

No. 753

, so she raises  
the broken of her hand  
and heaven holds her  
gently lifting her  
into herself.  
She asks why  
on high  
knowing the answer  
her cry  
this is why.  
Her faith like a sweet lump in her throat.  
Her heart beats heavy the refrain,  
*Breathe.*  
*Trust.*  
*Breathe.*  
*Love.*

Life and Pain



No. 758

, and if I kissed  
you  
even only  
once  
I might never stop  
feeling  
your face in  
the soft lines  
of my hands

holding  
on

I understand  
that you must go  
away from this,  
just as much  
as I cannot.

so gently  
deafening stillness fills  
upon my beholding might  
, and the song of a million morning birds  
believing in the light

No. 759

As healing as the sea  
that cleanses soul of me  
so fierce and perilous she can be  
And rocket thru the sky this hopeful heart  
And crash to deep dark hell does fear impart

No. 760

I give you half of the moon,  
from placed above  
the shadowed churning sea,  
casting white  
across  
your footsteps home  
tonight

and  
Here in a window  
north of your south  
the edge of my lunar light  
is simply the left to your right  
beheld mine half  
here in a city's dark  
torn down the middle  
of full

How beautiful to touch you here  
this nightest sky of luminous air  
inside against inside  
that was never ours to hide





No. 764

salted spray  
against my windowed watch  
my finger traces  
the shape of your name  
in the misted morning.  
but for all my might  
and all day's light  
rising up  
from the edge of the world  
I still can't see you  
high above their ordinary.

only faith  
holds my pen,  
stitching together  
moments of ink and hope  
upon paper and moon-speak.  
in a towered house of light  
I hold against the night  
that you will find me finding you

directly beneath the moon  
I dream I'll hold you soon

when you've thought I must've gone







No. 768

I had wanted the rain  
on my windows  
and my skin  
Steam rising from this summer night

and I wanted the rain  
to sing  
our coming together,  
closing out the light  
where your skin came to touch  
mine

And it rained a dream  
o, how those weighted  
skies delivered  
and I awoke and I was wet  
and the taste of you on my  
cock still quivered

I had wanted it to rain,  
that my garden would grow  
and I could stay with you  
and trace letters of love  
across your back  
and watch them absorb  
and become you.

And it is raining,

No. 770

but if once  
by this  
blue moon  
I reach out of  
trying to forget you  
and I find you  
in this dark,  
a touch  
against my pulsing want  
and wait,  
then I will

I said I wouldn't  
but for true  
then the night conceded  
to a lunar blue

No. 772

lemon in my hand  
ripe and split  
I want to squeeze  
the light and magic  
from our summer days  
and fill buckets  
to carry us far into winter  
the tender lines of summer skin  
that will be replaced by seasons of wait

No. 773

, and there I broke -  
less against the hard surface of life  
than by the pressure within,  
my lacquer  
varicose with fracture  
unseen by  
constant motion and refracted light,  
until waves of eruption  
waking me from sleeplessness  
poured burning hot  
from my  
still  
heaving secrets and scared  
at the twilight  
so I screamed into the night  
I lied to you all about the ease of my please,  
I don't have any money left,  
no one I can hold at night  
to make love poems of my poverty,  
and every thank you to God  
is followed by want.

and still  
there was only still.

and beneath the blanket of stars  
sparkling veneer across a suffering  
I looked to the empty container of myself  
where Next was all that was left

No. 774

, and what  
will these children know of  
want -  
the kind that eats the night  
and leaves you dangling  
from amber lit edges  
believing you are hope for the future  
that you are the happiness darkness craves  
that love is a decision  
    made in context with truth

what for these  
my children  
will they know -  
the shattering that brings within  
the everything taken to allow space for some thing  
The words that must your pages  
    when you couldn't possibly

how do I find the space between  
theirs and mine  
allowing their voice to find its crescendo  
harmonious and triumphant  
wrought from a piercing scream  
born at their own amber edges

No. 775

As though you are all grown up,  
you ask me if I remember the summer  
when you and I would walk  
to the ice cream shop  
down the center of the main street  
of our busy beach town  
and we'd both get different flavors  
intending to mix them.

You tell of the vigorous churning,  
watching the colors spiraling  
into one. Togethering.

Streams of dark becoming light  
like stars dancing across the night  
carried on your whispering breeze.

Your little sister comes closer  
falling into your words  
as you lift the spoon  
to offer us a taste  
of your remembering.

A sweet line lingers across our lips.  
This is family.



No. 776

Half awake  
beside your  
half asleep,  
In your arms  
a touch  
my skin shall keep

Here in wait  
by morning light  
you miss -  
your half awake  
my half asleep  
does kiss

No. 777

Snow and hope  
Had fallen in the night  
Pure and warm across my waking slope  
A blanket of luminous maybe and white

Pine limbs low with sudden snow  
Nod and bow to my watch from the window

No. 778

My fingers hover  
Above the white  
Of writing you this night  
Palpable and  
As though you can read my silent touch  
in front of you  
Locked in the moment  
Of wonder  
And my almost kiss  
That severs me from that before this

No. 779

, and does he see  
color -  
an uttered hope,  
or secret  
whispered upon soft velvet lips  
or sipped across the petal's edge -  
a rose  
in wait

No. 780

, like  
how I lifted my hand  
to take touch of your lip  
as dripping wait fell  
from my grasp  
and steamed against  
the cool night air -  
yearn to turn and told  
as me who held  
how I behold  
the soft sweet song  
desire streaming  
heart by hand  
a poet dreaming.

