

Broken Glass

A rock thrown to shatter
a home

Weed out green and stench
allow orange and air

I wait
To feel different

The Wind gushing inward
Replacing the smell

I trace the edges
Smooth and sharp

A prick
replaced by a band-aid

The silence drains,
filled to the brim

With time. Space becomes too much
Weeds overtake the wooden frame

Voices muffled
And higher pitched

I blind fold my eyes
and cover my ears

Even still, I water them
Their spirit yellow and persistent

Hardheaded Weather

The first thing I do when my eyes open
Is check the weather,
grapple with my pink twine sheets
And reach for the oasis of an apple
fruit explains
today, God will Cry
With a roll of the eyes and ankles
I grasp for a construction helmet

The Final

It is easier to be a mouse
With a lower center of gravity
With ability to achieve a heist
Full of diamonds and rain,

That cloud of ambition in order to numb,
So that she can come back in a wave,
And gently place herself against the shallow
Moon to play with the rotting trees
And the dying moss: lifeless yet

Full of green, down to their torn roots
And crimes, locked away but still
Able to grow and to steal days for herself

Silent Grilling on a patio
dry and die in the heat
To melt into a torn mix of flesh and silt,
Forced to rise as dawn makes its way back

from its long hike around the world
And urges itself to pretend
as if it were not torn, but simply
Tired from a long day at work

A Mothers Instinct

The last baby grew
Warped in the womb,
Smiled three years
And died.
For that,
You lost what you were given
So simple and easy
As to mother nature
As when god comes along
And lifts a finger,
I would rather be the child
To pass into the abyss
Than divide your heart again

Aged like Fine Milk

Numbers mean more and more
As you learn to tie shoes,
The differential value between 1 and 2
Becomes increasingly wider
Along with the change from confidence and purity
To become mature is to approach maturity,
Understand wrinkles enough to cover ballgames and grandmothers
That is when you are perfectly placed, 38 degrees
Right of a camera, left with its flash on
You've never felt more guilty