

Reconstruction

I hope this finds you well:

Letters make me feel more secure
than end-to-end encryption
like how you prefer the comfort
of a whiskey-woven blanket
on your friend's hammock
to the locks on your homestead
that you check three times a night.

I am requesting a ceasefire of all
your war-time idiosyncrasies.

We do not need a General
to pluck pear trees in your grandmother's backyard
and slow dance around the minefield
of her injurious losses
while she layers a pie crust
thinking of what led to this peace.

Be like Ike
and lay down your sword.
Navigate your local rivulets
with a tender appreciation, like a listless,
bobbing sea otter.

Check your armor into escrow
and let some lights slip through your cracks.

Brine Lightning

Thunderstorms court hail and vitriol,
least of all water.
I've never seen a sea turtle swim
through a thunderstorm.
Clearly,
there isn't enough water to go around.

I've ridden the storm flames, though.
I've bitten brimstone
and I've drawn hellfire
from a well
made of papier-mâché.

I've never seen a thunderstorm before.
Only heard it, with my eyes shut.

Those who've constructed castles
of smooth white stone
can crawl out their spires and chuckle
beckon, even, at the rain
to ravish and flood their
ornate halls,
soak their royal tapestries,
and fill every last vase and chalice with rain.

Or those who've fiddled with reeds and twigs
in ominous flood plains
who were distracted when a
tar-like deluge
snapped their back
and carried their mangled bones down the valley.

They have the time to sit and watch thunderstorms.

Sacred Vapors

It's hard to watch this place melt,
to see chiseled Celtic braids
dissolve to a puddle.

It's not easy to reflect
at a wading pool in the sun
when every shining dime
is a nagging check engine
light of memories.

But it's cyclical.
Summertime foxes shed to white,
a cleaner camouflage.

The smoke is getting denser
it may be time to go.

Vines

1)

It was right around that time
we spoke on my front porch
that I felt the jagged thorns between us.
I winced within,
but nodded toward your view.

Our eyes said little,
and I turned while our last path was
swallowed by the undergrowth.
We are not warlords on common ground.
We are mercenaries from foreign lands.

2)

You are the latest addition
to a pile of burnt candles
in the corner of my basement
slated for a later date.

3)

I have blueprints. Think:
A splendid party in my backyard
where we'll all be set ablaze.
We'll huddle like penguins,
Chatter, laugh, commiserate and ask
"How did we ever live
before we had this warmth?"