

No. 1

at this 25th year

by the weight
of new colors
raging through me,
I ,
broken
from my rest,
race with the winds
as the winds -
inescapably
one leaf
alas
in flight.

No. 3

I am nervous
I am cold
smack in the middle of another eternal day
I am tired
I am old
smack in the middle of this one eternal life
loosing in my eternal strife
eternally internal

I want so much
to be free of my chambers
the dark rooms
where I am kept captive

I remember
the joy in my invitation there
believing
that I would just visit
myself
knowing that I could not not

so I chose

abandoning rules on which I was choking
breaking the seal
that had never been broken
and with a single breath
in a single moment
I emerged
into myself
to the chambers I never dared visit
and I called it coming out

when I went in
it seemed so easy
I thought
I could just look around
sure that I would find me
sure that not much had changed
but the very door that had closed me out
now maintains me
captive within
so I'm like walking around
and it's dark
and that would be o.k.
if I could see myself
if I could remember what I look like
what I feel like
so
I yell

through the cracks in the door -
I yell and yell
to the others who wait
just outside of me
and I ask them to give me light
and I'm stumbling in my darkness
because they have no light to give to me
and I hate them
because I love them
and they can not help
and they try
and they try
and I'm running out of breath
and I'm running out of me

and I am nervous
and I am cold
smack in the middle of another eternal day
smack in the middle of me
and I am tired
and I am old
and I am no longer sure I can survive myself
as I evolve into eternal darkness.

No. 4

what is it
that you sit and read
what is it
that I sit and write
why is it
that we are here
why have we
come out
for the night

will you ask me home
to your life
or walk away as I fall
from your sight

will you walk from me
will you walk toward me

No. 5

I look to you
and you away
you back to me
and the game is in play

I feel I play better
my look is more strong
you look like you're tired
and won't play too long

perhaps I'll smile
and look back and forth a lot
perhaps you'll approach me
though probably not

and if you with the crowd
then leave
some other eyes
will take your seat

there you sat
and now you're gone
replaced by blue eyes
whose look is strong

No. 6

I wonder if it is not
somehow all in my mind
this energy I note
this beauty that transpires
something special that happens so fast
an energy I know you note as well
I know it
as the very fears I live with
I see it so clearly in your moving eye
I want so much to reassure you
to tell you I know how you feel
as I am all of those feelings
and they are what have brought me here
but I know not why I want this so
moments ago you were no one to me
since then you are everything

perhaps in time these encounters will take form
perhaps they will take my sanity
I only know
they are beginning to hurt

No. 10

oh
my mind
out of my mind
it has a mind of its own,

for days
and days
demanding
only that I rest
so I would sleep
my mind would sleep
endlessly,

yet now
over working
forever it is working
the strongest of thought
creeping into my sleep
resting in my wide open eyes.

No. 11

is this the last time
I will stand this far from you.
I have never stood so far
from anyone
so distanced
by an intimacy
at this
a first encounter.

in your eyes
I see some kindness
or something
of some kind,
something absent
of any threat
within which
I am threatened,
something I am drawn to
looking away.

is it I
who distance us
in this
an innocent meeting,
but if I allow
that we should stand closer
is it you
is it
who will distance us then

is this the last time
I will stand this far from you,
will we ever be
more than a chance encounter
or
will distance be the only thing

between

us.

No. 12

why can't I claim certainty
that you have been lost to the crowd
and why can't I stop your essence
from slipping into nothing.
all my wishing cannot contain
that which
time is taking from me.

I can almost feel your eyes still upon me,
I can almost hear your sounds.
I can almost feel your eyes now upon him,
I can almost hear your breaths as one.

why have you not come to find me
when daily I have come back,
even when it did not seem proper
I came
certain that again in time
you would seek my eyes
and find them seeking you.

No. 13

I can only imagine
we are walking in the same circle,
the same direction, at two different points.
perhaps it was by chance, one of us slowing in flight
just enough that the other might catch up
if only for a few moments.
I can only wonder if as I look away to write
that you will slip past my eye
as another of so many faces in the crowd.
as well I wonder if you are not looking for me too,
hoping, as I,
to alter that
which may be no more
than the momentary crossing of two lifetimes.

I am chilled by the breeze as I sit here and wait
yet warming thoughts of reunion bring balance,
thoughts of you almost bring balance,
thoughts of your look,
thoughts which I am condemned to carry.

I know that I must stay armed with confidence
assurance in this feeling
for you and your look
they are all that I have,
all that will make this day livable.
you see
I have spent a lifetime
waiting,
only now each moment is eternal
as if
in not finding you
I will not find myself.
shards of my existence lie scattered
waiting that you may softly gather them into you
into my wholeness.

here I sit,
wondering,
where do you sit
and what do you write of.
I look again from my words
to many faces of them,
too many faces of them
none of which are yours,
and I wonder do they wonder
who I am, here, picking through them,
casting them aside
not quite right, not you.
I fear even they do not notice
my longing
and further the sorrow deepens.

will I ever get to tell you,
you have touched me
in an oddly lasting way.

No. 14

I imagine
sitting there

you and I

alone in possibilities.
reaching over
I touch your hand,
it is bigger than mine,
it is softer.
surprised at me
you look to me,
as I look at you
on my way
away.
floating off
out of myself.
I am amazed
at the power of your skin.
you move
your lips
then close to me
asking that I meet you,
so sweetly
upon my heart
your kiss falls
and I am falling.

I know this world no longer.
I know only the wanting to know you.

No. 15

o'er me
muscles browned
caught there
in your presence
your touches softer
moving down
giving of
your essence

eyes penetrating
darkness
penetrating me
swaddled there
within you
altered 'neath your touch

I want to know
every part of you
by my eyes
my touch
my lips
your soft hands
firmly grasping me
you move within my hips

I want that
we should fall to sleep
wrapped in our after love
again
I'll wake
to feel your beauty
descending from above

No. 16

here, within this concrete pit
can't you see me where I sit.
between the cross and the house of book
to our first crossing, I sit, I look.

weathered by waiting -
nourished by breeze -
thinking to you;
 please, think of me -
 please -

I am deafened by the silence of my message to you
and everything is fading into the chilling blue.

how have you put me now out of my own mind
replacing it with your face every time.

words of a meeting long since past-
into the streets
my pain runs free
at last -

a million empty faces
cross into my view,
do they notice me,
me
not noticing you.
a million other faces
crossing yours as well,
give them words for me
as I am here to tell.