No. 781

near to my windowed wait  
your spire'd rise from the soil  
this, our spring - our sudden  
alas'ing that truths uncoil  
the air I am, falls warm  
then ascends to swell and tip  
and sinuous drops of you linger  
sweet tasted upon my lip

I listen for you to hear mine heard  
I breathe our believe and exhale word

No. 782

I want to ask you something -  
can I ask you everything,  
as we walk along the border  
of your skin against my skin.





No. 789

I dive in  
submerging  
becoming the water  
and breathing the relief of home  
    alone,  
then emerging  
repelling the vastness  
gasping with quiet fear  
    soaked in lonely -  
the first deep breaths constricting my torso with salty cool  
and squeezing my heart with almost panic -  
I imagine stopping  
deciding it's okay if I can't do it this time  
no one expects this of me

but when I am just about to accept defeat  
it turns back into the fight,  
that central tender feeling  
of hard fought moments buried in my skin -  
I am running from the bully  
still hiding in wait behind the bushes by the school.  
I can't do it anymore but I have to one more time  
so I run for my life,  
I remember that bike trip through the mountains  
when I gave up and tossed my bike to the woods  
I lied about that day then every next day of my life,  
and I am standing among a generation of men who have fallen  
taken by desire

crossing to the other side of older  
walking through love and loss and the gunshot  
day after days becoming years of  
facing the world I can't face  
numbing at it  
trying to find some freedom  
the hurt  
becoming the prison  
of my one last breath  
until  
Somehow  
by grace  
I break out  
fleeing with my life

No. 790

Living now  
Alive  
with a daughter  
then another  
and a healing heart that once betrayed me

So I dive in  
again  
and I swim in to my life  
swimming past the bullies waiting  
Through the weeds and all that fear  
across the choppy waves and the bike in the woods  
and over the bodies of lovers  
And I swim toward my daughters  
toward the hope of finding him  
toward the man I hope to be  
matching each stroke to every strife  
Heartfelt, alive, now I swim for life

No. 791

A sudden shard  
of light in the corner of my eye  
reminds me how large my life is  
And as I turn to tie my other shoe  
I sense my retreat from that feeling of awe  
I didn't realize that I had placed my  
gifts over there  
where I could smile at them  
and not feel them  
And suddenly I have become them  
and they have become me  
and I am that light.  
Now I must live with the fear of night

No. 792

, as though  
my entirety sighs an *alas*  
as well as remembrance  
of always knowing  
You'd arrive -  
like the parade caught  
in its own traffic  
or the child pausing  
to learn life's lessons  
on the way to school

There you were  
and here you are  
and here I am  
at the same right time

I can breathe

No. 793

, now I walk this sidewalk  
no longer the boy  
they chased home -  
fear beating in my throat  
wind burning my eyes.  
Now I am a man,  
reaching to take my hand,  
the boy I was  
walking free  
finally safe with me.

No. 794

, so I am reminded that I am there for them.

I ache, at the stretching of the tether  
The return and retreat that pulses a slow din of afar'ness  
I make this my life  
Giving them theirs  
And I wait and want and worry  
Hungry and full  
Hope throbbing like a headache in my heart

No. 795

In the corner of this cottage  
perched in a tree by the sea  
I am not who I was  
in those days and those ways  
When I teetered on edges of hope  
And stumbled through the scorching haze





No. 797

, now this.

Here  
to say thank you  
and goodbye,  
to hold you  
holy  
and remember every last lesson  
in a moment of letting go,  
now'ing toward next,  
a child of the man I was

I write my name on your wall,  
my heart filling -  
spilling  
the each last bird's call,  
and in all the still I want to ask -  
once  
again  
to find in me  
God's gift.

Here.  
To say all that's been said  
and that which I long to say -  
from a hammock  
beneath the sunrise  
in a tree house  
by the sea,

No. 798

because each morning they told me,  
watching the largess of wait and hope  
clutched from the alone,  
singing the warning and the witness  
as the deafened dark turned tightly around my soul;  
until I heard it!  
and, oh how they trumpeted  
the thunderous light  
that broke apart the caging night;  
hummed along the thick pink clouds tapering into the ever  
on the warm wishful breeze, that whispered please, believe;  
then they lullabied the hammocked hearts adrift in prayer,  
with song that held me through the holding them there  
in a house  
in a tree  
full of birds,  
they so sang the rising of the words



No. 802

This space in between  
Words and light  
The soon will be seen  
Unfolding tonight  
Eye to eye  
Kiss upon kiss  
That ends the wait  
With truly this

No. 805

fragmentation  
and shards of waited pain  
suddenly lift  
on a gusting wind of want.  
and you  
swirl across my skin,  
a storm of yearn,  
ask entwined in tell  
directing my rhythm and turn -  
until you explode into my entirety.

stardust filling the night.

then rising,  
slow refrain,  
you regather  
pieces of silence  
and step back into the rain.



