

When She Wakes

Loving is like bleeding
again. As ink in rivulets runs
a river down her skin.
She is broken at the touch.
The letters like cracks on
her skin. Like tallies on stone walls.
Counting down in beats as waves slash the rocky coast.

Feeling is like dying again.
She is thorns and cyclamen
and vines twisting
from flesh into flora.

And that concrete slab with
its stains, the crimson dripping.
Pale and washed away in the morning light.
Let it break too. As becoming becomes
too much to bare, she will raze it all
and through the cracks will grow silence

The Hanged Man

If you have never heard of him look closely.
For he is roses.
Hidden deep in my mother's garden
never tended.
When they bloom pink I cut off their heads
and they sink heavily into the kitchen table.
Look at the buds in his eyes.
His tightly grasping hands like the thorns on the stem.
His tongue the leaf, soft with a razor edge.
As he reaches out, listen to him cry. And
each drop of blood in the soil stings.

If you are looking for him try deep underground
for he is flesh and bone.
In tunnels like arteries where blood pounds.
You can hear his chains clinking when I open my mouth.
Feel the raw skin circling his wrists. And manacles
too heavy for carpals to hold.
His worry is found in lungs breathing. In out.

I shattered him, like glass on the tile.
And he tried to walk across the shards.

Diamonds embedded leave red footstep puddles.
I use them to spell out "I'm sorry"

As I sit here writing,
he is the book in my hands.
His skin the pages I scar,
can you read the stories
crawling in words across his surface? Hear
the ink limerick dripping black from his tongue? In centuries
they will read him
but look no deeper than skin

In my memories,
he is longing.
As he gazes out Plexiglas windows at the birds spinning in the breeze.
Sink your fingers into his envy as he imagines himself with eagle wings.
At night, he would climb out to the window and onto the roof and wonder
what more he could do to get close to the stars.
In the mirror, he runs his fingers
across my cheeks and together we bleed.
He is fire. But I burn up his dreams.
And in this metaphor, I am the knife
Cutting words into his sculpture.

And when he dies
Roots splitting through his ribs. Will he feel each atom ache
as it is torn away?
Will he feel what he becomes in his new beginning?
He is the beetles and the bugs and the fungi
filling his skull with decay.

He is the crystals and the stone
succeeding the soft calcium hollows. He is what is remaining
and what is revealed.
In the next morning
He is the past walking. And I'm told his loss is called freedom.

Madness

Rise
from the mist and the seas. Where
the lights drift like eyes in the fog.
There are faces in the water. Bodies strewn
through the waves
and ghosts making footprints in the sand.

In this castle they echo,
dying in perpetual.

In these caves dreams run wild
With your fears of the dark.
This is where you found them frozen.
When you turn your back they recede.

In this city you wander
streets are ordered by number. Cold stone
Ground to chambers and crystal to tile.
Wind screams through alleys
but no voices left can whisper. All greatness must die
in the face of the beast.

And the twisting streets
like the thoughts in your mind.
Alleys and gullies span
a maze through your heart.
What are you looking for? Why did you come?
The emptiness around you
tangles in your soul.

Here where the snow and the ice
threaten to suffocate.
And the sunlight makes mirages
which dance through mountain peaks.
How dare you wake the dead from their graves,
you ignorant explorer.
When the chaos threatens to eat you,
where will you run?