

1. Conversion Theory

If memories could be physical...

gossamer woven, cobweb membranes
that flit in the sunlight
that float on the air
breathless

silver veins of the stars
opalescent moments
that coagulate around him
like his slowing blood

he finally sees them
as he remembers

the hand of his mother
the cool running water
the first glowing girl
mostly, the sea
he catalogs his past

A diaspora of his days
laid down before him
futility in the very sweat on his brow
reaching for his
God
stitching together pieces
better left alone

the trinket on his chest
gave no final glory

... A recognition.

He was gone.

2. Sap Song

old love smells like cedar
the sweet stench of decaying peat under pine
pressed into perfume underfoot

it's early now- the mountains aren't awake yet, but we are
skin sunned yesterday whispers out heat
my wrist touching yours
a mouth too young for the taste of black coffee
instead says to me
"look- the fire."

~

another window opens... I forgot how little we see.
the needles fell, the dirt turned, we left and did not glance back

until the day I saw you
smoking and drinking coffee, black
still smelling of pine and I wondered
who now whistles in the woods
if not you or I

3. Mayfly Sol

I was laid down in love
with the poppies and the posies
Unburnt matches, oak & apple rinds

I bared my voice with woodsmoke and silence
I sang to the forest, the stripmalls, the divide

I breathed with the leaves
my hands poured honey
my lips made moss
my steps made stone

I seized, then raptured, I quaked with the glory
of the sun's setting hour
the last of my own.

4. Neon Light // Lead The Way

blue arms with
black X's drawn in permanent
over my cooling veins
circulating sludgen sorrows
and two-beat dreams
(a lustful affair)

head tilt head back
chin up walls down
neon light
lead the way
my elysian electric night

who would've thought
I am brightest in the dark
when the cold only dissipates
with the thum thum drum of another
thousand lost happy souls

i do blood bumps
like your lines of cocaine
I go up and you soar down
I sore up // from the way you blew me by

Pray to your moonlight god
i'll Pray to my starshine mine

5. Earlobe

does any part of you
taste as sweet as that last little corner
of your body, your mind
a golden little square laid hidden
unravaged by sun, by wind, by time

your jaw stretched, a blank canvas on bone
a cat's haunches jostling to test their own strength
your eyes rising
ready to tear me open

your jaw stretched, as the first whiskers grew
and your cherubim lips gave way to force and teeth
I asked you to bite me softly
the day I became your meat

I tasted blood bubbling on your tongue
the hero, the sailor, the thief,
you decided who would live
as I ebbed before your feet

a tidepool in the sand
doomed by dawn
digging in the meat of the mussel with my knife
looking for the pearl

The child
The Man
The last...
consume me.
