

Sanctuary

The leaves slither through the dusting of mist,
whisper of rain until the sky gives in.

Hold tight, hold warm
in the rusting greens.

Their gentle symphony murmurs
that this is safer

than any four walls will ever be.

No matter how bright,
covered in murals and memories,
those walls will never hold you
like these kind elders will.

They tilt their heads up in clouds tall,
rock you gently to the lullaby of fall.
Next to them you are but a living dirt speck,
the smallest centipede
buried in rotting leaves.

Mycelium expands.

Tiny creature, you
are held in equal esteem.

Remember Me

there's something familiar in the shape of your rage
your almost-glare makes me thrum with hope
lunging for the old rhythm of memory—
before you dropped out of college
before I even applied

do you remember the creaking stairs to your apartment?
drifting to sleep on your merciless futon
pointing at our reflection in the skylight above
your té de jamaica and halloween lights smiled over
my lace gloves & chained kilt
as I slept

you stole me to the midnight docks
and we whispered of sexuality and the sublime
on your picnic blanket
as waves murmured of the sea only
inches beneath our feet

bagels and flowers
and your creaking old car,
half-ripped cassettes
and traded poetry books goddamn it I miss you
I miss you I miss you. miss you so I'm sorry

but do you remember me?
I know we've never met.
but would you like to remember me?
I've only just forgotten you—

Some afternoon I teach you the way I learned to run

i.

first I say, first you splinter
every skeleton in your bone-bag body
crack every cartilaged memory into
wooden shards shivering
in the wake of reality

then THEN you hug every tendon&toe
in the crucible of your love,
remind yourself
of your majesty in each muscle
your heart beating and squalling
to walk to jump up and sprint

then
you know for the first time
how to run

ii.

you ask if it hurts
and I say yes.

won't the broken bones mend back... well, broken?
won't the muscles atrophy and sigh and give up as they lose their lattice?
won't it hurt? won't it hurt?

yes it will hurt.
yes yes yes it will cut
at your grinding days.
it will puncture and shard and shrapnel
your soft carnation-bursting flesh.
your ankle will throb and your hip tweak
it will keep you from climbing trees sometimes, walking sometimes
all the scars and rashes and bruised branches

but isn't that what keeps them in your head? you don't notice the
wheels that curve spotless and flawless
you caress only the rusted creatures
to scratch away the rot

will it hurt?

o chasm in my skull yes it will hurt
it will hurt so bad you wish you never met me
wish you'd never been born wish you'd never learned to breathe

but wasn't that the same?
from the warmth of the womb to the wound of raw air
you learned to break your lungs
before you learned to breathe them

Searching

didn't you didn't you
dream of falling into dreams
tripping twisting down the wormhole to wonderland
floating in the depths of the ocean
colored by force equations and variable stars

didn't you didn't you
gasp to need the supernova
the birth & breath of the solar flares
death & furnaces of rebirth
Dreams
i could dream myself into
write myself in carbons and starbound neurons

i am seeking my angels
in aliens and machines
(didn't you didn't you?)
i am seeking my new pantheon.

tell me
tell me anything
is more important
than searching for the gods
of the new century.

forgive me but
didn't you didn't you
look too?

Missing Entry

When I write *rapture* I mean:

homeless man arms upraised shouting
at clouds on high
patches like brightly colored scales
flies eyes
dreadlocks dangle long
tangled with copper and crystals
in mysticism searching
fingers stretched up like sparks
grasping from embered ground
to sunstruck sky

When I say *prayer* I mean:

eyes closed softly
to the bus's beat
whisper-singing "hear me"
lilting above the heads out
the grease-stricken window

When I tell you it's *sacred* I mean:

I am holding you
tight to my body
all enveloping flame curved
around foil-wrapped yams crisping
to sweet dissolution
bread rising
honey challah

When I write *desperate* I mean:

sprinting, breathless
up stairs and broken glass bottles,
tumbling in the surf
smashed against sandbank,
bubbles for sky, pushing through the white turbulence
to reach your air,
hair splashing back
as I *breathe*
for the first time

So when I say I love you (I love you) I mean it

desperately
enraptured

in prayer
to your sacred self