

Lifeline

Lifeline

Baby

give me your hand and
I'll peel back each
guitar-calloused finger
one by one
I'll attack you with
your own
biology, smooth
your palm
with my thumbs
and show you again
inside
clenched fist
resists blood pressure
and pulse--
you're squeezing
that lifeline
your life, time
mine too, so Love, give
me your hand as
space is placed
trace my hope--
my palm reads you
I still see you
that downhill tomorrow
the stars stitched
in your skin--
unfold your five
and jump in.

Long distance

I can't hear you say
"I like the way death feels"
--You messaged me
you don't see my hand
grip the nearest stabilized object.
You say you're sometimes
suicidal---

--
-

and it unravels me,
your nonchalant talk of nooses
casual pill popping comments
guns aimed at yellow emoji
faces with bulged-out-eyes-
I can't see you.

Don't.
Move.

You say you'd never-
say you don't want to
but you might--you say
there will be no warning; say
it will happen
at the end of the
day-

I can't hear you say
your morning will come,
you say
you're okay---

--
-

and who packaged you?
Miles and clocks slice our home
I'm alone but
scrawl on the graffiti wall reads
"love someone real."
My mind skips
to the shards of
your soul- I know
there's no one more alive than your death-obsessed self
so on those days I'm with you
in person, try to keep you
tied together
out of traffic
away from staplers
off the yellow platform edge but
we both know these are not
the things that kill you.

You say when we're together
you can breathe again---

--

-

me too, Love

me too.

But time flies.

We say "peace."

Never good bye

never good,

and before I'm down the block

sirens jump me

to your pulse

-you okay?

Wish I could take your pain

away, wrap you with protective

promises and poems.

So much of you/me/us is asphyxiating space and

indestructible otter boxes (yours is broken)

enveloping conversations

tears and questions

some unanswered but it's late-

You say sleep

and I say stay

hold on

the phone a little longer

and you text "okay."

I make tea

you calm me and when

you say "night"

-never good

I cut my yellow light to

dream about dreams.

Our lives eternal midnights

still I'm clinging tight to

hope

that tomorrow

I get to read the yellow

sunrise of another day

of your exhale

your poetic email

your lifeline

your "hey."

You keep me tied together

with every syllable

I can't hear you say.

Unknown Address

I will never have a big big house
a driveway to shovel or leaves to rake but
picket-fenced-in yards aren't for me, besides
boundaries never worked for us anyways.

And I will never have a lawn to mow
a swing to sit on, a garden to grow
or passwords or key codes I keep from you
because you'd figure them out anyways.

I won't ever have a walk-in closet
or attic stuffed with treasures, gems, antiques
no basement, no dining room, no den but
you would punch all those walls down anyways.

And I will never have that fast car, Love,
but the local train steals us more time
and it's tough to travel our universe
with seat belts and speed limits anyways.

Home- will always be street performers' chords
sidewalks lined with trees and fortune tellers
track jackets, thunderstorms, lyrics, headphones
coloned-perfumed poems, your brown and my blue-

Home- will always be our books and our legs
dangling safe over polluted waters
-an ecosystem we don't belong to.
Home will always be wherever I'm with you.