

Cold Feet

There is a knocking...
You hear it. You feel it
pulsing through you –
slowly... and painfully.
It has made you slow
down, and deeper down,
like you're falling,
stupefied.

And the blue haze at the top
keeps getting darker,
so dark that it's hard to see
your own pale hands,
or your cold limp feet;
and even harder to breathe
as you're filled past the brim,
weighing you down,
deeper down.

Have your feet touched the bottom yet?

The wind bemoans the wintertide
knocking branches against the walls.
And I enter your room,
massaging my bare feet
into the worn grooves of the indigo carpet,
while drawing out the midnight blackness
with the leaden curtains,
and blanketing you in waves of quilted blue.

Silence calls your name,
between each slow breath –
a faint oceanic echo
drifting downward,
making it harder to rise,
heart... in chest,
the slow... painful rise,
pushing against it.
Have your feet touched the bottom yet?

No, you keep breathing
this long stubborn struggle,
and your cold feet still cold
despite all the heavy layers.
You cannot win this fight

but you fear the darkness –
the unknowing after,
so you keep trying... to breath.

There is a knocking...
the sound of the unknown,
calling your name,
because you're ready to go.

Let go sweet mother.
Let go of the fear, the pain.
Let silence be your comfort.

I will not forget you.
I promise.

Have your feet touched the bottom yet?

Three and Three

Sweet daughter aged three
Running barefoot through the dew grass
Picking dandelions for your mother
Laughter echoing to and fro
The morning sun hugging
All that you are

Tired mother aged thirty-three
Worn from a week of troubles and no sleep
You hear her small footsteps coming
“I picked you flowers Mommy.”
“Those aren’t flowers, they’re weeds.”
“What’s a weed?”

Wary daughter aged ten and three
Being loved and accepted is your ever-longing need
You cry in the nights and dread the morning sun
Just another weed in a field of daisies
Running backwards to the days of old
Hoping to find your way home

Tender mother aged forty-three
Loving arms bursting to hug your only daughter
She runs away from you to hide her pain
When did it get to be this way?
A heavy lump you feel within
“Just give it time,” you say

Hopeful daughter aged twenty-three
Many miles across the world to fulfill big dreams
You smile and prance in your own excellence
Until a phone call pulls you back home
It wasn’t supposed to be this way
Heart too full, you sink

Dying mother aged fifty-three
Surrounded by flowers and a bouquet of weeds
All the memories flooding back to send you on
The hours, the minutes, the seconds...
She runs to hug all that you are
One last time

I'd Like to Believe

I'd like to believe there's a place we go
When our higher selves float out of our bodies into space
Awaiting a mystery, a new oasis of life after life
Where everything that could be thought is thought
And nothing is felt with touch, only intuition
An eternal light energizing a new realm of everlasting peace

I'd like to believe that the spiritual essence is real in you
And somehow you're able to see me, watch over me, guide me
That you're sending me messages through symbols, objects, people
Like a flicker in the lights when I look at your picture
Or a gentle touch from a stranger when you're on my mind
I keep asking, "Is it really you?"

I'd like to believe the "yes" I hear in my head is not my own
That I'm not just creating these ideas to keep you alive
Or avoid the notion that our spirits die with our bodies
And there is no connection because your time was up
While I still tick back and forth, drifting in and out
Clinging to a hope that this great place exists

Dear Cancer

Did you know
When you formed inside her
She would no longer...
No longer breathe
No longer beat
No longer be

Did you know
Her lips were once lush
Painted with her favorite red shade
Now they are dry and pale
And I apply a moisturizer
To stop the cracking

Did you know
Her hair was once long and thick
Beautiful brown with a slight wave
Now straw-like and graying
Covering the masses on her head
That you put there

Did you know
She used to dance
And run and even walk
Now she lies in a bed
Day after day
Sunken with the sores
On her back as she aches

Did you ever see her smile?
Her teeth weren't straight
But I didn't care
Because she could brighten
Even the saddest of days
Like today

Did you know
She had dreams
Big ones

About helping others
And changing the world
Now she dreams of time
Only time

Like the seconds she'd shave
Off her mile
And the minutes she'd wait
For me outside school
And the hours she'd spend
Braiding my hair just like hers
Because all I ever wanted was
To be just like her

Did you know her fate
When you spread to her lymph nodes
To her bones
And her organs
And her brain

Did you feel like you won
When she took her last breath
When her heart gave out
When she was no longer...

