

Bag of Peaches Poem 1 of 5

High

Almost a year ago, I dreamt about you and me at a party
I'm on an airplane; a baby is giggling at her dad two rows ahead
You asked if we could speak privately, and our co-worker made a comment
But I say yes and I'm looking up smiling.

Then I awoke stressed and sad; the pressure began to build in my body
I'm on an airplane; the flight attendants are handing out cups of ginger ale
My sore heart noticed your speech, socks, and cheeks
So I fix my hair, my shoulders, and I'm agonizingly aware.

A few weeks ago, I almost told you by accident
I'm on an airplane; the "fasten your seat belt sign" is on
We were meeting for drinks and I could feel it rising like vomit
And I want you to see me and I'm nervous.

We never made it out; you were sick and needed sleep
I'm on an airplane; the baby is crying and I grip tight to my tea
You never texted over Christmas and my stomach started to settle
I still want to be seen but I'm going to sit right here.

Bag of Peaches Poem 2 of 5

It's Hard to Remember

My friend saw me on the "L" today –
The elevated train, if ya didn't know –
He said I might have smiled back
But my face just might have been that way
Frozen warmth

I guess it is a bit of shame –
That the me he saw's not the me I'm bein' –
Because this me would've shared her coffee
And sincere admiration for Rachel the Bachelorette
Fabricated reality

But maybe there's more hope to consider –
That there's *that* me on the "I" and *this* me that I be –
More than superficial similarity, a recognition
That my friend created a triangle of humans
Conjoined strangers

If I'm the me who's "fearfully and wonderfully made" –
No not you, just me, nah that's not it either –
Then I belong to her, and you, and my friend, too,
Sometimes it's so hard to remember this
Barricaded bridges

Beauty

Let's make things that matter
Sore spots transformed
High fives after lunch
Let's make magic.

Let's chase that sweet freedom
Hair in our eyes
Sand between our toes
Let's chase starts.

Let's hold each other close
Sipping a beer
Hearts on the table
Let's hold hands.

Let's sit out with the creatures
Hammock is up
Sadness of time gone
Let's sit still.

Let's sleep on that decision
Slow down the thoughts
Holy sky of calm
Let's sleep in.

Let's live the questions we ask
Sincerity
Having the courage
Let's live real.

Who's That Calling Me?

I think

God finds me

With my feet bare in the dewy grass

On an overcast morning.

I want to follow

The squirrels and the chirping

Into the woods

Where the trees seem more alive because they have

Kinship, where maybe I could lose my head

And sink my fingers into rich soil

And fill my lonely lungs with magic tree air

And be more alive, too.

But I turn away

As I often do

For errands and coffee and indoor pursuits...

Do I have a choice?

I am – am I – a creature?

But I hold my shoes

By my side

For one more hour.

Bruises

Came up at third gulping

Shit, am I going to puke?

Curious and ashamed

No localized pain

Brown ashes everywhere

Gulping and hunched, then standing

My weight in my feet

Where is the rest of me?

And then I centered on the bag and looked at the man with the ball and the play continued.

That night, I noticed a small plum below my right bum

And the following, a purple grapefruit.

And then my ass-thigh-hamstrings became a canvas of deep sunset landscapes on a turbulent ocean,

And I was proud.

See my toughness?

You could roll me over, bare-assed, on a log in the wilderness, stars burning down

See my vulnerability?

You could wrap me up in a wool knit, after, and rock me by the fire, burning down.

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You can forget about a bruise for a whole day,
And then you sit on something uneven,
And your body remembers that it is *a soft and damaged bag of peaches*
But you exhale sharply and auto-adjust, your body's reaction quicker than your mind's.
When you catch up, the ghost has passed.
You can forget about a person for a whole day,
And then you smell the brisk autumn and you remember their hair
Or scroll past a text message you never even meant to read
And your body remembers that it is *a soft and damaged bag of peaches*
Except there's no exhale -- no adjustment
No performance of pain that can banish the ghost in your body.

It hurts me to look at it

He said

And I was pleased.

I didn't have to prove

Anything

Because it was already inside of him

Before it was inside of me, maybe.

He made me into a bag of peaches.