

Drowning Flowers

Harbor

If heaven exists
is that where I went
with you that summer
Thursday night
We felt like
forever

Is that where the sky melted into the sea
like our palms,
seamlessly soldered by misfortune to one another

Is life above sea level
deeper
than us underwater

I felt you brush against my ankles
like a kid in the pool with goggles on
messing around, searching for
squeals, flailing limbs

before I knew you
you used to climb trees
I never knew you the same after
you tried again

When you fell
did you know
you were drowning

Did you reach
for my ankles

If heaven exists
 did you leave me to go there
or did you go there to find me?

belonging season

lips part like two tulips at dawn
an embrace of petals
loosen & release their clasp
morning dew sits sweet
atop cheeks of petals. passion
flows down from the sun
calling for warm holdings
& kisses made of wind
find places once unknown
and know them.

My Lavender Plant Is Dying

I can't be sure
whether I have overwatered it
or left it dehydrated for too long

Because days come and go
and I am too focused on
other things

So sometimes
I dump water in the soil
hoping it will cling to life
but many others
I leave it to dry
worried I have soaked its soil too deep

Some stems are brown and tangled
while others are green and burst with life
and I cannot tell
what I have done wrong or right.

teenage sun

true love, we promised
both our hearts facing the sea
was there no truth?
i would have loved you, always

but our lustful passion
was just a broken dream
there was only the dark night
after the sun had set

i starve for your heart
& for my passion

now we are just two lonely bodies.

Profound Absence

When I think of nothingness,
I think of death
A blankness,
a sleep that is ever so permanent & never-changing
No neurons firing,
no smiling,
just darkness.

When I think of nothingness
I think of heartbreak
of how my mother broke
when she lost her other half.
Her heart
a blackhole
she clawed at in her chest

collapsing in on herself
again
& again
& again

When I think of nothingness,
I think of air
of how I can't see it
how it seems like a lie, like it's not really there.
I think of airplanes
how they work,
how they stay floating up there.

When I think of nothingness,
I think of birds as little surface fish,
I think of grass as seaweed,
I think of planes as a weird type of submarine.

when I think of nothingness,
I think of a little glass box with no water & no air,
I try to conceptualize what would exist there.
I can only think of darkness,
even though nothingness still carries light.

I wonder what would happen if you put me
in that vacuum-sealed box.

(Would I explode?
splatter?

Or would the nothingness
be quelled
because i am made of matter?)

I imagine that in that box, particles & antiparticles
appear and quickly disappear
a kind of fizzing that collapses in on itself
like soda pop.

When I think of nothingness
I think of