

No. 251

I am thoughts within your sleeping embrace  
I am wedged between sheets and your childed face  
I am words that bridge the thoughts I think  
I shall rise with an erection and pee into the sink

I am steps upon the pavement's cold  
I am youthed within my growing old  
I am habit and addiction despite ongoing warning  
I am ritual and rite in the silent quick of morning

I am singing sand of our first June day  
I am hope for Paris come April or May  
I am pride in seasons we remember  
I am prayer we last until December

No. 252

Sing soft sounds of innocence  
whisper of hope and believing  
our hearts have listened long for you  
at the gateway of our dreaming

now  
with each your breath upon my cheek  
I hear the angels singing  
your small hands ever reach for ours  
and cathedral bells are ringing

of childed eye as wide as the sky  
filled with the pure morning light  
and love that watches over us  
when we kiss each today goodnight

O - by this life we ask to fill  
we so drink by the sounds of you  
and of our own dreams no longer still  
we know of love we never knew

for we had searched to the edges of life  
a drift on the music and word  
to find sound of your in our union  
the most beautiful symphony ever t'was heard.

No 253

If I tell you it doesn't matter  
it probably doesn't  
but don't be too sure

If I tell you you're getting fatter  
it's probably my self esteem  
chaffing the sides of the door

If I tell you I'm too tired  
sleep is probably the last thing  
on my mind

If I tell you to get off my back  
I probably want it  
from behind

I may not express myself clearly  
but I will not be misunderstood

I may judge your every word and action  
because my intentions are always good

No. 254

Yours is now one glass  
reflecting the light above.  
behold a moment  
turns into your eyes, for  
ever there is love.

No 256

Hear me

I hear you  
there  
a little, and a little more

your sadness is mine,  
the battle garments of dreams

your eyes are rain against my skin  
I hear you  
But where are you?  
Without light  
I only hope  
the voice I hear is not my own

desperation.

I hear you too  
more and  
more  
and I hear you  
like trumpets in my blood.

here  
in my body  
time does not pass

and I sing of you  
the only song I know

and I live of you  
the only heart I have.

No.268

At this 35<sup>th</sup> year  
at the distance I have travelled

to twisted sit upon a floor  
from nothing more

and closed into myself behind a door  
filling with my strangeness new  
with ever breath my pen expelling the wait

and freedom rang  
oh yes it did  
and promise sang  
oh yes, oh yes  
so did my eyes behold the night's  
wonder filled with distant lights

I am what I've come to be  
the colors that you see

In twisted sit today  
I am half a world away  
part the promise twas my sees  
piece the hope that filled my need  
fear and longing for ours decreed  
and one true love by which I'm freed

to close my eyes  
and whisper these sighs  
to find you when my body cries

No.269

Some days it is all  
and some days I have this too

I have this  
running in my mind  
over and over  
sometimes  
and always I allow this  
and I on a train wondering what then  
when I am at your door

waiting  
as though the things that lightly engage you  
to have passed this time  
know this ascension  
know my foot steps carry

know this knock  
that I place at your door  
there at the place where you might find me  
in waiting  
that if only once  
to rest this truest kiss

not of men who look for you  
but somehow this once  
only  
words that formed soft shape of this  
leaving on the taste  
your lips  
and once I watched  
and these I write  
in your hand  
while you lay sleeping  
rest all the darkness of the night

in this place  
at where I find you  
I do place

this

gentle kiss

No. 274

This air

this sigh  
moved on winds of summer  
hung in the thick of humid  
spun along the strands of burning sunlight

This breath

eyes closing me into this thought

I aspire  
and draw deep from  
somewhere  
just outside your mouth  
and  
your air is warm  
as I breath you  
across  
my gently parted lips  
that await your own

I am here  
in the light  
where summer dances  
a spectacle of pleasures  
turning my turning  
turning brown

and now there is only light and air between us

No. 276

I want to meet you there  
in that place of your hand  
to be held  
skin against your skin

touch of this  
where you are found  
at sit in the very shape and warm  
and feel your thoughts from this far in

To fall from this, for only to your hand.

I want to meet you there  
at gentle parting of your lips  
to know this  
and the smell of smoke against your cheek

in this night  
of I wander not yet found  
to my knowing the borders of true  
somewhere beside the light that you speak

A step toward your lean, if to be the space between.

I want to meet you there.

