

A Paradoxical Invitation

A figure lies bound by shadows
in a silent declaration of combat.
The bed, once a haven, now a trap.

The body is nude, except for its
dense, gray concrete shoes.
The limbs lie heavy, descending
into the bed's blackening quicksand.
The eyes tired, crusted
with salty tears staining the pillow.

What's this? The door ajar,
a passage hesitantly open
to the outer realm.
Golden light spilling in--
sharp and accusatory,
each beam a weighted finger.

The door ajar a promise amid darkness.
She throws her long hair,
weighted as an anchor to latch
to the door. Missed.
She falls, too flimsy for
gravity, for her quicksand,
for her bed sheets stiff as chains.
She fails as always, her decent
quickenings.

Beyond, the world hums,
indifferent, the same beams
light up the stage where the shadows play.
Perhaps the door ajar will stay a hope
or perhaps just an annoyance.

Passersby

The dandelion flies to faraway lands
of forests full of fragrant, froggy green
and mountains gargantuan and momentum
spreading seeds of resilience.

Trees of the forest extend
a thoughtful branch.
The fluffy visitor mingles
with twigs and leaves.
Each leaf wants to shake hands
but only a few get the honor.
Looking back at the trees
with their outstretched limbs,
the dandelion moves on.

On to the arid desert, which yearns
for something living,
for something fresh.
The desert's dry mouth
too cracked to cry out for help
just sounds of wisps of wind.
The dandelion moves on.

On to the untamed jungle,
weaving in and out of the thick vines
trying to capture and crush and
whip its tender arms, but
never quite reaching them.
The dandelion moves on.

On to the blues and dark,
of briny waters.
The waves grow with hunger,
the delicate flower floats
for a moment,

then sinks.
The dandelion moves on.

Little Delights

after Ross Gay

In the quiet of morning,
where sun spills like honey,
I hear the rustle of leaves,
each one a tiny applause.
The birds join in, a chorus
of feathered melodies.
In the garden, busy workers
in a sweet industry buzzing
a low hum wafting through the air.

And in this acoustic tapestry,
I find my place, a note
in the grand composition
that surrounds me.

Like tiny poems,
whispered by the world,
a cacophony of existence,
a celebration in every sound,
Ross Gay's joy in gratitude found.

What's Inside

A square—four tall walls—
containing furniture polka dotted with
with beer and wine and
the dusty ash tray overflowing
and from time to time
the broken stove/toilet/sink
but the children are happy
and they are clean
and full
and when they laugh,
you can't help but
notice their white teeth.