Did you know that she was a mother?
A daughter, a sister, a friend

Did you know
She once carried me in her womb
Now I carry her
In an urn
Dust to dust
Ashes to ashes

I long for her
But she is no longer
And I weep while awake
And smile while sleeping
Because only in my dreams
Can she still b

White Rose Wilting

The sun above
All of us
Feeding
Breathing
Growing

A family
Of white roses

And you
The whitest and brightest
Soft to the touch
Full and open to receive
But no...

A storm took you
Leaving you cut off
Away from us
Away from the sun
Afraid in your own watered tomb

You stood alone
Drowning, yet silently weeping
Petal by petal
Pieces of you falling
Browning and worn

Unable to hold your head
You droop
Barely breathing
Too far from you
To remember us

Replace the water
Expose the sun
But it won't be enough
To save a white rose wilting

Mother Daughter

The seed in the womb
Growing like a vine wrapped around a mighty wall
A beat, two beats, thumping together in sync
Powered by the same sustenance
The same blood flowing reliably like a river down the bend
She carries the seed, still growing
Up and down the stairs
Across the many hallways, to and from home
And to bed, each night, tired
Stirring, sharing dreams

The love, the unmistakable love given
The air breathed to keep the two beats beating
The melodies hummed to comfort the discomfort
The tears and sears as the time draws near
Three seasons carrying her, the seed, soon to be a plant

And like a stem bursting from the ground
The hearts part with the break of the vine
Until they touch
She upon she, two products of the same mold
The tree and the fruit
Forever changed
Still a daughter, but now a mother
The lioness and the swan
One watchful eye on the babe
And the other on everything else
Still carrying
Still growing
The plentiful sun passing over the sky
Day after day
And the showers sprinkle
Feeding the growing plant
This innocent babe
Her small hands held
By the mother
Ever loving, ever giving, everlasting
Drying tears and cleaning sears
Dispelling fears, so her dreams may take flight

The plant becomes a tree
A bark fresh and strong against the wind
Stretching, rising tall
Swaying with the birds
A kiss away from the sun

But remember the mother
She weakens in the shadows
Her branches no longer stretching tall
Her bark bruised, bullied by a wind too strong
And she breaks

Forever changed
Still a daughter, but now a mother
The lioness and the swan
One watchful eye on her mother
And the other on everything else
Still growing
But now with hands to carry
Her mother, who was once a daughter

Tears

The thick salty air pulls at me
Clouds of fog engulf my body
I move with the wind
Eyes frozen in space, in time
And then the waters come
Corralling my legs
Dragging me out
And then down

My heart is heavy
But I produce no tears
Broken and numb
Nothing to feel
Like a sinking ship
No love or hope could restore

Down, down, down
Swallowing me slowly
Before letting me fall
Deeper and darker
My lungs full to the brim
But still no tears

Bury me like a clam
Hidden in this abyss
No more light to see
No more air to breathe
Left to my thoughts
A pain too deep for this

Of all the people on this planet
Why take her?
If the sharks come
They can take me

My heart is overflowing
Please God take me!
I don't want to feel
I don't want to feel

But she calls to me
From above
I kick hard
Cycling forward
Up and Up
The blue hues returning
The Sun's beaming head
Dancing above
Like a floating drum
Ready to drain me
Beat by beat

And like a volcano
I burst
Through the waters
Through myself
Arms out wide
Ready to feel
Ready to finally cry

Voicemails

All the old messages from mom;
how blind I was to see and not see
the pain hidden beneath her words;
she was trying to say goodbye
with each “I love you”

I remember feeling frustrated,
thinking I knew what was best,
that she needed to listen
while I talked and talked...
If only I'd known this was the end

That really is the point and pain of it all –
knowing it could end at any moment,
and all the things you wish you said,
all those forgotten or ignored moments...
the voicemails that were deleted.