No. 17

I want to stand before you
assured by your loving eyes
free of all that binds my spirit
free to give myself

I want to stand before you
as you stand there before me
I would make you want
to stay within my soft touch
I would want this too
to feel your arms
so strong
so gentle
to move from your eyes
downward
pressing my face
to your chest
feeling your life surge
against my skin
gently guiding my kiss
to your pleasure

I will be your lover -
I will be loved by you -
there
two men
entwined
engulfed
enriched -

and when you have taken
all I have
all I took from you
I will hold you
I will assure our after love
I will guide you back
to our acceptance

I will give you me
if you stand before me
and allow me to stand before you -

No. 18

fuck sitting here
waiting for you -
and fuck the worlds
that separate us -
damn me for attaching myself
to your look -
damn us both
away -
to hell with waiting -
to hell with
the dreams
that begin with your kiss -
oh - this shit
I've endured -
my heart now allured -
for what -
for shit -
for shit -

fuck you
for forgetting me
after turning away
your eyes
wantingly -
and fuck that I
would wish you mine
imagining love -
fuck it -
and fuck you -

damn the glances you stole -
damn your glancing request -

I can wait for you no longer -
damn your look -
damn me
damning you –

No. 19

oblivious
to the city sounds -
lost
in thoughts of you -
wandering
through the streets -
through my mind -
looking
for words -
for pieces of my truths -

I look
to the eyes
of two hearts engaged -
I imagine
they speak
for me -
for you -
that I can be nourished
by words they hold sacred -

listening for you -

listening for you -
oh - streets of inquisition -
I throw myself
as sacrifice to your judgement -
I endure you
that I might endure me -

No. 20

I sat
where I had sat
staring at his now
empty chair noting
his earlier presence
formed into that ugly cushion
noting his presence
again
by morning
the rain outside
had turned to cold sadness
my mind turned to
breakfast the face
of an angry street man
who will want me
to fix his coffee
as I watch the cold rain drip
from his spirit
forming in mine

forming as that empty cushion

No. 21

I recognize his ring -
I recognize the sound
of my house mate's approaching steps -
I recognize myself
though only for a moment -
as I thought
 I will not be home -
 I will not be so nervous with him on that phone -
 I will not crumble there before him -
 I have waited my lifetime for this call -

at the end of the moment
just as she stepped into the room -
I recognized myself again -
differently -
as though for the first time -
responsible for my strongest desire -
responsible for my own deep loneliness -
I recognized her voice
 the boy is on the phone -

fumbling to the privacy of my room
grabbing cigarettes
wine
my heart
and my pen -
I stared at the phone -
 he will wait -
I stared at myself in the mirror -
glancing back to the phone
my eye was caught
by pages of fresh insight
sprawled across the floor -
pages of me
to me
and to him -

alas confrontation -

words that came so easily from me -
assured by the soft tone of his own nervousness -
my words
as pure as words never before spoken
echoed through me -
from me -

feeling wonderfully full -
I bid him
 good night - and I will look forward to our weekend -
I knew he was as well
as his heart reached out and softly kissed me -
everything I had felt

before those words
had dissolved -
all loneliness subsided
if only for a moment -

I lay into bed and wondered
what will I wear on this first date
for which I have waited a lifetime -

No. 22

I acknowledge this -

I am the center of my universe,
or that which I believe to be.
it is I who am
as the moon
the inescapable force
sucking at the tides of my existence,
allowing the norms of my cycle,
accepting the severity of my extremes.
I have created the circumstances
to which I fall victim.
I have painted beauty
on the canvas of my pain.

you can not imagine
that I have come for you.
perhaps
at the very last moment
of our ecstasy
you will try to claim me yours,
perhaps
I will allow that.

until that quivering breath
I know this;
to love you is my choice,
to not is as well,
and anything that falls between
does so of my volition
as I may choose
not to choose.

this is not to say
that the weight of your eyes
is not heavy in my heart,
my body not weak by sight of yours,
but these are so
as I have allowed them.

No. 24

if I walk with you
to the center of the park
where beauty abounds the sky,
and talk with you
of the shapes of the clouds -
the shapes of my dreams -
the shapes of my curiosity -
and if in finding a place
there in the center
we rest
side by side,
will you shape me by your gifts -
gift me of your shape -
oh
if after these moments
of us alone,
we must again
seek the park's edge
with all those
who rest there
just outside of us -
what shape then will we take.
until the dawn -

No. 25

vulnerable
at last.

No. 26

a kaon near anxious explosion
I ponder at your door
of an invitation
I have come
running to
the running from -
resting to wine on your 7th floor -
(why are we not alone - I am screaming) -
I speak of the Triboro - curious seeming -

the coming to your room -
coming to your touch -
can you hold me
breaking with darkness
the closer it (closer we turn)
turns to light -
(don't leave me alone - I scream to you) -
I speak of your distance - I loose you to you -

I loose me to me -
I am lost -

sitting in my smoke
(wanting day to come - I'll go screaming) -
though staying - I come to your wanting -
there rising
as a blade cast of morning -
rising to you -
to your rising
from you -

No. 27

I see
into his now passed eyes -
yes
I understand -
the distancing of a longing -
the sadness of a man -

his eyes
resting parallel -
I see
therein myself -
his collection
of dreams and pain
neatly line a forgotten shelf -

slowly approaching -
I draw from there -
replacing old
with new -
while safely he sets
and guards the shelf -
I set beside him too -

contemplating my welcome -
can he now refrain
from pushing me away -
an unmet dream -
potential pain -

there we sit -
day turns to dusk -
so much come and gone -
now
on my shelf
I find his self
holding me

No. 28

bound to my bike -
frustration -

I no longer feel
the breeze
that rips at my hair -
takes moisture from my mouth -
puts moisture to my eyes -
I no longer see
the crisp autumn day
as it perforates with my speed -

in city windows -
my narcissistic joy -
I no longer see myself -
I only see your absence -
as it cuts
through my own
like harsh wind -

No. 29

how is it
that I find myself
here
in this ink
again
scratching surface prose
of those
who have
scratched my surface.

how is it
that I find you
in my pen
my work
my sleep
again and again
that I find you
everywhere
when for so long
you could not be found,
that I have dwelt
in inquisition
when the answers
are so
pure and soft.

how is it
that you have crawled
into me
when no one else
has been welcome,
that you flow
through me
through my surface
through my core
into my pen,

and that
I should feel
so warm
on such a cool autumn morning.

No. 30

I have placed myself
amidst life's distractions -
I have found myself
as so often
so appropriately
stumbling
into women's rest rooms
and riding elevators eternally
past my destination -

there in
my futile wandering
I am left
to my ultimate
inquisition -
how will I rid
my life
of such senseless debris
when it is
my very composition-
in what fashion
will I decompose -
what will emerge
from my rot -

as I sense you
cutting up through me -
my base layer
noting a void
of the ever present slime
that is my life -
that has bound me
to this compose pile -
it is your growing creation
that is found
in the transformation
of my existence -

aware of
my acidic element -
I am uncertain
as to how you could escape
my volatile burning -
(is it of your own) -

there in
your expanse into me
I am altered
by warmth
of your presence -
and growing
ever warmer

ever connected
by the networking
of your strength
I ponder
the shit of my life -
and your difference
makes a difference -

there is richness
and reason
for the worms
that eat through me -
I feel pain
I have never known -
i feel life
in the midst of my dying -

No. 32

into your eyes -
into the eyes
of a million men,
the eyes of
'one in ten',
I look into your eyes
and it is so.
you have known
their love,
their eyes
slowly closing.
I have known
only loving you
now I have made love
to them too.

the eyes
of a million men
do they burn
through me,
and will their
secrets eat through me,
through my loving soul.
will they take me
from my love
for my love.
will they take me
to the eyes
of a million men,
brought to death
by love.

