Something Amiss...

it’s ten minutes to twilight
when this odd feeling creeps upon me
it swirls its wispy fingers through my gyri
oh what is this befuddling thing
taking residence in my head
a tingling in my spine
a whisper in my thoughts
what is this elusive and frustrating-
Oh!
Oh no.
I know what I’ve forgotten.
My teacher will have my head.
I’ve forgotten my essay,
Due tomorrow.
It’s midnight now.
I just want to go to bed.
Perhaps she’ll accept
My obituary instead.
The Soft Sound of Breathing

The world is so full
Of beeps,
Of bangs,
Of barks.

So full (too full)
There’s hardly room
For the important ones.

For the steady thud-thud,
The delicate bubbling,
The soft whooshing.

Of a lover’s heartbeat,
Of a toddler’s laugh,
Of your own breath.

The world is too full
Of creaks,
Of coughs,
Of cries.

So full (too full)
To even notice,
Them passing by.
Wish Upon a Dandelion

What they don’t tell you when you blow a wish
From a dandelion,
Are wishes don’t follow time.

They don’t measure the years that pass,
Or acknowledge the lines etched onto foreheads.
They appear only after long hibernations,
And sometimes, not even then.

But they do tell you it won’t be forever,
When the tears fall like bombs
And her head disappears into the plane.
They tell you it won’t be forever,
Yet you don’t understand why it feels so crushing.
So…

Final.

They say you’ll see each other again,
They promise.
But there’s always a something in the way.
An ocean.
Money.
War.

Timing.

Always time.
And you begin to wish these problems
Could be blown away as easily as dandelion seeds.

But of course they don’t.
So you wait like a pending wish.
And hope, one day, you see her again.
One day.
One day…
Dreams in the Darkness

What do you walk with
When the darkness comes creeping?
A blazing flame,
Passionate and probing the night?
Or a soft ember,
Close to the bosom and cherished?

What defends you
When the darkness begins to peck?
Does the inferno rear at the shadows
Like a flaming stallion?
Or does the light fade quietly
And slip into the night unnoticed?

Don’t be the arsonist to your tomorrow,
Nor the water upon your ardent hopes.

Fire can roar
But it’s fragile.
Nurture that kindling,
Stoke it until
The embers hiss,
But do not cackle,
And the flames lick,
But do not bite.

Then you’ll walk,
Oh! You’ll walk!
With the light,
The blaze,
Of a thousand dreams
Perched upon your heart.
And you never have to fear
The stalking darkness again.

Look around and you’ll see
The crowd walking.
Look around and you’ll see
Everyone’s got an ember.
Got an ember
And just waiting,
Waiting, for the kindling
Of tomorrow.