No. 279

These things  
are not by words

I have no voice for this  
no shape my pen can put  
for this  
these things

at unrest beneath my skin  
a telling screams  
arms that don't contain your open  
hold, ache at the constant of air  
air that cuts with your smell  
inhale you to that place  
and these mouth and teeth and tongue  
hunger at taste your lips or tits or cock  
and of eyes that long your length  
as the smallest pieces of light and color dance the truth of infinity

If it is so  
so  
I have for you to know  
If I could tell you of my body

that hidden deep a secret  
an amulet in my ass  
bleeding fingers whisper warm  
the darkness  
tattered edges  
paper, skin

I tear from you my story

Step from yourself  
to this spectacle of these  
from beside me watch us  
lift from ripping flesh

So  
I have for you to know if you could hear me of your body

So

No. 280

There but by the grace of God go I  
with an empty plate and moonlight in my eye  
she said I would never hold the size of you  
but, behold you filled the sky and embraced me too

No. 283

I need someone to talk to  
to walk to

aimlessly  
shamelessly

someone to help with the bills  
willing to take occasional pills

someone hot who thinks I'm  
hot  
even when it starts I'm not

No. 284

somewhere you sit  
beneath this moon

light dances on your heavied wait  
for what

and of the light  
that grows the night  
a star falls from your eye

sitting there  
and there sitting  
on a world that faces south  
and roses die one thousand nights  
that the sinner may song  
as the poet writes

I'm sitting here  
that I've wandered to  
and wonder for whom  
does your blue heart swoon

and take you in  
by face due north  
and drink this night  
of one thousand moons

moon star fly  
and cut the sky  
burn the air  
between you and I

No. 285

this love was  
my suicide

my weapon

my means  
my justification  
my end

how many nights  
I held thoughts of you  
at my heart  
like a steely, cool blade

and how many nights  
you allowed me to you  
to the sharp edge of your precision and know

I take thought of you  
and slice my self

oh to feel this surging warmth  
across my flesh  
alas  
alive  
aloud

and I die each time I'm at your side  
oh, my suicide

No. 287

This  
in the fulling of the moon  
how can everything  
change so soon

didn't you

swoon

No. 288

A box avec un soi  
is wholly a kiss  
is wholly a fuck

Mais, un box n'avec pas mon soi  
is simply a room  
is simply a fuck

I give my stones  
take my cards  
take my breath  
leave the rest  
leave me her(e)  
in a box of no soi  
you take me away  
you take me  
to all the places you maybe are

Sir soi  
soi noire  
do you wander the night  
think you peddle away  
drink me away  
hate me away

mais mon soir, est trois; me, you, and today  
a day of no moon on my skin  
a day of fluorescent within  
forgive me my need to say  
soi, read me my card  
read me you  
read the stone you pray

I wish to know how in this box to lay  
a body of your love  
or deep dismay

No. 290

If you say it isn't so  
say it wasn't there  
say it won't

there is gray that comes to my window  
whispering you through the box

No. 292

too long  
too  
short on this

all I ever had  
sold to buy your kiss

everything I ever was  
in flame  
walk away from Friday  
with no name

take  
this body and eat of it  
this blood  
and drink of it too

you

take  
everything  
you think you need to be  
please  
take my life and set me free

please  
take your kiss that rots in me

No. 294

I hate you for saying nothing  
so I fill the space with sound  
I love you for your silent gaze  
that spins the lies around

sure you talk a pretty walk  
I see him hearing all the almoses  
then I watched you going off  
and saw in him a million ghosts

take the everything there ever was  
take my hopes, my time, my sleep  
take from me and him and all of us  
who I am you could never keep

imprison my flesh - my soul set free  
who I'll become you will never see

No. 295

I stitch an inside pocket  
fasten your memory there  
at each border you are inside me  
each language that I hear

No. 297

by who I am; this very smell  
thereby remember me somewhere and well

Lament not  
lament not  
lament Not

No. 298

what distance is this night  
of only color and light  
fire-day into which I sore  
alas, again, a phoenix, where

strewn pieces of this bird  
dangling unattached  
but for invisible intentions  
a mobile of absurd

that which connects two loves  
yet goes unheard

the word

No. 299

a spirit card says you'll come for me  
coins tell me to wait  
endless numbers that I see  
yet tell my talk of this my fate

and it is not by your innocence  
I so fill you with blame and fault  
this scream that eats my hesitance  
rips in my spirit, burns with your salt

memory, vague, as the air we are  
ever stagnant in a city night  
defines my dark by a single star  
deafens my soul your singular light