No 813

This year we'll swim a different direction.  
Sideways  
instead of across.  
Along the beach

like the dog walkers, and the shell collectors, and the lovers  
still swooning from the night before or negotiating a breakfast plan  
or aching through their dismantling to allow for inevitable change.  
We too change direction.  
The whole town.  
Shifting this way instead of that way. Or that way instead of this way.  
I can't tell.  
So, I just swim.  
Salted water leaking into the edge of my goggles, I squint into the seafoam.  
Searching the shape of a direction  
I swim.  
I breathe in rhythm with the sea and taste her.  
I move in concert with the many, alone.  
If heaven is here on earth  
it is in the salted bubbled water made by swimmers,  
the hymns and hollers of the people who gather tonight and tomorrow,  
the swelling waves of fear met  
With faith,  
and the-arrival at the distance we've come  
because we dared to change direction and just keep swimming.  
No matter what.

No 814

, and of all the things -  
I would tell you  
how your listen is gentling our in to the blue;  
my body tethered to yours  
rising into the height of this might,  
to look down and behold being held, turning up to mine churn and heart swell.  
Because I didn't settle.  
And I didn't wither.  
And I never lost hope when t fell from my mind.  
Now, beside you I lay  
and I listen,  
the song of the sea bringing gold to the gray.



No 815

, so I came back.to tell you  
the stars were not mine to hold,  
yet shards of night that gleam through the part  
in a patched up broken heart.  
I wanted you to know  
I knew  
so have gathered words of this light  
to mark our page in the book of life.  
I have found the open window of day anew  
and asked the wind  
to carry my song to you.

No 820

While I lunched  
on leftover Haitian funeral rice  
Given me by a colleague  
I finished my message to you  
Carefully balancing pain and gratitude on the tips of letters  
and punctuating with repurposed shards  
of hope

I'll send it.  
And all the irony of this moment will pass unseen  
lines of lost love in a funeral march  
of silent steps upon the frozen world

No. 821

, and it rains against the closure  
that we should not forget  
the almost  
and the what if and  
the yet -  
it cuts across my wanting heart  
leaking this regret  
for a kiss I must now dream of,  
for the memory when we make love,  
and an end that is a start

I ache at this night's rain.

No 822

Next time I will call you  
and draw you pictures of my hope  
that waited for the words to say.

I will invite you to my table.  
I will lead you to my bed  
and speak of the monsters that stir beneath  
and climb into my dawn and darken my way.

I will not live each day in what could have been.  
I will rise in allowing what we are to be.  
I will stop gathering broken maybe and pain.  
I will step from my land and float into our sea.  
I will ride along the shape of you  
and drink of our pleasure  
as you drink of it too.  
I will thank God for this our home  
and love you in every room.  
Then I will write you this poem.

No 823

I make my bed for you and I  
wipe the droplets from the kitchen sink. I  
straighten my shoes along the matt  
and dim the lights as the door  
closes behind me. Just in case.  
I go in search of thrift shop bobbles  
and yard sale lawn chairs, so you  
will have a place to sit with me. I  
effort through the spring to make a  
summer that will include you. Whoever  
you are. Wherever you are  
on this journey toward me. Then, I  
relax on the old chaise lounge that I  
got for three dollars  
seeking the right amount of sun to kiss my skin  
in hopes that you will too.  
Behind closed eyes I  
am ten, performing gymnastics  
on the front lawn of childhood,  
hoping he will drive by  
and discover me - lift me  
up into his arms - and carry me  
to my life.

No 830

I want to hold her like my child pillowed upon my chest  
As I did so many nights with picture book in hand  
And spin a tale of these times  
Removing the hatred and the division  
Forgetting the unforgiving virus  
I want to take away the electronic screens of almost  
And hand her back to the dimmed overheads  
and smell of the boy at the middle school dance in his dad's cologne.  
I want her to be excited again for school  
I want her to care if her sweatshirt is cool  
And have hope for her future.  
I want to have the time of her life back.

No 831

And let there be this space  
For moments  
And light  
As the long dark winters  
Lowers around us  
Let her arms gather us  
And pull us close  
And worried not  
Of what if and then  
But awaken each day  
A new  
To what is same again  
Let us be the love we crave  
Let us shine the light of right  
Be now ours that time might save  
And the morning lift the blanket of night  
We shall come to be and arrive at this  
We in ever wait  
Toward life's sweet kiss

No 832

I tell myself  
I had always wanted to get these things done  
While it all spun away from us  
I controlled the small with my mighty intent  
As I freed them with passion one by one  
And I promised myself to the sky  
With each passing sunrise  
And swore allegiance to love  
But this all bigger than relentless will  
And I have only God and I



No 833

, then each day descending  
with weighted wait  
the dark winter yet foretold  
gathered words that I might  
write an anthem of hope  
for fear to alas behold  
and shape there a fortress  
of ever and ours  
containing the warm gold  
of summer's sweet hours  
to poem darkness away  
from your wish-filled heart  
and rhyme it with reason  
and end with love's start  
but all I had penned there  
by part and by whole  
warm shadows across my palm  
cast from inside my soul

an old wooden shed graying in the sun  
singing lighted psalm, indeed love had won

No 835

, and even more than that  
is the way you are unfolding  
like a page awaiting its poem;  
the words finding exactness  
and beauty.

