

# **Please Don't Touch**

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*i had a dream last night, where i was forced to choose between two things, the heavenly and the earthly; the abstract and the concrete, the imaginary and the ordinary, the idea and the reality.*

*i chose the tangible one.*

Wild things grow,  
beneath the skin, the soil burns,  
one can muster all the will,  
and still be beaten brown and crumbly,  
withered, dead, and drowned--

The potent smell of bad perfume.

Even from the ashes and mud,  
of things of murk, slime, and shame,  
can blossom bright--

New magic an- other- day.

Wild and uncontrollable,  
the way you turn me on, the way  
you dance, among the flames of perdition;  
turn me in, into the desolate parts of you,  
and there we'll scream like psychotic children,  
playing in the ashes of a burnt-up fantasy.

In the desolatory sun, I beat my wings,  
but couldn't fly; I had no hands to reach out,  
no frosting for my cake, no temple to pray,  
inside of. The world was not my oyster.

I wanted, for anything, to touch you,  
once more, beneath a fading moon,  
for one hour, could I comprehend your mind,  
one evening to dine with you, before the ashes fall,  
before the smoke rise. Before the end.

We washed off all the dirt of our youth,  
respectively, dancing in the crisp, green grasses,  
one step, across the line I go; where you  
can't follow me; and I run.

In the morning breeze, you caught me  
unprepared for this long trek,  
trodding on and on and on and on and on and on and on,  
through the sludge and principles,  
through an hour past nine,  
and I go; where you can't  
follow me; and I run.

Touch me, take me in your arms,  
tell me everything you could command,  
how the world is at your whim; and I too,  
and I will dance for you,  
and I will sing,  
the wind will bend me, closer to you.

Life in a chair,  
Life in a chair,  
Winding down,  
Pucking up,  
Letting the wind loose.

Do you mind if I have,  
Another bite, another taste,  
To let the flavor sink  
sink,  
sink,  
sink,  
sink,,,,,,,,,  
Drown it out with caramel coating,  
Laugh it in, wild about it,  
Nothing deep, in the woods,  
Tonight,  
No deep matter, and no boards,  
Just the air smelling of burnt up drugs,  
And popsicle sticks.

We dig, and we plough, and we till,  
water the vine so it can grow tall,  
so we can reach the stars, perhaps,  
the moon; seize the sun.

Through force of will, we climb,  
and hunt tomorrow's fate;  
we are hunters, but still we gather,  
raking in the pieces of our broken pasts.

Let's dissolve our flames in the death bed of our ancestors,  
exchanging crowns dug up from a wounded earthen grave.

White hands, milk white hands, white  
hands, pressed against the inside  
wall of your mother's uterus; imprint,  
impermanent and strange,  
reaching for her father's distant physique.

While we're waiting, the curtains  
fall,  
catching fire; flames  
blowing, howling,  
and the intermission ends.

Molested youth, battered with  
advertisements, price tags,  
political propaganda paraphernalia; clink,clink  
three lives for fifty cents, but where  
is the fresh-cut watermelon?  
the candles on my birthday cake?  
leaves of grass, tickling bare feet?

We've exchanged a world for a world,  
let's do this thing.

I took a photograph of you,  
in the house up on the hill,  
I still have the negative,  
and once, in a while,

I develop new prints.

Each copy bright, crisp, and clear,  
saturated with the colors of imagination,  
painted pixels, bleeding ink runs,  
through my veins.

For all my tears, and my trouble,  
painstaking labor, and fierce desire,

I cannot reproduce the one I want.

I wouldn't have opened my life to you,  
If I had thought you would not; let go,  
of these fading felicitous fragments of a soul,  
snapshots, layered pieces burying the truth,

Where is the severed head?  
Where has the hide been hid?  
And the meat, all rot, disease and decay.  
Only these picture-perfect bones,  
  
remains.

Swallowed up, inside me like a  
bumble bee with wings plucked off,  
dressed up in pretty little words and  
packaged up in prison bars, manacles,  
and dropped, face down in a never-ending  
series of twists, turns, and forgotten passages.

What we see, what we see,  
is the undying faces of those  
we've lost; what we see, what  
we see, a reconstruction;  
placed under glass, & perfect.

But what is perfect, it isn't real,  
it doesn't grow, it doesn't break  
& bend, it has no new voice  
to break the silence; it offers nothing,  
other than a hollow echo to  
transfix the mind, and hold captive  
my heart.

Somewhere, between dreams new & old,  
between breaths in the cold autumn night,  
inhale, exhale, inhale,  
dust dissolves into stark contrast, and sharp  
fine lines. The real world reaches out and grabs--  
exhale.

It's time to show my face to you--  
So I put one on, name it for you--  
To hide what's under the skin--  
Bones and super fluidity of blood--  
Scars.  
Despair.  
A drowning flame.

If I removed these bandages--  
Looked you in the eyes, and told you--  
All the things which bubbled underneath--  
Nothing would change except our--  
Reflections of the past--  
All simplicities would flake away--

So I'll restrict myself from tears--  
And I will shine-- be strong--  
And carry myself-- with a push--  
And break away.

Intox,  
while breath and heartbeat fuzz  
our casual comprehension of one another,  
distort our senses, and I crave  
another taste of our narcotic feel good frenzy.

Melt down the plastic walls,  
hide the bodies in--  
side, let the world; burn,  
capture the flag, capture,  
the high; life in a bottle,  
seal. Stamp. Store.

Were we mad? Was the feeding frenzy  
all a facade? Is anything real, in  
this  
place?

Why don't we throw a bomb in it?  
Uncork the monster  
we really are.

Un-leash.

Our machines and our lives, momentum,  
burning from the inside, hail, ice, wind--  
and we ride.

Morning calls from half-past mid-night,  
and in my bed I'm writing not-so-lullaby,  
fucked-up incomprehensible garbage,  
not out loud, not written down,  
but a cross-sectional synaptic swirl of sound,  
that only I can hear.

Buzzing.

Crackling.

White waves washed slowly out across a smooth, sandy  
beach.

I know it's beautiful,  
and I would show you,  
but there's no scuba-  
diving gear to bring you  
where I am.

Trout fishing, for poetry,  
it's the best I can offer you.

Do you see these thin lines,  
stretched out, drawn tight,  
the thin dividers of space,  
keeping me company at night,  
and I lay my head on them,  
pretending they don't exist.  
Comfort comes in the strangest of places.

