

Leaning Weightless on the Breeze

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LEANING WEIGHTLESS ON THE BREEZE

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Preface

The works collected here are the product of a tumultuous season. It was 1999. In October I met someone that made me re-evaluate the course my life was on. We were both in complicated relationships and neither of us was ready for what we found with each other. At that time I had already been writing sporadically for almost ten years. For the next three months, however, I felt compelled nearly every single day to put the thoughts that were consuming me to paper. And then she was gone. These works follow the timeline of a forbidden new romance, uncertainty and the anguish of loss.

Staring at you

Staring at you,
swept with the majesty
of winter's first snow

You stand tall and sure
like the tree that defies
the icy wind

I watch awestruck,
powerless,
consuming every detail
of every feature

Your eyes make mysteries,
hidden riddles
I cannot hope to untie

And when your laughter
warms me, for slipping seconds
I feel life

Life in every glance
life in every smile
life in every laugh
and I taste the truth of life,
love, religion, and Magick

Carefully from this distance
I watch you
beautiful and enchanting
a princess in a winter dream



She passes the café

She passes the café
eyes fixed ahead
The click of her heels
on the sidewalk
keeps time for the music
of people's voices

She tugs at her scarf
tries to keep out the
draft that chills her
She thinks back to the morning
room filled with air hanging
thick as murderer's whispers

Without even seeing the
people on the street
she steps around, beside,
between them

She keeps things
islands of security in
a hurricane world

She hears his voice
sharp, acidic
it cuts then burns

She hides her eyes
lifts her hand
holds her breath

She buttons her coat
as the first flakes fall
rapt still in the
morning's scene

His voice grows louder
She tries to speak
to make peace
His anger grows

His voice fades
in beautiful epiphany
Her skin tingles
glows electric

“Acrimony” she says
softly, half-whispered
to herself

Startled mid – rant
he manages, “What?”
“Your ill natured animosity”,
she continues

Dumbfounded, he produces
again, simply
“What?”

“I’m leaving”, she says
“Where?” he asks
confused
“For coffee...” her answer
“Better take your coat,
it looks like snow”

She lifts her collar
straightens it
puts her face to the wind
and breathes deep
with confident resolution

She remembers why she loves
winter with its stimulating
sharp air she can taste



We could make a religion

we could make a religion
of circus magic
and high priests of the
magicians

we could make millionaires
of publicans
and paupers of
politicians

but in this instant,
bathed in desert sun
wind stirring softly
touching your hair
tasting your smile
with the wide eyes of a child
I sit...
mystified



Captivation

with careful captivation
 she contains me
through special invitation
 she arraigns me

with quiet concentration
 I consume her
and in secret expectations
 I perfume her

with playful elation
 she holds me
with mirthful manipulation
 she scolds me

I sit staring,
 smiling
I watch her quietly
 in singular captivation



The Eleven O'clock Gift

I watch as a smile begins to form at the corners
of your mouth
dances to life, shines brilliantly but for a moment
then fades.

The light kisses your eyes, catches my glance
and I hide from your gaze
for fear that you could read my soul.

Somehow still I can't look away from you
I watch your face, your eyes,
the soft skin that becomes your lips.
I sit rapt, unable to break this spell.

With each move you make I'm dizzied,
enchanted, caught in the wash of
these shapes,
each sharp, feminine and beautiful.

Your thoughts form, balance shyly on your
tongue and are called back inside.
I try to assure you with a look, a smile,
as I sit in this lingering anticipation.

I hold out my hands to you
and open them.
Accept this,
Accept my gift.



I saw you once

I saw you once
standing in a
rain shower

I watched
tiny droplets as
they rolled down
your skin,
arrived precariously at points,
hung ever-heavier
until plunging
earthbound

diving
I caught each one
filled my hands
tasted every drop

waking
this wood floor is cold
on my bare feet.
I wash my face



Standing behind you

Standing behind you, unknown
my thoughts hold me prisoner
unable to act or even speak

If I brushed aside your hair
caressed your neck with my fingertips
then kissed softly
would you pull away in fear?
Have I taken this game too far?

Or, would you tilt your head to the side
close your eyes
and open yourself to me?

I'm afraid of these five days
afraid you'll come to your senses
wake me from this dream
and leave me here imprisoned by these thoughts.

Afraid that if I touched your hand
you'd turn your back.

Afraid that if I touched your hand
you'd take mine.

Afraid.



