

Eclipsing

A collection of poems

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Precipice

When the last bird sleeps,
when the stillness
of the night settles over the canopy
like a blanket of quiet dust,
I want to dream softly,
humming to myself
the mystical ways of my being.

When the sky weeps,
when the silence
before the first stroke of wind
saturates the sky,
I want to kiss myself
as the last ray of sunlight does
the dark shimmer of fog. I want
to envelop myself like
a hailstorm over the highway,
hitting off the pavement in
fine shards, surprising itself,
breaking and collecting.

When the world
shakes awake, I want
to hug myself like
the breeze does the rain
in the early morning slumber
of the clouds. I want

to caress myself as the dew
does the new grass,
blinking itself to life
after a long night's rest.

I want to wake with the dawn,
the day opening
into a golden mist,
creating and
indulging in itself.

When the drought lifts
and the fires move out,
I want to be clean fall air,
so crisp it burns my lungs.

When the winter bares its
white teeth and a layer of ice
covers the landscape,
I want to be a snow
capped mountain for
one silent moment
before the sun exposes
the first patch of grass.

When the earth
flies into the sun
and the stars
walk into a distant galaxy,
I want to be the last

layer of oxygen
before the ascent into
the blackness of space.
There is no rush,
not here, where the air
is thinner,
quieter,
more still.

The Third

Two halves don't make
a whole, but what if two
wholes make a half? Two
and a half, between them,
a beating thing that
sings and bleeds and
cries out, wraps its
hands around
two lovers,
swallowing and
spitting them out.

There will always be
that third place
no one
can reach: that
space between
chests and
fingers and saliva,
something
that mixes and
takes away. It is
the powdered edge
on a bowl of batter,
a plate

that can never
be wiped clean.

Eclipsing

What addictions are you hiding
in the folds of your bed, your nightgown
fitted for a fire? Last night it took
half your cloth, and,

behind your hair,
an ill-fitted cap, bending, breaking
(exposing red
skin down to the bone and)

your brain, it
picks and picks and picks
until there is nothing but
cake
(you're all frosting, burned last
night too in the flames)

and the colors,
the pinks and blues soft and
singing your magic, moonwater
and beautiful spells you
thought would grow and
shine your hair
and

now a dull light

stronger tonight as
you stare beyond glimmering
gates where colors
collide thrashing pinks
and blues and especially
yellows

(speak

dance and

erupt)

there in that

flaming sky with

no regard for

oxygen

(Un)Bound

Broken broken broken

Broken.

A baby born,
speaking into it
life with prayers
for food and drink,
for growth and for
health. A scar forming,
becoming part of
the growing thing; a
ghost wound, it could
be called, one that
was patched up
long ago and
stopped hurting,
no memory of its
absence or
introduction.
Could I
have
been loved,
conceived of
in some different
way? Or is

this wound
integral, remaining,
rearranging
my insides in some
unknown way,
once a life source, only
a testament
now. The space
between worlds
tethered, an opening
simply interrupted,
not — no no no
no *not* —

the least bit
broken.