No. 35

Don't believe him if he tells you men don't dance slowly -
softly holding each other -
show him -

they do -

they must –

No. 36

why have you come to my house in the rain -
why have you come to my home built of pain -
was it that I should know the love of a man
if only by physical means -
or that I should feel such passion
in the reunion of our skin -
that I should want to end your absence
so much so - creating my own -

why have you brought me your house built of pain -
brought me to standing outside through your rain -
as you sit displayed in solitude
before your open windows -
will you ever come out - I wonder -
can you dance with me in muddy street puddles
or will they dance in you -
can you cry for my love - for me -
or can you only cry for you -

No. 37

a syphilitic faced man
across from me
scours the quiet crowd -
as they angle to view him
sure of
how blessed they must be
to be gifted
with faces as theirs -
wearing the life
he cannot hide
he smiles glorious pearls
to the faces
that mask their pain -
and he laughs at their disdain -

looking
to the others -
I am now their view -
slowly they angle
quietly noting
the angles
of my adjusted pain -

do they wish to be the difference -
to wipe you from my eyes -

the whistling of a woman
there before me -
yes - I know her social moan -
she's the woman
from my tenement home -
passing her door so often
I hear her many children -
their taunting demands -
noting the smell
of something boiled all day -

she whistles
as I walk by her door
as she whistles now
before me -
and I feel the breeze
of her pain -
I recognize it -
she recognizes me -
a man who does not whistle -

does she wish to force you from my silent face -
does she whistle for me -
for you -

and I angle away

to the window -
there cast deep my reflection -
and I recognize myself -
built of expressionless pain -
and I see
that I can not smile or whistle
and I ponder my syphilitic soul
that boils inside me all day -
and I remember abusing my cat -

No. 40

seemingly
I embrace the day
snapping from unrest
to a new angle -
I am
clutching for any new feeling -
I embrace myself -
I am frightened -
my skin is cold -
I am the containment of clear ice -
unfeeling of all
but cold -
so thoroughly cold -
and I quickly grasp for feelings
those that are accessible
and all I can find
are those so close -
the ones I had discarded
hours before
in darkness -
the burdens of my grief -
my loneliness -
a burning -
so I put them back
in to me -

they steam -

and I am no longer empty -
I am now
full of emptiness -
and I want to cry already -
but already
I am crying -

No. 41

the words
documentation of
the processes
of my death-
I am not but thee
humbled by thee
words that will pass
as ink fades
as paper browns
as lover leaves

the words

No. 42

what then -
when my words
my expressions
no longer bring any balance -
when they can no longer balance
the weight of my emotions -
their source -
their very origin -
what -
when the emotions too much to endure -
I - too weak to search anymore -
what then -

I have not the words to compose the solution
though
if I did
what then -

No. 43

it's taking it's time -
taking mine -
as you're going
ever so slowly -
you're going away from me -

first
there was a degree of replacing
so much that I had displaced -
finding much was lost -

then
there was the matter -
the things that only seemed to matter -
a book you sent
to say I was thought of
when I was certain I was not -
ticket stubs from our first date -
and a picture of you
with a smirk and no shirt -
and little shit
all over my dwelling
all over me -
and they used to seem so big -

so I have tucked them away -
wanting them accessible -
needing to believe that you were -
then washing you from my sheets
four times
wanting that your loving scent
be gone -

but
as I crawl to sleeping shelter
I sense you have returned
there beside me
telling me
to be your beautiful gay soldier
as you are leaving us
because you can not love us -

then
there beside
you
cold -
without life -
I find sleep -
there finding
you
warm
present -

in my dreams -

when

I awake

I am angry

because again I can not ask you to go -

again I know that soon I will have to

so I can love your memory

as I will remember you -

so I can love dreams of others

as you have told me to -

and

I know

that ever so slowly

you are going -

and ever so slowly

I am learning -

you will never be gone -

No. 45

I do not know why this is -
of all the emotions I can put forth
I can not find my tears.

I hear them welling
deep in my gut, but
come forth they will not
their expression though welcome
can not find my face
to form - scatter - evaporate.

imprisoned deep
I note their currents
ever fearful
of their impending tides.

No 46

the red metal door slams –
I am enclosed -
a tenement prisoner -
and as I approach the third step
I throw my face to the wall
and It does not hurt
or It does
but It does not matter –
all I can sense
are the scents of my neighbors
as I drag with the weight
of my emptiness
covering the steps I am to take
with tears
of the steps I have taken –
I had not come that far
without pain
and It cuts Into my foreground –
pain pours from my face –
mucus webs
network
my nose
to my chest
to the paint chips
of peeling walls –
my head peals -
I am tumbling lost -
sure that I have descended
I find
that I have reached the top floor –
through murky distortions
I see my key
as It moves toward the door –
my hand is shaking
and I Imagine
the loveless sporadic fucking
that leads to ultimate loneliness –
there Inside
It seems unfamiliar
full of things I can not love
things that break
when I crash upon them
breaking my skin
breaking my trance
breaking day into night
where I find myself
still shaking
spewing tears
gasping for breaths
that I recycle Into Insanity –
when I realize It
I have washed away two days
and I'm not sure which

by my presence
or my absence
I will live -
not sure I am alive at all -

No. 48

sit with me
and drink of my blood
while coffee spills
upon our white lives
as endless words of me
you endure,
sucking advice
I am a whore.

approaching you
on an earlier day
with innocence I
would feed you
my life
saying
at me
my savior from self-consumption
let me make you
hurt as I do
for coagulation
comes alas
in exposure to you,
my world.

and wiping blood dust
from healing wounds
your soft eyes
smiling at
the contorted naked man
that is I,
you turn
in to a good book of facts
on a famous life,
and there I know
your own blood spills
staining pages
you will hide away.

waiting.
then emerging again

to you,
to me,
to my saying
saturate me with your venom
for absorption is slow and divine,
breathe your words of fire,
spit your words of ice,
churn within my gut,
sever me as my spine,
give to me passion by
your painful revelation.

only you are advice,
only you
through words or through silence
paint beauty
by drawing blood.