If I saw you there

If I saw you there
standing fair
in moonlight's gilded gleam

took your arm
with subtle charm
and walked there by your side

and if by chance
I stole a dance
I'd swear my eyes had lied

then with a shake
I must awake
for it was surely but a dream



Meditation 117

This place where I sit has
 become different
or so, at least, I think

Sitting on this rock I open
 my mind
let slip the cords of
 fear, hate and love

And watching each blade
 of grass
bend with winter's wind

I try to pull my thoughts
 from you
Prisoner to the excitement
 of uncertainty



She reads my words

She reads my words
but she doesn't truly believe
I can't stop thinking of her
I dreamed of her last night,
felt her soft lips
kissing, seemingly forever
hoping not to wake
Everything, even Death, in
this moment would be perfect
She is Perfect... Enchanting
I tell her she is beautiful
She laughs, sighs, averts her eyes
not believing me
and if it was only her beauty
that so enchanted me,
perhaps I would not be so afraid



If I could hold you

If I could
hold you
soft, close
feel your
heart beat
against me
kiss your
forehead
your eyes
and with
surreptitious
whispers
cut loose
each fear
each trouble
that chains you
If I could
hold you
close to me



I want to be the answer

I want to be
the answer to every question
before you ask it

I want to
hold you up when
the world pulls you down

I want to
give you everything and ask
only a smile in return

I want to
share your joys,
protect you from your fears

I want to
hold you every night and
kiss you every morning

I want you



Her voice

Her voice

I turn

Her eyes

catch me

wrap me

soft as cotton

in white, brilliant light

... Her eyes



A mother's hand

A mother's hand
a daughter's smile
with wide open eyes
clear as time itself
and a love
twice as deep
they pass slowly
but take no notice of me



When I found you here

When I found you here
my eyes were closed
and long I stood unknown

and every moment
each day hence
my love for you has grown



Quietly my lips

quietly,
my lips soft
against your wrist
speak to you
assure you
it's safe
to take my hand
and with a cooling calm
you close your eyes
squeeze my hand
and step to me
knowing
nothing
will ever be
the same



A fallen look

A fallen look
like a patch
of sunshine broken by
the shadow of a branch
She looks behind her
then ahead
surveys her surroundings
then carries on
He screamed in a
razor sharp
lion's claw tearing
the air around her
She pretended not to see



A View from 27,000 Feet

My mind is caught
pulled in every direction
and I don't know what
to think
I didn't expect to
find you here
I wasn't even looking
But in my mind I
can smell you
feel your hand on mine
hear your sweet
laughter
And when I look below
to the sea of clouds
perfect blue horizon
All I see is you
as I drift to
tranquil sleep



A Careful Geometry

warm for September
she said
falling on the hammock

the tourists
had been gone
for weeks

looking over the empty beach
she grabbed his hand,
tickled with her thumb,
and smiled

the sky was grey,
but somehow beautiful

sitting,
his hands traced her
 shoulders
his mouth brushed her
 ear
soft as a butterfly
 landing

working down her back
his touch warmed her,
relaxed her
skin on skin
each motion dexterous,
a careful geometry



You lean into me

you lean into me
my eyes cover you,
dizzied by your scent

I hold my breath to
not lose this moment

your hand on mine
lingering

you look up at me
I watch your eyes
a second too long

you smile

I hold my breath to
not lose this moment

here,
drunk on you
I can hardly breathe



A voice

a voice

on the wind

glowing from light

broken through

the trees

with open ear

to Nature's song

the tea

is set to brew

backward soliloquy

fallen leaf

pushed upward

by the wind



Wishes fall careful

wishes fall careful
in quiet concert too
subtle to be seen
tremulous, tingling
frozen in ennui
until the taste of your skin
leaves me trembling



I don't see

I don't see

 this tree in front of me

I see you in

 slumber

I brush your hair

 from your face

I kiss your eyelids

 and take in your

 scent

I sit oblivious to this

 wind across my shoulders

and I think only

 of you



Close your eyes

close your eyes
let the wind carry
you through this dream
take my hand
let me guide
you along the way
and half-waking,
let my hand
on the bare skin
of your back
comfort you
reassure you
and send you
softly back
to smiling sleep



Walking through this field

Walking through this field
I heard you humming
curiously I crept to
investigate further
And there amidst the flowers
 you sat, holding a butterfly
 stroking it softly,
 your beauty unmatched by
 your surroundings
And though I danced, you saw me not
And though I cried, you heard me not
You sat softly humming,
 butterfly in hand



Shaft of sunlight

Shaft of sunlight

through the window

Long shadows

on the floor

I smell the morning rain

on the grass

I smell your sweet, soft

skin

Again I sleep



I am alive

I am alive in
 this moment
your hand on
 mine
lingering
my pulse
 quickens
skin burns
and I wonder for
 a moment if this
 electricity,
this connection of
souls is in
my head
then I look into
your eyes



I wrap myself

I wrap
myself
in your voice
cover
myself
with your charm
your arms
around me
I smile
seeing everything
as if
for the first time



Feeling life in a moment

feeling life in a moment
my hand on your neck
your lips on mine
feeling truth in a kiss



If I could turn

If I could turn
one of these thoughts
from you
forget the soft
warmth of your skin
deny the sweet
taste of your kiss...

