

i remember

So much of our time is devoted to memory,
to dwelling on parts of ourselves that have
broken off from our bodies and
walked away to someplace we may never go.

The moments we've shared are cherished as times
I will always hold close,
I will be the little old lady fading on her death bed
clinging to some invisible thread of memory
like it's another chance to breathe.

Like the first time you kissed me and how
your smile told me you'd been timing the moment
our lips would tell each other secrets,
like the night you pulled me through an open field and we
laughed like children who had never felt the texture
of the wind.

Or how the stillness in the air piled up on top of itself
when I thought I would never see you again,
and more importantly,
how I couldn't stop smiling when I held you
in my arms shortly after.

I will remember the first time I ever saw you cry,
and the way the tears fell like bullets
against your shirt,
how I wiped them away like they were smudges on a canvas
that now looked much more beautiful.

I will let the subtle melody of
the way we once laughed when we first discovered
our bodies were instruments
calm me into sleep,
and I will enjoy the rising smile on my face
at the thought of us doing it all again in the morning.

voices and moods

You are a cascade of voices and moods,
the oscillating lights that fall around us
smelling of morning
wish they could become anything that sounds like you.

You are the impatience of waiting
for the grass to grow,
for the ice to melt
and the tea to cool,
for the seasons to shift into more comfortable positions
so they can watch you from where they stand.

You are the smell of burnt skin
and candle wax
and sage,
and all the flavors of a night of experimentation.

Some days, you are
made of layers of silence
I have to tear apart my ears to hear.
But most of the time, I hear your voice as the
overlapping instruments in a musical progression.

There are days when you
sound so much like the thunder in a storm,
like the cracks in my voice when the morning heard my first
syllables of the day.

These thoughts made me close my eyes a little too soon,
for I wish you could understand that you are not
the weight on my chest
you are what lifts the weight.

For all your sounds and all your flavors,
you are the smiling face
pouring out rose petals from between your teeth
with every word you speak.

in the mirror

When I looked in the mirror earlier today,
you know those taunting instruments we hang on our walls
designed for vanity
but used as tools to pluck out the flaws we probably
don't really have,

I found red marks on the edges of both my eyes,
lines that traveled past my natural creases and through
some other dimension I don't dare travel to.

These marks took me by surprise,
yes I had cried earlier today but
hours had passed and
laughter had took the place of the fallen tears
more times than one.

I tried to think of reasons for the color,
maybe I rubbed my eyes too many times
in an attempt to reach a full understanding of
the intricate beauties
that swirl around and through my world.

It could've been the sense of confusion
leaking from my eyes,
a result of the perplexing uproar of human existence,
or something like that.

The mirror shows me every obvious bit of everything,
things that are so easily seen but not immediately understood.
I hold a power over my own reflection
because I am the one who understands that what happens beneath the surface
is usually more than what is seen.

all our wrongdoings

The rain falls to the tune of all our
wrongdoings,
a subtle pitter-patter on the panes of my bedroom windows
but I am somehow deafened from the noise.

There is a memory stuck in between our
shared time,
one of you in a bright red shirt and
dirtied jeans
walking out of a building I hope neither of us ever see again,

there was an urge I felt with the strength of a thousand
flurries of rain
to grab ahold of you by the waist and kiss you
despite the grime of the night before
that dusted my cheeks with each pursing of the lips.

I indulged in my urge during that moment,
as I so often do when it comes to
the meeting of lips and the textures of skins
that feel more at home when they touch.

I remember distinctly how I cared very little for the
way your clothes
told the story of where you were, with their
smut and the colors that weren't there the last time we touched.

Since then there have been nights where you
come home from work and give me kisses and
hold my hand and tell me something in your brain isn't right,
sentences that would scare those who do not feel the depths of
what I feel
are what make me want to grab on until
the tune of your breaths match mine and we
drift off into blissful mornings
with the pitter-patters of rain
matching our heartbeats.

murmur gently

I will be the one to wake you up with
cheek kisses and gentle tracings
around the waist.

My whispers will guide your day in a contented direction and
nothing else will matter outside of the moment
our good morning mumbles exist within.

Not too long ago we were the champions of
clumsy good morning kisses and
well-intentioned goodbyes as our paths
for the day
split into separate directions,
now we are the ones who feel the vibrations when we
hide our hearts beneath the tiles of the kitchen floor
when we eat breakfast in the morning.

The mornings watch our kisses murmur gently
like faded wounds, sees
our hands finding contours on each other's bodies
that somehow feel unfamiliar and new,
as though we didn't feel any of them the night before.

There will always be happiness in
remembering waking up on Sunday mornings
with you beside me and
rising as the sun rises with no thought
for what the day will bring.