I never considered
how much I would miss her voice,
her laughter, her smile,
her messages that always ended
with “I love you”

She'd left me many voicemails –
two of which I thought to save.
I listen to hear her “I love you,”
but oh how I wish I'd said it more
“I love you too mom”

A Hair In The Seams

Damp and dark
Tucked away
Hidden from sight
Until today

A closet of mystery
Stories to behold
But this one a treasure
Too sad, too old

Graying and fragile
Yet soft and warm
Like her previous owner
Long gone from her form

I cradle it like a child
Close to my heart
To feel her on the other side
As if we weren't so far apart

Instead a familiar scent
She's alive in the seams!
Let me soak in her aura
Is this one of my dreams?

But wait, there's more!
A hair – *Her* hair!
Oh precious, tiny hair
The proof she was once here

A piece of her
Take a piece of me
So we can live forever
In the seams of my dream

Purple Pride

Kohl's was selling a purple Prodigy luggage set for \$39.99 the Friday after she died.

Black Friday shopping - it seemed like quite the unsuitable thing to do in the midst of planning a funeral, but I really wanted that luggage set.

While meeting with a priest to discuss memorial songs and scripture readings, my brother mentioned it: Purple. It was her favorite color.

I remember how she used to lay curled up on the sofa in your jam pajamas. I'd join her in my pink onesie and we'd watch *I Love Lucy* reruns, laughing especially hard at the one where Lucy stomps over the wine grapes.

The luggage set came with 4 pieces, two rollers (one large, the other a carry-on size), a shoulder bag, and a smaller matching hygiene pack.

I remember when we bought her that velvet tracksuit for Mother's Day. She had loved the violet shade and said it made her feel like royalty.

The priest had read the readings and the choir had sung some lovely songs, but all I could think about was the orchids near her coffin and how those purple petals reminded me of her soft skin.

It started with a luggage set. Then came the lavender-laced panties, and the new cases or coverings for my all my belongings, all rich shades of boysenberry. My life was a periwinkle haze and all I wanted to do was swim in the shade.

Less than a year later, I'd take my purple pride across the ocean, through the streets of Paris, to the mountains in Switzerland, the fjords in Norway, the mighty highlands of Scotland... I'd taste the pasta in Italy, the tapas in Spain, the dumplings in China...

While traveling home from London, a stranger sat next to me on the train. Eying my lilac sweater, eggplant converse shoes, and grape nail polish, he smiled. "You must really love the color purple."

I gazed out the window at the sunset sky, a mixture of red and blues met by a single ray of light gleaming through the clouds...

"No. I just really love her."

Doopie Doo

It has no meaning
At least not to anyone else
You would sing the words to us

Every morning when we woke
Doopie Doo
In moments of joy, laughter, celebration
Doopie Doo
Our first steps
Doopie Doo
Little voices become great
Too great to hear

And then it stopped
The song
The joy
The laughter
We grew too old
And you too weak
To sing the same song
That had no meaning

But when new life comes
Resting in a cradle
Rocking back and forth
They will hear about a mother
Who loved her children
And sang Doopie Doo
A song that only we would know

Dress Up

There was once a wooden chest filled with many pretty things
Lacey dresses with silk bows that flow with the wind
Shoes with square buckles and many with high heels
Long beaded necklaces with matching jeweled earrings
Worn by you at one time, they became my treasures

Seven years old with eyes only for your beauty
I would dress each day from this magical chest
Wearing as much of you as I could
Standing tall with shoes stuffed with socks
Twirling in circles as I dragged the dress across the floor