Power and purpose  
taking their place -  
amid punctuation and pause.  
The ink unfurling.

Before your name  
written there  
I had whispered you  
in my prayer.

To be.  
Or never at all.  
Or now like this -  
a single string of lettered light  
ascending  
waiting to hold and behold your might -  
the song someone else shall sing;  
the bell for whom you'll ring  
And even more  
than that  
Love  
Is the love -  
the blessing of your rise  
descending from above

and past my parted lips does fly away this  
a poem that's a prayer that's an only wish.

No 836

, as if each time you speak  
I inhale a little more belief,  
finding myself revealed  
and defined by the fullness  
of air inside me.  
Feeling acceptance  
I expand  
and I do not explode,  
so  
I exhale  
a little more hope  
trying not to count  
and make magical  
thinking  
of you -  
believing  
air that makes song of whisper and sigh  
and your sunlight rising in my eye.

No 842

, then  
there  
you were

in the water  
and the sky  
where heated light  
bowed down to gaze with ambered eye  
the small waves dancing with delight

your body held my beholding you  
your soft sunned kiss was utterly true  
against the rocks and wrapped in wish  
our asking cocks to the answering this  
salt  
buoyant  
whisper  
want

, then I held your cool against my skin  
a seashell opened and I fell in

No 843

, and even as the tide rose to meet our rise  
claiming the heated island of sand,  
I held your light by the blue of my eyes  
giving your skin with the take of my hand.

I could not have imagined the written this;  
I can nor tell the tides how true our kiss.

No 844

I am thinking of that song -  
the one that almost comes to me  
each time,  
but falls just shy  
of rising to my surface -  
the one that fills the light of day  
and the amber night  
and the pink lids of eyes shut tight.  
Everywhere that song.  
A sound and a feeling  
awaking  
to dress itself in words.

N0 847

, and I hold these words.

the ambered glow the skin I taste  
waves rising from the heat filled space  
the foam and wet against the hard  
the almost whispered inner shard

the telling the ask beading with sweat  
the writhing almost and the wringing yet  
the bed the salvation the glorious sin  
desire to write it across your skin

the blue salted pools in the greenest moors  
the garden behind the white gated doors  
the posture of poemed lines hidden away  
rising out in the night to make light with the day

I cast these unspoken up to the sky  
released on the breeze of my hearted sigh  
gathering there like clouds painted in  
to rain softly upon your sweet summer skin

the inevitable breath of which I must  
the truth the wonder the gift the trust  
freed in togetherring flight of the birds  
as I behold you, and I hold these words.

No. 848

I don't know when  
or how I knew us,  
but you were something  
or everything  
once.  
Or always.  
I feel you  
each first time  
with a depth of familiar.  
Vibrating August heat  
rising from my being;  
a refrain we both have been humming  
along the shadowed path to our meeting.  
Ours gathering air and words and years  
I had never until now.  
Yet we have always.  
And the anthem of this very room  
beckons from the hallways

Siren-song breaking night  
carries us back to our light.



No 849

I woke in the eye of it,  
the storm that didn't come.  
sounding the alarm from the cage of my bones.  
hoarding emotional candles and saltines.  
watching  
as I whistled in the dark  
behind a glass screen  
tossing kindness at you like grenades  
that I knew could stop you.  
yet you kept walking toward me  
through the smoke  
seemingly unafraid  
in a fluttering cape of calm.

every time my hero.  
because you are not the boys  
who trapped me in the basement  
tearing off my clothes  
nor the ones hidden in the park  
waiting to chase me home.  
every time my hope  
that they were wrong  
and just maybe  
Dad went away because he couldn't stay  
and Mom was never there  
because she couldn't find her key  
and the lovers were too broken to be fixed  
or to help me fix my broken.  
every time my maybe  
the storm won't be so bad.  
no more running.  
no abandonment.

weathered boards falling away like night  
slowly I fill with this might and light.

No. 850

, and when all our heated want from within  
gathered weighted and wet on our salted skin  
rises up like the song of our moan and prayer,  
I will reach through the heavenly blanket of air  
as our bodies still hum with the sweet refrain  
I shall bring you a chalice of memory and rain

No. 853

she had smudged the first colors of morning  
across the foreboding distant gray  
with the chalky curve of a finger.

inspired and sudden.

and on the other side  
light fractured the air,  
as though she'd covered the moment  
with the breadth of time,  
and clutched it all up,  
shook it fitfully,  
and blended the sea into the sky at the edge of the world.

behind me  
your body slid on boarded speed  
across the glassy sheen of surf  
lifting suddenly like foamy spray,  
suspended,  
cutting through the colors rising to hold you.  
your beautiful shape  
claiming the swells of my awe,  
illuminating the morning  
with want that soaked my parting lips  
with gently burning brine.

waiting to taste you whole  
as you ride morning  
to the churn of its soul.



