

Poem Series: Reconciliations

Home

1

I slide the revolver
of my fingers over the lever
that lowers the window
letting air in
to this hot car, cramped
with unspoken words, emotions
flitting in my ear like insects
that I mentally flick away

2

Swallowing my pride
at the dinner table, while swallowing lettuce
folding the dark leaves
liberally into my mouth
never forgetting that to become
first I must tear myself
into the smallest
unrecognizable shards

3

Summer, the rose of
my father's pink head
crests the deck where I read.

He is small from here
just a stem swinging
in an ocean of grass.

Nearby a lawnmower croons
to a pale, sliver moon.

I stay outside
until the sky glows indigo
and all that was once green
drops into fathomless dark.

Wedding Week

Monday

*

The future knows my name,
whispering it in my ear in the morning.
I drink coffee, contemplating a life where
time is a chain of dandelions.

Tuesday

*

I dream of waking in a field
and spying a house on a distant hill,
silhouettes dancing in the top floor window.
I walk closer, but the house
strangely remains in size.
When I arrive, it is no bigger than my thumb.
People welcome me warmly,
but I cannot fit inside.

Wednesday

*

It is a bright day, a day of happiness grimacing
its blind, tentacled smile,
a day with the sounds of heels
clicking over cobblestones,
and the pale, cream cheese colors
of the faces of the old.

Thursday

*

Dusk shimmers like a fresh coat of polish
with the scent of alcohol, astringent.
I cannot find the moon inside her house.
The grass conducts an inquisition,
convicting me of blasphemy.
Only while waiting for sleep
do I travel without fear.

Rehearsal

Clouds form gray regiments in the sky.

Grass quiets as if facing a firing squad.

Wind flees its country, a refugee.

Even trees bend their branches,

obscuring whispering leaves.

But the proud leaves of the moonflower

though shaken, do not lose their vigor,

their vines braced to the deck railing—

how smart they are to grasp what is foreign,

to forget their impending bloom, their home to grace,

their ability to give birth to something so pure

it carries with it the power to obliterate.

Oh flower-less kingdom, you are unperturbed,

even as an errant, stem-less blossom

blows across the trampled deck.

Please teach me how to overcome my fear

of what's to come, my jealousy in love,

and to lie down in the valleys

of my mountainous heart.