When my bowl is empty,  
and all the lights in the cabin  
have gone out; I stroke my finger,  
gently, stripping rust dust, and  
leaving a trail of blood in its place.  
And I push--  
harder. Until the pain burns the mind,  
and grab on to the wire with both  
hands; and push, popping skin,  
painting barbs blood red.  
Screaming into the darkness of a world,  
I cannot enter foot in.

Impulse to go against rote,  
defeat the tedium of the daysong,  
crack the egg and watch the contents

for no reason other than amusement.

I want to climb to the top,  
not to be steady, but to fall  
to feel, the wind cushioning my face,  
to hit the pavement and watch myself,  
from a distance, rise again.

spill out;

One deserving, he hides behind a shadow  
and a veil, containing all forms of self-denial,  
self-loathing, despair; and I want  
to reach out my hand into his,  
and from the highest place I can find,  
screaming, crying, howling out his name,  
but no one is watching but me,  
no one is listening but my ears,  
to the dulled echo of myself on rock,  
he is a faded footprint,  
folded in my pocket and preserved,  
like a memory carved in stone.

Insert coin into slot, the number  
falls from the edges of the mind,  
like water on a fall, emotion,  
burbling up and singing: Oh! The excitement!

But the line is dead, it's been dead  
four years and half a mile,  
between breaths, I gnaw at the mouthpiece,  
and would, for hours; but conscience calls,  
ringing through the wire with false memories,  
coat comes off the hangar, hat on top; mittens.

Another day pretending to be warm in the dead of winter.

Urgency sings, and I dip,  
one toe, two, soon my feet followed by  
a leg and a hand, gliding in; slow  
motion and the skin grows goose  
bumps, one after another. No  
more smoothness to my curves.

And the mouth with a mint is the same.

Hounded out, across a pale grey valley,  
shades of purple spotted skin, softly glown  
amid the half-lit dusk; pronounced vision,  
cattle call, whistle~

~,~,~

I wouldn't know where to find you, not  
where to begin, or end, or interim. So instead,  
I sob beneath the baseboards and in the  
china cabinets, in the cubby where we used to  
keep the cleaning chemicals; I dance  
among the toxic shelves, and in a pool  
of Cascade™ murk.

And it's no different than being  
in your arms-- the same  
intoxication, the only difference is  
when I wake up, I am my self.

At the seaside, I surrender you  
my love, and hold on tightly, to you,  
and know, between my fingers,  
what I hold will crumble, break apart.

The tighter my grip, the faster it will  
slip between and fall away from me.  
What is real and tangible in this  
illusory dream?

My breath, the songs stuck in my head,  
a momentary flicker of light as the grains  
of sand pull me into a foreign land,  
the burning sensation in my heart--

It slips away,  
turning the damp hand sour,  
loosening the pebbles where  
once your feet were planted,  
it comes to collect them,  
one by one,

drawing out the memory of you,  
with the cold and painful wash  
of the morning surf.

Two steps forward, one in the direction  
of our youth,  
but shouldn't it be reversed, in accordance  
with our longing to reach out and touch the sky,  
hands in rungs and pull it  
down to us?

Or lie still.

There is a slow death inside of me,  
and a hollow emptiness of form,  
where I can hear the echo of my beating,  
well past 12, and into the morning sun.

A screaming bottle rocket,  
pointed towards the bottom of the creek floor,  
burbling its muted voice for the anticipatory  
faces of little boys.

Soon it will burst, their voices inside of me,  
and I will continue as I have been,  
never glancing back, or taking measure,  
except the occasional glancing--

To the blister on my thumb.

You leave a bad taste,  
it won't come clean no matter  
how hard  
i scrub. And it makes  
me want to scream, how long,  
how much I trusted  
and put stock in things  
you said, our private dis-  
course, our messy bedsheets,  
our concrete haven under the highway,  
and I'm lost, now; broken beyond repair,  
settling in shadows, in shame,  
until the morning comes to claim me from my death.

Remember,  
when you wanted, so much--  
to capture every word i spoke to you?  
And you listened, head bent to the ground,  
for the inner tumblings of my thoughts,  
unspoken, but revealed through the poetry of my breath.

I remember,  
when the thought of you,  
wound its way as a python grappling the branch,  
through my body; and when I closed my eyes,  
and faded, into the deepest parts of mind,  
you were there; holding me up, and in,  
more closely to myself than I have ever been.

Why does love unravel?  
A momentary tight grip of the heart,  
loosening with time, until its fingers  
slip away altogether.

Not I, but my words,  
so many,  
falling into darkness.

It's just a two minute ride,  
no more.

Keep me entertained,  
rock my body.

And with a gentle whisper,  
in your ear--

I'll leave you.

I took you to the council,  
removing your mask in the aisle,  
where everyone could see.  
It wasn't my place to commit your sin,  
in front of everybody; but now,  
every time I see a glimpse of you in memory,  
I touch the scar--

For all the days we spent,  
hidden up in costumes and disguise,  
you never were as beautiful, as with your face

revealed,

And now I'm writing you letters,  
from my prison,  
contemplating my repentance  
and disease.

Death has become just another skin  
to shed,  
flaking bits of flesh; painful to lose,  
at first,  
but they scab over, grow new layers.  
Heal.

Turning the head over the shoulder,  
to realize the world is not as one remembers,  
this is the most excruciating part for me,  
not to see that I have aged myself, but to watch  
the world I knew, crumble; disappear.

No different from the last, you left,  
one in a series of decadents,  
loving and supporting you,  
without reform,  
and I would pull you under, with me,  
hold you there, beneath my kiss  
until you turn blue, again.

And all the clamoring, and the shouts and screams,  
fade,  
the ocean's tide lingers,  
her chaotic white noise,  
caress the scalp and sense,  
and I'm floating in and out  
of the sea,  
where your dead body bobs.

It's not the place we tried to be,  
you held me, but your will was weak,  
and I kissed you, softly,  
but there was nothing holding me,  
our feet did not touch the ground;  
although we reached the sky,  
and painted clouds, disturbed the lightning--  
you slept and kept me; in focus,  
in your lense.

Until the phase shift, the spinning earth,  
the separation of the seasons,  
my feet moved, while yours stood--  
firmly planted in the ground where we first met,  
beckoning after with no reply.  
Waiting, in the dampened mud; howling.

What lies beyond the shallowness of surface,  
what secrets do you keep, locked up inside?  
I would swim all day, in your eyes,  
and test the temperature of your lies,  
if I knew I wouldn't drown in the sweetness  
of the words.