No 856

, then alas and still at the garden gate  
cast on the offshore winds of wait  
rising and warm by the turning from spring  
softly humming as heartsongs sing

the colors of promise in the blue-white of day  
paused on your wings then whispered away  
seeming by certain that summer arrived  
dreaming that hope indeed had survived

I reached with my palms up to the sky  
to say that I am and believe  
and you came to rest on the tender of me  
near the tattered edge of my sleeve

lifted from darkness of time's cocoon  
the maybes and weight of someday's soon  
sun's light beheld us as you came through the gate  
beholding the stars and the moon upon a plate

No 857

, because first light  
is the pause  
the precipice  
and the porthole -  
believing life  
begins and centers there  
at the border of aloneness.  
and stepping from its edge  
into the pummeling surf  
you might be lifted  
and held;  
eyes welcoming the every shade of gray  
that precedes the promise of color  
salted spray whispering  
like a poem writing itself  
in the soul of a sleeping lover -  
the slide and motion of dark lines  
across the pages white  
telling the shape and hope of your  
riding the rising of heart's first light,

No 858

and cutting across  
the last day's dark  
my eyes lifted to  
the silent and stark,  
by the apple tree  
where our kiss once new,  
rises up through the mist  
and the blackened blue

the whispers of us finding  
suspended in night  
love sings to the sky  
from a basket of light -  
the sound of your heart's beat  
tonight I hear,  
and tomorrow along the garden walk  
song to another year.

No 859

And I'd die inside you if I could  
Pushing deeper into your pull  
And I'd let you love me if you would  
Raging rivers brinking full

My heart declaring right and true  
Set down fear and pretending  
And lift to the sky my love for you  
Prayer this is before the ending

If have us only now this day  
Let this sweet fucking be our way



No 861

I raise you up to the sun  
to see the light shine a halo  
around your slowly turning brown  
And I pull you close in the sea  
to taste the cooling salt  
that pools along your shoulders  
I touch your fingers that touch my fingers  
and place my hand  
on the curve of you as we walk  
And I spend my body inside you  
like poetry  
splashing against your walls

No 862

, pounding my pain against the flesh  
and curve of your back  
burying the breadth of my lives  
deep in your begging hole  
dripping with my cum and a  
million tears.

and releasing you from my arms  
I will say goodbye  
returning to you  
the suffering of divide

No 863

, so

I planted some hundreds  
of sunflowers  
to show you how strong I was  
and that August would come  
in a blaze of golden glory  
even without you;  
by then I would surely  
have healed  
and be hopeful hearted again.

But not one of them rose  
from the soil of that broken spring,  
nor did others come to the garden  
as I grew forward -  
still holding your absence  
echoing in the aching -

    sea that didn't taste of you,  
        sun that didn't touch your skin,  
            sand that didn't come home in your shoes,  
        and the hand that held not mine.

oh, though the scorching sun parched my stories,  
in the deep dark I drank of the wait  
that some hundreds of morning glories  
might rise in the night  
to trumpet your heart in hand at the gate.

No 865

If water could talk and  
tell of your skin  
warm against its surface,  
reflecting light  
as salt swirls  
in dance with your motion;  
If water could hold you  
beyond the moments  
and borders of touch;  
if water could taste you,  
or drink of you  
as such;  
oh, if water could sing to you  
how angelic voices would rise  
like the swelling of tides.  
But being merely water  
it simply holds you  
and so beholds too  
defined by your being  
love and true.

No 866

the moors did not know your name, only  
that without you  
they were not,  
that the birds  
watching from a distance  
had waited to sing the moment  
as our brown skin rose and fell  
in the shimmering tide pools, and  
that the heavy throbbing sun  
and whisper of clouds' breath  
gathered to witness  
wished only for this day  
to taste the place  
where sky meets sand  
and to drink the very present  
held in the hold of our hands

No 867

Differently this time  
You are finally here  
And I had thought  
This lifetime around  
You had maybe missed our stop  
I didn't know  
I was even expecting you  
Until you arrived  
Or that I'd lose you  
To fear  
Before finding you really here  
But one night outside the restaurant  
I saw back  
Through our chances  
And knew I would  
As I'd always had  
Love the whole and soul of you  
Again  
And  
Again  
Until we can



No 869

the others are  
others  
, and the fifth bead is hope.

that's what I believed  
each early morning  
as I ran my fingers across  
the antique wooden rounds  
held in community by a tarnished chain,  
one after the other  
resting between forefinger and thumb,  
my lips whispering names of those I love  
followed by those I don't.

and his.

I wasn't raised with this ritual -  
it found me on the other side of defeat  
during peacetime with myself -  
a family heirloom  
once belonging to a grandfather's grandfather  
sent unceremoniously through the mail  
to lie waiting upon my nightstand  
above a drawer of dust covered secrets -  
until early one morning  
I reached for it,  
lifted it up and held it to my breath -  
pressed between my fingers  
as a tear slid across my lips  
and was received by the dry dark wood

yes, the fifth bead is hope.

I say my name.



No 870

, because  
there's no map of my heart  
, and  
I hadn't expected  
to be here  
at this table  
this day  
like this  
with you and us  
gathered like a handful of wildflowers

so thankful  
I could break  
from the fullness  
and the sound of you all  
silent  
in collective breath  
certain  
of each of us.

we belong to this moment  
our providence  
at this table  
this day  
breathing in the hope of these blessings  
and whispering  
thank you,  
thank you dear,  
for all that is love  
and feeds us here.  
Here.  
And we respond: *here here*.

