

11

luck
is what holds
stars
in jean pockets
seeping through
on to the swing below me

and the moon
bathes the grass
and my arms release the metal
chain

into the warm air
mirror cracking now

i've never liked clocks
liked the way they tell me what to do
but the universe
reaches to me
fingertips gnarled around my mind

saying 11:11 is here
time to
make a wish

and the stars finally dot the ground on which i stand
and i finally land

EKG

your love
has seen me through
more failures than i can count

and now
i'm afraid that we are failing

that the heart monitor
will just flatline
become flat
and you'll let go of my hand
as i lie cold and unresponsive

that's how it always happens for me.
i decide to
slip
and i decide to let
them let me go.

but with you
the feeling i have never known before
a true surrender,
a true selfless
breaking off a piece of me
and placing it in your palms

is steady
rhythm is steady

so why do i feel like at any moment
it could
just
stop?

PETALS

you said
the petals
stain
that the telltale
pink

stays

and sure enough,
a mark is left on
my left
fingertip

but from the petals it is not

it is your lasting, leaving, longing
love

THURSDAY

like copy and paste smiles and ivy colored walls
like black tea—where the world has a spoon and stirs life up.
once a week, on friday mornings...
where words drip like honey out of mouths
and faded into the background
somehow still loud...like murmurs of a cocktail
a wall of wood welcomes me.
less a wall than a gate, almost as if i could stick out a hand and melt right
through it.
a sticky laughter fills the air like water fills a stream: a different type of
laughter.
on friday mornings, how pretty the light hits the grateful ground.
outstretched, sighing
it beckons
and strums a melody, sounding something like home and poetry.
and new beginnings.
most things in this life are too loud for me.
even those which make no sound at all.
i prefer a cup of tea, ink
that never seems to run out, pages.
just hundreds of empty pages. and books.
stacks of starving jewel tone books,
their auras radiating.

EMBERS

i am the light pushing its way through
a dusty window
on a double chained door
the etched and gleaming
picture frame
cherishing a map of the stars
sometimes they slip out and
hit the carpeted steps
before sliding down into the
faded wood floors
and out
into a 10:00
embrace of dark
and i see you sitting on the cobblestone
steps
using your breath as a magnifying glass
and your eyes
turn sharp air
melting
and flint
shines in them
a few embers waiting to be sparked

THE PIER

licorice
something people don't
like
something I love

sweeter that way

9:58 PM

quiet
can be
soft

or it can be like
the waves
teetering
on the sharp edges
of the shore

CAVE

happier here
than waiting for a call

happier here
hugging the breeze
resting
on a wise
boulder

running my fingers through the sky

happier here
where the road
roars
tucked neatly
into this box

a name in a cave
etched
thoughts
simply left

here

MARBLE

i love
the way your smile
causes creases in your face

creases in your light blue button up
under stage light, under robes, under pillars

i love the way the light
embraces you
in the morning
the afternoon
the evening

and 2 am hasn't reached us yet
we haven't reached it yet
but

i love our genuine
love
unbelievable
love

and
since i have you
here
there's no candlelight
or slow dancing

just me
spilling my shield
at your door

TCHAIKOVSKY

fleeting
light through
the blinds i know so well
gazing outwards
at 11am
or 7:00pm

the sound of the door
the three flights of stairs
the all encompassing
all brightening
breeze of hellos

shoes tied up
silk ribbons

i enter
and all
just
spins
backwards

till i am
who i was
at age four

giddy and galloping

ELLIPSES

two dots
are better than three
because they remind me
of you
and me

writing an english paper
was never
as hard
as writing that note to you

the one
signed always
with just one dot

things come in threes
like packaged traffic lights
all buttoned up

but the idea of two,
me and you,
means the ellipses is

incomplete

WALNUTS

waiting
stagnant
suspended like chandelier wires

an in between
like mosaic
tiles
climbing up a fireplace

moments
taking shape
and melting once again
like the beat of the metallic mixer
or
the coolness at the bottom of the sheets

11:19PM

if democracy
means the people have a say
then why does the world
seem to trample the voices

when the seas are turning to rubber
and
people go from job to job
like water approaches
and retreats from
the edges of the earth

when will
the gas in the air
become money in our pockets
and when will the picket lines
stop
filling up
unlike the emptying
water reserves

when?
who will pick up the sticks
all layered on top of one another
after they have been spilled?

who will
put the
charred pieces of the world
together again
without melting them
first?

