

## *Stardust*

I miss you the way stardust just missed our eyes  
We caught but a glimmer but still have monochromatic filters- nearly blind  
But on each eclipse I sit and kiss the sky  
And send you a smile through space and time  
On my better days they catch me walking high up on the ledge, mistaken for falling when I'm trying to fly  
But gravity rides me and self-expression is dead  
Needless to say paranoia is infectious

Inherently I'm in debt for my existence  
When all I have are rain boots and puddles  
I want nothing more other than my guardian the sky  
I've only borrowed carbon and oxygen but they're gifts I'll give back  
So why do they try to enslave my soul?  
Sell me to the workforce to pay to breathe  
When I have nebulae to dance and glide through

Anyway I miss you  
You're the sun and I'm the moon  
Though everyone would think the opposite  
You're mellow and cold and I have warm energy  
But the moon is more faithful to the sun and that's why I'm the moon.  
You want to burn and forget and pretend you feel alive and I just want to find you even if from a  
distance to reflect your light, so I can feel alive too  
I'll always be in your orbit

Let's be frank you're fancied and I just have a wild imagination  
So I've reverted back in time to a more pure and innocent side of me  
A child who knew not of the darkness but the planet's that speckled the atmosphere  
I suppose that's what got me here in the first place  
But the quintessential start of a transcendental heart is founded on the nature of existence being  
beautiful despite the warnings to keep away from the wolves  
He was a beautiful wolf  
He had only seen too much  
I'm still grappling with my disgust that they labeled him a danger  
But even harder, that he was

It's not one of my better days and I'm looking for a bath of sunshine  
To walk across the sunset on the horizon  
To wait for my guardian to embrace me with twilight because  
I miss you the way stardust just missed our eyes  
We caught but a glimmer but still have monochromatic eyes- nearly blind  
But on each eclipse I sit and kiss the sky  
And send you smiles through space and time  
It's not one of my better days and they catch me walking high up on the ledge  
Mistaken for flying when this time I'm trying to fall

## *Stubbornly Divided*

I was careful not to make too many promises;

their weight is a great responsibility and my word is something I value.

But I did promise to love you and I can promise you this:

I can promise you that you'll never receive a love as strong of love as the love you felt from me.  
You'll never be kissed as tenderly.

No fingers will braise your honey brown skin perpetually in awe and praise.

In the moonlight you won't catch a glimpse of glimmering eyes  
taking in every piece of you as you slip out of sleep only briefly before being cradled back to peace with  
little soft lips on your forehead and cheeks; my pale skin blanketing the cold blue air from chilling you.  
Continuously finger combing your long black hair to curve around the back of your ear so I can hum to you while  
you snuggle up to my chest and intertwine your legs with mine.

My love for you is unconditional.  
My love for you is irreplaceable.  
My love for you is inexplicable  
because it is unique to only you.

When the morning sun breeches your eyelids you won't awake to 'Eskimo kisses' and the biggest smile  
you'll ever see.

You won't wake up to a tiny body wrapped around you, but now you'll be free.

The sun will shine differently and on night walks you'll look up at the moon alone and wonder what kind  
of cheese it's made out of.

You'll smile briefly to yourself because you'll be reminded of me  
and that question that had put me to tears

But your smile will lower quickly and the warm memory will tiptoe off silently

Maybe you'll even feel empty

But rest assured you'll remember me saying that no one could love you more than me, because it's  
simply impossible to exceed that love.

You'll try to forget that I've always proven to be right.

You'll roll your eyes at how obnoxious it is that I always was...

but then you'll find that it's those little quirks which had once driven you crazy  
that you now miss most about me.

I'm still sharing that moon.

There's a little extra bitter-sweet nostalgia in the heart at the times we're compelled to look,

the moon's way of pulling us back together if even for a distant moment  
and reminding us that we've loved each other longer than our memory allows.

Reminding us that chance and circumstance are just as conflicted as we are.

Though, the only certainty I have remains,  
a promise that I say unrestrained:

No love could rain down with stronger intensity  
and no lovers can quarrel as passionately  
and wreck and rip through the world out of anger that we can't get along,  
that our stubbornness, damage, and flaws are too powerful  
which is why out of the greatest storms in magnitude  
not one is named after you and me.  
That happens to be our most painful analogy.  
There is no longer "we"  
which brings me sadness to know that no one could love you more

### *A sudden realization*

I've come to realize that whenever I start to feel  
my thoughts wish to put those feelings into words.

Before I can reach for a pen  
my mind begins to block out my thoughts  
that are fighting to be free  
but cannot organize themselves  
to demonstrate.

A natural defense mechanism.

The governing police force of my body.  
My words do not represent the depth of my true mind.  
I am not allowed to explore those territories anymore,  
it's too dangerous.

Sometimes I just begin to cry  
because there is so much I feel but am not allowed  
to think

because my thoughts have the potential of killing me.  
I made a heart from white Christmas lights  
on an empty wall.