No 872

there once was a jetty that turned to love  
as it stretched from my birthday to yours  
continuing far beyond the horizon  
singing softly to the distant moors

No 876

The blossoming  
came too soon for  
me  
each pink birth

announced you were still not here to  
bare witness

to our spring each  
flower rising  
brought another tear  
I choked back

slowly drowning my morning walk  
in the aloneness of my season  
passing through  
the bursting of color and scent

beneath bowing branches  
that tore my tender untouched flesh  
stepping through the bright mornings  
of darkness imagining hope would return  
and I would share this with you,

share more than only silence with you.  
But as quickly as they blossomed they were gone  
falling away in a rain of petals  
mixed with the suddenness of my tears  
to gather in pools of fated decay  
unknowing  
they'd usher the rising of men  
new blossoms singing of love's again

, yeah, sometimes even when there seemed to be no one in town there were 40 or 50  
or what seemed like hundreds of us awake before first light  
eager to leave the dark night behind - and we gathered at  
circled tables of 8  
like school kids lunching or bingo ladies hunching over red  
and green blotters and tear away pages of numbers  
We came and waited our turn to offer joy or pain - gifts we laid at the alter of  
the day.  
Then others smiled and chanted the automatic refrain  
Hi \_\_\_\_\_ insert their name. Thank you \_\_\_\_\_ insert same.

(I raise my hand)  
so, about a year ago,  
as I lifted from my heart's heavy spring  
and chilling silence shifted to a soft warming sing, there beside my slowly  
opening  
was a beautiful shining spirit - someone I had  
come to love who was counting days -  
the days of his life.  
He was counting each and every day living love  
In a deeply recovered

and life loving way.  
His cancer had progressed as though it was winning yet he rose every morning  
like the sun gently spinning  
coming to the table of 8 aching souls and holding space  
for our wounds both mundane and insane.  
He used words like gratitude and acceptance,  
He laughed as he told stories about pins and rods in his bones.  
And as he spoke of radiation  
light beams shot from his long elegant fingers. His words were a hymn,  
his eyes bright as hope,  
as he shared with us all, himself, and a god named Howard his commitment to this one life.  
He taught me my seasons are only single days each an unmerited gift.  
Each a beautiful fucking breathtaking gift.  
Every morning all these months with a whole day  
before him  
he refused to squander it  
as though dying was an invitation to truly live a party you can't say  
no to  
because It is what it is a choice to  
choose  
a privilege to attend and  
nothing more -  
even when it's wrapped around everything else that is  
and isn't  
and may not be .

Yes.  
He said yes.  
To life.  
To love.

He said yes  
in his finest dress and he  
danced.

No 882

I would write that poem using every  
word  
that shines light  
or is the sound of red  
or vibrates like an exhale while  
sweetly dreaming, and all the  
words that tell of our bodies' song

-  
like  
touch and take,  
sweat and taste,  
ask  
hands  
writhe  
lips tell  
slide pull hold  
and  
hold tight  
and hold off  
and hold on,  
hold the open and  
fill  
push give release -

breathe  
and hold  
the after  
through the whispered  
words  
of wow what just happened and what  
we just were and are  
in each others  
arms  
catch breath  
and cool skin  
and touch  
hair  
Gather to  
make dinner  
or go back to work  
or walk the dogs,  
gather words  
like clothes scattered on the floor by the bed -  
some lost or missing in the sheets or corners

If I could find them  
I would write that poem

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No 883

There is a soft  
under  
neath  
to the possibility  
and the moment before  
the maybe,  
the change,  
and the never  
can go back

There's a place  
that is tender to the touch -  
such  
that even thought  
brings a flinch of  
involuntary shift  
then a gentle return  
to being  
open

there  
in that most vulnerable  
exposure,  
awaiting the hand  
that is his  
or God's  
or my own -  
to touch  
the moment  
and define next.

No 884

And what if  
I listen to my own  
dark self  
as you once did  
and I turn  
and yearn away  
never knowing what  
could be  
in we  
if I just  
and justly  
let it be.







No 887

And what if I tell you  
what I want  
and you tell me  
what you want  
and we accept both as truths  
to be honored.  
that there they might share a border  
that is peacetime  
and no one is hungry  
because they ask for knotted bread  
when they are weak  
and in turn offer elixirs of unsalted water  
forth and back.  
Maybe that is the place  
that love grows itself and  
anger is cast away on the wind

How long to unsing the anthem  
they taught me  
and learn to sing in my own soft voice  
that you might hear me



No 889

It really is okay  
that I still  
assign  
lefts and rights  
and number values  
as omens of danger  
or grace -  
as though I alone  
bare the responsibility  
for every outcome  
the butterfly wing that flaps  
and creates a tsunami across the world  
or an only blessing bestowed in my life  
impossibly merited or earned or just happened upon

No 890

I toggle  
between certainty  
in love  
and the burn  
of abandonment  
nearing  
my  
ache  
This that is all  
granular  
and salt  
on the edges  
of my  
sliced open