I never felt so beautiful as I did in that moment
Gazing at myself in the mirror, dressed like you
And then I smiled seeing a face just like yours
The same brown hair, the same brown eyes
A beauty that was both yours and mine

Christmas Necklace

I wish I could have told you I was sorry for that one Christmas
You had bought me a necklace that we had seen on a friend
Ruby red beads that were strung together on a long chain
With two tiny silver hearts sown on each end
It was a unique style, meant to be worn in multiple ways
We had both liked it and I had wanted it, or so you thought

Imagine your anticipation, waiting to see the look on my face
As I peeled back the intricately wrapped box with the little note saying "Love Mom"
But no joy or love came back your way as my eyes stared down at the ruby beads
No smile or even a "thank you" came forth from my mouth
Instead you saw disappointment etched across my stupid immature face
The look of a seventeen-year-old brat who instead wanted keys to a new car

I didn't think about the hours you had spent trying to find it
How it took you days to track it down in an older antique store
Or that Dad had said there wasn't a lot of money for gifts
And that you would likely have to pay for them with your tips
Or that you really wanted to buy me a car but couldn't afford it
That you would have given me the world if only you could

Thank you for the necklace Mom
I'm sorry I didn't say it that Christmas day

Ode to my mother

Oh dearest mother, your womb divine
A shrine to garden thy precious seed
Taming the wildness of a vine
The breathtaking weight of life you feed
Your voice, a song, echoing like the ocean
What mystery lies beneath those eyes?
What strife you face each hour, each day?
Born anew the love, the world's reprise
Our hearts parted but lead not astray

Oh teary mother, fear not I say
My hands are small, but my heart is brave
I will fall and fail and fret and fray
But someday I will learn what you gave
My voice, a roar, pulsing like a mighty storm
What peace in your eyes that calms my scorn!
What love in your strife that thaws my soul!
You light the world with beauty reborn
Our hearts parted but forever whole

Oh dear dear mother, I tear tear for you!
Alone it seems, but I know what is true
I see your colored canvas guiding
I smell your flow'ring plants residing
I taste your sweetened fruits providing
I hear your singing voice presiding
The flood of tears that guide the rainbow
You are here! Your hailing love aglow
From a heart departed long ago

From Mom

Do not conceal your light behind a fear.
Allow your spirit to shine brightly through,
And remember I am with you my dear.

When the roads ahead seem muddled and blear,
Take time to reflect before you construe.
Do not conceal your light behind a fear.

Have courage to fight the demons that leer.
The mind deceives but your voice can renew,
And remember I am with you my dear.

Silence all self-doubt and let your heart steer;
Stand proud and marvel at all that is you.
Do not conceal your light behind a fear.

Leave the past gone and see your future clear.
Awaken to your dawning day anew,
And remember I am with you my dear.

Each hour, each day, each miraculous year,
Be kind to yourself and know what is true.
Do not conceal your light behind a fear,
And remember I am with you my dear.

Somebody More

A girl becomes a woman
Somebody's wife
Somebody's mother
Always somebody's something

I thought I saw the girl in you
Peaking out from the shadows
Shy with a pulsing desire in her eyes
She wanted to be somebody more

A life more than the house
The cooking and the cleaning
The dogs and the cats
Feeding us all every day

I wonder if you wanted all this
To be a mother first
Attention commanded
With few moments of peace

And then your time was up
All the hours you wasted on us
Our trivial wants and dreams
But no thought to yours

That same girl lives in me
Eyes wide to the sky
Ready to be somebody more
And she will be for you

I Close my Eyes to See

Your heart-shaped face,
radiating the energy of life,
so smooth and full of natural color,
it defied most beauty standards.

Your blushing cheekbones
held up by an imperfectly perfect smile,
framed with your favorite cranberry lipstick,
which left a rosy smudge on those two front teeth.

Your warm, welcoming eyes;
like chocolate kisses that melt at the touch.
You could go with or without makeup
and still pull me in with one gentle gaze.

Your ear lobes
that bore such gaping holes,
too big for the diamond earrings you liked to wear.
It was my fault for pulling on your hoops as a baby.

