

(Happiness and Sadness are in a Balancing Act with Each Other)

Coral Trees

after the grey of today
you'd think your emotions would stay
locked
in place
persistent as the sleight block
that lies infinitely before you.
but along comes the evening
where the weary day
sighs an exasperated sigh of relief
and relents to pink, electric and wild
the citrine color of a grapefruit peel,
mixed with the lightness of
an 8pm azure sky.
constantly moving, to darker shades
pink and blue melt together
and form a powdery lilac
the wise old trees proudly stand
dark and lush against this
triumphant display of the universe
like the sparrow and dragonfly
I too must spread my
wings to the paradise that
time brings.

Bats 6/27/16

they get rid of the mosquitoes
erratic silhouettes
little sharp toothed fairies of the night
if you're not careful they might bite
a bite for taste, but what taste?
love? affection? blood?
thats archaic
their desire is in existence
being. soaring. swooping.
bats.
they get rid of the mosquitoes

Butter

cliquot, green aisles, lsd
you need music to see
fields of coarse fall grass
two brown coats
one wise, one alone
but not lonely
testing the mind with drugs
an unnecessary vice
white boned driftwood
dragged across an empty beach
asking myself questions
without answers
they pile up on the sand
I see gossamer circles around the sunlight
the clouds swirl like the almond milk
in my coffee.
I like to remember days by the color
gold light clean butter
a 40 degree ambience
Salt tears and a freshwater lake
but my heart doesn't ache
for you today
the way
it did then.

seattle 11:40pm

our hearts are numb
crystalized ceramic
frosted and sealed pink
the hot droplets sear pathways
like the termite patterns etched in a dying tree

christmas time

twenty christmas evenings lost in translation
I'm drawn to the glow of my
various screens like children
to the red, blues, and oranges of holiday light bulbs.
checking checking checking
for a sign that he exists
can exist,
in a twisted, one sided cyberspace
Anything is better than nothing
Lasso the moon George
you know that's what she wants
give it to her
make her feel alive and bright
like that huge burning rock in the
night sky. light her world up
She misses you terribly George
why don't you see that?
you're gone. you're gone. you're gone.
You were never really here.

So why can't I escape this feeling already?
My heart's sentimentality
foils my brain once again.