

*for the little fairy boy*

He sits amongst his things  
Lego castle blueprints  
taped-up sticks  
old spice jars full of ink  
hands covered in hot glue  
an ocean in his chest  
a forest in his mind  
scars only I can see  
smile lines he's yet to find  
something sits in the corner  
and others wait outside the window  
and he doesn't know they're there  
he doesn't know their names  
but I know them for him  
and I tap the line between us  
to let him know I'm there  
so when the time comes  
he won't be alone  
so he'll know  
we've never been alone

*my dear little tree*

My dear little tree,  
I will miss your pretty colors, too,  
but I promise—  
sincerely and wholly—  
even though you won't believe me,  
you will be green again.  
And life won't feel so cold and harsh.  
You will still reach for the light,  
and the light will reach back.

My dear little tree,  
you say the same to the seeds  
who must blindly squirm in the cold soil.  
They too reach for the light,  
and the light reaches back.  
Sometimes we cannot step outside ourselves  
to see that discomfort is ephemeral.  
The seasons change,  
and the wheel keeps turning.

My dear little tree,  
the sun will shine again.  
You will be full.  
You will be warm.  
And through it all you will stand firm,  
But please know  
that no matter what happens  
or who you become  
you will always be

my dear little tree.

*I Remember The Birds*

I remember the birds  
that sat on your bathroom window ledge  
the one from your photos  
I memorized it  
I wanted to see it for myself  
and I did  
that weekend in the spring  
breakfast plates rested on the floor by the unmade bed  
wine bottles sat on the living room table  
my bag was neatly packed by the door

I remember the birds  
that sat on your bathroom window ledge  
you lived in the trees  
at the top of a hill  
a crisp wind blew through the screen  
it was a beautiful day  
the kind of day that sticks  
like the way you held me in the dark  
like the way you didn't kiss me  
when you knew all I wanted was one more goodbye

I remember the birds  
that sat on your bathroom window ledge  
I sat there, too  
even when I was inside  
even when my fingers traced the stars that marked your skin  
I was always in the background  
sitting on the other side of the glass  
just like the birds on your bathroom window ledge  
the morning I flew away

*soft things*

I would die for the soft things  
put on armor I don't have  
brave the big world  
for the little things  
we trample on

the very things we look for  
in all the wrong places

the little keys  
to the little locks  
that open big doors

I would die for the soft things  
because the soft things are  
the hardest

to replace.

*the fall*

that melted part of summer  
dead cicadas on the pavement  
worms baking in the sun  
cut grass withered in the manicured lawns  
decomposition in the air  
breath for the growing fruit  
waiting  
to cross that bridge life must always cross  
to detach  
to fall as all things do  
slowly  
too slowly to know you're falling  
too slowly to know there is only the fall  
only that invisible path between cord and corpse  
only a slice  
only today  
only now

*the last time I saw him*

the last time I saw him  
he cut his hair in my bathroom  
leaving little pieces of himself behind  
hiding between the blades  
around the sink  
in the crack beneath the faucet  
there's still some wedged behind the mirror  
glued to the inside of the drain  
wildflowers  
persistent reminders  
surprises in the spring  
beautiful things  
tangled there in the flower beds  
strangling the petunias  
praying for rain  
wanting to live  
and there I am  
a watering can in one hand  
shears in the other

*the thing in the corner*

he was soft  
like the paint never dried

a delicate thing in the corner  
slanted and smeared

unbecoming with each passing glance  
blurring beneath their touch

a curious thing in the corner  
unsettled and searching

shifting in his frame  
dripping beyond the edges

the constant thing in the corner  
slow and unstoppable

dampening a world dried  
painting it soft

*utu of dreams*

Did she dream?

Of course, she dreamed... right?

Even if they were quiet how could she be her and not dream?

And where did they go?

Were they burned up trying to keep her safe?

Do some choices require that kind of secret sacrifice?

Did she put them away before I arrived?

Did I eat them in her belly to survive?

Did I take them with me when I entered the world?

Are the answers I long for in my own marrow?

Is the reason she can't tell me because she can't remember or because she knows I already have them? Is her distance a loving push for me to make them real for both of us?

Will I lay them at her feet like flowers and finally feel her warmth?

Will we pour into one another and finally be together again?

Will I always wonder who she is?

Will I ever stop asking?



*embers*

I keep your words in my pocket,  
folded and creased—  
worn from use.

Ashen little things  
sitting quietly with the lint,  
recalling days  
when they could set my world ablaze.

*washita*

she hugs me from every side,  
caressing my wrinkly hands and my bug bitten limbs.  
my fingers swirl through her loving body,  
every digit casting spells like I did as a kid,  
sending energy along a current.  
but I realize the energy is being sent through me.  
it searches for a home in my chest,  
a place to anchor her love.  
she holds me,  
and I wish I had always known it was for me.  
in those times I sat in the hall with the blade in my hands.  
when I stood on the edge and contemplated my glory.  
every summer I find my way back to her deep embrace,  
and she always remembers me.  
but I don't want the months without her,  
so I decide to carry her with me.  
I choose to embody her endless love.  
to sit in stillness and cast it back into the past.  
to share it with everyone I meet.  
to save some for myself  
when I am thirsty and cold and in need of something divine.  
my body will be hers and she will flow through me.  
and I will rejoice,  
for everywhere I step  
the world will be nourished.  
her gospel will spread  
through laughter and hugs,  
through tears and embraces,  
through longing stares and moments of calm.  
when we next meet I will pour it all into her  
and float in her crystalline joy,  
sink my toes into her muddy wisdom,  
and allow myself the freedom to be held  
in a love so pure and endless  
I can't imagine being any other way.