WHITE

coffee dipped
teeth
far away

she turns her head,
sipping the morning through a straw

WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY

stitching
lining
inner clasps
buttons
zippers:
clandestine

unlike July

5:07 PM

everyone wants to feel

like

someone

is

engineering

moments

in their heads

about them...

at sunset...or

midnight...

traipsing through empty streets, hand in hand, laughing...

right?

THE FOURTH

fear
of
not
being
ready
not
being
worthy
snakes
up
the
rear view
mirror
spins
the
car
around
3
blocks
in
the
wrong
direction,
turned
back
again
and
you
get
in
and
i
feel
OK
again

TREEHOUSE

i still see us there, up high in the
the tree across the way
the can lingering in the cracked driveway
we rode the wagon down

rejoicing that night had fallen

and my face could just break from the
smile this gave me,
the smile almost broken from
that day on the lawn

the five, the tree
the endless summer
in a fabric scrapbook
and a dish-soap
aftertaste

KNUCKLES

if endings
are so inevitable
then why must nows
be held to such high expectations?

why must words be dropped
in laps like
pennies?

why must evenings
go into overtime
or days
stretch into
the shadow of the sundial?

why must silence
feel comfortable
and music feel
natural
and goodbyes
feel
simple?

when separation
is like
a plant in the window, effervescent
and it gets hard to remember
whether to look
you in the eye

INKWELL

a finished book
a quiet sigh
of pages closing
the moment after
contemplating
gaze staggering
into distant
wallpaper
drunk on
the words
still wafting
in the air only to
settle like playing cards
around
you
in a protective halo
and you rise
and the book
gets placed on the shelf
spine still
waltzing

SCREEN DOOR

lawn mower ticking
white bench, red door
ajar, just so

empty brick
broken in
suitcases half full
ajar, just so

a record of
return
four hour, 8am
boarding
cabin open,
ajar, just so

BLUE SHUTTERS

the wind
has a scent, here
a thick
basil
spotting our breath

like the ground
clutching
clovers

TETHERBALL

clinging to
the ice on your hand
like the visions
you see
through
the windowed door

shadows of people
who aren't there,
cellphone
loading
leaving you at the end of

a line

CANOE

even his
stare
glittered
with

laughter
as the aspen trees do

finding
admiration
like four leaf clovers

easily, for him

874

i'll always see them
on that boat
rowing away

sifting through
those lily pads
on the river

teeth glistening
golden eyes
spinning

WEARY TRAVELER

i thought of you too much
today
today being monday
you'd think that would be
okay
but okay is
a powdered
donut type of phrase
and
all this thinking
doesn't surmount
to a simple donut fix
because
you don't even like donuts.
and
i wish i didn't know that.

12:56 PM

messy garage
plastic bucket, pitching shelf
wooden panels
full of cans on cans on cans of
paint, maybe

maybe i say because uncertainty
is like this
in my mind
like the rhythms
of a car wash
when you're sitting in the passenger seat

an entire
entropy
order collision

where we always said we could clean it
but it's
almost supposed to be this way

APOLLO

i wonder if the universe
thinks
astral synapses
firing

waiting,
observing
to find
the worm hole in
our consciousness
where the truth

will occur to us.
where, not when.

and where we
figure it all out
“it all” being a theory of everything
not just furthering our own existence
but understanding

processing
where we turn on the food processors in our
brains
and the blades of the universe, like clockwork
blend the world as we know it
together
with the stars
and the
darkness