No. 300

twinkle twinkle little soi  
how I wonder where you are

up, above a girl, or high  
looking demons in the eye

you sprinkled me with little stars  
now I wander wearing scars

No. 302

One by one  
they become one million

one million becoming one

the pants are striped  
the shirt too small  
the haircut one for all

so if this is your yearning  
young or old  
then Paris is burning  
so very cold

I never saw these men before  
but left him once and said no more  
He's every city  
where gay men play  
he's every forever  
'til the end of the day

he's his and him  
and each head turning  
a screen of smoke before his eyes  
and he thinks Paris is burning

No. 307

London Bridge is not  
nor is it falling down

streets oozing the urgency of  
everyone's last nights.

I saw the sights

No. 308

Come to this alone  
alas  
sing your solitude  
inside my ass  
sing the wait  
has come to pass  
ah  
laddy has  
taken a lad at last  
to swallow  
and so by die  
my shard of shattered looking glass

do lay me  
to rot in long summer grass  
again I will rise  
reformed of foul gas

arrive to our alone  
alas

No. 309

did you know  
in the midst of it all  
it was all of my love for you

did you know  
that I didn't know  
that you didn't know what to do

No. 310

New surfaces upon which to write  
new floor upon which to dance at night  
new streets in which to fly my kite  
new hearts on which to set my sight

everything's new even the newness  
everything's blue, even the darkness

new shadows whisper at these four walls  
and echo when the sadness calls

No. 311

these darkened times I wander light  
a seagull cuts across the night

I hear a song to find you there  
and you are

still

I stare  
not sure if you will take me  
into dance  
or take me at all

No. 314

am I

yes.

this last day of summer

the first to pass you by

a collection of almost forgotten

and broken shells

and stones shaped like states

and ones made of words

and ghosts that dance on my salty skin

you did

yes.

you have fallen behind my wall

lost forever within

hiding

listening

as someone else moves in.

No. 318

on the edge of it  
and still I cannot see you  
all this wait  
as if the moon may forget to come home

taste of you  
lingering  
from a thought  
metallic on my tongue  
a sound not yet a word  
of a heart that holds unsung

seconds  
drawing a line between now and then  
I have walked them forever  
again and again

still

sitting on the edge of you  
dangling legs  
fallen shoe

live me to the edge of this  
lift me to your only kiss

No. 319

preach against the darkness  
steam rising on the word  
and all god's children passing this  
too loud to ever be heard

scream against the loveless  
who give themselves to night  
lift your arms to enlightenment  
sing righteously of the right

in the dark offer his salvation  
throw in everlasting life  
trick the cripples with hymnal healing  
a crutch beneath eternal strife

preach against the colors  
the smells and flavors of sin  
beat the hell out of all god's children  
so they can let heaven in

No. 321

it is when I recant my day  
that I hear my aloneness  
over and over  
reminding me  
of me.

when I tell myself to no one - I forget the ache.

A song without doo-wop girls  
is just a song.

No. 323

Corn is not everything.

I am.

No. 324

Coming out of the storm  
how can I tell you of this or that  
only

as if it was only this or that

those are these which I ever am  
arrived on where I was  
a single sound cast from the storm

secret that I whisper to your calm

chill that I carry to your warm

No. 325

however do I turn  
transition over  
to the next of  
myself

however do I become  
the truth  
trapped inside

is my uncertainty  
in me or he  
is my fear  
of simply fear  
are the things I seek  
the chatter I speak  
about my lies

I am sitting  
postured toward another  
impressed by the sound  
impressed by his  
even and cool

wondering still

however do I bridge

No. 329

so deep this damned.

No. 330

Look at me  
as though  
I am  
connected  
already  
safe in this  
from what  
myself

the from what then from

No. 331

if your heart can see

from somewhere  
the leaves  
in tender motion  
grow

and if your heart can see  
it is so.

No. 332

Hide now from this  
fear my only kiss

for time  
and in time  
I will pull you from yours  
and suck myself  
from your hesitance  
lick my quick  
real slow  
for when I am gone  
there is no more  
but for ripped up words  
upon my floor

I was once-upon-a-time myself  
to whom I am now someone else.