Instead, I'll watch you; from a distance,  
where I can catch my breath, and feel  
noon time sun wash over me; I'll watch  
you play rough games in deep water.

Lines, arches, softly spoken poetry,  
the driftwood coming in, as my gaze extends,  
arms wrapped around your neck, a distant  
sacrifice; a wholly unheard strum of the guitar--  
my sneeze, into unwashed hands, thinking  
unclean thoughts,

of you.

Drown in flames,  
and let my words, have the magic  
they once held over you,  
draw me closer, and let me touch,  
beneath the skin, close your eyes  
and trust.

I want you to mount my shores,  
rustle me with the hot wind  
of your breath,  
adore every imperfection in my form,  
as though knocking at my door with your eyes.

Serve me hot tea,  
a biscuit with honey on the side,  
and I'll serve you from the depths  
of my soul,  
I will give you everything,  
after you have gone.

Each of you,  
has touched me in your own way,  
held a part of me; inside you.

And when I walked, on Tuesday mornings,  
beneath the bright blue sky, and drifted in thought,  
I could see my face, a little bent, a tad--  
distorted,  
when I looked at the way you reacted to me.  
And now what is left is just a mirror,  
solid and hard, and cold and dead,  
no longer twisting my reflection.

Oh, to spring to life and move about the house,  
stepping in time to your own pace, and frame of mind,  
to not be burdened by the world and its weight,  
to be free and wild and alone.

No music playing but the stream of sounds  
clamoring, out of tune, off-key; but I don't care--  
I'm the only one watching, and I will judge  
that all things are equal and beautiful,  
and I don't mind the racket, I just love to hear  
the sound.

Wrap me up in a pretty dress,  
feed me gourmet at the restaurant on Grande,  
take me out; we'll stay and watch 'til curtain call,  
stepping on the shoulders of our slaves,  
in three thousand dollar shoes.

Chicago to London,  
and I can't stand the turbulence,  
it makes my heart beat fast.  
I feel out of control & scared,  
like a little girl, all alone,  
and I don't want to think; about the  
substructure, and I don't want to think;  
about who is beneath me while I am  
gliding through the air--

Tightrope walking, on the power lines.

## Duet

Hot flood-- pain pricks down--  
Rolling down-- on the surface--  
Against the friction of her dress--  
Floodlight-- an open door, a severed mirror--  
Catching moonlight-- reflecting smiles--  
And fading memories of love.

We once were mistaken for brother-- and sister--  
And I was caught up on fire-- inside--  
The first time you said, "I love you."--  
But isn't it the fear of isolation--  
And a desperate struggle to survive the nights--  
Which turned us in-- to one another's arms--  
And kept the door between our houses--  
unlocked past midnight?

This is how we met,  
in the cafeteria; and you couldn't  
take your eyes off, of me,  
dessert was nice; crumb cake,  
and a spoon of vanilla ice cream.

Walking, with my arm wrapped around  
yours; and the space in my mind,  
where the demons feed, was snuffed out,  
frozen, and packed on ice;  
when you held me in your gaze and I felt  
desired. And I felt  
loved, and I felt this frame  
indestructible.

And it was.

Indestructible, and accursed,  
and empty;

Like a mirror.

It didn't turn out pretty,  
not a picture perfect fairy tale,  
not the way we planned; but it was real.  
There were fights, and fists, and  
tears. And so much screaming,  
I thought my words would catch  
the house on fire.

And now I wander empty hallways,  
sip my tea in silence, staring--  
at the photograph of us; smiling,  
and I can't kill the pain--

So, instead, I will capture the beauty of it.

Looking out from the kitchen window,  
down on the street where cops collect,  
mischievous, bad tempered boys; gas  
perfume seasons my right wrist,  
as I light the burner, holding the long match  
down inside.

And I walk to the grocery store  
down the street, up the hill; buy  
a bag, and a bundle. Throw it  
over my shoulder, and carry it home.

To cook. And clean. And wash up.  
And lay in bed, alone--

Burning with desire.

This is where we say goodbye,  
my love--

Your heart has ceased to beat,  
and breath; the luxury we all so often  
take for granted, has left you.  
Your eyes no longer glow  
with the brightness of your being--

I want more than anything, to sing to you,  
and hold you up, in my arms to dance.  
Hand laid firmly up the length of your spine,  
securing your head against my shoulder.

Stepping. Bending and swaying to the music,  
our bodies, together. You, struggling as you always  
did, just to keep the oxygen coming, no  
holding on, just being held; but I wanted to create  
this moment. Something not the ordinary,  
something to push the constancy of time  
out of the way.

Even memory decays now that you are dead,  
every beautiful moment we shared,  
buries my heart with agony.

Everything I see is death.  
How does one escape this headlong plunge?

By turning the head away? Looking elsewhere?  
If only things were so devoid of complexity;  
simplicity taps me on the shoulder, but I say, "no.  
You do not exist outside of art and mathematics."

And there is no time to relapse into, for it follows,  
no dream, day or night to slip away my mind,  
only the lurking shadows of dead people.

They walk among the attic, where I hide my secrets in,  
folding in and out, between pages of my diary like  
loose leaves in the wind in autumn with a cool breeze.

Halloween in summer,  
with no lantern,  
to frighten the dead.

When the tide is high, at night; sometimes  
and sleep comes un-easily, waves  
wash, dragging me in.

Feel the depths of my pain,  
and I won't keep warm and dry,  
roll over me, ocean.

And it's so fucking cold,  
and all my silent screaming  
goes unheard,  
but there is a voice, in this madness,  
and I will find a way to make it sound.

Stepping into the tangent line,  
and approaching the intersection  
where your world and my world,  
connected; past is gone now,  
theorizing a hopeless & inconvenient theatre.

Wine, and the craft call,  
to see me thrown down and devoured,  
by the memories that three months past  
could turn this sorrow, and this madness;  
and wash the senses clean.

Temporary & permanent relief,  
recalled into silence by the crossing lines  
of a misstepping and stumbling; mistake.

One too many nights passed,  
one too many--

void.

While I don't remember holding--  
Your hand, or wiping my tears in your shoulder--  
And while I don't even remember--  
Your thick breath rolling down my neck--

I do remember-- the two of us--  
Standing outside the pharmacy--  
In the cold, dead of winter--  
When you gave me \$1.07--

And a kiss, and said:  
"Don't hold your breath--  
Love is like the water that will buy you--  
It goes right through and leaves you--  
Longing for more-- and hanging on--  
To an empty container."

