

#1

Follow the path which rises to a dream
Garden, traveling above the low moan
Of cold humanity. Apart, alone,
A shaded glen parted by a pure stream
Is fertile sanctuary to repressed
Desires. In the center of nature, growing
Stronger with the exploration, knowing
An undying want must be addressed,
Naive, artless playmates take lovers' eyes.
Flesh touches flesh while souls intertwine
Like gods, momentarily freezing time,
Severing humanness from mortal ties.
Love will remain after passion is spent,
Beyond the earth, beyond the firmament.

#2

Last light that I might see before I close
My eyes, lower your cheek to feel the warmed
Breath of one in flames. You will not be harmed,
I am stationary, my life a pose
Cast in plaster. I reach as your face,
Like the brightest star in darkening skies,
Moves beyond my fingertips and you rise,
Forever outside of human embrace.
How distant! And I am able to fly
Only within the imagination,
Encompassed by my infatuation
With the unattainable. Facts belie
The dreams I have, even as the stars shine
Seductively upon lives such as mine.

#3

Never. Yet, if I could but tell you how
Your soft looks cause such pain, so that this man,
Who'd choose to bury his heart rather than
Endure the pulsing wound he feels now,
Dies within your sight, though he fails to live
When you aren't near. Slowly, I am undone;
My cold demeanor sacrificed to one
Whose journey through life permits her to give
Only friendship to me. I have never
Known such joy devoured by such sorrow,
Never so high a dream destroyed by low
Reality. Fate's choices may sever
Paths, keeping unbonded those who offend
Her plans; but when will my love for you end?

#4

This is madness without definition,
A quest even my agnostic standard
Views unholy. I've no right to petition
Another's love? One wedding band has barred
Straightforward access, while one imprisons
All but my heart. I'm intoxicated,
Following a demon whose fire runs
Like hot tears toward damnation. Fated
To move impotently at a distance,
I forsake old vows and the remaining
Fragments of my pride. Either God or chance
Arranged this torment, left me disdaining
Even the love I fantasized. Twisted,
I turn upon myself, my soul unblessed.

#5

Slowly, I have begun to recognize
The melodrama played with affection,
Searching for the truth in our inaction,
Looking back, wondering if well-planned lies
Should have led to a commonplace attempt
To satisfy passions. I understand
What little choice we had. No reprimand
Arises inside the rules; no contempt
Comes to those who live in isolation.
I do not enjoy the lives we lead apart
And with one word from you would gladly start
A new existence, or a new version
Of an old one. That's what all this fuss
Was; not us against them ... us against us.

#6

Good-bye? Only if you desire good-bye.
I know I've lost in my attempt to bend
Your heart and it is silly to contend
Past obvious defeat. I will not try
To restore the past for I'm not a child
And I played no child's game. The losing
Is nothing different, though realizing
This needless ending can't be reconciled.
It is a selfish love that carries no
Pain beyond its termination. Mine was
Not selfish and I knew better. How does
One reach you? If only you had let go.
Time will erase even these lines from your
Memory. My love will not see that hour.

#7

Three A.M. I sit in the dark, alone,
Trying to write, in my head, the perfect
Sonnet; drawing on missing intellect

For the secret; searching for words no one's
Used in a similar combination.
I am insane. What's this fascination

I have with words? I have too often known
Them to mislead me, like lovers, as they
Seduce, entrap and finally betray,

Leaving me empty, giving no reasons
For my failure to hold them when the light
Is on. Always, they elude me, take flight

As I approach them, their substance and weight
Like air, and into air they dissipate.

#8

MY NEW JOB TAKES ME AWAY FROM YOU

Blackness surrounds me as I leave for work.
Each morning I travel toward a sun
Which gradually relieves the tension

Inside the darkness. The earth moves with me,
Seeking the light past the unreached highway,
Pursuing the promise of warmth the day

Offers, repeating the cycle. I wince
When the first rays above the horizon
Ice the asphalt. I can't keep my eyes on

The road ahead, but focus on the white
Line instead. I drive to the edge, my wheels
Vibrating as the unleveled curb pulls

My car near the embankment. I shudder,
Knowing all the lives I must consider.

#9

BEYOND DEFINITION

You are: that which is grasped but never held;
A wall that cannot be penetrated,
Nor climbed, nor circumvented; a knotted

String; light through a prism, multi-colored,
Fractured; an endless novel, unwritten;
A child spinning uncontrollably in

Place, a maelstrom of sweat and emotion;
A walk to the store with your grandfather,
Then a walk to his grave.

And yes you are

This poem

and the answer to your own
Question and the soft words and tears before
Hard kisses that press teeth into places where

Scars don't show and you are: a longed-for time
When pleasure was reaching the final rhyme.

#10

Falling's like flying (till hitting the ground),
stepping into nothingness, head arched back
with arms outstretched, fingers reaching beyond
limits, chest confronting the void. Freedom
and atmosphere. No place. A body unwound
amid absences, accelerating
at the velocity of a detached
feather. A mind turned in upon itself,
screaming, but unable to hear the sound
left behind in the sky. Unencumbered
by the senses, trying to regain vision,
seeing only the varied shades of light,
spun-blind and distorted. Then, suddenly,
everything's clear