

The Talk

Before my courage could balloon to its apex
 she pulled the trigger, just
 missing the graze that would've
shattered the elastic
 desperately holding itself
 together as it grew larger than its own skin

rather, she unloosened the bind that tethered it to the pole

as her last act of kindness
 she gracefully orchestrated what should
have been my burden

and set us both free

The Intangible Self

I care not the numbers that
surreptitiously try to define you -
the glitz of glamour clamoring through tonight's twilight
begging to take up each space of your mind's real estate

I seek to know your intangible self –
that infinite moment that was bestowed upon me through your mesmerizing gaze
captured through those eyes of a newborn fawn-
the same moment that vanished into stark oblivion the instant I attempted to grasp it
and make it somehow mine
and make inert
the very vibrations that entwined us
for a second again in this maddening place...that excruciating beauty through which you
and I experience the world

I've waited my entire life
to finally have a simple conversation - one that
defies logic yet defines it perfectly...
as if the very idea of what's flawless can be measured and played like an instrument
in pure consonance

So allow, my darling
Let's forego ourselves
the very footsteps that beg to surrender to the ongoing music of our celestial dance: they
will follow as I give you my very being, catalyzing those hidden
treasures nursed between your memories and your enraptured body...

And we will feel the impalpable touch for the very first time

Die Gefahrtin

We lay unclothed
erasing the ornate barriers
to our primal, pristine nature
speaking in tongues through
tunnels of bare expression
each idea nude
erupting Old faithful
spouting wisdom of intrepid yearning
swelled from the corners of your
cavernous carnal creation
down to each letter within your memory's corpus

//

I penetrate the whole of your open temple
gates through rhythmic, spasmodic
waves coupled with many a gentle kiss
subtle embracing lips
enrapturing the tips of your ineffable twin mountains

//

I orchestrate circles around your
lotus flower
divine dew forms
whetting, surrounding its petals
like clouds hugging the bleeding white horizon of the Himalayas

//

I feel you cascading with liquid anticipation as I
assuage your gaze from
two almond-silhouetted mirrors
quietly holding buried pleasures trapped
through the gleam within their piercing stare

//

My soul exposed, body transposed
into the vessel that gifts graces and caresses
sublime: Ayurvedic touches
of Goddess herself emanating
as you glow

My reflection is sourced through the
luster of your own
like a shimmering lake who bares
colors undiscovered
even through the depths of restless meanderings

//

We lay together
unadorned
silently separated through the confusion of time

You are mine...
and yet you never were
You are nevermind...
as we stand,
directing gondolas through
the rivers of our endless story, sui generis

Holding Space

my mind and heart is engorged with a paradox that
I feel
while I kneel
and pray on heels
shackled not anymore

if only you felt what I feel
I would surrender my all to glimpse the world
together
through our carefully crafted lens
as we find ourselves entwined
for an infinite second in this place we've been sent to

my verve threatens to deplete
I bleed! but am forever sourced with a boundless force
sustaining
never-quenched-never-empty
enraptured by a sentiment immeasurably incandescent:
showing a brightness that's surmised to be
the remnants of lost paradise.
of god herself together
with Him. creating a new
becoming, One through None.

And as we hold this space for young humanity,
our spirits will race like a flaming blizzard blistering cold
it feels like the sun –
I spoke of this enigma before you believed it.

Now you see it.

my mouth hurts from talking –
 like, the chapped part of the soul crippling the tongue
 so that it may rest assured that
 it's the fast-est heal--ing part of of us---
 like the mUScle
 that curiously grows when our bodies scream! quicksand
 after bruises after the split-ting sounds of ripped Brigantine sails after pain
 suffering, is vain:
 it is the acute angle of two stopped hands on a broken timepiece
 we fool ourselves on repeat, each glance 2:27 etched in confusion
 with nothing to measure the momentary amnesia
 it's time to listen
 you don't have to walk when your ground is
 swept under
 from you. *for* you.
 no talking needed
 just float and listen
 you will hear music ineffable
 just listen
 you will heal andyouwillknowhowunbreakableyoualwayswere
 you are immutable bumps on a sheet of braille : authentic language
 of silent vocal chords
 of love between infinite spaces