

Frozen Funeral

Inhaling Autumn air
Waking silence fills the void
Intervals of a planets whisper
Whistling its tune for none but me to hear.

Short melodies and verse
Of a frozen onslaught at the ready
At the mercy of perpetual stillness
Waiting for the march of millions to sprinkle from a distant heaven.

Peering, and peering more
Into the impending reaping, frosted and fearless
Behind a crystal cloud a fire dies
Comfort of a flaming sky behind prison glass.

Brail stretched over bone
Bosoms hoarding heat with hibernation yet mastered
The body's frigid scaffolding quakes in place
Rooted to a stark shadow.

Still, the while watching
Patchwork pallets decay
Static waves of a leaf's last stand
Welcoming cold crust with a kiss goodbye.

Passerby

I know that face in the morning haze
the one you wear to blind you.
To wear it would distort my gaze
and in the process find you.

There you'd stand with molded men
militant and kind.
Holes for eyes and severed tongues
a funnel for their mind.

But in this land of dust and doubt
a shadow looms ahead.
It seems to drag the men about
with nothing to be said.

If only you could see this place
like wax upon your skin.
And peel the layers from your face
to let a new light in.

But for your sake I wish the best
Allegiance has been sworn.
to worlds of disillusioned dead
Where not a soul is born.

I must be quite invisible
approaching with a sigh.
A sudden glance into the world
of one more passerby.

Fading

My soul is left in longing
I dream your voice on stifled nights.
I see your face in my reflection
it stops my heart and blurs my sight.
I wish you peace that you deserve,
the lasting truth of love and light.

My only fear is fading faces growing
darker never bright.

Silhouette

A silhouette among the many standing
alone in a sea of light Making no mark
upon the world.

It lives
desperately mobile
Unaware of where its feet stand or
where they will take him.

It lives
No sense of travel or time
as it envelopes the space it lies.
Abstracting itself through endless shapes
and contortions.

It knows not its beginning,
yet it lives on eternal.
The infinite shadow among the many more
Residing in the opposing side
of its own world
Living on

Forgotten Friend

Scratch by back, would you?
Like you used to late
At night.
Your eyes are starting to water
And gleam.
From the hypnosis of endless cyberspace.
Instead of
From the beauty and cosmic weight
Of our infinite nights together.
Scratch my back
Like you used to.
Scratch my front
With your nightowl talons.
With jet black squid ink
Or midnight blue dribbles.
I'll even accept red.

To match the blood that I've been longing
To soak in.
You've left me tattered,
Used up,
Scribbled and scrawled upon.
Like the tattoo of an ex-lover's name.
Only we both know,
This wasn't any such mistake.
So please,
Open me.
Scratch behind my dog ears
Once more.
Avert your gaze from
Flickering digital nonsense.
For I am real.
Just at the corner
Of your eye.
So pick a color,
Any color.
Just don't forget me
Simply open me.
Touch me.

Scratch me.

I am here.

I am real.

I am waiting.

Her

You see my eyes,
Puffy and red.
My voice becoming hoarse,
It's scratchy and weak from screaming.
Can you not see me hurting?
I give you my love,
Time and time again.
And get nothing in return.

I haven't been sleeping.
Our fights keep me up at night,
Wondering what it is I've done to deserve this.
Wondering where we went wrong.
I don't want much.
I just want you.
I want the love I give to be given back.
I want my heart to stop feeling like a leaky faucet.
Constantly dripping away.
I'm afraid it will be empty soon.
Can't you stay in tonight?
Where are you going?
Who are you going with?
Can I come? Why not?
I don't want to fight anymore.
Just love me like I love you.
Just stop this endless aching in my chest.
Just tell me who she is.
I don't want to hurt you, or break your belongings.
It's the only way you'll listen.
The only way you'll stop stepping on my heart.
The only way I can get the love back
That I've so carelessly given to you.
So give it back.
Give it all back.
Give me back my love.
Give me back my life.

Him

You see my eyes
Rolling and tired.
Waiting for my turn to shout after your screeching.
I feel bad for our neighbors.
You say you can't sleep.
Yet you won't just close your eyes.
I don't have time for this.
Once again, this road leads nowhere.