No. 333

Every once-upon-a-time  
I write a line that doesn't rhyme

it is like I put  
my mouth on your cock  
and you cum immediately  
and say, "oh."

You have to look your audience  
in the eye  
to really pull it off.

No. 334

Wrong  
too long  
to linger  
the band  
has gone  
the singer  
sings the song  
of said  
and sung  
half a cigarette  
half a lung  
right  
to write  
the memory  
the other  
hand  
turns  
boys  
to ginger

No. 335

same business

none of mine

same as ever

every time

same as same

No. 336

fits my lips  
against your kiss  
fits my chest  
against the beating  
fits your give  
against my needing  
fits your hope  
against my wish

a staircase  
cascading like my memory  
whispers  
further  
and further  
yet  
hovered above a glass slipper  
I ponder your size and my shape

yes  
fits my season against your time  
if fits your reason against my rhyme

No. 339

as sanctuary light  
I assemble these  
that swallow night  
and sing of seas  
and a shell's almost sound  
almost empty

but for resonance of wish

I am not  
the silence

simply  
too much word  
to be whispered into  
the quite bright and white  
of this, our each  
find righteous might

I have something to say  
some day.

hey.

No. 340

In these moments chasing to the edge of flee  
I smile to the wind that passes in quiet waves  
and whisper wait toward the place I will not go  
but oh in remembering what if what might be

now is the time for nothing  
and only by none, can all else follow.

No. 341

what edge of your  
reflects my lighted eye  
to what is what  
your lifted heart is sing

what face you wear  
to hide the sound of sigh  
what holds such hands  
that wear no love in ring

if what is what might never be,  
then o' but what if ever you and me

No. 342

I kneel  
for  
this new moon  
a ball of wax on my stairway  
place today's shoes before  
the before I ever walked  
lace the laces  
around my beginning  
to fall in the shape of my heart  
that I might remember walking

light to light  
and wish upon right  
to kneel  
at  
this new moon  
certain to fulfill itself  
pulsing, white



No. 345

Oh Solstice.

If East

For West

To North

When South

I walk ever toward

away from you

No. 346

a room  
a box  
a page  
where do I place myself  
oh, that I could  
place  
these are in you  
yet lift away  
to  
day

No. 355

Rippling in long sinuous decline

weathered  
stubbled

endless  
dunes

each pocked by trespassing others  
each  
wishing  
he was  
he  
closer  
to the beating  
sea  
whispering a kiss  
to the boys  
who  
sleep away  
the day

No. 357

in older days  
were not the gays  
allowed such open ways.  
no longer barred  
they're kissing and hard  
all over Harvard Yard.

No. 360

as is  
is was  
and ever will  
rain on the pane  
stain on the sill  
sunshine I'm fine  
sun still  
yet drain my will  
mother's sigh  
burn my eye  
then never try  
then never cry  
never to ask the night sky why

barely  
I

No. 361

life moves quickly  
across this paused  
years  
blink  
past

if sustenance by word  
surviving emaciated heart  
dripping  
whisper  
hope  
unheard  
digesting myself  
          weakening by which to strengthen  
years of years and years  
          a single day of never ending

and this starved  
wait  
burning the tender lining

the throbbing shell of a moment forever defining

No. 362

If someday someone asks you  
what color is your hat  
speak honest and true like you always do  
when you answer that

my hat is simply blue  
and a little gray and white too  
and aqua and navy and royal  
and a blue that is bluer than blue

just like the different every day  
my life collects along the way  
so many colors, I don't know why  
God used to make the glorious sky

I have a hat made of every blue  
I wear it to school and then home again too  
to remember as God made the blue sky above  
I have a hat that was made with love

No. 363

There is a hunger  
now  
in them  
pulsing against  
the sound  
of time  
and I  
passing by  
feed  
on the starving  
edgeless  
sky

No. 365

how does broken  
continue to break

gathering fragments  
refracting  
at the intersection of light

how can empty sleep so fill of you  
and close be so far away  
when we awake



No. 368

I want to finish your sentences;  
edit and punctuate your lines,  
Period.

Then whisper your words into the wind.

