

Buying Groceries

Thin, dark and spindly,
sat like a casual savage atop the urinal.
And I think "what things are possible?"
If that can make it there, above the rest,
not plastered to the slick porcelain trough
where it belongs.

Sterile melodies scrape through
disinfected light, spilling into aisles,
brushing the heavy jowled woman's
fuzzy cheeks while she scowls at the
skinny birds buying cheap regret, their
fake red lips beginning to fade.

But the kids are putting holes
in their faces and working at supermarkets.
Pinching thrifts of time between tender teeth.
Young enough, still dripping wet with dreams.
Not reticent like the distance becoming us
as we read nutritional labels with hopes of
looking like we care, standing in cleanly stacked ruins,
scoffing at suggested serving sizes.

Staring at a stranger

My Eyes hold you briefly.
Sat slow, lips behind a cigarette.
Thighs swaddled tight above a bar stool.
Shadows of desire boil in the heat of absence.

Knowing time and length and
knowing how they are different.
Pushed against one another
they create sparks
that fall and bounce before dying.

D.A.'s Bar

The no longer keen peaches
sit next to smiles and wonder
“what’s the saddest part?”

They, lost and gone in the frontier of
bladed grasses.
Library legs, crossed and watching
tin cans.

She danced.
Sipping dull threaded curls of cush,
smoke wet and stale on each whisper.
My dusty denim legs
coalesced with contemplated
beat and candle light.

Her small hands were empty.
I searched the space before them.

We watched rills of wax run
from the tyranny of reconciliation.

Fumbling beneath the glisten of glass and
concrete.
Youth vanishing in the shade
from each streetlamp.
Walking home on White Street.
Without a key.

River and Lake

Steel tinted storms
spilling with warmth
let me dissolve in gentle
ways. Collecting fragments,
built whole again.
And how reckless
lips control my falling.
I wade into you, heel
before head,
etching silhouettes of
your shadow from
memory. Wanting to
mark my body with
yours. Waking with
you beneath silver
provinces of sky.
Clasped tight,
letting our borders
melt and smolder
where they cannot
merge. Searching
smooth compositions
of curved lines, in shy
places, heart feels its
own beating sewing
rhythms fast upon skin.
In you,
bright caroms of
wonder,
hidden,
wanting
exposition, break
upon me in fresh waves.
Currents carry me to
you. Breath damp and
warm, imbued with
tender flecks, enamored.
Always to you.

Gas Station

Six tall boys and a mountain dew.
The fingers of your gloves were missing.

You mentioned rehab once.
Were bright and buoyant.
We sat among strangers.
Stiff pleather chairs catching light,
absorbing vips of air wrenches not deflected
by the glass.
My air filter,
gnashed by squirrels.
“Compromised”.
I caved.
But you seemed strong,
expectant.
Some part slightly more than
small of me was proud.

I tried not to notice the cans.
We made talk, something small and left.
A piece of me surrendered to this place,
for how it wins.

Driving away,
head lights skimming crests of pavement.
Catching bent threads of power lines,
resplendent bows glinting gold.

