

Ghosted

U wrote me nothing today
And handed me instead
a ball of silence

(round as cherry, fat as a goose).

u might as well
have pushed me across the floor
with your nose

Strung me up by my feathers
with a noose.

**Long
Poem**

If
a
woman
wants
to
kiss
you,
she'll
kiss
you.

No
excuses.

It's
that
simple.

I
like
the
sound
of
that.

Especially
for
those
who
tempt
their
fate.

Like
in
an
elevator
on
a
Tuesday
afternoon;

right
after
lunch.

Where
she
orders
a
Caesar
salad
with
tuna
and
extra
bread
and
butter.

And
he,
two
extra
cold
Stella
on
draft.

RPM

It's good to know that people like you exist
so I know what to avoid in my next life.

Though you & I both know this is it;
that there is no second act.

That the scene ends right here,
right where it began.

He doesn't win the girl.

She's a bird.
He's a post.

Big Love

They say there's love
and then there's **Big Love**.

Big Love
so big in fact
it can move mountains.

But when I think of Big Love
I think of Big Love as the kind
that sits like a fat cat perched
on the windowsill of your heart –
that won't move for anything.

Or else it wouldn't be Big Love at all, would it?
But something lesser.

little itty bitty love, perhaps?
And who wants that?

Always falling apart like crumb cake.

Lunch Poem

I would like for there
to be a time
where one day
you are sprawled out on the couch
like a cat
asking me
to make you a sandwich.