A Little Distance

To My Brothers

Once we were alive and young in a summer that was as new and naïve as us, thinking we walked where none had walked before, ruled in secret spaces between brush and brambles; in a kingdom keeping hours from dusk to dawn we ran and screamed and shouted until we had banished the threats that lurked at the periphery of our imaginations — specters that by day would be stark and boring reflections of our lives. The stars remember the secrets we told them, even if one day we do not. Forget the smell of wet grass between bare toes or the pride of bloodied hands full of berries or a sun that burned our skin as surely as our hearts burned with the importance of the innocent — undeserving but unashamed to see in the world what we wished and nothing more.

For a friend

Count the times I hated you, the times I loved you, the times I did not know the difference between a storm that comes and one that passes as surely as our time together passed.

Hold the imagine of it now in your hands —

like amber it has crystalized, trapping every moment.

Examine each but do not try to separate,

for all tastes like whiskey and mint;

all sounds like half remembered childhood things and

all smells of that warm, ancient air we breathed together and confessed

how it impressed us, moved us to share our secrets (but not the ones that mattered).

All is golden as the day I left you, warm as your tears on my yellow shirt.

<u>Airplanes</u>

Gimme someone to love, someone to drown with me. In all this fog and red poison, you swim to the surface bloated like a heart left too long in the rain.

<u>Ouroboros</u>

You lift me up, let me down — gently, I must speak to you.

In return for your casual bruises, I must fear leaving scars.

If I am to be a serpent, let me be one
consumed with the business of swallowing its own tale
again and again. I will chase you 'til you face me,
say you hate me;

say you love me.

Free me from these garden walls.