

## GRAVITY

Where shall we go next, my comet?  
Twirl through the hoops of the sun's curls  
as she blesses our faces with her nectar of light?  
Spin you round an' round in an orbit of mercury's tandem,  
try not to step on your toes in the fog of Venus?  
Alas, Mars! the red dirt and snow our spinning bodies evoke  
in clouds of fire hypnotique,  
toes pattering across asteroids of ice and earth like nails on a glass of champagne.  
Shall I pull your body close to mine, fair Dione,  
held in spinning embrace of fatal attraction?  
Waltz in demeanor of majesty across Saturn's rings?  
Across sunflower fields of eternal moonlight,  
amongst photons that project from your celestial dress,  
through the silent songs of stars?  
Turning your face towards mine like the tilt of great Uranus,  
admiring the reflection of Neptune in your eyes,  
getting lost in your iris of glass oceans.  
But why stop here, Ice Queen?  
Let us admire the finger of Sol from afar, a white eye casting our spotlight.  
You take my hand, place your cosmic gaze into mine. stars reflecting stars.  
'Put on your dancing shoes'.

**10:00**

After dark, the lights are dimmed, the sky a shade of night  
all movement gone, a quiet hymn, not one bird in its flight.  
The room is cold, the shades down tight, the air as still as death,  
I lay in bed, desiring sleep, counting breath by breath.

A normal night this is for me, but still I lay awake,  
my dreams and goals swim in my head, but they're not mine to take.  
The weight upon my eyes persists, my lids begin to fall,  
my head is swimming with my thoughts, but then will soon withdraw.

Beat by beat my heart will thump, the only noise I hear,  
I lose sense of my time and place; my conscience hovers near.

Behind my eyes, I see dark shapes, like shadows in the shade,  
hovering near the place I rest, the bed in which I lay.  
I let go of my waking mind, so lovely, dark, and deep,  
and all at once, my mind departs, and there I lie asleep.

## **Seasons**

I drove by our house this morning.

did you see what they did to the floors?  
they ripped out the old clay tiles  
replaced it  
with deep walnut cherry,  
the windows are fuzzy on the inside with the  
dust  
of old footsteps

they should know better;  
sure  
terra cotta is cold  
but it won't burn.

honey, you should see what they did to the garden.  
the lavender is gone,  
I saw them in a gray bin on the sidewalk  
You can still smell them

there's peonies now,  
fat flowers on  
a shallow grave.

oh, wait till you see how they dug up the back.  
there's a pool there now  
where the grass used to be  
where we sprawled out  
wished on stars  
watched the birds...

and the hummingbirds  
are gone,  
I don't know  
if it's the smell of the blue water  
or the fact that they  
tore out

the honeysuckle on the fence  
for a trellis of nets

you wouldn't recognize the front.  
gaudy white  
like winter in eternal july,  
forest green gutters like thick weeds.  
already chipping,  
a shame.

I guess it's brighter than  
our old ash gray  
but it looks like  
a forced smile with too-bright teeth.

right before I left  
the gray truck came,  
dumped the bin  
of our sweet lavender  
into its belly  
with the terra cotta squares  
soft rolls of grass  
honeysuckle roots.

voices sounded inside.  
the truck drove off  
without a stop,

and I did too,  
looking into the rearview mirror –  
at our little gray house  
that was never ours.

### The Dream

Once upon a time, my eyes had closed in search of rest,  
unprepared for what shall be, the journey of a quest.  
My mind had wandered, soul apart, on hunt of peaceful sleep,  
and all at once, the night took me, and there I lay, asleep.

My eyes then opened, taking in the splendor of my dreams,  
a landscape of pure beauty, yet then nothing's as it seems.  
On I dreamt, a flight of wonder, o'er a cloud of wills,  
watching through my eyes my many moments, countless thrills.

From there I sailed, a speck of light, through heaven's many skies,  
and far below me, music grew, and with them songs arise.  
I gathered wind and there I lifted, drifting through the blue,

through the night my wings had rose, to Neverland I flew.

There I was, a soaring lark, so lest in resting mind,  
my story still unwritten, a fate that has yet to unwind.  
In loops I twirled, through lines I crossed – so heaven, here I come!  
but then I felt the weight of air, my wonder then succumbed.

In a flash, the brink of light, I fell straight through the air  
I lost my wings and reached for safety, but it was not there.  
The ground rushed up to meet me, I prepared for my demise,  
but just as soon as it began, I opened up my eyes.

My mind was swimming, numb with shock, a conscience to withdraw,  
but through the horror and the fright, I was filled with awe.

You see, dear reader, dreams live on, and nightmares we contend,  
but just like many things in life, we'll live it 'till the end.