

anthology

me

Presented by

My poetic side 

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Just Yellow

They say there is no color in darkness
But I see you when I close my eyes
And your dress is always yellow

Evenings on Earth

Let's mix metaphors and run to the liquor store
on a budget of shoestrings and time

Let's clear our schedules to get on the levels
of the high rise apartments in Beijing

What is there for us to lose
in a world full of air above us
and dust below
and neither in dire need?

So let's slide down our totem poles
and throw away our history
and pick out our splinters
with conversations in a dark room
and a glass of wine

Just don't go telling me that it's not worth doing
when you can't even tell me what it is

Braille

don't convince me I don't love your scars

I feel them beneath my fingers

like braille

left behind to lead me past the ghosts in your soul

Off the Cuff

tell me how you're feeling
when your face is lit by computer screen
and your lips are moving silently and
no one is sure whether you or me
can ever feel again,
or ever heal again

tell me what you're thinking
when you lie beneath the stars
and scream at the top of your lungs
just to take your heart closer
so that the stars,
don't seem so far

and tell me what you're doing
inside your dreams at two a.m.
while the lights outside are embers
but your brain's a raging fire
that i can hear,
but i want to see

so wake and tell me quietly
that the moon isn't a lost cause
because it finally heard your screams
just in case i was wondering
even off the cuff,
that'd be enough

Escape

Everybody wants to run
but the question is always "where?"
Can you escape the setting sun
with the freshness of moving air?

reflections

sundays I sit at the table
looking at an empty glass
that was once full of whiskey
wondering if that's what I look like
to everyone walking past

POTUS

There has never been more
I've wanted to talk about less

Counting Sheep

late night obsessions are born of a whiskey bottle and a shotgun mind,
under the weight of a pillow,
within the soul of a man,
inclined to convince the world that some things are supposed to matter
even when he's fairly certain that no one is even listening

Am i even here on time?

I asked this question that tore me
to the woman that bore me
and she just said "poor me,
you're asking me to foresee,
but instead I'll give a summary"

So...
it's with regret I suggest
at my mother's behest,
between sucking her breast
and when I'm laid to rest,
life will be a fucking mess

turns out she never answered my question

memoirs

i need you to know i cared so much, i barely remembered to breathe on my own.
i need you to know i watched life like a movie,
without subtitles,
in a foreign fucking language that i didn't understand.
i need you to know,
i cared,
so fucking much,
my tears wept.
i saw road signs with your name and i drove with my head turned backwards
just in hopes of reading your lips.
i need you to know.
this is not a sad story, ok. it's an admission.
so that in 20 years when we are old and gray and we start to forget,
something will remind me that at least, for these few months, you made me give a shit.
i need you to know i won't let anyone take that from me.
ever.
for all my remaining years I could preach to the sky in a gibberish tongue,
but these few words will stay forever tattooed in pen.
i need you to know.
to me, you will always be wonderfully imperfect.
perfection just can't keep up.

April 16 2017

Two students in my class were killed.
We left hats on their chairs
as if to say "this space is saved"
for when you return.
I imagine the hats still sitting there,
saving the same emptiness.
Because real people don't resurrect.
Not even on a holiday.

Ring of Fire

it's funny.
i still know it's your favorite song,
even though you never really told me.
i know that landing strips and cocaine lines get you off.
obviously.
the only way to handle late nights.
details, details, details, you tell me.
but i don't see the details,
love,
just the sand between us,
in which my toes have drawn a line.
it annoys you though,
and i don't understand that.
call me naive.
i thought you were waiting for the time to come
to force a decision.
a decision so fucking scary that you piss yourself.
a coin flip for love or loss. heads or tails.
details, details, details, love.
you're going to have to choose one.

Wasted

Like a Friday night
After three beers and a shot of whiskey
With a fall-back plan for when everything is going wrong
As if anything could ever go right

Like a poem
After spilling from a tongue
Finding once again the meaning that it has lost
As though words ever could

Like a silent glance
After making love in the sand
Convincing you finally that she might be the only one
As if there were only one

Like spoken word
Lost in the construct of a broken heart
Still trying to figure out if the pattern is worth it
As if anything ever were

Shiver

Cold snaps
have this way
of reminding you
how to shiver
even when all you see
is sunshine.

Baby Steps

Has anyone ever stood on the edge of the couch,
images of skyscrapers coursing through your head,
kilometers high,
the wind blowing on your back,
your heart beating in your neck,
the only thing keeping you from letting go
was how soft the cushion felt beneath your feet?
No?
Just me?

Welcome Back

I haven't written in years
Sometimes the tip of my tongue burns
And I wonder if that's why
Who knows?
She looked at me like she might though
Like she knew everything there was to know
How to love
How to heal
How to break
But it is not without dreams that we traverse the abyss
It is without hope, it is without memories, it is without knowing why
So here I am writing for the first time in years
Because the tip of my tongue burns
And all she did was ask me why