No. 369

I was only  
alone

until you  
came and reminded me

now this book of empty  
fills with you  
as I release you  
like air

words replacing me

No. 372

'Tis the muse of yours  
By which I'm here  
While wall apart  
You linger there

And whiskey now  
I wonder how  
Will I not show come morning blue  
How much I  
Care for  
That of you

No. 373

I was  
I am  
All that I'll be  
Should you awake  
Inside of me  
If howling wind  
Abrupt and pause  
If ever might  
Than truly was  
And damn this pen  
Over him I hover  
And blessed then  
If light  
If lover

No. 378

And I curl asleep against you  
as though everything hasn't already changed

No. 381

Must everything first  
to whither and dry

for its life to lift  
out toward the sky

No. 382

I wish I had your fractured innocence

those times you tell me and I hear you  
saying how much you love me

and I feel how much I love you  
and feel how much more I need  
from you  
to heal my fractured self

It will not be enough  
as things are now  
and I toss and turn on what to do with that  
this.



No. 388

, as side besided golden flowers  
gently arced their there toward ours  
so gathered at the edge of this  
to witness once forever's kiss  
there half your sleep held half I slept  
whilst scented petals memory kept  
and through the dark of a winter night  
turned one to other, turning to light



No. 392

Even the things we never did  
Remind me of your absence



No. 394

The steps are properly placed for the journey  
to phoenix  
at the horizon line  
where dreams kiss the catcher

lifting themselves from the sea  
toward the marsh  
to be with me



No. 397

You and I  
Lives entwined  
Strengthened together  
Love will bind

No. 399

Alone

And foolish

Before an audience of men  
Behind a curtain of struggle and alcohol

The show is called off

And with this I leave the stage

No. 402

Morning star  
Your beloved kiss  
First upon  
First parted lips  
May all day long  
Might all ways strong  
Carry this  
My wish.

No. 404

I wandered as far as I could, then I sat for a very long time. I gathered pieces of  
broken pasts the sea had given back unhealed and I sat on the highest dune,  
resurrection I postured and bound with frays of rope and ribbon long  
parched by the sun. Starlike lifting up from sand etched by constant

and wind. I wandered as far as I could, to look  
through the window on the edge of  
the world. I asked out loud for  
God to reveal himself, but only the sun  
broke through the clouds and only  
the pulsing sea whispered  
peace; only the dream catcher  
stood before me holding the distance  
of dreaming, beheld prayer rising up from the water  
this altar.

of hope in her heart. And I, through a web  
like smoke from

I wandered as far as I could,  
then I wandered further yet.  
Still, beyond moving forward,  
moments and spinning maybe.  
Dreams catching in my hands  
and breaking free, like  
in the breeze

sitting high on the dune gathering

whispers  
come dance with me.

I wander back  
to where I've not yet been.  
And find myself  
to sit beside again.

No. 405

I found her in a jelly jar, amidst the many religious items Old Catherine kept on her dresser - the lower half of the porcelain statue missing, defined by a jagged edge - Mary's face pressed flat against the clear glass like a child out side of a bakery. When Catherine was gone, I took her from the jar and brought her to live in my garden. "Hi Broken-Mary-of-the-Portulacas," I would say as I watered my blossoms at the end of each summer day. She just sat there and smiled. At night, when I found her staring up at the stars that danced above her head, I wondered if she played connect the dots - or recited the rosary along a celestial constellation.

Now, some months later, she is warm inside a spider plant where she peeks out and watches the world in the street below. Sometimes I hear her pray for us - she whispers a reminder to remember. "Count your lucky stars, each is a heavenly blessing." Then, there is peace on earth.

No. 406

to your window now  
I come with my serenade  
and sing on broken melody  
my hope

No. 414

However it is  
The orchards whisper ancient secrets  
Beyond rows of order and method  
These grids that line the dry sprawling hills  
Seem to hide the wisdom of chaos  
And disappear from my window  
Dry brittle cliffs of red gray  
Red gray  
Strata  
Behind fingerprints on the window  
Bleeding rivers of terracotta  
Carried away by the rain  
By mistake I'd come to Zaragosa  
And she offered to tell me where I'd been  
But all I could hear was the pelting hale  
Of the place I am on the other side  
And peaches falling with ready flesh  
Like hearts  
Bruising  
They fall

And I am falling.

No. 415

and  
from behind  
where I had been  
I saw you.

Already reflected.

I looked forward to  
ward you swelling  
in my backward  
gaze.  
He asked  
*who?*  
as you passed -  
and you proclaimed yourself,  
a gust of summer air  
leaving me  
beside myself -  
to find you  
lost  
and found  
and lost.

