

O My Heart

A Sleepless Sense of Found

Fog gathers all night on the oak above us,
in the meadow all around us.
As the stars step back behind the mist,
the curled brown wetted leaves
stutter down through the branches of the tree.
We lie close together in our bags, talking.
We steep there, we sink deeper into the share
as points of correspondence pile up
in layers from our stories.
My hungry tongue and lips turn demure,
my wonder rises without peak
until a sleepless sense of found enfolds me.

Sowise

In cooldim of greygreen a beenman
is grinseen, a newway to followfoot.
The woodsing a feltune. The moonroots
of shoots an liveseed are wingloose
and bringhymn to yourside in loomlight
in mineseye. Tremblesure, our wesong
is heartlong, rises in treebreezes and leaves,
is strong and sowise, so . . .

You Are Leaving

This monstrous looming,
distant but oncoming,
like the smoke of a burning
village cloaking the landscape,
promises a razing.

Ash falls,
thickening in the non-light
in a courtyard deserted of footfalls.
The fountain is dry.

Night draws nigh.
The scent of ends chokes out "Soon, too."

O My Heart

You and I will be very good.
We will let her get round the corner,
wait two beats, maybe three—long enough
to know for sure she's not coming back.
(Then I don't care what she hears.)
You will lunge, then, I know.
And I will throw my arms around your neck
and grapple your howling desperation
until I've reattached the chain.
But I won't let you go; no,
I will murmur something soothing,
some wordless, tuneless, hopeless—
 I will cling to your quivering
until I feel it's safe to merely rest there
with my face buried to the tears
in your familiar must. The long,
long night we will sleeplessly entrust
the darkness with our pain
and wait to see: does the wrong
depart with the sunrise,
or cruelly taunt us
from the limit of your run?
But, O my heart, I promise:
I will not desert you.
I will not leave you all alone.

Wordsmouth Harbor Founder

I rage into the phone.
Heedless? No. I feel
the windlash crack the lines,
I bid the waves crash me 'gainst the pier.
The wordstorm pounds with sounds
my lips curl to form, I exult
as I hurl the handset down
into the consequences,
at last past any caring
that the relationship is sheering
its moorings and plunging
into forsaken haven danger.
(Ill the fell tongue tastes after anger
jettisons the heaviest cargo,
while the unlashd chests careen
across the lightless decks below.)
As I turn from the phone stand,
the ghost-ship heels toward the maelstrom,
rudderless, sails shredded by the gale.
As I walk down the hall, the empty hull
tips over the grimace lips and shudders
as it surrenders to the swirl.
Wracked and groaning,
cracked open past mending,
way past hailing any rescue,
I sink. I drink past drowning
the deep oblivion overhead.
I slowly settle on the bed.
I listen in the darkness to the echo
of all the reckless things I've said.