Your wavy russet hair
flowing sweetly down your back
and the golden streaks that wove in and out
as though it'd been brushed by the sun.

Your milky soft skin
that felt like rose petals.
I used to count the moles and freckles
Tracing constellations on your arms.

Your great hands
With the same golden rings,
and that one finger with a crinkled nail,
like furrowed skin after a long bath.

I close my eyes to see
all of you
and feel your love
my dear sweet mother.

Wonder Wander

Did you pass me in the darkened hall
when I rushed to your bedside?
Dazed, I gaze at a body once yours.
The ticking clock had run me rampant,
and you left before I said goodbye.

Oh how I wonder and wander for you
when seeing our face in the mirror
and hearing our words in my voice.
I'm calling out your name each day.
Can you hear me on the other side?

Secure me a glance beyond the grave
to these pearly heights unknown.
A Garden preserved by the divine,
where all glide freely in airy bliss,
no longer bound to ungainly form.

Stars flicker over checkered plains
lending light to those who are lost.
My arms stretch for your embrace
expecting a surge of inner warmth,
but I'm left to despair in the silence.

I'll continue singing your lullabies
and wearing your pale blue socks.
I can still feel you in the sleeves of
those lavender-scented sweaters;
your hair still tangled in the seams.

God do I hope to receive some sign.
Can she hear me on the other side?
I cycle towards the great unknown
with her memory guiding my heart,
but still I wonder and wander inside.

2012

A new year comes and I hit the restart button, declaring that 2012 will be my best year.

I always lived believing that my life was in my hands. I wrote goals, about a hundred of them – definitely more than I could hope to accomplish in a year. I'll lose the last few pounds, double my income, get married, travel the world, write poetry, start a novel...

My mother had called me early January to tell me that the lump in her breast had returned. "Well..." I responded rather maternally, "You've beaten it before, so you'll beat it again. You just got to fight..."

Like I did in February to lose the last few pounds – CHECK! I march on checking empty boxes, feeling like the driver of a tall-tale that may later be read to children as an example of perseverance and strength...

That's what my mother needs. It's early April, so here I come in my charging Aries storm to blast through another wall by doubling my income – CHECK! RING! CHECK! RING!

RING! RING! She's calling, but I'm so busy traveling and planning a wedding that "I have no time to..."

July: This time, a call from Dad. "Your mother's not doing so well." I shake my head. "Give me the phone – I'll talk to her." CHECK!

Late August: I come home to the familiar colonial house on its vast bed of Minnesota green. My mother forces a smile when I step through the front door. She has three masses resembling horns protruding from her skull, which are hard to see next to her gray roots coming through. She hadn't dyed her hair? I'd never seen so many grays. I feel my own weight when we hug; her usual warmth and strength contracted.

Later that week, I try on her wedding dress. She smiles weakly, but returns to watching reruns of Cheers. Dad had bought her all the seasons on DVD. She never laughed at any of the episodes.

I resume "normal life" in a city most celebrities call home, but find myself interrupted daily. RING! She is no longer able to walk up the stairs. RING! She's eating less and less. RING! Dad still hopes for her recovery. His hope buys me the excuse to stay oblivious. "She's just depressed," I resolve.

But she wasn't depressed. She was dying, and she knew it. Little by little, parts of her were wasting away. Her smile. Her laughter. What boxes could she hope to check for 2012? What hope could she inspire from weakness? To live... like this?

Dad called again late October. His voice, once so strong and secure, melted through the phone, holding me frozen in time, as though I'd lost all feeling in my body. The doom of a drum thundered through me, drowning all the voices in my head and all the words I might have said. The wall was too strong or I was too weak to fight the tears pouring out. "How long does she have?"

She lay on the bed with her eyes closed, but her chest was rising ever so slightly. The closer I moved towards her, the more distant she seemed; this fragile woman who was so stripped of her beauty and too far gone to remember anything else.

