

The Vast and Threaded Sea

Honey waves
down the cliff
of your skull
silken sunlight
catching radiance
in strands
like nets
flickering flashes
flung
not unlike
wind-danced branches.
I observe
that fish
swim unattainable
in your golden mane
and know
I will never talk to you.

Atoms

are infinitesimal
fragments, fractions
a churning cosmic spill
held together by what?
They nestle like spoons
forming families—molecules
—made up
of nothing but vibration.

I am an atom
a mote of dust in the void
pulled weakly, covalent
when I should be locked
held firm by blood, or if you rather
Iron.

A string, a web, a thread, a wire.
What is Love if not a binding?

Mother can't
with her BPD brain
while Father does deeply
but only his new wife.
Brother does too
with his new-mint baby
as does Sister
who married last year
and now boasts four children.

When molecules get crowded,
they shed electrons like fleas.

Circling their periphery
I yearn
for a new configuration
wherein I'm
an essential element
an integrality without which
form and structure
collapse entirely.

A bulwark, a corbel, a rope, a tether.
What is a binding if not Love?

MoonPath

Coyote cadence
through patchwork desert
carefully curated
yet somehow
still wild.

Road rhythm,
foot dance
on blacktop still blushing
from long ago sun.

A rabbit dashes up ahead.
The night wind breathes hard
in concert.

Letter Press

I remember
a type setter
working his big clanking press.
He demonstrated on a piece of cotton paper
the iron jaws
pushing one great steel 'A'
so deep
that its shape was raised up underneath
the virgin paper turgid now
with literacy.
It made me sad, a little
that no matter what
the scar from that 'A' would rise
forever
indelible and unchanging.

I like to feel my thighs bruised by cabinets
in the bathroom.
I like laying still and being done upon
held by the throat and cleaved.
I like not making a choice.
Of course I do.
Your teeth were my first imprinting
before I knew what was happening
and that I should resist.
In the mirror
I see the scar of your letter
and try to imagine
being anything else.

Inexorable

Every place I've ever lived

has gone rotten. I realize

I'm the common factor.

Let's talk about the last one. Gordon

who was ninety and called his
grandchildren--

well, I don't want to say.

He didn't like that I took vacations. He
didn't like

when I shut the door. He hated

that I hid in my room

instead of waiting on his pleasure.

But mostly he hated I was there at all.

I never raised my voice and he

knew he scared me a little

so he thought he owned a shrinking
thing

decisionless, accessible

like a hamster in a terrarium.

He did not know that he was wrong.

I must address my own culpability

for the violence that unfolded.

I lived my own life.

I locked the door.