No 49

reduced
to their subway chatter
I speak of the dark commute
and we wallow 'neath the earth
a pulse 'neath the towers of lies

I wait
looking straight
looking sharply for a date

when in her fluorescent womb
death comes peacefully
she is now my tomb
and I am not but dust
that dissettles by motion –
I am not but pretty eyes
to pretty men
again and again =

driving metal
take me home
first take me to my love
as he is waiting
somewhere –
please birth me to my life =
take me to my love -

No. 50

subway dancer
subtle eyes
that dance their dance
across my lies -
and I am not
but the music of passing trains
as I feel you warm
against me,
dancing me
into dream,
then dancing away
alone, again.

the sooted walls
enclose our dance floor.
our sooted souls enclose our truths.
and as we dance
our mating prance
sooted others sing the blues,
but do they note our dancing -
as again and again
our trains pass us by
each time we meet
'neath this fluorescent sky -

like dust we dance in the light -

tonight
frozen -
I moved around you in a circle.
around
and around
in a circle

sad at the distance of our dance.
I wonder
how is it that
we dance so closely -
never speaking
never touching
never loving

buried spirits
that rage 'neath the earth.
subway dancers nearing birth.

oh - how I long
to hold you warm against me
for how long subway dancer
for how long.

will we ever ascend from the soot.

will we ever dance in the sunlight.

No. 52

I had no idea
of course
I had not -
on course with nothing but me -
six months sad
then I slap myself happy -
I have beaten out the blues -
I have beaten them into you -

I was happy to wake
to wakes of snow this morn
as I clutched myself
warm - alone in my bed -
assured that I had
weathered one season -
unsure of the cold days
of recent -
unsure of the cold days
ahead -
sure of only
the cold and uncertainty
and that after my coffee
I would call on you -
as I always do -
and talk at you -
sure that you would warm me -

I had no idea
of course I had not -
so full of my own red -
so happily lost in my search -
so comfortable in pain -
I did not know
you were not listening
as you thought
of the words
which you were not speaking -
I did not see the blood
seeping from your life
until today -
looking from over my coffee -
ready to spit
feverish chatter -
I see your tracks in the snow -
you have bled into the whiteness -
as snow that falls
from my veins -

and even now
as I trudge through this matter -
my skin repels

the brilliance of your sadness -
the color of your season -

I have become winter -
I have become snow -
and as your pain falls
warm into me -
I melt into me -
void of your color -
the color of a season
I have left -

I am afraid -
as I wonder
am I strong enough
to be your landscape
of words -
a white canvas
absorbing your pain -

I had no idea -
of course I had not -
as so long
you sat firm in my tides -
your own spirit
slowly eroding
as I beat against you -
grey-blue -
and I have no idea
why you did not damn me -
collecting me -
emerging into me -
all that while
you could have damned me -
damned my sucking current
beating you blue -

I had no idea -
of course I had not -
that you were needing
a place
to bleed too -

No. 54

dancer of the darkness
I bring you to my home
and we dance
the dance of men
and we sing
the song of strangers
 words of discovery
 seduction in pain
face to face
moving in passion
'neath the weight of two lifetimes

darkness forms our union
settling in dissettlement
until there is light
when I find you
gone
stolen away
by the darkness
of dancing men
and I fall
back to my dreams
I am now the dancer
I am now the darkness
and I bring you to my home
and we dance
the dance of men
no longer strangers

N0 55

you have allowed
my lying,
so I have lied.

perhaps you have wished,
as I,
that the truths
need not ever surface.
perhaps you have wished,
as welt
I were more like you.
(well I have wished
for that too)

I have gotten high on you –
dancing around the Issues
that touch us
as we do not touch one another.
words like smoke
opaquing our distance.
bonded by circumstance.
caged by untruth,
we would smile through the smoke
as our eyes reddened,
reality burning ever stronger
in the corners of mine.

you have allowed
my lying,
so I have lied.

I have allowed
my tears,
and now I cry.

No 56

(to an obscene phone caller who often called late at night)

there in the darkness
I can pretend that I am sleeping
though
somehow
you know
I am not –

waiting for you
I am wrapped
in sheets of me
they are cool
as my blood races hot –

your voice comes softly
knowingly
(knowing me)
from nowhere
you speak my name –

I hold you tight
in the nape of my neck
safe
in my own domain -

there
with your phrase
you make love to me
cutting through
my deepest desire -

I am void
of all other noise
slowly
I reach
into the fire -

only your sounds
have reached into me
as I burn
into smoldering ash –

alone –
again -
my heart slows its pound -
as I dream
I see your face at last -

No 57

what-

I said what -
what things you said
to me -
It was late
when you called -
when you asked for me –
what you said -
what-
I said •
I said who are you
that knows who I am -
I know that
from what you said –

oh -
what you said –

I said
where are you
that you found where I hide –
that you touch me
where It is dark -
from somewhere I once knew –
somewhere Inside of you –
what you do
I used to too –

I speak to you softly
from where I am –
from what I am –
you say what -
(- what -)
I know that what –
from where in me
are you -

No 58

looking into you –

beyond your look -
I dance In the light
of your hesitant way
I sway
to your music
sweet music
I sway-

(touching you)
my hand softly rides your line
exposure entwines with pain
your heart beats deeply in mine
(lost in your vessel - venturing forth)
there in the warm summer rain –

into you -
when I step into you
(are you there with me too) –

alone
with your look
I am overtook
forgetting all of the world
that brought our pressed bodies
to sigh -
while drops of you
form in my eye -

No 59

I am my raging pulse -
a creature
of caffeinated moments –
from a bleary eyed focus on nothing -
I look sharply
to my lines of life -
I see
through the steam
they speak to me
and I am not alone
for as long
as I am full of me –
and alas
at rest
to be slowly
out of me -

alone I rest -
I am my raging pulse -
a caffeinated nothing else -

No 60

driving around
In your Volkswagen van
discussing
fashion first/or first the man

in the confusion of clothing chatter
I neglect to mention
how I desire you without them
In the van parked along a quiet wood side
(flesh the fashion)

so you drop me at my door
and you embrace my friendship

I spray paint my loafers blue
and at night I dream of you

No 61

I give to you
small pieces of me
but I can not give you more –

you give to me
big pieces of pain
when we've made love
in my bed
on the floor -

and you can not give me less
than this -
you can not give me more
of you –

I see pieces of me
in your far away gaze
and I pull at your truths
as you pull
away-

I feel you
pulling away -
and you do not want
that I will be hurt –
and I hurt –

and you are gone
but will be back –

but will you -

No 62

watching
as a waiting child –
my transformation
slow and mild –

so sweetly
your gaze falls upon me
as I rise
from my cocoon -
I rise
to flutter before you –
the dust
of my wings
floats around you
as I rise to meet the moon -

colors as dark
as the eyes of the child –
on subway winds
I dislodge from my rest –
free to fly
through the hues
of an innocence-
transformation in the child's eye –
transformation In the subway sky -

No 63

have you altered your path
just so -
made the slightest of changes
as time rearranges
for you -
where are you
for me -