I reached for her hand and felt the coarse cracks in her skin and the wedding rings that were still there, even though her fingers were too small. I remembered this hand, this great beautiful hand that used to hold mine.

And she wakes with enough strength to smile, her strained eyes so tired from her silent suffering. "I'm sorry Mom."

Two weeks – that's all it took to end 53 years.

Her precious womb, once a home to me, now became a home to someone else. This serial killer who moved into her breast, then stretched to the lymph nodes, eventually making its way to the bones, and the organs, and the brain. She was left to suffocate inside herself, no way to live, just waiting to move out.

Bury my mother: the empty box I never wanted... to check.

You can bust through all the walls and check all the boxes, but life is not a restart.

Portrait of a Memory

The coarse canvas, brushing
my fingertips along the
white grade fettered,
enclosed in your almond eyes,
like dark chocolate cherries in vanilla swirling
the brush down a river of wavy
hair, twisting my memory,
emotion, and
color pink, and then red rouge I add to your cheeks,
lipstick
that often stamped my cheek, or tall water glasses, dripping
tears down the beam
of your smile, and
of light capturing
my prints on the oil blend, fifty-three years, and
shades
of your soul – full and vibrant
beauty
hung out to dry, a tie dye
tear of
my heart – full
color
decayed.

“You need to accept...”

Racism, as is it lives
and grows in our soil,
feeding the young minds
who see one color: their color.
This mirror is reflected
in time as we journey back
through the rabbit hole
of inequality and inferiority.

Such a wall built to divide
the voices and unite the fear
because it's easier to shut out
what you don't understand
than reason outside yourself.

And marriage, this rite and right
threatened by pages bound
through years of suffering –
wars fought over words;
and love, the cost of it all.

Our evolution waned by red lines,
dividing stars, united only by
oppression at its dragon core,
breathing the fire of animosity,
enflaming the blue jays and robins,
who fly both north and south to
spread their seed like dandelions
gusting from sea to shining sea.

Oh sweet acceptance...
Have you not heard the cries?
Have you not walked the miles?
Felt the decades of their shoes?
Worn by generations of people
who feel not as you feel –
accepted.

Paper signs reflect the soul inside
O hope once felt and soon to leave;
and nope to a distorted forthcoming,
this rule rested on a past already lived.

We are the flowers bursting
from the graves of yesterday.

No, we will not go quietly.
We march not for today,
but for tomorrow –
in the hope, the belief,
of peace in our stars.

Racing Dominos

Los Angeles, a city of many streets, and people,
walking their own paths, and navigating a way home,
but too lost in thought to see beyond the red light.

I travel swiftly north on Sepulveda Boulevard,
passing congested lanes on the parallel highway,
looking to my right, for a view of something else.

It happens every time – the white dominos racing,
like a 1940s film rolling rapidly click by click,
and I keep looking right to see the image form.

The red light at Constitution slows it down, and deep.
But this time, I turn from the noise of the leaden street
to the checkered green, this quiet “hallowed ground.”

I walk alone, completely alone... feeling like a stranger
wandering in and out of homes – white and oblong,
neatly lined, all with assigned seats, like a theatre house.

I didn't buy a ticket for this show, nor did they...
these Prisoners of War, with names chiseled on stone,
“not forgotten,” but scattered like seeds in this tomb.

The sundry trees sway with the Santa Ana breeze,
dropping leaves on the too-perfect greenness,
and birds sing over the exhausted echo of tired streets.

There's a large podium, but no speech will ever reach
the depths of their united and stately distresses –
so raise the red, white and blue to remind, and blind.

I think to myself, “Why am I the only person here?”
It took ten years of racing dominos to see... really see,
and all those red lights, merely unrequited invitations.

Hands

He grips the condensation of the water glass, droplets
stripping down the sides, and I notice his
hands – dainty, refined, and probably cold.

If all hands could hand, they would handle
like leather baseball mitts, catching red-laced bonnets
falling from the sky, battered, and probably bruised.