If I could
I would still hold you
close in my mind
skin on skin
tasting you forever...



You fill me

You fill me
haunt me
consume me
hold me tight... effortlessly
In my sleep I hear
your laughter
your voice
soft, seductive
most of all
... elusive



Your eyes hold me tight

your eyes
hold me tight
stop time
for this moment
I watch you smile
taste your fingers
tasting your life
tasting my life
knowing truth
knowing love



Quiet Sunday

Quiet Sunday
the raindrops
blown against the window panes
hang still
glistening from the street lamp,
curious constellations.

Your name escapes
my lips
a wistful whisper
sweet angel
as you listen to the same rain.

A smile for you
a kiss blown gently
through shimmering window panes
finds its way to you
I sleep.



Give yourself to me

give yourself to me
with sensual submission
relax
touch this moment with me
drink this power
taste this heat
wrap your arms
around my neck
and live forever
in this kiss



Your fingers

your fingers
sweet, divine
my touch moves
across your hand
holds tight
perfect connection



Each tenuous anxiety

each tenuous anxiety
each quiet confusion
of my soul
made still
when I look
into your eyes
Nothing exists here
Lost in your smile
Lost in your love
Lost in you



Every day is Sunday

Every day is Sunday
here with you
your hand in mine
the sand warm beneath
our feet
carefully I adorn you
flowers in your hair
kiss your cheek
walk slowly
together
for hours



Beautiful star

beautiful star
you shine
dazzle me
light me softly
with your splendor
standing on my toes
fingers outstretched
I reach for you
pretend you're within my reach
then sink back to the earth
no closer



A trapping gaze

A trapping gaze
I stare helpless
hopeless
unable to move
or even speak
I taste your salt
kiss away
your tears
hold you tight
fit you to me
squeeze your hand
in mine
and stand against
this time



Would you listen

Would you listen
If I called you?
Yield your lips
to my kiss?

Would you believe me
If I told you
I've known no
love like this?

Can you put
Your hand in mine,
Let fate do
what it could?

And then by chance
You'll find
I love you
as I should



Beneath streetlamps

Beneath streetlamps and rain
I walk with you
happy in your smile
my arm around you
hand in your pocket
you hear my words
without me speaking
I read your thoughts
from your eyes
I feel lucky at this moment
honored to walk with you
beneath streetlamps and rain



Do you feel my eyes

do you feel my eyes upon you?
I drink in your vision
consume you from head to toe
with each perfect curve
my head swims
each graceful movement
leaves me breathless
and when my eyes reach yours
I'm held,
captivated,
existing only in you.



You're an illusion

You're an illusion
a glorious illusion
I rub my eyes
in disbelief

Amid the confusion
of riotous intrusion
I close my eyes
and try to sleep

But when your look
so softly falls
and when your voice
so sweetly calls

I try to pull you near
attempt to bring you here
scream out at these
confining walls



My heart pauses

my heart pauses

breath escapes

just to think

I've seen you

each time

is new

everything

is you



Quiet words

quiet words
and secret smiles
you look away from me
and share a smile
that saves me
Each day I'm caught breathless
by your beauty
deeper still than the day before
my fingers trail yours
then slip...
away



Your stare holds me

your stare holds me prisoner
unable to escape
your fingers wrapped in mine
your smile leads me in
beckons my lips to your belly
trembling with my touch
and with your closed eyes
I see clearly
I am a prisoner to
your enchantment
I am free in you
I am free in you



Soft music

soft music
of ocean waves
my hands
dance
on your shoulders
your skin
warm
beneath my fingertips
your blue dress
cool
in the shade
that shelters us
reclining
your hair
falls against me
soothes me
reminds me why I live
your scent
sweet as candy
fills me up
draws me in
my lips on your neck
taste you
take you in
cover you in kisses
bind us
soul to soul



Your hair

Your hair falls
like a thousand thoughts
between my fingers
your eyes close
as my hands
move with rhythmic energy
relaxing you
chasing away
all that is wrong



I steal your words

I steal your words
with my mouth
quiet your soft
protests with my
lips
your wrists
beneath my hands
I kiss your neck
taste your smile
fall into your eyes



Each move

Each move
a delicate perfection
Each curve of your body
a delectable beauty
My fingers touch lightly
and tease
My lips taste your skin
memorize every part of you
wrapped tight in my arms
My lips on yours
I'll never let you go
Build a love to defy
the world



