

## Schopenhauer's Cat

Somewhere between the head and the heart

A pendulum pulls in all of us

Bolted at birth to the sternum

Softly swinging like a hangman hooded

An ebb and flow of spite and spirit

You can hear it

If you listen

The mind taps the line

Cuts the cord of the spine

Like cordial graces to empty faces

Vacant and shy

What you'll find is divine

That it seems mankind

Is caught in a web of distress all the time

Or if not overthinking then constantly sinking

In a pit of boredom

We keep the decorum

Formal

For more of, um...

How should I put it?

Poetic politeness

## **Wish I Could Draw**

Sometimes I wish I could draw

But if I could

I'd only draw you

Leaving sketchbooks filled with scribbled drafts

Lines

Over

Lines

Trying to perfect the shape of your face

Never getting it quite right

Because even if I could draw

I'm not the artist that God is

I'm glad that I can't draw

Because if I could

I'd try to find the perfect pencil

To color your eyes

And I'd never find it

Because what color is light?

What color is heat?

What color is a thousand churches?

## **Picasso**

We call Picasso a visionary

An Apollo of the abstract

The way we call beautiful what he intended to be ugly

Much like you'll praise God

When you find my pretty corpse

Buried beneath the rubble of the rapture

Then maybe my pen will leak blood and water

And a surgeon will do with a scalpel

What that old Spaniard did with a brush

## The Witch's Kiss

A slurping sound sludged through  
The bubbles of the black cauldron  
And pillars of green smoke spiraled into the air  
Pungent with pickled toenails, parsley, and mud slugs  
A dash of sawdust and a drop of virgin tears,  
If you're able to find some

Feathers of a fowl flown south  
Plucked without warning  
Like the vacancy of heartbreak;  
A storm unseen  
Boarded windows to the heart  
Wrists swung and nails hammered  
The incantation begins:

"Wrists that swirl the cauldron  
Fingers boiling with gout  
Of all the poisons one could choose  
Love hurts worst, no doubt

Love spells don't sweetly settle  
They're bitter and they're sad  
And they burn the chest like bourbon  
But without the warmth it adds

There's nothing pleasant about them  
Except for the fact they work

But to down the drink of delusion

One must sip it how it's served

And mirror the spell within

Spoiled

Rotten”

## Eden

If only I could share with you  
The taste of this forbidden fruit  
Lost within the subtleties of the profound and the profane

A gift from God himself  
Grace granted then taken back  
Pulsating with the pressure of pleasure and pain

A set of brown eyes  
A set of blue  
I steal glances from each

Blonde and brown hair tangled  
Stuck by static  
To my shirts and sheets

She pulled away as if to say  
"This is too much"  
Her touch now a memory

And me, the enemy  
Cursed with the penalty  
Of our calamity

A garden unguarded  
Though not without its thorns  
A muse to abuse, no excuse, I'm torn

I'm a glutton

Sick with greed

I'm so lucky for my grief

I stand with Eve and grab the apple

And feel the emptiness of Adam's missing rib

So it goes when poets pose as men