I who has flourished
by weekly meetings -
nourished -
am lost -
and you -
where are you -? -
lost too -? -

I sit
waiting -
writing -
trains pass me by
but not you -
somewhere else
passes by you -
is someone else
now watching you -

I imagine your altered path -
I alter my own path too -

No 67

holiday faces
matching sweaters
and shoes
they come
to the house
In new cars
by twos -
It's Christmas –
but It Isn't
the same anymore -
and I know this
noting
I'm not the same
anymore –
having now
acquired me -
I sit
quietly lost
within my family –
where
some know
my truths –
some only lies –
but every one
notices
my
desperate sighs –
and It's Christmas -
me and Christmas again -
the same as It's always been –
but it isn't
the same
anymore –

mocking with child spirit –
assured -
one more lonely Christmas
endured -

No 69

I Imagine
being he –
the lover
of your dreams –
the love
that you have found already -
the love
that I am not –

I Imagine
I am his body –
you beside me –
you beside he-
that you touch me with questions -
fill me with answers –
fill me with you -
that you hold me
through the night –
holding me
as though I were he
your lover -
the love –

I Imagine staying
there within him –
you there within me –
as though I were
he
your lover
your love

I Imagine
you and me -
then I remember he -

No 70

be my lover
and run away,
just run away from me.
I do not want
the weight of your guilt.
I do not need
the weight of your body.

be my lover
and run away,
just run away from you,
for I will rest
euphoric in our moments.
I will not run
after you too.

be my lover
and run away,
just run away
and stay away,
so I can run
out of you
as you seem to want
me to.

No 71

the passing of our youth –
the aging of our truth -
It is only a matter of time -
It is only matter –
only time -

the sun does not wait
that we should find love
as It crashes upon our pain –
blackness falls without pretense
as we fall asleep
alone -
with our dreams –
suspended in blackness
we wait
for our dreams -

No . 73

un-me –
set free -
I am silence
on the wind –
then you
silent too
take me in –
into you –

I am white paper
there
before you –
blank -
and you turn me
into your music –
tum me
into me -

the treasures
of your heart
become me –
I sway
In the warmth
of your light -
within the white space
beauty composed -
that which I have never been –
that which I have never known -

oh - how sweetly
you play me -
I am music on the wind –
I am the sounds of you -

No 75

when stars fall without notice
somewhere lovers die love's death –
and no one hears their tears -
no one feels their pain –
when stars fall

we accept that --

No 76

Spin
spin
my life within,
the colors
of the colors
of me pass by
my eye.
White and black
twist gray
through the colors.
Others frolic
with lovers
as I squat,
back to a single-load dryer.
Thought spun
with thought,
the colors
of my life
pass by.
The colors spinning dry -

No 77

I can not see my reflection
that belongs to the life of subway glass –
has It gone to live in the beauty
of a handful of moments passed –

I look to see
where I should be
the one dimensional me -
but It ls you
that ls there in steamy windows
It ls you
who frolics in the tree
that grows out of my denim –

when I close my eyes
and taste your kiss on my lips
your tongue between my teeth
your presence is stronger
than my own-

my reflection is you –
my erection is too -

No. 78

before me -

before you -

I was not
but shades of blue -

standing
melting
by the rain
I could almost
taste you
as your hues formed
in my murky water
spreading there
before me -

then
before you
touched me so sweetly
I could almost
dream of you
colors
swirling into blue -

standing
before you
a sea of me
I see
waves of you
washing me free
warm to my skin -
warmed from within

in your clear beauty
I reflect -
in retrospect
I see

before you
was before me -

No 82

by night
I walk the shore with you -

there
grey foam perforates sand
where tides
once marked their capacity –
marking now
impressions -
the weight of two lives
strolling
between two worlds -

as we walk
you are just to my right
where I can brush against your arm –
moving with you in the night –
and I do-

like a low dancing star
is the beacon
of our destination -
the night growing slowly
in hesitation –
caressing our eyes
as we look
away from each other
toward the flickering -

walking
between
grey foam and you –
believing
in the light -
I feel
your impressions
deepening too –
moving in the night –

moving toward the morning -

No 85

alas
the words
- I love you -
softly pass our lips-

off into the air-
so I write them everywhere-

the traffic noises dimmed tonight
I stare at the orange letters
over your back
beyond your shape-
they are sprayed fire
on walls of flat white -

I stare -

at ease
I lay pressed against you -

If the rent is not paid
they will cover our words
with someone else's life –

and as long as you are with me
that will be all right -

No 86

when I have gone from you
and all that you can be -
I'll remember your kiss
and your sweet sleeping sounds
as I held you holding me -

when I have gone from us
all the beauty that has been –
moments later
in a cold subway car
I'll awaken you with my pen -

No 87

If only the stars
were as stepping stones -
I would run
to your love tonight -

No 88

on wings
of much time passed
I fly to you -

your gold
rests warm in my ear -

your last kiss
burns on my summered skin -

your last words
echo in the chambers of my loneliness -

only thoughts of you
gather pieces of me now –
they carry me now -

here-
I hear the noises of our loving -
I see your eyes cutting through me
through the darkness -
I feel your breath, a sleeping sigh -

I reach out touching memories
I cry -

No 90

I write your name
all over my book –
I write your pain
in its pages -
I squeeze you in
between little blue lines –
metaphoric
emotional cages -

words that are you
wake me from my sleep
to dance with me
in the night –
phrases of passion
for me alone
as you never will read
what I write -

dancing with you
through the night –
(two men) -
on white paper
my hand
and black pen -

No 91

I taste you
rain that drips from
icicles of hair -
rain that drips from me –
I taste you -
rain –
at last -

I dreamt of you
when I was a child –
warm summer rains
that drip on me -

why today
is my skin chilled –
dry to the rain –
nonporous
unfulfilled -

No 92

half a circle
I come to you -
drawn to your brilliance -
out of my blue

half complete
you come for my hand -
pulling me In
to who I am -

half a circle and
half complete -
we join
in a bed
of our dangerous heat -

(making a circle -
are we as three -
does he flow
through you -
through me) -

two halves
a whole -
entwined with the stranger -
love -
fear -
safety -
danger -
my heart turns into you -
does he tum in us too -

No 95

the tv flickers
grey
against your shiny fading tan -
a commercial
cuts through our silence
as you turn
to touch my hand -

my hand retracts
in a writing motion
as I avoid from thought
to thought -
all I see is scattered pieces of us –
pieces of seemingly senseless angers
that will not go away -
so
I Imagine them away -
I Imagine things are different –
but the fluorescent reality
reminds me they are not
as it spatters light against wet ink -
but so long as I can imagine, I do –

have we reached
our parents' plateau –
complacency now our way –
reaching no longer
in passion -
the convenience of lovers
now scattered gratification –
playful games
that once were fun
replaced by tallies
of arguments won -
the addition of others
add jealous tone –
staring blankly
at walls
of our new home -

and you used to
sing softly –
your chin at rest
upon my shoulder –
holding me closely
through the heat
of summer nights -
and now
the nights are colder –
so we fight in our dreams
and struggle for covers -
the forming of a relationship –
the passing of two lovers

No 97

perhaps a year later –
perhaps exactly to the day -
It is you that has
blown through me
like a blue leaf
on a golden breeze –
it is you -
thoughts - words –
that turn to dust
on the tip of my aching mind -

spasms
drop your essence
into my cold hand
that clutches a pen
(as cold
against the black and white
of a year -
where I list my escape
my survival) -
pouring now my song -

indeed it has been a year.

