jagged mountains of letters
one must painstakingly traverse.

It goes without saying,
they cringe at your touch
as you awkwardly
stumble your fingers
down the skin of their spine,
like some graceless virgin
who has mastered the art
of spilling words onto hardwood floors,
while you rapidly move your eyes from left to right
skipping through the phrases
meant to linger and bite.

They prefer instead,
the presence of a curious girl
making her way towards a window,

where she can add meaning to thought.

Or to remain housed
on a bookshelf next to their
brothers and sisters,
enticing strangers
who don't easily roll into
the company of suppressed yawns.

For these words can't
pick their company like you or me,
you have already begun to make a mess
of this one you see,
unless you are
of course
a curious girl
making her way
towards a window.

Typewriter

My fingers have become bored
with the quicksand of routine,
they prefer to dance erotically
over my typewriter
like naked ballerinas
frolicking over an ancient stage,
spilling their secret thoughts
onto the blank page,
after their day job threaded together over my lap,
or bending over to reveal the contents
of my burlap sack.

They have taken instead to jumping
over cracks in the nothing of night,
stifling the sound of silence
with assortments of clicks and clacks,
punching in the perfect pitch of keys
to leave Beethoven blind
from this symphony of notes combined.

and just like that,
they have unfolded a rhyme,
unachievable with ink and pencil,
without the stencil of time
dictating to work inside the lines.