

Coming Out

Now I sit with my father
Tense as if it's the final judgement day
Bright TV screen in a dark room
maybe I hoped to enlighten him
and bring him out of plato's cave.
Yet it's my own head that is chained
for I do not dare turn to see his face
Lips of women lovers touch.
Tense from fear, I sit in agony,
all but a beating heart in a statue made of ice.

I wished to test the waters with my feet
To see how my father would react
Now acid is dissolving, chemically reacting.
Flesh peeling off my bones.
My father is pouring acid on my feet
Like he would pour scalding water
when I was sick and cold
He tried to cure me of my illness
"I'm doing what's best for you"
At least it was for love.

My father has grown up only seeing shadows in the dark
So when I dragged him to the light
the brightness seared my father's eyes
He cannot bear to see the realness of their vivid beauty
"Queers, they are all just stereotypes"
Dear father, look at me.
Look me in the face and take away my humanity.

His eyes are adjusting slowly to the light.

LOVE?

I think I love you.
Cause each song on the radio
Sounds like your name.
When the engine of my mind idles,
Thoughts of you casually stroll in.

I'm pretty sure I love you.
Shivering when you're around,
Even in the heat of a California winter.
I'm looking at you looking at me,
and can't I stop grinning.

I'm afraid to love you.
Afraid that you don't share the same affection.
Might have I deluded myself
with a sentimental parody?
How can I in youth know love's true face?

Today I find our love anew
As so with each tomorrow
This poem is unfinished still.
If there be an end,

Cliff and Sea

The cliff
hazy in the distance,
veiled by an insubstantial fog.
Surreal mysterious and dreamlike.
is it real?

A moon invisible,
that cannot grip advancing waters,
The ocean splashes up the beach,
draws back
and breaks
against the wall of stone condemned,
forever doomed
to being torn apart by birds and sea

The western wind whips around my hair,
fills my lungs with sea salt air.
The sand between my toes
are seashells ground to bits and mixed
with crystal quartz by endless waves.

Broken sand dollars litter the expanse of beach
like shattered dreams
Worn away, to pieces shorn
then again reborn.

A large white bone
half buried in the sand
bleached white and weathered
The jawbone of a whale washed ashore?
Once leviathan, now but a ghostly specter

A flame burns brightly in the distance
My chilled feet perk up at its existence.
Would you mind
If I share your fire?
The orange glow, radiating warmth
consuming and destroying
what life has so intricately built
Man's red flower mesmerizes me;
a chaotic frightening beauty.

Gift of warmth and light
In the darkness of the night

To halt time and revel in this instant
I dream
But time slips away,
like sand, shimmering, seeping through my fingers
tangible, *elusive*

Its Siren's Song that breaks the spell,
Cliff and sea resound with sweet duet.
A future crowned with splendid glory,
and questions to my answers.

The golden sand dollar in the twilight
burns bright in its final hour.
The moon an aging child or a young adult?
Artemis has lost her innocence
but still is trapped in childhood.
In between time.

A river flows into the ocean;
A bridge between two worlds,
Rapid waters ebb away the sandy bank, undermining its support
till it collapses to be washed away.

The river's current
made a jagged pattern in the sand.
My sole impresses
an aberration on its uniform consistency,
and I dig my other heel
into the dull precision of the riverbed.
The stream rushes around my ankles,
Cold, swift, complaining.
My feet endure
I do dare disturb the universe.

Past the river,
The abandoned vacant beach
scattered with a wealth of crab shells smoothed out stones
The cliff
looms over me titanic and imperial
A barricade of boulders

sharp menacing rocks that mock me
I stand before it barefoot
a beggar stripped of dignity
shoes a privilege that I lack

Frustration.
Because my dream is unattainable.
Stone in hand,
The path of flight is parabolic, arching
A soft thud barely heard
among the breaking of the waves
The cliff
it stands unchanged
Oblivious of my existence
Only now do I comprehend
Humanity's insignificance in the infinite immortal universe

The sun has sunk into the sea
Igniting clouds with dying rays
A shy moon materialized in the sky
Reflection shimmering in the water
I trace my footprints in the sand and wonder; how long will
they endure the tides of time?
How long before
Humanity collapses
Into oblivion and all its traces wash away?

How long before
the stars and galaxies are ground to particles in a universal heat death?
The future
nebulous and dim,
Is obscured by an evanescent myst.