In serpentine spiral  
like a child's kite  
cutting lines through the sky  
beyond my cage,  
where I wish upon  
each morning's star.  
And still I wonder where you are.

Still.

Having only this,  
reflection of maybe and miss,  
on autumn breeze  
I simply  
and must,  
to place alas my kiss.

No. 418

Two  
They share one umbrella,  
A normalcy they take for granted  
Or imagine as stage for their gathering heart

I drive  
Alone  
Contented to witness  
Their need  
For rain

Believing in umbrellas

No. 420

Dashboard-Mary knew.

It was no longer enough  
to just glow in the dark -  
Iridescence was slowly, so  
surely breaking her  
broken heart

For honey how they judge  
upon each day she wished a star,  
believing from deep solitude  
oh how she wonders where you are

Poor she for thee to wander free  
in chains of not-but-air,  
under pristine sky  
laughter kisses cry,  
as hope and nope  
does fall  
to sleep  
each night side by side

And rising in the blue  
to whisper heart anew -

No. 421

Should I close

eyes  
wishing they might  
fill with you again  
or  
hand that touched  
your sweet soft skin

Remembering your shape within



No. 424

You stole the color from the sky  
And left the gray and winter  
Thrust a shard of your broken into my heart  
And removed yourself like a splinter

I watch for signs of infection  
In the emptiness left of rejection



No. 428

Doomed is simply doomed.  
Only to recognize  
Aim toward  
And shoot  
Far beyond that fucking doom.

I clean the weapon  
In my hands  
And go to see  
Where my bullet lands

No. 429

I sit quietly  
In the brush  
Or behind a window  
Or in the back

Gathering information  
As it passes by

Wine bringing wing  
By pen I sing  
And crawl to be alone  
Against  
Again  
This thing

No. 430

Shall this prophet from me rise  
Or I from his seafoam eyes

No. 432

Times are hard for dreamers.

Follow  
Be  
Your bliss.

Grace  
And  
Will

Oh bother

Let us have faith that right makes might

I am rock  
And this is bottom

Can't anybody see

I could be in your head

Back.  
Forth.

I don't think love is enough to explain what we do

In it's stead

You died, but you never went away

Pray, swooped from the sky, a very horny angel

The very essence of romance is uncertainty

Daffodil heart

Alas,  
Sprung  
Spring.

No. 434

Give me the strength  
To embrace the world  
Inside myself  
And outside myself  
With equal balance

No. 442

, as though together  
we contained more  
than we could hold  
in the space between us -  
every hope and every sadness  
every word

Yes, you were always right there  
whispering to me that it's true -  
how some of my tears were yours  
when they had grown too heavy  
and often you wore my smiling  
and laughed for me at the pain of being

Oh, right there  
like words turning into light  
every letter of myself  
refracting with vividness that gently burns  
the understanding  
before me

Now  
delivered to myself on your open hand  
I hover, weightless in this morning  
color beside color beside color  
steeple bells announcing the arrival

And knowing this  
who am I to be now  
Knowing you are really here  
Knowing you are there

Indeed,  
Invisible no more.

No. 448

How I long  
to sleep,  
That Sleep  
of his reassuring form  
containing mine -  
A composition  
of decomposing,  
Spinning  
mind  
on which to alas  
unwind

No. 457

Love.

Sex.

How one pretends to be the other

When that place of both just isn't

Or is not yet

Squinting, the summer light through the treehouse leaves

Speckles a million maybes

To ease the maybe-nots

No. 458

Things that rise above my horizon line  
Telling me to myself  
That I was here

Fragile whispers of mortality  
Fear rising up from my land  
That the heavens might now take me  
Or someday simply won't

Never ready

Beneath shards of sticks and stars  
I rest on the sand with my friend  
We are brown and speak of living  
While silently upon my star I pray for my beginning

No. 460

Black out sex  
I don't remember anything  
I found his cock ring on the floor beside my bed  
Then a brief recollection of it tearing off  
I recalled saying thank you for using a condom  
Or recall him saying it to me  
I have no sensation of having been penetrated  
and I think I remember he came and I didn't  
Then he apparently left  
Well I couldn't pick him out of a line up today  
He has no face  
As if my eyes were closed from the moment we met in the dark  
There is a condom wrapper, lightly soiled paper towel, and lube packet in the trash  
I have no recollection  
My wallet is there, my camera, my key, and the heavy red sweatshirt I am wearing  
No, I don't remember coming together to my home, only that I recommended it  
I don't remember him leaving but I remember him commenting on how well I kiss  
No face with which to unravel the flash backs