No 894

Don't believe me  
when I tell myself  
at 3 or 4 in the morning  
I've done everything wrong  
and there's no redemption

Wait for the gasp  
the prayer,  
the ask,  
the deepened breath  
and breathing,  
the distant sound  
of celebration,  
the quieting mind  
just breathing  
and welcoming the  
truth -  
like a marching band  
rhythmically stepping  
forward  
to announce me to myself

one by one  
the moments of I  
crisscross my mind's eye

the other truths  
like parade floats  
passing by –  
first sobriety  
then children  
with trumpets and symbols,  
and the requisite community groups  
home ownership and adult choices,  
then the sudden and frightening  
truck load of health crisis  
followed by a spiritual commitment  
and healing -  
selfcare in stride with rising joy,  
then the love.  
and the struggle.  
and the love.

and the love  
learning to breathe.  
to wait. to be  
a spectator in a tattered lawn chair  
before myself  
baring true witness

No 899

I'm trying to hold on

searching  
heavy mounds of barely bother  
for remnants of who you were  
to me and us  
and looking under dark  
blankets of bothered  
for light and love  
and why and because

Unsure if you've already gone  
I am  
trying to hold on



No 903

, then  
there are other words  
somewhere out there  
I've written and  
though they fell off  
this space  
they remain.  
Sure they won't change you  
or your mind  
or the outcomes of your day,  
but they changed me -  
and that man  
I am  
wrote this.



No 906

This one time  
You show up  
Differently  
Still  
Afraid  
And still  
Broken  
But you showed up  
To keep me  
In orbit  
Or to honor  
A promise you made to yourself  
To be someone not afraid

No 913

So purposely  
I don't look  
In places you might  
keep secrets  
Because you have  
Every right  
To every night  
untold  
And I get to choose  
My relationship  
With parts of you  
I'll never hold  
I know how much I'll not know, as  
I know that which I'll not show  
And trust  
With must  
That love in all its layers  
of self beside self  
That love sharing a shard  
of entirety is enough

No 918

And the painting sits unhung  
The gift in a pile to be returned  
The jam I made unopened  
All these ways you say  
I don't belong to this space  
My welcome is partial  
And conditional  
On these dusty hardwood floors  
At the kitchen sink  
And in this bed.  
I am an intruder  
In you peace of mind  
And heart  
I am the soundtrack of danger approaching  
I am love  
Scary  
Scary  
Love

No 919

, and then I will kiss you  
when I've taken all of you  
for my pleasure  
and placed my love inside you  
I will gentle  
my kiss upon you  
like a neatly tied bow

No 923

Not the words held silent  
And hostaged by the heart  
Nor those spoken directly  
From fear's lips  
Neither sharpened edges of text  
Nor the shined shell of disregard  
No filing away for another day  
No ghosts' raising voice in things I say  
Let my words be truth to love  
Not the poet  
But the poem  
Let my language descend from above

No 927

And what if I'm wrong  
And everything  
I've counted on  
Was just a step  
Or a ritual  
Or a hope  
And the truth is  
Not something  
I can manifest  
With my want or ways  
But is or isn't  
By nights and days



No 929

Maybe this is why we  
don't give up -  
so we can find ourselves  
finding the love  
just around the corner  
from maybe done.  
And it's like  
I didn't know  
where you were  
and knew  
you'd come back  
got mixed in with  
I think I should go and  
I think I should never leave -  
until there we were  
and you're right here

No 937

Then out of nowhere  
We were somewhere  
And you  
We're right there  
Like a pin in my map  
Saying this place is love  
And we are here

No 941

So if I'm quiet  
It's because I don't  
Need to say  
What I felt  
Before I felt  
Differently.

Maybe I just need  
To be.  
Quiet.  
Quite  
Without intention attached  
And unencumbered  
By the season of angst  
You transferred  
Into my asks  
For thanks  
For connection and spirit and joy  
For anything that wasn't nothing

Maybe I just need to believe  
In myself  
When you won't  
Or won't be believed in.

Maybe I just am  
And am just fine  
And as I may be

Maybe I love you the right amount  
Tonight  
And the moon is full  
and visible  
Behind your right size  
And I  
Slightly  
Truer I. Form  
And place  
Can see  
The endless possibilities  
Before  
before  
And here



No 944

I hadn't thought  
What if this works out  
And doesn't end in  
heart break  
Or disaster  
And instead  
We continue to find  
Ways to say  
And be  
In our different  
And same  
Way  
And what if loving  
And liking each other  
Becomes  
Time

So I sit here in the edge of a poem  
That likely won't rhyme

No 945

And then there you are  
And it's all so right  
And then it's morning and  
And then it's night

I spend so much  
time and language  
loving you  
In the spaces between  
Stitching  
Little bridges  
Out of metaphors  
Mattering my mind  
Through loud quiet

And then there you are  
And without a warning  
And night is lifted  
And you are morning

No 946

I can't breathe right  
Now  
But I inhale this life  
Somehow  
Deeply







No 954

Take this  
my heart  
to bed with your,  
rest beside mine  
in sweet dreaming,  
my fingers  
In part  
entwined, beheld  
the unfurling light  
of beaming