You have pierced,  
The deepest part, and pinned  
me between your blade and the earth,  
dressed me in the blood of my beating  
heart. You have torn my love in two,  
but play the slow death, afraid to finish  
me--

And in the sunlight, I can almost see your face,  
but when I close my eyes your gaze is blinding,  
every portion received, in stasis and purified,  
sacred and sacrificed; wholly ordained to  
dismember me.

Asleep, I will lie, empty soul in an empty room,  
gazing out into the darkness consuming me,  
bleeding out the drowning of my death.

I am crying, tonight,  
with the emptiness of knowing,  
no matter who might take my hand,  
and try to pull me from this darkness,  
there is no safety net to catch me.

I will fall until I hit the ground,  
and there, I pick myself up.

Pretend you didn't disappear, pretending  
you're right here; and I'm  
holding onto you as if to burst your skin,  
like a rubber balloon, held captive  
from the wind.

My fingers dig in to your flesh,  
and it makes you uncomfortable, you writhe,  
it feels like me, on the inside; tapping away  
my hurt into your veins, and I want to feel  
the syrup of your blood, trickling out--

I need someone to understand me.

## Swearing At The Remote

To separate myself from your "reality,"--  
I threw myself in watercolor dreams--  
Never ending fantasies-- where distance--  
Between us never changes-- no time--  
Exists in the abstract and sublime--

Two natured, too darkened, and too cold--  
The night remains my lover in your absence--  
Daybreak happened long ago--  
Nothing can contain the fountain of words--

Do you love me-- do you think often--  
Roll over at midnight the way I do?--  
In a sanctimonious cobweb of desire--  
Fastened to----

Change the channel-- it's 2am--  
Time for another romance-- \*click.

The world is a wasteland,  
and I its sole survivor,  
alone, and abandoned, and  
in ruins; breathing slow  
in the cellar, so they won't hear.

When the sun shone, I would  
walk about the earth, among my friends,  
in the garden of easy delights,  
and make my voice heard,  
my tongue was loose, and not afraid  
to speak.

Blow over me,  
and let this fear pass,  
wash me clean in your deepest pains,  
your darkest howling of the wind; scrub me,  
hard with a steel brush--

Make me shine in tomorrow's bright sun.

Dirty thoughts hanging on a black cloud,  
and the mind in utter ruin,  
yet hanging on, in a desperate attempt to save my sanity,  
the cloud grows, breathing no longer comes  
easy; sun buried beneath a hazy sky,  
and in my fortune, I hold on  
to something pure in this world,  
the burning flame causing my destruction.

Stepping outside the container,  
marking the graves of the recently departed,  
with a gesture of complete surrender to myself.

The torchlights hold within them,  
a shadow of my body's immersion, in this silhouette of  
pain,  
no lover will hold me while the passion burns,  
yet one of them will extinguish;

my flame.

## Kindling

From the tower up above the sun--  
Where engines hum and lilacs bloom--  
The water's all dried up--  
And a thirsty daughter--  
Drinks in the moon--

Besieged by every instance of your touch--  
Wholly in the recovery of an April fire--  
When it all burned down----

So I'll keep crying, and feeding you my tears--  
Until I'm empty--  
Or until you disappear---  
Completely.

The sun is hot,  
burning out with the intensity,  
of two lovers' last goodbye kiss;  
drinking the nectar of their desire,  
breathing in the foul air,  
gunfire and flame.

We should be afraid to speak the thoughts that dwell inside,  
best to bury them beneath large clumps of rotting earth,  
unremembered melodies turned ash by the pyre,  
and wetted with the tears of half-forgetfulness;  
deep secrets, dark secrets; feeding on flesh.

Do not let them burn,  
lest we see a glimpse  
of what lingers in the depths of an imperfectly  
constructed heart.

No, we must bury it;  
deconstruct desire.

He is the giver of love, and my desire,  
and though I wrestle in his arms, impassive to his wants,  
he will penetrate my heart and pour his fluid in me.

And when he has gone, and flown,  
I will call after him; I will sing,  
Until every drop of love has been spent,  
and the leaves fall to cover my descent.

My last nickel pressed--  
Between thumb and forefinger--  
Slides down the slot-- \*clink--  
It doesn't take a dime to remember--  
The sort of holidays we spent--

Between sheets--  
Inside your mouth--  
Where the first thing I recall--  
The cigarette taste--  
Repulsive & intriguing-- addictive.

You gave me flowers every day--  
For a while--  
Until you got bored--  
And the wash of emotion faded--  
Like last year's blue jeans--

And I want to recall--  
To push the tongue of memory--  
Down the throat of everyday living--  
To touch the sensual & sublime--  
Our first kiss, redefined.

Cover me,  
beneath your wing,  
so I may heal.

Hold me,  
in your heart,  
and love me.

## Thinking of You

The vase is leaking through the cracks--  
And my blood droplets, infusing the floor tiles--  
With their tint--  
Beneath this plain face I present to you--  
Strength decays, firmness fails,  
My little beating heart is dying inside of me--

I will sleep--  
And I will cry--  
Staring at the bedside phone--  
Waiting for your ring.

Look into my eyes, love,  
deeply, and tell me again  
how all things happen for a reason,  
and that there exists some kind of  
karma on this planet earth;

Can you not see to the depths of my soul,  
and feel with me the open wounds,  
scratch the sores apart so they may bleed,  
repeating phrase after phrase of incantation;

Warm blood.  
Cold hands.

And there exists a shadow where you were,  
there, the emptiness of absolute zero;  
a crippling, yet melodic trance,  
drawing me into you.

The rush of warm blood through cold veins,  
the fast beat; the rise.

An overindulgent occupation  
barred by the restraint of capital;  
ink blot speed test--  
remove this line.

To Be In Your Head, For Just A Day

You built a fortress, while I watched you--  
From the other side--  
Bits, and pieces of junk--  
Hammering-- all night & day--  
While I spied you-- from my secret place--

And I didn't know, quite what to make--  
Of the thing--  
But I watched, and I watched-- and I watched----

Perhaps, it's a rocket ship--  
The Eiffel tower--  
Or a lighthouse--

But you kept working--  
And I kept spying--  
So curious as to what was going--  
Through your beautiful mind--

Now, you are gone--  
And all that remains is this decay--  
Flaps of wood--  
An empty house--  
And me, looking on--  
From the other side.