OATMEAL

faded strumming
faded light
just melting
like butter

rain
makes the stones
shine
plum trees
by beige windows

capturing feelings
with bookmarks
contentment
like a four by six
photograph
sepia

brass handles
warm to the touch
snuggled into the side
of a well known
suede

STORYBOOK

i used to find the colors
to describe
my place, the place i go to
when i lie in unknown beds
in unknown rooms
near the steady rhythms of
someone's
breath approaching, retreating
approaching, retreating

golden for the lamplight cracking on the countertops like the eggs
in the silver bowl
green for the walls in the room
with white
lace draped lazily
over brass

and chestnut for the
wood you
told me not to stain with 8 pm cups of tea
in patchwork mugs

patchwork quilts and patchwork paintings
hung on eggshell cabinets.

colors cannot measure the light
cannot measure the
music drafting
out of every floorboard
or shuffle through a
midnight vent

colors on the walls
in the rooms
in my head
are how i see
my home: lingering, bleeding

OTTER CREEK

when a place is in mind
candy-like,
but lasting,
where longing is replaced
by promise

and you can't believe your luck.
which isn't really luck
when all the work pays off
and you no longer have to relive
the hardest moments,

the ones spent
feeling lesser
than
everything

when everything would brighten
and you'd be
more grateful because of the hard
and the people who had been there,
by the stage, on the phone

are still here, still giving words that feel like
friday night jazz on
an unfamiliar, all too familiar field

this
is happiness.

SECOND DRAFT

red ribbon
in her drawer
reminds
her of
the rock
on the hill
and the rain

thoughtless
or thoughtful
it's hard to
untangle

but the weather
is nice
today

CHARM

they said we are like
the objects on
a plate on a nightstand

overlapping, underlying,
beautifying. all capable
of use
and all capable
of nothing at all.

hot to the touch
but
they'd believe we were frozen, motionless.

sometimes someone
gets removed
and put back again, or relocated
and the positions rotate with
the passage of time...which doesn't even pass
if all moments are there, at once,
like we are

on this painted china plate.
delicate
and
intertwined.

CAR KEYS

if you really want something
you'll really do something
to have it

and if you really have something
you really won't have to work so hard
to keep it

BLACK BOX

if microscopes
need cover slips
is there some instrument
we need in order to
truly see others?

some other seeing eye glass?
a telescope we can peer down?

when the world
exists in dyes
and veins,
we should
know it's time for
sharper focus

LATTICE

watchful eyes
translucent dome
chin resting on the carpet, now

the wood moves
a dull hum
vines cover all the windows, now

a line stretches where snow in May
once amazed us,
and then you became someone

the roof was swept
the neighborhood settling

COPPER

hold your palm upwards
stable on
this oaken perch

and let the mist drift from
a chromatic
ship

and into your lungs

manifest
until it is real enough
to press back on
your palms
pressed downwards now

fingers spread
receiving

RACING

i remember i said
that lithium would be my favorite color,
but it never was.
you can't create yourself
like this,
listing out what you love most...
it just is.
it just follows you,
remains
plural in the shadow of your consciousness
an ease to it all
in an herb garden of twisting moments
that you steep
in the boiling water
of your own ability to convince yourself otherwise
but even this water eventually cools
and even the stems grow anew
and even the lithium,
a glowing fuchsia,
cannot fill the gaps like grout
substituting
what feels right

TURTLE

i forgive you
in this nearing august
more than i ever did,
and i think its because i have become closer to myself. after a month
or a year
the time really did
create a fortress
and i have done
and i have said.
nursing
immediacy...
existing in an all
solidifying
comfortable
seat at the edge of a canyon
feet dangling off

EVERYTHING, EVERYTHING

gossamer
door panels
swing open

shimmering
the chances
wait

and signed at the bottom of
an imperfectly ripped page,
truly me