

A QUIET LEAVING

the slender ingenuity
of her delicate shape
stretched across me
in the lowness
of 6am
to collect bits and pieces
from my night stand.
i was surprised by the
lightness of her breath
and the considerate ease
she was able to dress
while i played dead
like some morning after possum
in wait for her soft exit.
and when the door
to my apartment closed,
giving back the sheltered void
along with
its arrogant stillness,
i couldn't decide if i
preferred it that way.
the silent escape
in lieu of
some hushed and half-awkward
farewell.

MIDNIGHT

i don't remember the
exact moment when
you told me without words
or even actions
how flawed
and fragile
people really are.
it was the way
you took me apart,
led me around
as if we needed to
find new blood and fresh skin.
our fights could age me years
in minutes. our silences
were like a swarm of hornets
trapped in a cave.
'we stop agreeing at midnight,'
you once said.
i heard the words plainly,
refusing to listen.
and though memory
colludes with time
to bury most things,
those dull slivers
fraying madly along the edges
float quickly to the surface
at the mention of your name
or the treasonous scent
of fresh lavender.

THE LAST NIGHT IN AUGUST

the dying of summer
as it's written
in an August evening
giving way to the inevitable
discouragement of September,
like a baroness living on credit
in her private, bewildered chateau.
the estrangement of the heat,
pleasing us with difficult hands--
the ones
we both love and fear.
pushing away
will invite the night.
we have lived
through seemingly countless revolutions.
but not the one yet,
we think we deserve.

RECITATION

i rolled over onto the grass
wondering if we could
read to each other.
there were no books, only
make believe articles
we tried to recall.
'existentialism is
 the emergency response
 to life itself,'
 you said.
i thought about that, like
dialing 911 to the gods,
the heavenly stars
and the Universal Mother
using only tears of survival.
i loved you
and others
when we
desperately laughed.

HOME WITH THE GHOSTS

i often feel the whisper of spirits
who defying proper description
occur among us
through the vapor trails of February
and the inevitable consummation
of springtime.
they swing like bored trapeze artists
in our fated nights,
wallowing with wry softness
and fickle fatigue,
nebulous guests
who trail us from an arm's length
as we climb the desirous stairway
of mourn amid our steps
through the hallways of reminder.
they dwell as expired fireflies
floating in the catacombs
of my insomnia,
welcome company to a dinner party
for a meal i cannot serve.
i hear them as a restless breath
across open barriers,
and as a shared triumph of affection
from the indeterminate beyond.