I know this even without
recognizing
the taste of early autumn so pure -
the taste of a love that could not endure –
the taste of you -
of what
would be my life -

I call to tell you this -
relieved you are not there -

indeed
a year later
the taste of you remains –
a more beautiful you
sits in my head
beneath the dust of other pains -

No 99

before and after the march

in the streets
before history –
before truth in mass ascended –
an anger cutting
through me
through you –
fear Intervened –
pain suspended -

there is a fine line
that vaguely severs
the two halves of passion -
love and hate
fall to either side
of a single word -

I
choosing to walk that line
carried somehow across –
and by your balance
or by my desire
(I do not know)
once again
we did not fall
but into another day –
together -

into a day
when the world would hear
our word
as it echoed
in the larynx
of a no longer queer population -
our out of key song
now harmony
to the diversified music
of a singular multitude –
beautifully
out of the hush
of our noises
our word cut through eternity –
change - fear -
desire - love - life -
life - love -

I heard the word
in a tear that fell
from the crowd

I heard the word
in your kiss
that met the tear on my cheek -

I heard the word
as I spoke it
as we sang it - I heard the word -

I heard the word become your soft decree
oh - the things I Imagined
the day
I heard the word -

now
only two weeks later - the word
burns like acid
against your lips –
and your lips are cold against mine

I know now
there is a fine line
that boldly severs
the two halves of one life

truths and lies
fall to either side of a single word -
and oh -
the things I've heard -

No 100

(about the march in Washington for lesbian and gay rights)

the multitude -

like a drug
their presence
surging
through my soul –
the light
of an existence
the transformation
of a darkened hole -

where I stood
hundreds of thousands of people tall
I saw your branding
upon my heart –
steam rising
against the chill of the autumn day -

and you taller too -
made of light -
I knew I would never love you more –
oh -
and your song
danced above the whisper
of the fading multitude -
I have come of the darkness
now in your eyes I am light
In this world I am love
this must never change

this must never change -

No, 104

untainted
a treasure
I walked past them
for I was
most desirable
in those days
that I had not yet known
their love
I had not yet blossomed
when the
acid rains
began to fall
from nowhere into them
from them into themselves

tainted
now
I wonder-
I sit here now
amongst smiling others
no longer smug in innocence
and I am certain I'll vomit
as I meet the cold hands of judgmental degrees
accompanied by her statements of ought-to-haves
and should
and she sends me away to await the cool steel
the dagger of pending truth
fate now grasps my arm and punctures
odd that his lab coat is stained and he only has two teeth

I open my opened eyes
in time to note the vile notations;
#27898'MCD HIVTest
#27898'MCD Hep13 Test
#27898'MCD Something...
#27898'MCD Something else

again the name and stats stats stats
cover the blood that is I
in just 3 weeks back to the doctor
having died one thousand deaths
to determine I will live.

No. 105

It's the day before we
celebrate our love-
and I tell him
I am leaving you-
very soon I am leaving-

his response;
no response

we pass five more days
together
sort of
independently
traveling in two worlds
of pain and confusion
travelling side by side

Alas there is anger
and tears
they are mine
he feels I am giving up on us
though I know he gave up
long ago
he does not know I know this
he may not even know himself
he only knows
our fidelity is safer than...
he only knows
he depends on my presence
and soon it will be no longer

No. 107

tasting spring
a winter has never
passed so coldly
so slowly

I
so alone
in the presence of another
then alone with me
then alone with you
feeling alone no longer

tasting spring
I note your presence
so strongly
only hours passed now
since I lay there
beside you
in the warmth of our meeting

it was
then I tasted you
like a soft breeze
you came
to me as spring
and

I
porous
for so long
filled with you
tasting you
maintaining you

gently
there inside of me
and quickly winter turned to spring
and soon the cats in heat will sing
sing
sing
it is spring

No. 109

I paint his walls and smile
do you like my rose bush he asks
I was sad and thought it would help he says
and deeply I smile into him and say
I want to be your rose bush

snapping off the largest bud
he looks blankly at me

I know this will take time

No. 121

yesterday
the tulips in the park
made me realize
I hate you.

today it was
hair fashions
architecture
and music.

everything omits the dull odor of your existence.
even car exhaust on this warm spring day
tastes of our love making.
the sounds of traffic bring back all our silence.

when you finally left
how could you have stolen back
the silk shirt I had bought you
(and tried to keep)
leaving only dusty pain in dark corners
and cigarettes in the junk draw
and my anger,
and why am I left to remember
having to ask you
to go
to pack all of your independence
and leave me.

why did you make me
make you go
when you were never really here.
leaving me
still now angry at you;
already not somewhere else,
sipping your schnapps in that silk shirt.

No. 126

I burn down my life
then go out for a salad
wearing glasses
that make me less attractive
and I eat at the toppings
that cause my body
those unpleasant sounds
and I imagine that I long
for you to hold me

strange man do you feel
the heat of the fire
as I lick at your sweating brow
asking that you pull me from the smoke

please - hold me

No. 127

please wait.

I fear that you should fear me,
as something must be wrong;
my lover doesn't love to love me
and my mother has run away.

No. 136

at first nothing
nothing rustling

then
hello -, -hello.
fragments afloat, a chorus of static;
Hello?
Hello.
"Hello." he said.
"Hello." I said.
and then he said, "Hello."
"Who's this?" I said.
Hello.
"I'm Bill." he said
Hello?
his voice so soft, "Hello, I'm Fred."
Hi.
"Hello." he said.
"Hello." I said.
What's up tonight?
and then he said, "Hello...heah...you know..."
Not much...
"Hello."
"Hi."
I'm pretty horny
"Hello."
I'm touching myself
I am too
"...want to go private?"
"Sure..."
I am too
"Sure."
hey...who are you?

No. 138

all of these days having passed
and still
I can not dislodge you
from my life.

as a film
across
everything I touch
and see
and feel
or not,
you are there
passing judgement.
still.
bringing failure and shame.

shame that I hurt
even now
having vowed to cease your pleasure
in its rising,
shame as I imagine
your scent upon my pillow,
shame that I want
to stop wanting
to feel shame for wanting your death.