I couldn't tell you where I've been,  
it's a long and dusty road behind me,  
but I'm not old enough to say  
it's time to head into the sea,  
but for a moment, pause--

Look to the sky,  
inhale; ex-hale;  
and flood the world  
into my mind--

Plucking away at the strings of time,  
clearing out the chaos with circular motion,  
sipping from a clear glass.

## Spaltenstein

And when we say goodbye-- is it forever--  
Because the fat of you-- although I skim it off--  
It lingers in my thoughts--

Yesterday, the world stood still in time--  
Except for you and I-- we danced among the stillness--  
We flew through open windows and perched on clouds--

Tonight, I hold a candle in remembrance--  
And watch it dance-- while in my heart--  
The stillness of the world-- has caught me--  
unaware

This is my home. The mess  
you left me with, my abode.  
Here, I pick up pieces of our broken world,  
shatter them against the walls; here, I rage.

And I scream to drown out the echoes of my screaming,  
peeling memories of you, striking the match but  
they won't burn.

I can look outside, see your face,  
but it's not you, it's just a phantom,  
lurking inside of me.

The square is full of people,  
wandering, talking, laughing,  
holding one another in their arms,  
and dancing to the music of a street performer.

Amidst all this, I sit alone, but in the middle,  
sipping my morning coffee, and smoking a cigarette,  
and do you know what it feels like; to dream  
of all the past where we were in love, and we were  
joined at the hip, and even when we weren't together,  
I was floating on the cushion of ecstasy; but now, I am  
the rain, birthed. No mother holding me in, no--  
warmth; no hands around me, no kisses surrounding me.

Falling; through a cold and careless atmosphere--

## The Seriousness Of It All

If I could fall, without fear--  
Drop my body--  
I'd fly, if only for a moment--  
My heart would flutter--  
Mind let go--

If I could jump, without hesitation--  
Back into your arms--  
I'd catch the first train--

Mingling with the words you left me--  
Dancing, you & I-- across the page--  
Interstellar sea cruise--  
Letting your lights play tricks on my eyes--  
In a blurred phantasmal symphony--

Let's pretend we're six years old--  
Playing *Candy Land* and laughing--  
Forgetting there's work-- to be done around the house--  
Forgetting bank accounts-- and car payments--

I want to play.

Nothing is beautiful.

Not the peaks or the valleys, neither their  
symphonic flurry as they dance and sway  
upon the resonating body of the mind.

And for all the colour captured,  
the inherent perfection of form,  
there is nothing here I want to hold,  
only emptiness & a hollow surface.

I want love,  
and a warm smile;  
a soothing relief  
from this emptiness.

Give me my medicine.

Breath comes hard, and my body  
sinks back into our sheets,  
where I can capture all the dreams  
you left behind; when you left.

And I am so exhausted from your love,  
drained of every longing, and need,  
worn, on the bed of your delights,  
fading into peaceful sleep.

Your passion quivers inside me,  
saturating every verse of thought,  
say my name, and I will moan,  
if I could but catch my breath;

But the shadows turn with the moon,  
and leaves grow that were dead in winter,  
earth continues her unrelenting course,  
while I am frozen and paralyzed  
in your arms.

## I Am Animal

Melodic reconstructions--  
Moistened fingertips, thumbing--  
Parking tickets, admission slips, bills--  
Drenching them all with blood and tears--  
Burning them in a frenzy of desire--  
I'm fucking the Cartesian plane--  
Throwing myself against blue sky,  
feathered leaves, and tree bark--

Over, under, through--  
As waves nudging fingers at the sand--  
Dodging branches, testing the sharpness--  
Of rocks beneath a foot--  
To fly,  
Devour the world as one moves through it--  
To live.

My mouth is wet and gently speaks your name,  
upon my breath; isolation's cold grip continues,  
and a fever runs through my body as I wait,  
unwilling to let you go; to let you sleep,  
because this burning pain,  
revisiting your grave,  
and the corner of Dubuque, and Park;

If I can love you,  
as nothing more than memory,  
and hold you, deep inside of me,  
there may be an end  
to his depressive stain.

The bending of the bark,  
in a seizure of contemplative arrest,  
dry wood walls, and an ounce of flame,  
and my swelling heat devours every drop;  
of your poison.

It is the reinvention of new thought--  
an honest day's salary, and an  
honest day's work; for an honest price,  
whole sales, bargain bins; trash bags and more good buys  
than you came for.

Turn it on,  
watch it--  
rumble,rumble,rumble  
a sputtering symphony of  
psychotropic sound,  
watch the pieces slide--  
in and out, and hear the cacophony  
SING ALONG! Don't let the bother of the  
praying, kneeling silent ones hold you in,  
BE DISRUPTIVE! Don't let your voice  
sink back inside you, don't be afraid  
to make a mistake. Mistakes are a beautiful color too!

Drown out monotony,  
Buy yours today!

In the wake of your silence,  
and when fear's footsteps have fallen,  
I'm draped as though a queen, in this costume.  
And when my shadow fails to reflect,  
these emotions, stored up inside; when I have failed--

To notice your voice has faded to a distant hum,  
when I have failed--

To turn back, to reach out; in time.

Now I stand at the edge of your grave,  
watch the earth there, tumble and spin,  
hear a dead echo of your faded laughter,  
and hold your haunted, misshapen form  
in my hands; I will bury you through  
full submersion.

I am looking for who you are,  
through shadows, heat and light,  
and words--

Show me a picture, signal flare,  
sing.

And in your form,  
I can see myself, reflected; and in your words,  
I hear, the voice that speaks  
within my heart. And my desires  
burn for you,  
because what I needed,  
what I wanted,  
everything about you--

aesthetically perfect delusion.

Now go home.  
I'm going home.  
(but we'll pass glances in the hall)

We will dance the dance of death,  
and open wound, devouring the pain,  
the hurt quells the hurt in our hearts,  
so we continue. We bleed out and  
sacrifice, ourselves.

Drench me in your lullaby of death,  
and quench this nameless demon  
lingering inside my soul; capture & confess,  
tear down the walls and make it bleed,  
let it ruin me, scar me and deface me,  
but bring it to me on a plate of ecstasy,  
dredge up my moment of peace  
in a bath of blood.