What do you want from me?
Please calm down.
You used to be so gentle, so kind.
Now, the love you claimed to have had for me
Has been replaced with threats and accusations.
I don't want much.
I just want a simple life.
And you are anything but.
I haven't done anything to deserve this.
I leave the house because it's sad to come home.
This isn't right.
My friends don't judge me like you do.
They aren't intent on fixing my flaws
And calling it love.
I think I'll take my valuables with me.
Who knows what'll happen while you're like this.
While you thunder around the house like a tantrum child.
While the goddess queen is displeased with her peasant jester.
I just want a glimpse
Of the look you used to give me.
With the patience of a pebble,
And the grace of a falling flower petal.
It's hard to care about where we went wrong,
While staring out the window into the star soaked sky.
Becoming jealous of the moon,
And the love it shares with the sun.

Emerge

I'm trying.
I really am.
But you sneak and stalk,
the hallways of my mind.
Always just around
the corner.

You've been

in my blood
for so long.
My body rejected
change.
My mind gave
its melancholy farewell.

The weight
lifted.
The lead blanket
gone.
No more trolling
city streets.
No more waiting.
Wanting.
Longing. Craving.

No more crawling out
of cold sweat sheets.
No more restless nights
Lifeless
Days.

Peeled off
the bedrock.
Like a stubborn
bumper sticker.

Emerge with
calloused skin
And breath
in your lungs

Emerge
with wings
As broad
as the horizon.

Emerge.

Infinity

Could I see you dreaming
when I look into your eyes?
Could you see my future
if you stared back into mine?

Sleep is restless.
Soul the same.
Wake me from delirium
give me a different name.

Infinity, infinity
What does it really mean
to me.

What of the mountains?
What of the sea?
Watch them as they drift into
serene finality.

Lift us from our sacred ground
dissolve into the air.
A bitter mist our bodies make
to prove we were once there.

Waking Dream

Looks like I pulled a fast one
On myself
Again
Last night.
Familiar fuzz.
A fading frenzy
It stops my heart
Blurs my sight.
I saw you where

The sky had
Split.
Where star-crossed eyes
Can't see.
Astral angels
Ethereal gatekeepers
To my own body
They hide
The key.
Though my eyes
Are closed,
I still can see
A million moons
Shine through
My door.
A night for flight.
My time
Is tight.
Just as it was
The night
Before.
I could not call
It normal
Nor basic,
 Boring,

Bland.

I could not call
Upon
The gods.
Of ocean
 Sky or
Land.

The cosmic clock
Of lucid life
Tocks and
Ticks
Sublime.

The shadow of
My former self
Awaits
 In space
 In time.

Nothing more
I wish for
Man.
His soul has
But
To scream.
A taste of
Utter certainty
Of waking
To
A dream.

Dilate

The mystic hour
Approaches, breathing
Down his neck
Like a white blood cell
Salivating
At the sight
Of listing bacteria.
Convinced
To be one
Of the People
There is no fooling
The fools hour.
Eyes
At the ceiling.
Pupils
Dilate.
The dream beam
Hovers
Just over

His forehead.
Waiting to pluck him
Like
A cascading
Alien craft
Plucks a steer
Like a bovine blossom.
He sheds his
Soul
And sprinkles
Leftover entrails over
Empty
White paper.
Like the final sacred
Snowflakes
That flawlessly fell
To earth.
On the verge of
Giving up the Ghost.
He scribbles
And scrawls.
Until the chirps
Of flying feathers
Pulls him back
From the brink.

Willow

As you lay
in your silent slumber,
and your chest rises
and falls.
I can't help but wonder
what your dreams are
made of.

Are you a queen
of celestial bodies
and the thundering expanse

of galactic empires?

Are you leading
an army
of the disenchanted
and disillusioned?
Conquering the land
before you.

Or perhaps
being gently carried
along the rocky coast
of an endless
electric river.

So many possibilities.
So many lives.

Just under
smeared mascara
and lazy lashes.
I wonder
If in these lives,
you see my face.

On a distant hillside
Or reflected
in the eyes
of a dream time lover.

My face.
Watching.
Waiting.
For your return.
I wonder this
as your curls fall
just over your cheeks

and shoulders.
Just like
a weeping willow
in a steady wind.
I wonder.

One bubble

If I had a pebble
for each time you loved me,
I could build
a castle to the stars.

If I had an atom
for each shred of longing,
I could play God
and create
our very own galaxy.

For every
'I love you'
I believed you.

And if you
Were given a dollar
for each time
I returned your love,
You could buy
one piece of gum.

Blow one bubble.

And it would pop.