

Apology (“Call” published in Blue Fifth Review 2001, “Apology” published in Snow Monkey Poetry, 2002)

I (Call)

I hear a not so distant heartbeat
evolving from the calm
in the middle of the night,
Feeling its way into my head,

What it is
is something I take care
to think of,
From whispers that shall never
meet the winds,

Times have turned a kiss
into something without lips,
Into a melt of bodies
working themselves inside each other,

Nothing is wrong with the air we breathe
which steps into our mouths,
Having will to move
where expression has never been,
Nor the world,

For times have turned a breath
into something amid,
Somehow warming the ground
we walk upon alone

II (Lore)

It still lies inside of me,
The eyes that sunk within
in the light and fire
longing for more,

Voices kept
in surprising starts of memory,
Each a little finer
with their reduction to always sounding the same
twice,

Around this flame
circle the ghosts of shaping,
Each catching in its breast
random pains of happiness,

I close my eyes to her,
And it's almost like,
I can hear them once again

III (Instant)

The water runs down the inside
of my flesh,
So my soul runs deep inside
of my chest,
Out of the rain,

Here is the cleansing
of the heart of desire,
A definite answer
to the long and formless question,
One moment ending a lifetime,

A fall
where I can finally sleep,
Dreams returning to the night,
Leaving days much shorter,
Less filled, with nothing to live for

IV (Super Nova)

With resistance
the light is being crushed,
As walls erect
from the spines of other things,

They all say I'm dying,
But here inside the tomb they've built
the energy does not flicker
in its condensing heat,

The burning deep inside of me
feels more alive than ever,
So why can't it break through

these collapsing walls?

Each turned figure
disintegrating into clouds
that stick to my sweated core
and empty

V (Aftermath)

In the midst of a crimson sea,
So rough in tide,
Flicker tears of darkness
that cry out and fade,

It crawls up from the ground,
Using the trees
as its broken fire pole,
Spiralling up from the ground,
Inch by inch,

Such crimson water frozen
on the back of the ladybug,
Who crawls up to the tallest blade
and disappears into the night

VI (Out of the Moonlight)

Two sets of tracks
dotting the crimson speckled snow
is all that is left today
of the evening show down,

The footprints' end is hidden
in advent of tangled glade,
Where trees have grown and intertwined
from seeds left to rot and foster
behind thought,

But with wounded fingers,
It hurts too much to dig,
Leaving us with the surface again
and another prickly burr for the future

VII (In Patience)

Good morning door,
Good morning keyhole,
Whose slender breath is more
than the book's cramped exit,

Why must your knob
turn so devoid of imprint?
I thought that this time specifically
you would hold my hand,

Not even a smudge-
The nurses cleaned it good this time-
The chill of early metal
not yet touched by the waking sun,

I can see you from these sheets
that cover my hands and feet,
And even though the floor will never calm,
I can wait until the rays pass through the window,
Onto your handle,

I can wait until
this day begins itself,
Deciding whether I can't sleep,
Or I can't stand