stay or leave

keeping up appearances

for how long, to what extent

not a secret to be kept

share temporary, worth more than

a bathroom break

push me away

try to fit me in, i’m not flattered

i won't impose, my walls rise

i'll never force these gates

clinging, a sinking familiarity

//

don't want to toss this aside

maybe we could have grab hold on mutual

but it hasn't happened yet-- if we're stuck

it's too late

//

they were right, i can't control

losing the vibrance reserved for

permanence, identity draining

homesick for God

//

potent + beautiful

can mysterious be reduced

to mere play + cheap talk

your casual skin reveals a dark

interior, I'm scared of dropping

in -- unable to crawl out

//

**how it started**

It's when I think of you that I begin

to craft carefully unintelligible motions

Woven in delicate forms so as not

to be misread, misinterpreted.

Patience wills the thoughtful slurs

Openly I begin to share secrets

held only for myself until now,

Until you.

And if you ever ask me to stop

this avalanche becoming a burden

I'll hold back, I can be bilingual

We've learnt it before, we can

practice it again.

//

unstable sometimes dim

approaching my routine interrupted

as I watch the memory like a movie letting

the scene play out fully in a world

secluded too often

I haven't forgotten / I remember

//

**the dream in which you didn’t exist**

I watched comfortably, drifting uncommitted

from afar these friends enjoying company

like I enjoy solitude coming together

Occasionally I didn't search for you, how do I

look for someone I've never encountered?

but your persistence the antidote

we can't forget

Found

a disconnect where you were lost

in a space between stages of realities

you and I dream alone.

Under warm beams escaping the grasp

of drapes pulled impatient waking

Silently myself nestled in a stranger's

cradle realizing again it's you have

been here all long.

**//**

cutting up an apple distorts

its form to our convenient likings.

teeth marks exercise youth

with each chipping away carving

gradual forms until naked it stands

at its core the seeds ready to rattle

out discarded, disintegrated

seemingly dead buried at once

it births another life.

you can't count the number of apples

in a seed.

you can't count the number of lives

impacted in a being.

**//**

don't put your hope in me, I'll fail you

feelings come and go though my love

for you will never change.

it heightens then settles

quietly--

it still burns.

what truly matters?

don't put it off or

concern yourself with everyday

matters, perspective matters

**//**

thank you for being a temporary blessing, one

I can't expect you to be or not

it's not time-- your heart nudges as you brush

tendrils aside / tucked

Exposed I can hear you, I'm listening.

be careful how you say you're still here

we don't know what we want, just hoping

these estimates amount to all it could

Can be.

**//**

**suddenly—I find it funny too**

it gets easier.

humorous.. right? how

does time keep going despite all

Efforts to keep it leashed

in our limited understanding

**//**

**15 Feb 2014**

snowflakes smothered me like

the first kisses you impressed

on my freckles.

**//**

you'd think the more time spent apart

from another creates distance but

the breathing room has only inflamed

my ardor for you.

the longer we spend apart the sooner

I see you again.

loving you, opened my eyes to brokenness.

**//**

Let it go, unclench the need to control these fears

and maybe, maybe (hope dines here)

these open hands will receive

Tenfold in the flowering of its return

**//**

**sad stories**

a planned falling-away

count plus another month

just as the dust settles, your contact plays

a note too soon. this song doesn't sound so nice

off tempo.

unless you have something worthwhile to say

please don't. lukewarm tea, sucks.

for the intensities overtake in my sleep --

confusion on both sides we misinterpret

language is a barrier

I don't like to hide-and-seek.

like the twenty-third,

in our separation a theme replays

sad, but relieved.

//

(not) **the end**

everything behind-the-scenes

eventually shows itself as

truth. suddenly

an urgency to live intentional

and expectant.

apart from time God sees

your beginning, your end

& as every end becomes a means

perhaps I am just a means.

that's ok, it's all good.