Mother,

I will blossom in the way you have designed it for me,  
running, and falling, and getting back up; dusting off,  
running, and falling, and getting back up; dusting off.  
The world has bounds, but I will feel my way through.

Mother, I promise;

I will not keep the house tidy,  
I will always walk alone at night,  
and when the monsters come for me  
from under my bed,  
I will embrace them as a lover would  
embrace me.

And I will live with passion in my heart,  
and fire on my breath,  
and collect the pieces of my past to scatter on the wind,  
every day will be new, with a slight tinge of yesterday's  
brew.

And I will die with life in my veins.

Spread like wings, my open heart exposed,  
no more lies; no more lonely nights, no more  
calls at 3am asking "where are you,"  
and knowing the answer. No more whispers  
to a silent hall at the end of which I watch  
for your shadow under my door; and wait,  
for the key to enter my locked up dreamscape.  
Jostling it until it fits just right, because you know  
how to make it unloosen, and force your way in.

But no,  
you cannot enter,  
I have sealed the shutters up tight,  
barred the door from your entry,  
cut all cords and connections;

I am withdrawn.

With my ear pressed against the door.

Winter

How much of yesterday's dillydallying--  
Will weigh me down and hold me under--  
Before I fold your letter up, and burn it--  
In the fire, I'll press my lips and face to it--  
Drown myself in your words----

Frozen bits of time, beads of ice--  
Our memories together, here and there--  
No fluidity, no continuity--  
Only blips in a sea of nothing----

Walk with me, one last time--  
Before we die in the cold fire of separation--  
You'll walk with me, because I'm dragging you--  
And I'll be dragging you with me--  
For the rest of my life----

Let's sink this ship before it ports--  
Annihilate the captain and the crew--  
FUCK REALITY,  
Let's dream----

Paint the world new.

Virginia, in the dead of night,  
a moment's peace and the sound of rain,  
I knew you were there by your breathing,  
and I was there with you,  
holding your name on my tongue.

Virginia, I lost you in the belly of a whale,  
and sold my soul for a penny and your love,  
but the devil didn't care. I closed up every  
corner of my made up room, and danced in  
motionless silence while the tears rained  
down my face, alone in the dark,  
in the throes of emptiness and pain.

Virginia, now your name comes easy,  
but the call goes dead with no answer,  
and there is no moment's peace left in the night,  
just a fading shadow of who you were,  
buried beneath a blanket; of who I wanted you to be.

I've got no room for poetry.  
Mind's awash in a sea of transmission,  
grey decay, and salty dreams. The dead  
call without care, drawing me into them.  
I must go.

A moral obligation to resist the temperature  
of the mid day sun; but it burns with a heat  
I cannot deny.

Desire blooms on my branches.

Perch. And I will draw out your sweet voice,  
and tuck you in at night between my leaves,  
dress you up in bright pink petals in the morning;  
and kiss you softly before you fly away.

## Thievery

Is this what you wanted-- something shiny--  
To keep the darkness-- from welling--  
I tore it away, let the bruises and decay--  
And rot sink its teeth in--

You had not any credit left in store--  
To come crawling-- to come snaking--  
And so I took what was left--  
For the picking--

A ripe and juicy, tender heart--  
To catalogue my winnings through remembrance--  
Eat-- and spit the seeds.

It's been a long time now,  
and I'm dusting off the old photographs of you,  
breathing in a sigh of relief; that I can bear,  
to see you smile, without breaking down  
in tears.

I could have burned everything  
you ever touched, sunk our ship in flames,  
hurled both of our names  
deep, into the dirtiest of places; flung  
down, spat, and stomped. And buried them.

But I hold onto the fragments, and I  
keep your name hidden in my box of treasures,  
so I may take it out, now and again; and reflect  
on the impermanency of art, life, and love.

## Last Night

As long as I'm waiting, and watching--  
From the window, and you are playing--  
In the center of an empty square--

I'd give you every penny I had--  
To hold me in the place of your guitar--

Play me. pluck my emotions, strings--  
Make me wild, and crazy, in love with you--  
We'll dance together, to the music in your head--

And afterwards, you'll come home with me--  
And I'll kiss you, every inch of you--  
And I'll take care that you remember me--

And in the morning, when I'm in the shower--  
And you sneak out the door--  
Last night, will haunt you, for the rest of your life.

Hold me in your typewriter,  
love me in the pages of your book,  
keep me close, and hold me  
in the intricate network of your mind;  
don't let me slip away.

Cross contamination, between friends, between  
stepping in and out, by degrees; between spots of prose  
scattered in the mud and at my feet; angels of light  
dancing in a dirtied pool of your memory,  
so lost in thought and half awake, and--

Open up the sky,  
let's fly high--

Loosen the restraints of societal constraint.

undo

shune art  
haunt ers  
shunt ear  
shure nat  
usher ant  
hurst ean  
ethan sur  
share nut  
haste run  
earth sun  
heart sun  
hunt sear  
rush ante  
rhus neat  
hure nast  
hers aunt  
shat ruen  
hear stun  
hat nurse

## Seeing You

Put the telephone down--  
Cut the cord-- and hold your hand  
Over my mouth-- let's keep quiet--  
To keep sane-- no more noise.  
No more talk.

Might I maybe-- for a moment--  
Pass you by-- no words--  
no more noise no more speaking  
no more coughing or sneezing  
not the sound of feet shuffling  
Nothing but drawing you-- into me--  
Watching myself collapse  
For the weakness of the framework  
Of my heart.

Awash in the transparency of shallow thought,  
sliding in and out, along the shore,  
eddy transfixes & hypnotizes, and I drown  
am drowning in a current of dream.

There is no moon here, no telling of time,  
and a moment is an hour is a day, all is synchronous,  
nothing decays. There is no death to fear.  
No love, to lose. No tomorrow.

So I will dance as if on fire,  
and sing the pattern of my heart,  
without care for what may come.

It was then that you left,  
and the waiting that was to come--

Enchanted,  
and holding my pen to the page,  
the door slams.

All I see is death.

And so I dip my pen in it,  
and write.

Your face, eroded. Half buried,  
mostly eaten away by the worms,  
and the flies; they surround you  
in your half-length plot of bed.

And as you go dark, so do I,  
and in this room without windows,  
no one can reach me here;  
so I will sing instead to the void  
engulfing you.

## When A Signal Flares

Paddling through the darkness,  
the only noise: when oars splash.

A flicker of fireflies in random patterns,  
breaks the silence of my vision--  
Crackle, crackle, crackle.