Sheltering scars with calluses and drying
tears with dirtied fingernails, from 12-hour days,
returning home, and duct tape bandages hiding torched skin.

He hands me a madeleine, light as air, and colorless
grooves, but I dance toward oatmeal raisin
ragged rough with jagged edges, and probably warm.

I look down at my (mother's) hands and imagine their woven
nuptial ringed, like stitched double helix, a ladder to
climb up toward heaven, where she probably resides.

You left your prints on the steel cold handles of her casket, carrying
weighted hearts, and me in your mitts, snug and strong,
shielding the icy storm with firewood burning until –

He comes outstretched; but I hit hard to fly back into your
gentle grasp, like the golden ring you still wore
long after she passed – a way I return home.

joshua tree

inhale the arid stillness,
the whirr of breath
 releasing into
the sacred silence;
 and sand crunching
 beneath
 trespassing feet . . .

and whispers –
like the gust gliding through open doors,
trapping sand in the floorboards
with bits of rock and twig, and dead
flies. dragonflies, fireflies, tree flies
 in the outdoor bathroom sink, and shower,
 the bedroom drapes, and
 morning fruit salad –
 and hair, now
caked in dust like those leather boots no longer brown.

lizards crisscross untraveled roads, blend
with rocks coarse and trees prickly –
land escaping – mountainous boulders to climb,
while rabbits scurry
 between, hiding
in shaded rifts.

now unguarded
and sun-kissed, like a hug that lingers long after
departing,
and the brightest blue, now a hazy orange – shifting
degree by degree, like the backdrop of a still-life painting.

wood pops crackling flames,
and sparks fly into starry blackness
as the moon peeks over

still the sound of breath – and now
 toes dig deeper into the sand.

Pride

I want to feed you
your pink lips o p e n
freshly picked strawberries to forget
the tomatoes flying at our open closets.

They call us unicorns – piercing their golden sun with our silver horns.
But really, our tie-die tears

fall on orange oak leaves
already fallen.

Can we just taste Gerbera daisies?

Can we just be

free
engaged like monarchs tangoing with tigers?

Open

the doors for sunbeams gushing over dandylions
ducklings dankly chirping at
the child in yellow rain boots wild

vines wrapping lush
around old tree trunks, sprouting – and more, and more, with grass
hoppers springing

like turquoise waves above the lit ocean
floor... we float up to
breathe... just b r e a t h e.

Can you see the

sapphire skies
reflecting a new sea to see?

We're no longer hiding in sea anemones,
but claiming
our lavender fields with amethyst
lighting our way, no need to be straight
lined, but flowing f r e e.

x marks the g

E2 see x

hard and wholly and (o)

so fucking slowly

taking my g –

jiving, mind spellbinding

to x

knee cap(tin) a clap-

pin the tail on the donkey

ride like fucking flying head phoning home

on all four

shadowing x

against the black Bengal marble x

bone to bone x

forcing x to –

take me – x

i x –

(o) — and

u x –

(o) — and finally

we X —

(o) — my — g

that's what you wrote in the s o n g
and i kept your pick

wedged

in my fingers, pink

pillowy cushions, you said – or

g

that's my kind of key to fit

the lock of this fuck

off

my phone is off – how did i –

cum

so much so fast so oaked

but i was ready to strum,
(and hum)

picked in your thumb

against my

g

now numb from x

(o) – what a s o n g – !

Coalesced Soundtrack

When I catch your blue blue eyes catching mine,
I glimpse our fates intertwined by soft loves –
those artful hues waving calmly like doves
dipp'd beneath the milkiest cloud divine.
Tingles of touch pulsing touch to align,
like feeble fingers crawling up groov'd gloves
after soaring above starry aboves,
because all I need is caught in your twine.

You've strumm'd the chords of my secreted soul,
unarmored from arrows and shooting stars,
from kisses that wander beyond my scars.
Each step towards whole, I scale my heartbeats back,
to string with yours and soar out of control,
while doves coolly hum our coalesced soundtrack.