

## PRESENCE & ABSENCE:

This wound should be deeper

Wider

So my scar can be thicker

Longer.

I want to look on it;

Caress it; Strike it; Rake it with my nails...

So that every time I chance to glance upon it,

I will feel a rock in my throat, hot tears in my eyes,

And every last ounce of the pain that this scar has earned me.

If I keep the pain, I keep the memory -

The desperate comfort of it. Its devastating loveliness...

Yet I long to take it in my palms, remove it from my body,

And wash it with my tears, until somehow...

It is both *here*:

infusing my heart with loss and beauty...

And *not here*:

abandoning me...to painless absence.

**CONNECT:**

When you  
feel your bones scream,  
when you feel the marrow  
disintegrating inside you -  
crumbling.

When you  
feel your body  
grating on your body  
and know it cannot be ignored  
this time.

When your  
first waking thought:  
“How do I get through this? -  
This hour? This day? This life? This flesh?”  
*My flesh.*

My wrist  
is manacled  
to the decomposing  
corpse of someone with my own face -  
always.

Can you  
feel the blood slide  
through your veins like I do?  
Can you feel it angrily slip  
inside?

When the  
ringing of your  
hateful body is all  
you can hear, you watch others' mouths  
and guess

at what  
they say. They think  
you can hear them, and you  
pretend to...Can you feel your bones  
crunching?

When the  
hair on your head  
begins to scream, and all  
you loved is so split and shattered.

Ruined...

I want

to love this flesh

This broken body- *cage!*

Yet it proves itself a traitor -

*Liar!*

Let me

tell you my deeds:

I've ignored it, threatened,

submitted, dragged it, nurtured it --

And yet...

Nothing

means anything

that it used to. And that

is when everything means something

*new*. Small...

Small and

impossibly

beautiful. Examples:

your dear friend's smile. My cat's cheerful

greeting...

Tea leaves.

A drop of dew

on a potted house plant.

Congeaed cream on the top of my  
coffee.

And I

will make this pain

beautiful if it is

the last thing I do. The last thing

*we* do.

**WILD:**

Our time has ended. Though I'm loathe to speak it,  
I need not speak it. You have done so first  
With lack of actions promised, loss of words.  
I've cried my tears already. Let me have  
My time to mourn now in a different form.  
To have my anger and to hold regret  
So tightly that I nearly snap its bones.  
Remember me. Remember me as one  
Who wore death as if it were silken robes  
Who sang amid the throes of pain and gave  
My whole heart to each moment. Think of me  
As full of joy, of grit, of love, and power.  
Who never stopped to wonder how I looked  
When dancing barefoot, laughing till it hurt,  
Or twirling in a rainstorm, with your hand  
Held tightly in my hand. I hope you now  
Are happy, and contentment floods your days.  
But yet, I wish that once- once in a while,  
That you remember me as all things wild.

## **HOME FOR A HARD HEART:**

Built on a foundation of sandstone

Beauty and power:

Ostensibly solid,

And truthfully crumbling.

On the heath,

Poetry lights a bonfire -

A welcome (A warning)

To wandering hearts.

In the bedroom,

Buckling walls weeping unashamed

Groaning floorboards weary

From months, years

Of aching for certainty

Love is absent -

Or buried...

Rotting

Beneath cedar planks.

Desperation fills the void -

Slips in broken windows.

Something

Is growing in the cellar -

Acknowledged and permitted

Gnawing on dreams and principles

Enticing and despised.

Words reach out with flickering window candles

So swiftly extinguished.

Solitary, chosen pain

In exchange for chosen pleasure

Isolation is necessity

On a fractured path never walked

Rain

Kisses like a betrayal

A backwards baptism

Only inside now...

And instead there is only

A cold front hall

And waiting

Waiting...

For a colder knife between the ribs.



## **IMMORTAL:**

My mind lives underground now

Ink on fingertips

Disintegrating

I find a teabag, hours later, cold and bitter

How long do we have?

How long before

Evaporation,

Elimination,

Absence?

When my body breaks

Enough to be plain

Even on the surface-

When it finally shatters enough to

Part us...

I will think of you

Smiling with your whole face,

Kissing my fingers

Telling me you

Love me...

Misery

Memory

Summary

Words, you remind me,  
Have more stamina than time  
And will outlast it.  
You remind me  
Continually.  
With every breath you take, you remind me;  
Remind  
Me  
Again  
Begin  
Within...

Our souls-  
*We*  
Will last long after  
The scent of you has gone from your books  
My notion of your eyes is hazy  
The memory of your voice, fading...  
And after I, too, am gone...  
Words  
Yours, mine,  
The ones we loved together  
Will be- *We are-*  
Always together  
Ancestral  
Colossal  
Eternal  
Immortal