Your face is a beacon lit upon the sky,  
as I am nearly swallowed by the ocean's waves,  
and your warm tongue glistens in the moonlight,  
it's not so far to morning, for this chill to fade.

And then a burst of energy dissipates,  
across the sky, and deep into the soil of the earth,  
morning lights the souls of the living,  
and makes them  
sing-- --

And somewhere in this picture I've imagined,  
is a metaphor for me and you; and the image's  
existence in my mind's eye will not be cut down  
or burned out, until my death has made it so.

## Remembrances

Wind rolls, blowing out across the leaves--  
Mind goes rolling, out across our past--  
Bare feet pressed down in soft earth--  
While your hands cup me inside of you--

When the rain begins to drip down on me--  
And in my heart, the blood is rushing through--  
And in my eyes, your every word,  
Dusted off and beautified--

Wind rolls, blowing out across the leaves--  
Mind returns to a state of normalcy--  
Bare feet, kicking at the mud--  
Only an echo to hear my sob.

Love is.

<3,

That silent scream,  
before the world tumbles,  
saturated with tears that won't escape,  
& the howling voice inside of me,  
(too afraid of speaking for those who might be listening in)

Come quick and bury my body,  
burn the vault of my seduction;  
clear all signs of vacancy, and bar--

It is black and empty in this room,  
suffocating and forlorn; I can see my breath,  
shallow wisps of ghastly dreams,  
and I have shuttered in, withdrawn,

It is here I watch myself from,  
a secret cell.

I had to hold the compass out,  
away from myself with eyes closed,  
mouth wide open, head bent upward,  
the taste of rain; & you.

There is no company,  
beneath this beautiful sky,  
every face comes, turns, and goes,  
and I have become lost in a transparent sea,  
feeling the turn of the waves, but I cannot taste  
salt on my tongue, cannot bite down on coral reef.

you are mist.

I Am A Prisoner

Met in my own dis-fascinations of you--  
Cried the night & let the arms lay needing--  
Distance is the separator, it always has--  
Been the motive and the spark for human consciousness--

Touch me on the wrists--  
Slide a moistened tongue--  
Inside me--  
Wrap your soul around me--  
But there is a cage, protecting me--  
From you--  
Half-ply & stronger than iron bars

I want.

But there is no acquired substance to sooth the emptiness,  
and I could look into your eyes,  
and feel your breath on my lips,  
taste the fullness of your voice on the ears' buds,  
and swallow  
you by increments of cubic flesh.

If love were disposable, like a plastic sack,  
then I could breathe easy and watch your flight  
as the wind catches you from beneath, hear your  
final farewell, as a rustling and a fading song. If love,  
were disposable--

Buy new.

Dim vision of a world I can imagine, the world I knew,  
explosion of colours, fragmented beads of light,  
spread thin and evaporated. Now the dinge settles,  
cobwebs harangue about my last leaving.

It all is bittersweet. And once you leave that pool  
of childhood's indulgent imaginations for the folly of  
reality's hard bite and cold uncaring embrace,  
wrapped candy no longer has a taste,  
and rainbows lose their magic.

How I long to swim.

## Work Day

So much mindless noise--  
Running the machine--  
Ruining our dream, our life--  
The beauty of it all--

Ha-rat-a-tat ha-rat ha-tat-tat-tat--  
Clink-- clink-- clink--  
Honk-- honk-- beep-beep--

At night, we close our front doors--  
Turn the deadbolt-- turn the off-switch--  
Waiting for the phone to ring--  
Someone there to reach out to us--  
Throw a wrench in it--  
Peel us away and put us something new.



Our Life Spans Time

Our life spans time--

Reaching with a closed fist--  
Out, to dissipating air--

If we spread our arms out, wide enough--  
Open up our hearts, wide enough--  
And let the rain--  
Cover us up with a layer of magic--

Could we dip our toes in the paint--  
Taste the flavors on our tongue--  
Would we bridge the gaping hole--  
Inside me--

Mend my mind.

Our hands reached,  
through dark clouds and fading sky,  
and into mud and sand and clay,  
we dug ourselves a grave.

Where is the end of things?

What line was crossed to tear apart the fabric?  
So many tears. And patches sewn,  
and now it has become a hideous work of art,  
frayed, and splintered, and worn beyond repair.

Love does not deliver to this address, anymore.

Old, dead things give birth,  
and in the pangs of it I writhe,  
heart swells; as if to burst its seam,  
submerged in two extremes.

Twisted knife, in burnt flesh,  
searing and tearing the meat from the bone,  
and I scream, and feel my hands through the dark,  
grasping onto what slithers, beneath the pale moon sky.

## A Matter of Death & Life

White waterfalls disappear me--  
In a cloudy mist, a dormant eye--  
Awakens, and is seeking--  
Breathing in light waves like a bloodhound--

Sly little bastard is he--  
Soaking up the sunshine--  
Feeding on yesterday's burned up life--  
Stretching out his own tomorrows--

And the cock crows--  
Eventually we're all devoured  
By the suns-- by the thirsty matter--  
One day, or an-- other.

Light switch; an independent focal museum of art,  
all the fine details dropped like expensive china  
upon a finite series of rods and cones.

Beauty is perceived, not inherent,  
blurred and distorted by lense,  
disassembled, reproduced,  
decomposed, recombined.

Extracted, abstracted, and stored.

## Relief From The Chaos

You took a picture of me--  
When I wasn't looking--  
When I wasn't mindful of you--  
And I was off dreaming in my mind--  
Of childhood games & dressing up--

That's what art is, isn't it?--  
Dressing things up in neat little packages--  
With perfect bows-- Each hair arranged in a painting--  
Every imperfection so perfectly intended--  
Or if not, it's the brush of chance which paints it on--  
Arranges and puts it in place.

And when i look at myself in your mirror--  
The way you wanted me to be--  
Or if not, then it was chance that brought you  
The frame to freeze up and immortalize--

It's not time,  
It's not a handshake,  
But we shared something--  
We looked into each other--

Maybe it was being caught up in a dream--  
Or maybe your projection into the real--

Touch and taste are useless--  
So let's breathe fire-- let's drink heavy tonight--

Let's bottom out and take the art down with us.

Stems snap and dust bites, and the cold  
drives her nails into bone,  
here I am shaded from the sharp and piercing moon,  
beneath your branch and in your strong hands.

