

*Flowerline*

Do flowers want to understand the wind?  
Do they fear water will not fall, or would  
Drown their furry roots, with drunken, soggy stems  
Odd petals falling like teeth.  
Each white gravestone a flower's fight.

Do they know you smile? you, are the skyline above  
And you dance in this city, a tree in a ruin.  
3,005 miles of purple, a vast sea,  
Andalucia, I could make the cross.

Instead I walk, a harsh olive jacketed hand  
Scribbling into the clouds, cloudless.

*Sandman*

I saw a brown-beard  
And Neptune eyes peek  
Over a cliff, with a softer cheeked  
glancing child at his leg.  
The child smiled as I looked up  
And said to his father,  
“What would happen if you fell off?”

The man’s eyes fell into his beard,  
Wondering if this was the moment:  
“You go splat, and you would die.  
That’s why it’s safer to lie down.”

The child’s eyes locked tidally  
To his father’s,  
“But how would you get back up?”  
Father’s eyes crinkled slightly,  
“You don’t.”

The child’s face disappeared,  
Leaving the scarred cliff  
Sharp in the cloudless blue skies.

*Why Was Today Different From Any Other?*

Two milligrams and  
A sentence from my father.

I didn't mean to burn  
All those bridges before  
They crossed the void.  
I wanted to scrape  
A quarter out of this school year.

Now I look at my brain,  
Fearing the inside.  
My empty, hungry, wasted city.

So many neurons,  
So many missed connections,  
Bridges I lost.  
Two milligrams,  
And a sentence.

This isn't sadness,  
This is just what happens  
Before the world dies.

Each day you take one.  
Each day, part of the world  
Cracks like rotting corn husk dolls.

The last time the world ended,  
You promised one more could never  
Be worth losing those bridges.

But when it's chaos and dust,  
That chalk milligram barely draws the line.

*A Dove's Thoughts*

As I flew along  
The winding mountain road  
With painful yellow blooms of hers  
I realized I was the dove  
Of wounded wing  
Whose feathers she had replaced,  
One by one, releasing me off purple cliffs  
Into a world that could be mine.

These cliffs that fall  
And rise in fire,  
Refreshed by rains and spring,  
She led me through,  
Wings cupped by her,  
Until I was safe beyond.

*June*

That bottle melting into June's recline  
Holds a fractured eye inside drooping curves of glass.

I see that same fractured eye stare out at me  
From an empty red depth when my eyelids fall  
Into thoughts of you.