No. 143

feel now
peace
within your heart
oh sweetest valentine,
sitting there
alone
in the darkness of your choice

will no pain there find you
but that which
you beckon come
(deep needles into your paralysis
discoloring at your offering not).

back to a corner
you have sat spilling
of he
now
remember him
gone
and remember me
free
for I lick at your warming inside
missing you so -
oh sweet valentine.

No. 148

if you want I may tell you things
those things
your eyes ask I should repeat.
and if as I kiss with coolness
of your ear,
with words or breeze cooler still my only offering,
do not mourn warmth's absence
as I tell you those things.

should your choosing;
know the dryness and the strength of my tongue
movements upon
your flesh
as I lick to your wanting,
and
feel me
hard
as I slam against you
as you try to pull me
ever into you
from across the beating distance,

know in your remembrance
you wanted this,
of
wanting me more
than I couldn't want you.

No. 149

soft
at my image
is your looking
standing before me
silent with uncertainty
if I am as you see
the who is me
as you
kiss my
kissing you
as I wonder what you see
and I wonder who is me
and wonder of you too
the who are you

are you true
as you
may be
to the me
you think
you see

can I drink of your heart
can I taste of your peace
is this really
or really in my head

No. 150

as
I came
here
nearly broken.

and with the love of
good friends,
and with the love of
found me,
and with time,
I leave now.
mended.
to the vulnerability
calling
I leave now.
with love
somewhere deep inside me,
with love
somewhere just outside me,

I leave now.

No. 151

this voice
does sting,
beats
to wall
to wall
and back.

aimlessly
I touch
as their possessor,
as though
with purpose
in these days
before you.

greying
to the rain,
knees to this
earth
I claim,
I make ready
for the roses
I will lay
in your sleeping hand.

and I know
you
are the one,
the love,

I know
you
I know not of.

No. 152

last night
I cut at all my hair
allowing myself
the fantasy
of love past,
though
only vaguely
would he come
into the moonlight.
ambiguity
no longer marks
our day of meeting
a day
so long ago,
green
with life,
daring upward.

now
less
and less
slowly
he becomes he
in my mind.

new hair
will not know his touch.
only
by documentation
will he exist,
by virtue of fading images
I conjure

alone in my head
with no hair.

No. 153

the whole
of my life
sitting upon hard surface

noting

that
my words
might distract
from the pain
into which I settle

in sitting
yet
should
love find
this mass of me
posture curled
against

carry me then
to your place
of soft unspoken

lift me
that I might walk
from these hard surface

No. 154

by
these waters
dirtied
I have come
to taste the familiar
colors
of the burning
death of day

and
in the darkening
severed
by darker bird
crashing with the hunger
I see the boy

he steps out of the man

I see the boy
turn to the man

I see the boy
turn from the man
into the deeper

dark

into me

No. 157

somehow
someone
once was
someone
with me
it seems

I
could not
in our meeting
imagine a grander love
that knows not passing
nor tastes not of this death

for this becomes that

every love
every death
is my own
bringing me to this ink
as time brings them to me
as I bring you to see
well knowing I rise to the light of your love
and wither to your own passing

I accept you
now
certain
only that
you must pass
leaving present
emptiness

where you once stood

No. 159

for
of my own accord
my world repels me.

sensing these
I take to the path,
instinctively
sucked
 (through me
 or them)
toward a manhood,
 (mine
 or theirs)
or not.

I go.
few pieces in hand.
leaving matter to wait
that happily
my eyes
might place
to reunion.

and sitting,
coffee absorbed
by my white cotton,
I look
to the brick streets
of people.
though, I do not incur these.

and I know that
my world repels me.

No. 160

holding on

I grasp for words
of parting terms
but they do not come
as easily
as our coupling
just hours passed

the words do not come
the terms do not exist
it is consequence to our collision

and again
I stand here
running away
from remembering
there will be nothing
to remember

it always seems to be
that they must leave me
standing there without them
as I walk away

still
holding on

No. 162

for
there
I found them,
finding me
finding me,
amidst the thick
and wood.
and
I followed them
following me,
each believing
other to be as chief.
then we cleared place
for resting
and we cleared place
for dance;
self-righteously we moved
to our tribal anthem
of distanced pain.
well dressed
and free
in our unity
was the singly entity of
we.

many seasons pass.
many dreams pass too
beyond the clearing.

now
woman taking woman's kiss,
man lies with man,
and man lies with men.
summer bringing this
to the thick
of the would.
summer bringing that.
I sit
where we once sat
and rhythmically
sing the lore;
there is tribal love
there is tribal war.
and warm breeze
brings of peace
upon the ritual no more.

it is quiet in the clearing.
there are deep sounds
in the thicket
that call to us alone.

No. 167

he came to the garden gate
with the moon
upon a plate
she said
elope with him immediately
but saddened I wept for the emptied sky.

No. 170

and half awake
I go now
to their place,

and half asleep
I stay with you
wrapped in green sheets
and rain

No. 171

between
beyond of there I came
and
image caste
of not
and wanting's,

shards
of I
at bay
to thee.
am gathered
to the weight of thee;

your impression
holding
upon my frame.

No. 172

, nor
can I will these
days gone,
but that
their passing
brings a peace
to passed.

and
though
for the scent
of your presence here
and presents
there,
I am
and that.

your rest
beyond my garden walls.

I sit in rains
of this; my solitude.
am as the wet
across the stone of land.

I lay my head to pillow
beside my own,
in rise from posture
of dream toward your alone.

at watch,
I hold you in that of my hand.

No. 173

upon my heart, reflected there
with wild flowers in his hair

No. 174

willow drips of sky
with weightless sound as heavied I
hold your absence. there.

No. 177

gently I hold thee;
strength to sleep across my dreams.
black upon the air,
sun rises from your hair.
gently holding me.

No. 178

and of you,

my own wall unpieces
to lay floor
that we will
each facing
dance upon.

invocation;
to your own,
that may of
turn them back anew.
not for the weight of
measured deterrence,
yet in light and will
to strength.

and of you.

No. 182

I to place
upon his self
am absent of their
decide and know,
as in surrender
not because they
should or shall allow
of my innate and own.

this body
if there upon his
or there within his
or there around his.

I lie to that bed
in touch of their absence
and know not why they watch
through speak with shades of void

of will and want I bury not,
I use my choose
where I place my ass
my cock
nor platform for their governing body,
nor receptacle of, by, or for their approval,
what I do is beyond their talk.