Let us, for today & for this instant seal ourselves  
in plastic baggies. Purchase a pill of poison and  
snap in two. One for me, one for you. Swallow  
without regret, without sanity, without care.

And we will make a nest at the bottom of our well,  
where the darkness breeds with each breath of loneliness,  
to show the faces of our demons to one another  
in the emptiness,  
and play with fire. Let burn the holy sanctuary.  
Shatter the altar. Disrupt the rhythm of daily life.

## Follow The Signposts

Caught on barbs--  
Held under water for a seeming span--  
Of days--  
Drenched & burned & scarred--  
A knife held up, in salute--  
None of the security,  
Left tucking me away.

Driven--  
Mad as marbles on a turbulent flight--  
Colliding thoughts and cacophonous dreams--  
As the lightning soaks the calmness--  
From the night.

And we're left dancing for an hour--  
Under a guilty sky-- in memory--  
When the dust clouds carry you away.

Sever this connection--  
A cable's gone bad--  
Somewhere between--  
New York and London--

The gas stove grills--  
click, click, click,--  
click, click, click,--  
And burst in flames--

And I breathe in the fire--  
Even though my lungs burn--  
Your words-- are--  
So intense a rush--

The fever drops--  
Splash of ice on tongue--  
Heart calms to a manageable rate--  
But your scent-- it lingers--  
On the air.

Is there some kind of beacon to pull us from this darkness?  
Because all I see are tattered clouds and  
shattered rainbows,  
and I would fly as fast as wings would carry,  
to seize a seed of comfort and innocuous growth.

Raise your hands to the darkness, and step inside,  
where cattle are pried and schemers plotting their demise,  
insert a sliver of purity into this cesspool  
of hopelessness,  
raise a flag.

What colours would fly?  
What truths are worth fighting for?  
What turning of events would change the face of future?  
Why does it matter???

Wars. Death & Dying Peoples. Dis-Ease.  
Perhaps from these will grow the plant of peace.

This is where I slowly sink, with lips  
pressed hard on soft skin, pulling you  
beneath a churning sea's tide, pulling you  
under my dress and into my cool, night thighs.

And with a sacrificial blow to the head,  
a dirty dance, potent narcotics; we slip our heads into  
one another's beds & burn the world in a rage of ecstasy.

And his breathing is only skin deep,  
and there are songs beneath the breath,  
but I can only faintly make out words,  
too much sun; to hold the moon in tightly to my chest,  
I will let the pillow throw out to touch's reach,  
no more tightly wound and burdensome.

Silent night,  
dressed in arms,  
rockets, and nuclear warheads.

Holy night,  
beneath a cloud of debris,  
flames, and the smell of burning flesh.

The righteous prevail again,  
but the war continues,  
there is no rest,  
for the wicked.

All things broken, cleanly snapped apart,  
fresh cuts & the pain emanates from  
where the knife was pressed; against my lips,  
a salty kiss on bleeding & cracked, fragile skin,  
and all the branches torn down,  
leaving fibrous streamers shining  
in the morning sun.

You are my penetrator,  
thrusting deep, below the skin,  
and I will swallow you in a potent pill--  
three parts passion, and one part pain.

In a bed of desire, with the lights on low,  
and the sound of another day's isolated scream,  
I didn't know you knew me; so well--  
thought I had my thoughts tucked neatly  
against the bareness of my breast.

Twin beds, nearly touching; doused with  
flammables & fire. And the cold chill  
that seeps up from the floorboards.

Here I am,  
beneath the strong light,  
open and exposed.

And my heart beats fast,  
confidence is a fragile shell,  
carry it with soft hands,  
& love.

Dedication to a machine,  
its broken parts, the failing  
flow of information pushed through  
its so-called brain. And I will

hold up every string of code  
under my night lamp, scrutinize  
each snippet with patience  
and a clear head. With every bushing and  
bearing in place,  
flip the switch; breathe deeply

And watch my work set  
in motion.

## An Observer Caught in the Act of Extracting Information

When my life took on the flavor,  
of unspoken words, of buried thoughts,  
and in the stream of isolation,  
devoured by wolves.

It is not I who any longer speaks to an empty night sky,  
who it was has ceased to be, as shaken into nonexistence,  
and drowned out of being.

There is no more of what I was,  
just a shattered record and empty words.



Living in a world isolated  
from the reality I see,  
no pain- only emptiness,  
objectified existence,  
a swallowed pill of death;  
and a hope that life will again  
blossom--  
from this dried up, earthen bed.

This child,  
inside of me,

I will give her a name,  
although she will not live to  
breathe polluted air; she will not cry  
over a broken heart, once, twice and  
again. Her palms will not reach out for the sky,

but rather--  
through her death, I will be left  
chasing youth.

Our souls find footing,  
in the grasses of decay,  
while the wild winds of March,  
hold us under.

dampened metaphors; broken, twisted, bite-sized truths,  
yet still hard to swallow, for the taste is not the same  
as your smile, or your laughter; your song--  
but for now:

I will carry you inside of me,  
to term.

I lied.

And I stole a drop of the sacred water,  
let it dance upon my tongue; with wild eyes-- I  
dipped my brush in the paint reserved for  
priests. And gods.  
And me.

Hell is a holy place,  
reserved for the sainthood of the world,  
and we will drive a stake between the breasts  
of the devout, and nail them up proper. Let the rain--

We will lick our tongues in ash and blood,  
drench our dreams with earthly memories,  
inhaling the fumes of our dearly departed.

Caught in the maze of self-destructive apprehension,  
and the lies you are feeding me,  
the false face presenting me,  
with a forwardness like that of an automobile sales person,  
but I don't want your peace of mind, I don't want your  
intricate designs,  
take your crap and go, and fuck all.

Blaring of the stereo well past two, and I'm a train wreck,  
a moody--

Reading with the music turned on,  
drowning out the background noise,  
but you, you're stuck on repeat;  
and I can't get you out of my head.

Lasting,  
longer than a breath of air within the lungs,  
in-  
spire, ex-  
halation, dripping wet with blood, desire,  
PAIN.

And every time, I breathe you in,  
let it linger like a taste I cannot swallow.

*July 20, 2012:*

*Photograph, of your face,  
so many years after the rain,  
and the fires we set to burn our cages,  
while withered plants grew cold and lonely.*

*So many years after the rain,  
and only a lowly, heartfelt hum,  
whispering your name, only a measure  
of heat remains; in the ashes and glowing  
coals of last night's fiery flame.*