No. 463

I will paint for you a magic garden  
Neatly lined toward a swinging gate that awaits you  
I will clear the leaves along the path  
And brush dirt from the crevices of stone  
Spray bouquets of brown-eyed-Susans  
and linger late purples of lavender stocks  
and cosmos of softest hues dancing gently around  
like origami butterflies that fall and rise  
I will wipe the salt from the wooded step  
And gently prop the door  
I shall wait for you in the cottage  
For just a minute more

No. 465

How does one stop this deep well of aloneness  
From filling with empty and rain  
Indeed to take back the streets  
To take back my heart from anyone who ever held it unkindly  
Indeed to take back my body from the ravaging spiral of confusion  
Indeed to remember every day  
I am respected  
I am loved  
And my legacy shall be these

No. 466

I had somehow closed myself off  
As everyone spoke of the last days of summer  
I was both by choice and by addiction  
A prisoner to my very own paradise  
Adventuring only, and timidly  
The short path to the closer market that had things for me to eat and smoke

The young one, gently cocky, thin and sinuous – really quite beautiful indeed  
Slowly each day drawing nearer to my retreating

Giving a whisper of purpose to the days ahead  
That will dismantle the memory of summer with filling boxes and a duffle bag  
While summer refuses to understand, and grows new blossoms yet in the chill of these nights

The purpose and promise of summer is to know no season  
As other than life giving and warm  
To know no other hope  
Than the one that is yours

No. 469

I pray to the universe  
Upon this setting sun  
Deliver us now  
The one  
To the one

No. 470

I am not afraid of you  
Or that my words you might be afraid of

I am only afraid of myself  
Sometimes what I may not be capable of  
Sometimes of what I might do

But I am not afraid of you  
To forge words across the screen  
That fill the white box of nothing  
With the colors of my heart

No I'm not afraid of you  
Or that you'll walk away  
Perhaps I'm just afraid you'll stay  
And witness my afraid

No. 473

A thousand times I've walked away  
Knowing, again, what I'd have to say  
Then through the door, to my surprise  
The moon was fulling in your eyes

Oh, to dismantle the light of you  
Reflection placing me back together too

No. 475

a captured moment, still, somehow

no longer could I carry past  
there lay'd my armor by the sea  
and turned around to face alas  
that blue skies might envelope me

each second each dream  
came to rest in my hand  
sun passaging the present's  
shadow across the sand

dream catcher to filter  
the night's mare and sorrow  
light shone through its bones  
facing toward new tomorrow

as nothing ever really was  
or is the next it seems,  
so, trust by these,  
so must my dreams

and that is all behind me now  
and facing forward, will, somehow

No. 477

I sense the brittle'ing of my branches  
while winter abiding builds its nest  
and a little black bird there appears  
upon my length to gently rest

Undisturbed by the white squalling snow  
undaunted as the harsh winds blow  
does he not sense my breaking shell  
the frozen years 'pon which I swell  
nor fane repent in song he sings  
on breadth of mine built of many rings

Sweet black bird perched, intent he stays  
is it I or he who befells the lair  
with spring not nearer than 100 days  
is but chirped in hope of the black birds prayer

No. 484

The things that don't happen  
The every day  
Things that don't happen  
Again

All are part  
Of what happens  
Next

No. 486

Let not my legacy  
be the splendor  
Of love I gave along the way  
Yet line by line  
Be rendered  
Of love that came to stay

No. 489

Enveloped by the winter winds

And each moment

He saw

Who

I am

Becoming

No. 493

I'm afraid to turn the photo with my hand  
That the sky might fill with all the sea and sand  
What then would I write of  
How then could I fly  
My tears swallowed in the ocean each time that I cry

So I must safely place the photo over there  
And find laughter and champagne and something new to wear

No. 494

What force is required to shatter the façade  
The very thought  
pain captured  
indiscretion turned to art

oh the very thought does break my breaking heart

It speaks to the enigma of you opening and closing  
And inhaling your sad sigh does let me know  
To let you go and find you with the love  
That taught me how to fly

A missing shard of you torn free  
Where are you to border me