No. 195

never my love
have I felt a love
so big this love
inside of me

beating
against
my heart
beating

not severs me
so strong your love
but deeper my love
as I slide from above

oh beat
the rest
and breath
from me

upon your life I place mine whole

No. 196

you are upon
this space
where you are not

alone

in looking toward recall
of greyed-white first
battering against my future claim
of memoried lace
a past neatly placed
there are strokes
of he
and he

and now me

in liveness pray
I always to color upon these sheets
am garden of shadow ever upon your sill
am sound and silence long into the night
discoloration upon the greyed-white still

have placed upon this space to be of you
in wait for that you say you'll join us too

No. 197

, o
and I
if cast upon your shore,
fragment of tide
ever altered

gently kissed
upon the soft and moist,
laid to place
and taste
of your sunlit border

to swell against
your wild gardened cliffs
and whisper
like steam to the meeting -
 drink of me now
 that you may always
 weight of my once present,
 my battering want
 happened upon your
 with out pose of skin or fear

I open
I spill
my life,
I pulse to your absorption

not victim ours to the moon
that brings and takes,
but ever blessed
for once might always make

o,
and I
if cast upon your shore,
ask nothing more

No. 199

in the lightest lengths
of many darkened day
I have not so strength to
find your purest image lay

but now to rest my eye
to field or blade or dew
do ever scent the wild-
flowered eyes of you

hours passing slowly
land I ready, seed to bride
(stand watching I
a day's first to blossom)
yetting sunrise and you
will be placed at my side

No. 200

need not of yours
in dreams of sleep
to me recite
Oh- I have for to
whisper them into your heart
at night

turn against your turning
cradled to your rock
soft shape of me finds pressing
toward your hardened cock

and lay to drink the length of you
a sleeping sound
at border to your dreaming
by your hold am bound

No. 207

O- my love
if I could place
across the heavened sky -
but only ink
and stock
and wanting heart have I.

And will for that
of here I will
then find you there,
do swallow
with each taste
your love, my sins of fear

For long
in journey, long
to know your depths inside,
in these
to your
wherever shore am ever tide.

I ask for not
you wear the hand-
sewn garment of my sin,
yet, am but
shards of word I
whisper nights upon your skin.

No. 209

wine salted
by the taste of day
I've spilled to drink
by your gathering skin -

at the hard
and creviced
muscle of your
my own
in ask at the taking
of more,
and sip
the sweet and salted
brine,
I child your waves
of summered skin
in passionate grind
for frolic in -

I lick
I long
your length
and thus
my own does
soak
glass sheen
of musk -
to heated
move
I ask
I kiss
I want
you take
the love I make -

oh, love -
I love
with swell and might
at break the sound
and dark of night
for wine is
blend to heated white -

fulled cup, I pour
to thirsted sight.

No. 211

if rain upon my eyes, closed to
their chilling moist I walk alone
if sun'd first of spring bring blue,
'pon scent of earth I pile my bone

if sounded flight descend to bring
of dark or light, hearts sing - hearts sing

with try I dance across the color
slide silently 'tween blades and breeze
with emptiness my day grows fuller
in their vast, yet I whisper 'please'

each dusk does let me to you near
and step by step drop wait I wear

No. 214

Proud
is mine
hanging hand with your
along this lightened day
and look
to face
of many'ed
camp and candor
see us shine

yet
only
for this once true love
I ever keep inside
do lift my eyes in whisper
my life is you
with pride

No. 220

I come
of a reaction
moving
, almost always,
as though
I am pleased
to

stand

still
having walked
for this great distance I continue
only to feel
the air
against my parting lips
tell -
wherever
I was
I wasn't
whatever
it takes
I'll become
who I am

No. 230

I contain an emptiness as big as the sky
I am told

climb onto me
and place your ear to my opening

tell me
can you hear the ocean
beat the castled sand

cutting wind

flying fish that rise and bark
and never land

tell me, is there anything more
than the echo
of you

No. 231

I carried you a rose
all the way from my childhood days
through a darkness speckled with light.
I believed

the thorns barbing my grip
were my necessity.
I arrived.
To place all this across your surface,

I see my age'd eyes reflect
and the flower,
and the flowers I will bring for you
look like gifts for myself.

No. 232

Father's desk
stained with the ink of my childhood
he says he does not know how it happened
and apologizes as he helps me carry it up the stairs to my rented adulthood.

I wipe a similar shade across it's scratched surface
I sit
I know instinctively how to wear the wooden shell
though it is smaller than my recollection

No. 236

In the earliest hours
I sit alone.

Watching to the streets.

The air
not yet cut by lives
and pain,
slowly drips with white light.

Across my eyes.

If I told you
I owned all this,
you would know.

Moments later
a dark shape darts through the shadows
below.

And I see I am an intruder in their world.

There is always a yellow year.
A time to remember to forget
and move on.
A time to never forget.

We lived in a very small apartment
high above the pretty street.
At times I felt that we were very poor
and I accepted that.
In an election year,
we were defined and redefined so often.
We had become middle class
and our love had become debatable
or not.
we accepted that.

so,
we grew tired of fading white
and we painted the middle yellow.
It was time for a change.
Then we placed our lives back
along the edges
of the fresh, new color.

There is a time to remember
that yellow falls to the ground,
turns orange,
and turns to heaven.
There is a time to remember
that new will fade
with the brilliance of change.

And if I am lucky
color will grow again next season
and if I am blessed
I will know this yellow year.

And I have watched you
from a distance of only others
from inside my days
from the place where I sit and write
and I have watched you slowly dying

I have seen the quick pass of time
have seen it so slowly too
and I have seen the pass of beauty
and the laughter of waiting
and the fields that call for you

across your reflection in the window
the words of his watching appear
your eyes float across the darkness
your tears role along the window pane
you hair blends into the field of hay

my birthday is the same as his was
my hair is the length yours used to be
the bull in the field has eaten of yours
and he barks a prayer at the moon
blazing the duned horizon

I love you and it's hard
to walk you to the border
where he will take you into forever
to watch you dance in the summer grass
and be with you only when I brush my hair.

In their city

I knew it was their city
and I watched them.

I didn't know
at first
they didn't know.

It is early when I ride the subway each morning across the sectioned city to my office.

Often, there are many Latino boys
around me
sleeping
and the motion
tousles them gently
with the shake and sway of the train
and they dream of the beautiful things
the city has promised.

It does not feel like their city
to them.

And the woman who I see every day
picking food from crumpled bags atop the trash bins,
it is her city too

and no one has ever told her so.

They won't

as long as they can be kept
from things of their own

they will never know
and they will only know this.

It is their city
where they live their lives
before 6 AM
arriving to the back kitchens of expensive restaurants
or foraging dinner from the discard of others
and falling to sleep in the safety of morning's strangers

and it is our city
so we do not have to see them
if we don't want to.

No. 242

Corn is everything

No. 244

Song upon this life,
glory far beyond my pen,
once upon we joined
into a winter's day.
I sing love without end.

No. 250

That I could hold
your ever in motion
your humming stance
‘bove floral ocean

ringing your song ‘cross the night

That I have seen
your soaring speed
and rapid rest
and kiss the seed

bringing colors ‘pon the white

And that others see
of I have know
by your humming bird
do the flowers grow

singing ever your glorious flight

Sweet spring is your whisper no winter shall harden
and your once has ever brought life to my garden