This symbol so commonly seen...  
it means nothing to me.

Though as I plugged in the lights and sat gazing up  
at the meaningless symbol on my wall  
I began to cry.

My own meaningless symbol inside began to swell  
and overwhelm itself.

My tears smeared the detail and the chords disappeared.  
All I saw was a glowing stream of love.  
It hit me that I will never feel love again.

It hit me like concrete bricks falling on my ribs.  
Planes, cars, trains, trucks all crashed at once.

The force of an asteroid smashing into a star,  
an atomic bomb obliterating an entire species  
and now the sound of eerie silence.  
The feeling of everything one has ever known dissipating  
into thin air  
with one explosion.  
The sight of utter destruction and supreme emptiness,  
pale ashes raining down  
but there is nothing left.  
All of the world's pigment melts into dust  
and the lights in my own meaningless symbol  
flicker and burn out.  
I wipe my eyes  
and the stream of love no longer flows.  
The symbol now a corpse of green wire  
and everything around me  
is dust.

### *Who is the Ass Hat in Charge of this Gig?*

There's beauty in sadness  
and sadness at heart  
Sometimes the key's all too tired  
of forcing the engine to start  
Twisting and turning she pushes and hauls  
but the engine just wheezes  
then coughs and stalls  
Outside the wind amplifies the fire  
blowing hot dry air  
preaching to the choir  
while the devil himself  
rocks in his chair,  
puffs on his pipe,  
and fixes his stare  
"To hell with you all"

A calling is uttered past the bushes and groves  
all the while Miss Georgia's bruised peach  
slaves over the stove  
and dreams of the days  
wearing buttoned up satin  
and doily garnished robes  
When the compliments came easy  
and the juices always flowed  
"She's quite the looker"  
they all used to say  
Her gams long and thin  
hair pinned just the right way  
The fantasy lives on  
can't scratch the glitter from her ears  
She's a superstar for sure  
she glimmers spotlights in her tears  
  
Fresh squeezed lemonade sweats  
in a pitcher out back

The mason jars wait to be filled and tipped  
The soft horizon blends  
weaving tall grass to clouds  
and all in the mind  
soon a lone ranger will ride  
and be counted like sheep  
so the sun can go to sleep  
and allow the stars to climb from their slumber  
June bugs hymn  
and toads join in  
to croak a bluesy rhythm

Such calm and serene  
though things are never as they seem  
and the sand is being spent  
from this hourglass we rent  
while we're frequently pained with thoughts  
of having to reset the clock  
In this time  
sadness slips into the emptiness that exists  
until the bulb is filled  
with the same grains of sand  
reoccurring thoughts  
monotonous and over taught  
only to be sifted again

A man looking awfully like god  
leather dress shoes, the brass cuff pins and all  
steps onto the dew braised grass  
and flashes a smile  
decorated by a gold tooth cap  
Then in a strategic business approach  
tries to sell the good word  
So the devil chased him off  
with brandy scented scoffs  
and the partition of heaven and hell  
became blazed by flames again.

Over the singing of cicadas  
the pageant queen begins to weep  
In a dramatic film like scene  
breaking dishes in the sink  
Someone give her an Oscar  
throw some roses at her feet  
She's truly got a gift  
building dreams on make believe

As for me I just sit  
waiting for nothing at all  
No excitement for sunrise  
or the sky when night falls  
I've counted my blessings  
and found my two cents and all,  
traded them for a dime  
then threw my quarters at the wall  
I'm a fossil of donated carbon  
waiting to give that carbon away  
I'm a no good sad Sally  
a real gloom and doom  
a tumble weed rolling  
on these dust roads I loom

We're interconnected through isolation  
dry in our wits  
Aching to feel  
bothered when we feel the ache  
The long stretch is near  
but near is far  
especially when asking  
to know who we are  
So simple and daft  
yet genetically complex  
Walking contradictions  
standing in lines all our lives  
waiting to be next

I've walked to the threshold of sanity  
which doesn't exist  
and met an old timed rookie  
who traded his brains for bliss  
I welcomed him to the company  
manufacturing ignorance for apathy  
then added his name to the list  
My patience ran thin  
boredom struck me again  
and I ditched that poor old fucker

I found solace in lies  
convinced myself to compromise  
and amused myself with prayer:  
Oh lord take me in!  
I've been cleansed of my sins!  
I bought Jesus on my doorstep  
from a man with a grin  
He changed my dirty ways  
through indulgences I paid  
He drove off in a Caddy  
with a bumper reading "saved"  
I know I'll have a place  
up in paradise  
once I rid my hair  
of the fleas and the lice  
But maybe I've lost interest  
that's happened once or twice  
Instead I'll buy some whiskey  
and get tangled in a vice  
so as to wash away some time  
in this god forsaken life