

## Sketches

I'm sketching new words in the dictionary,  
some are bad, but some are pretty,  
but in the end, they're all about you.

We hold ourselves with baited breath,  
lost steps and all the rest,  
cocooned in our thoughts,  
when it all happens too soon.

I'm sketching words you're not ready to carry,  
the thoughts are good, but would drown a ferry,  
but they may just roll down a river,  
of yours.

But I hold onto this with baited breath,  
I don't know the future,  
or even what's next,  
But I can still feel the warmth by your side.

# New Orleans

The words are clearer as they fade,  
like etchings on a grave.  
You search for meaning,  
I take them at their face.

Practically and mathematically,  
we have only so many days to live.  
We can fill them with joy,  
or the things we miss.  
But I still find myself leaning,  
at some greater grace.

Now the rhythm is getting slower,  
blood thickens with age.  
But as the heart grows older,  
it increases in shape.

The rain stops, as quickly as it came,  
the flood averted, the ground satiated just the same.  
You ask me what it means.  
I have no answer, so simply reply,  
“New Orleans.”

# Pipes

You can't sleep. The pipes are making their noise again. They probably make this noise every night, but most nights you don't notice. The house is either full of noise with you and Heather or you're, as you put it, over served, and don't notice.

But tonight you do.

Heather is next to you, and you turn on your side to look at her. The tips of her hair are on her shoulder. She got it cut earlier today. If she was awake she'd be annoyed. But instead she snores a melody so rhythmic it should put you to sleep.

But it doesn't.

It aggravates you. Like most things these days.

You get out of bed and go to the kitchen, pouring a nice big glass of water from the pitcher in the fridge. You think of lighting a cigarette but stop short- it's been years since you smoked. Still, if there was a pack available you would light one right now- to slow down and think about Amanda.

How long has it been since you smoked?

No matter.

When you last saw Amanda she threw a kiss at you in that flirty way she does.

But you knew it wasn't sincere.

You had already found the letter she had written to Heather the week before.

## not 250 words

There's a larger prayer,  
and it knows itself,  
knows the nuances of love and longing,  
are like a perfect, circle; square.

And I try to draw,  
but all the shapes I give,  
are of the wrong forms,  
for art to be in.

So I take my time,  
mutter my words to myself,  
one at a time.  
I take my time,  
waiting for the rest,  
that comes with the sublime.

Now, love is brave,  
it doesn't ask for expression,  
nor for you to cave.  
Love is a light,  
that burns so bright,  
you turn your eyes away,  
at the very sight.

But I don't know love,  
and I don't know desire,  
all I know is how I feel,  
and how love perspires;  
down a burning cheek,  
bounded by gravity,  
but never meek.

## **This is no longer a 250 words site**

These chairs weren't here,  
when you visited last.  
They're a new addition,  
to our version of the past.  
Shake it up,  
Dance it down,  
life is all the things,  
you don't expect  
to come crashing down.

These chairs weren't here,  
when we counted last.  
dress them up and  
then take them down,  
They'll still serve as reminders,  
of all the things,  
we used to call laughs.

These chairs weren't here,  
when I saw you last.  
But they take space up now,  
Where I can still picture you,  
drawing a tear from my eye,  
and the love from my heart,  
just before that goodbye.