

## **New York is Angry and Masculine**

That's what she calls him - New York.  
His name has already slipped her mind,  
but those few moments were magical  
until the spell wore off and cupid died  
Leaving a trail of hearts and arrows in his wake  
blowing all over the street  
for the wrong people to pick up  
and have a few magical moments too.  
That's how she remembers him,  
the boy from New York who  
tucked her heart in his bag to carry home.  
She describes him to her bestest friend  
over coffee and ice cream they swear  
they'll give up tomorrow as it drips  
down their throats.  
"New York is angry and masculine,  
strong with a bikers touch  
and kisses like the bite of a dog  
but he knew me, really knew me,  
and didn't care I am angry and masculine too."  
She sighs - she'd visit New York again,  
anytime of the year.

## **Synesthesia**

The pain was the red of rubies  
in the jeweled crown of the King,  
it was one he was familiar with,  
“bloody heart broken”,  
the color of sexy girls’ nails.  
He sighed, garnet hues signaled  
another dent in the already fragile.  
The cherry visit wasn’t defined,  
sometimes blush for a day,  
sometimes crimson for an era.  
The fire through his vision  
was poured all over the cars,  
the porch, the tv, the train,  
like rust spilling from his pores,  
into the crevices of his dreams and wake,  
it was a curse, his mother told him,  
but he considered it a blessing.  
How often can one tell  
when a heart actually heals?

## **Summertime, and the living is easy**

On the Corner of Tired and Weary,  
he held his plea in his dirty, cut up hands,  
but the impossibility of a kind look,  
more likely of a stone sprouting blood,  
was life in his fast lane of road kill  
The pouring heat, the piercing cold,  
Boston pounded on him, daily,  
because no one would claim him  
from the lost and found,  
The smile he carried was genuine,  
right from his pocket onto his face,  
hoping to make his own salvation,  
through cans for cigarettes and redemption,  
and a buck or two from a chosen few  
who are trying to find their own place in heaven  
or at least, buy their way out of hell.  
As he stood out in the blistering sun  
and grinned at his third middle finger  
in an hour  
from a Mercedes, this time,  
he thought  
“Ah, Summertime...and the living is easy”

## **Dark and Moody Twilight**

Wishes will cost you  
if you really want to do them right  
because, kid, nothing comes for free,  
if you want it bad enough,  
you have to ask the heavens  
to pour open with the love of the angels  
no matter how out of sight  
it seems to be.

But lately, you haven't been yourself,  
you are searching for an answer  
to age old question of why  
good people fade out into the  
dark and moody twilight  
and bad people shine in the sun,  
it's not us to answer, much less ask,  
so it leaves us with stars in our mouth  
and a bad taste in the brain.

Maybe we can't answer the big questions  
but the small ones seem so easy,  
especially to the small people  
and I want to be bigger  
I want to touch the stars,  
to hold them close until they  
threaten to dull in the sky.  
Because if my wishes can come true,  
no matter what I do,  
those stars will really never fade away.

## **Sing to her, Johnny**

Sitting in the Kitchen  
Writing a letter,  
listening to Johnny Cash

hearing the grit his voice  
washing over those wounds  
and planting the gravel deeper

The phone doesn't ring  
she checks every once in a while  
for those words to stay silent

He sings of Angels  
but she doesn't believe in them  
the wings are just a fad

for those who wanted salvation  
the Angel stared at her  
"Be gone, be gone now"

There is nothing else to do  
just wait for a sign  
or a breathe or a noise

crisp, clear evidence of what's there  
but it's thrown in the trash  
with all other logic and reason and pills

because joy is fleeting  
and love is not what it seems  
but it's all we have right now

And she sits, writing her letter  
while Johnny tells her it all sucks  
and she agrees  
because how can Johnny be wrong?