

Your Favorite Star

Choose whichever you like, my love
Choose your favorite of them all
Do you prefer the ones that shine the brightest?
Or do you enjoy the ones that fall

Perhaps you want the one farthest away
We all long for something that has died
But if I do not survive the supernova
Please believe, my love, I tried

Maybe, you want one for your pocket
I will fetch it for you, love
I will make you a tiny white dwarf locket
A reminder of the above

But I know your heart, my darling
I know it well enough to know
You wouldn't cage a homesick star

So we will lay together
And marvel from afar.

Talking to Rocks

I dream of stone.
Oh if only you knew what this could be

I care for stone.
Even when we do not agree

I beg to stone.
I want you near but you do not budge

I scream to stone.
My frustrations are predecessors to your grudge

I weep to stone.
I want to be strong, but all I can do is come apart

I speak to stone.
I want to feel you, but all that's left is your solid heart

I miss you, stone.
But you cannot care or feel or see

I love a stone.

Oh, but a stone cannot love me

Every Night Is A Thousand Years

Every night I cry a thousand tears
What weapon does pain take
When it wounds the heart?

Every night I down a thousand beers
What form does sober take
When it screams not to stay so?

Every night I cheer a thousand cheers
What shape does bliss take
When it is an illusion?

Every night I fear a thousand fears
To what extent does heartbreak break-
When it has taken all it can take
When Laura's menagerie breaks
When the world is a crowd of fakes
When the ground gives in to shakes
And loved ones are lost to flakes
Or worse yet
When they are lost because they wanted to be
They are not found because they have hidden well
Well without a well intentioned bone in their bodies
And you are left to analyze your follies
And fall if your legs are too wobbly
Fall if you aren't quite strong enough to handle it
To handle the nights
Of silence-
That overwhelm our ears,
Of massiveness-
That overwhelm our thoughts and fears,
Of hours,

That last a thousand years.

Kinds of Butterflies

My heart aches...

And I have butterflies in my stomach

But not the warm, beautiful kind

Rather, the awful kind

The kind that nauseate you and make you wish they would just crawl back into their cocoons

But they can't

And they don't

My heart throbs...

And I can feel it almost beating out of my chest,

But not to the joyful rhythm of new love

Rather, an awful rhythm

The kind of beat that would turn any percussionist a lawyer at the sound of it

My heart cries...

And I can feel the tears condensing out onto my skin

But it's not the first-date-nerve kind of sweat

Rather, the awful kind

The kind you wish you could just rub a stick of scented Dove on to make it go away and I even tried...

But you can't

And it won't

My heart hardens..

And I can't feel the any of the parts where it once cushioned my love or your love or our love

Because now, is it all molten lava turned to rock

And not the good kind of rock

Because there is no rock so good, so overflowing with minerals

As to replace a heart

Wet Poetry

How poetic is the rainstorm
How ironic and terrifying
Frightful and beautiful
It knows language like no other
It is not afraid to use forbidden words
It is nature. And it is wild.

Mother's raindrops drown my own
In a clash of wet and warm and cold and salt
And it brings me breath and life and freedom
How I am born again in the midst of lightning
How I rejoice in my newfound senses

And I hear the sounds
The moans of rain
How they please me
The overwhelming waterfalls
And their echoes of thunder
And their pounding
How they bury my cries

Finally, it is safe to scream
To be rid of this gentle weeping
Of these quiet sobs
I surrender to the rainstorm
And it carries me to the ocean

At last
How I love to drown in rain
How I love to drown
In poetry