No 958

I've written so many words  
Some of them over  
And over.  
Over him.  
Over it.  
Over my head.  
Head over heels -  
Until of course  
It's over.  
Then  
Red Rover  
Send him back over.  
These are the words I write  
Each night  
As I pulled  
The cover over

No 965

These  
words like seeds  
in the earthy  
warmth of my sleep  
and wait  
awakening  
to break  
the surface of day  
in touch the dew  
of morning  
and lift like steam  
with the light does rise  
so blossoms fourth  
becoming the bright of skies



No 972

And in the after  
Of love  
We make pizza  
And talk about  
Things that  
We agree on  
It startles me  
Sometimes  
How much we seem  
to like each other  
And how often  
That becomes  
Question  
And uncertainties  
While we toss  
In sleep  
And childhoods  
Of abandonment  
Dance in our  
forgotten dreaming.

No. 973

I  
Await  
Your  
Weight  
Beside me  
And your mouth  
And your touch  
I am  
Pulsing  
Anticipation  
To fill you  
With the days  
Of wait  
To write my words  
Inside you  
And hear you rhyme  
Another  
And another  
And another time

No. 976

So I tell you  
Welcome back  
I missed you  
It was a long winter  
Please don't do that again  
And you say  
Yes  
It's good that it's spring  
It's very good



No. 978

And whether or not  
I can trust  
This  
It's what I want  
And wanting it feels right  
And whether or not  
this becomes that  
I had you today  
And I have you tonight



No. 980

, oh how I marvel  
as you move with grace  
through days of  
learning  
that light  
in all its forms  
delivers  
darkness  
in equal measure,  
and that every  
sadness  
is prelude to laughter  
and loved moments  
that could not have  
otherwise found their truth -  
And how with such grace  
you are both childhood  
and the first whispers of the  
woman you will soon be,  
the pure beauty and love of life  
that takes prisoners  
but sets hearts free

No. 981

and all the water  
In the world  
Changing land  
And lives  
Won't steal  
what matters most  
From the observant  
disciple  
Believing in salt  
And wind  
And the power of  
Her majestic indecisiveness  
The very threat of it all  
And the flotation device  
That saved my life

No. 982

And rising  
from the chrysalis  
of ick and self,  
dripping wings unfurling  
I ascend from darkness  
strewn with crumbs  
and skin of hope  
Upon which I fed  
toward lifted flight.

Accepting the beautiful  
Necessity of closure  
And emotional night -  
Over and over  
Growing wings  
And opening to the light.

No 984

So when I close my eyes  
And the sun shines  
Burning orange-red through  
The edges of skin  
And I smell the heat  
Of warm almost May  
And distant noises  
And closer sounds  
harmonize  
And rise  
From the ground  
And the memory of you  
Last summer and last night  
Flutter like birds across unsight  
I know a perfect moment  
Of love and light

No 985

So I wrote Sunday's poem  
Monday morning  
Awake at 4 am  
Yesterday was a day of classic 3's  
We got to the sea and there was no wind  
I showed up for my daughter's game  
at the wrong location  
And I forgot to write a poem  
So I have the choice  
To forgive myself  
And accept that sometimes  
things aren't what we want  
Just what they are  
And today starts with yesterday's poem  
And a prayer, forgiveness, and hope

No 986

And I can barely  
That this is ours  
And that I  
And you will  
And we are tonight

Skin across your bed  
i await you  
Readying  
in the other room  
And suddenly  
These words  
And these lies  
And this poem  
All to say I love you  
Right now  
Right here  
Right. Here. Now.



No 988

And how I wonder where you are  
In my darkness a little star  
Third and fourth day pass to night  
From small texted cups, I drink your light

No 992

Some of them are  
Missing or lost  
Or never were  
Or never are  
To be replaced  
Like days and nights  
Of love and loss  
Forgotten  
And moments  
I stopped everything  
In a world that stopped  
And I put a pen to page  
Or newspaper  
Or scrap  
To say I am here  
And I feel  
And I am going to ink  
My survival  
And surface on the other side  
And started  
Again  
And again  
And hundreds and  
Hundreds of pages later  
Some of them are missing  
And I stop  
And feel them washed away like rain  
And write across the familiar pain

No 993

And do you know  
What I see  
When I look down  
At your open body  
Taking me close  
closing around mine  
And do you know  
What it is  
To love you so  
And to inhale every  
Word you speak  
To me like air

No 994

, And sometimes  
out of the blue sky,  
your words are as  
warm as sunshine,  
gently, touching my  
soul and stirring  
my desire for  
the night awaiting





No 998

And the sun reached down to kiss my skin  
And take me to peaceful pause  
On a bench in the park  
Face to the sky  
Just hope and I

No 999

I am a man who counts everything  
From footsteps  
To transgressions  
And yet somehow  
I lost count of whole poems  
Like children  
Left behind  
In the parking lot  
Of my childhood's  
Department store



No. 1000

And if I wrote a thousand poems  
would I know anything more  
than the boy who wrote No. 1  
or would I only know what I knew then -  
words are freedom,  
loving truly is life,  
and corn is only corn  
pretending to be everything.