You catch the rain

you catch

the rain

catch

my glance

then lick it from

your fingers smiling

my lips tremble

watching your smile

your eyes

longing to taste

your lips



My soul reaches out

my soul reaches out
connects to you
I see your foot move
cool
slow
half – hidden
beneath the cover
the morning sun
lights your hair
your smile
holds me close



Your head on my shoulder

Your head on my shoulder
I feel your breath on my neck
My hand on your back
holds you close, tight
Your breasts
press against me
rise and fall
I kiss you
your hair
your cheek
your neck
I whisper softly
pull you tighter still
and steal your words
with a kiss
Dancing in this moment
I love nothing more
 than your smile
 love nothing more
 than you
I want to hold you this close
 forever
and kiss you all the while



One look

One look
eyes half-closed
her skin glowing
warm to my touch
A content sigh
a million dreams
realized
She half smiles
still breathing
heavily
blood returning
to her
fingertips
She mumbles something
nearly inaudible
closes her eyes
her perspiration
slick on my skin
I think I hear
my name
By now
she's deep in dream
fingertips whitening
clutching once again



Her mouth yields to me

her mouth yields to me,
giving up the juice of
fresh strawberries
that lie now beside her

She tells me she wants
to live,
to French-kiss life like
sucking the juice from a peach

my lips move lightly,
tickling her neck
she whispers,
concedes

my tongue traces the tight lines
& smooth curves of her breasts
tease her nipple, taut like the
skin of a grape hiding sweet explosion

kissing her stomach,
my hands chase tendrils of electricity
that form between cool silk
and her smooth skin

I taste her,
delectable
like the euphoria of
candy, coffee, and liquor

a soft plea
her hands grasp,
nails tearing at my
flesh

with sweet release
she arcs,
trembles,
then folds

her fingers trail drunkenly
across my head
she sleeps, my senses filled
with the smell of her sweet sweat

hands on my face
she sleeps
with a carefree
smile

I watch her navel rise
then fall rhythmically
and kiss her softly
tasting her skin with my tongue

my kiss still glistening
on her stomach
I watch her sleep...
content



Like secret incantations

Like secret incantations
a nocturnal ritual
my mouth moves over your body
tasting each curve
drinking in every line
my tongue draws arcs
starting as slow, soft circles
and building
almost imperceptibly
to furious kisses
your back stiffens
hips strain against
and your stomach, still glistening,
trembles
our fingers interlocked
I taste the warmth of your flesh
hold you in this moment
tasting life
perfect



Sweet peach

Sweet peach

I watch you hold it

delicately

soft to your touch

your lips moistened

by your tongue darting

to the corner of your

mouth in anticipation

Sweet peach

I consume you

wipe your exquisite juice

from my chin

lick my fingertips



Hands trailing down

Hands trailing down
resting on your hips
I kneel before you
devout
blinded by a vision
of enchantment
your fingertips in
my hair
I lean into you
kiss you
speak to you with
silent eloquence
wet my lips
with the juice
of your soul
and with each
escaping cry
foreign to your
own ears
you pull me closer
in wave after wave
of
subtle ecstasy



Starting with each finger

starting with each finger
tasting your skin
I move slowly
kissing your arms
tongue lingering lazily
slow eternities before
reaching your shoulders
I smell your hair
my lips dragging softly
across your neck
raising goose bumps,
each worthy of a kiss
I kiss your head
your eyelids
your nose
then taste the
outline of your mouth
lips slightly parted
Again I taste your neck
my cheek on your chin
eyes closed
soft cries escaping
and I've only just begun
My hands draw
secrets on your skin
as my mouth moves
down

kissing tenderly
at the underside of
each breast
my tongue brushes
a nipple
now erect
as I trace circles
before closing my
mouth, covering areola,
nipple held gingerly
your skin warms
to my touch
stomach trembling
my kisses
move between your breasts
my hands on your back
yours on mine
kisses covering your ribs
mouth covering your navel
tongue tickling lightly
at the inside
moving across soft skin
you tremble
at your thigh I begin
to taste your perspiration
sweet, inviting
I take in every piece
of you
Kissing your knee

tongue teasing
kisses falling on
your calf
I kiss your toes
one by one
kissing still slow
still deliberate
I move upward
mapping your body
in my mind
My kisses move from
the front of your thigh
to the inside of each
your nails on my scalp
each breath audible
eyes opening then closing
I kiss
tease all around
enjoying every part of you
I outline
kiss softly
my tongue
parting your lips
tasting you
Sweet
Hot
Wet
you strain your hips
against me

fight back gasps
only sometimes successfully
I consume you
drink you in
fill my soul
with you



Vishnu smiling

Vishnu smiling
peaceful breeze
I say one thousand words
without speaking
you smile,
knowing,
as you eat
another grape



Sun on rock

Sun on rock
my body drinks the heat
kisses the spirits
does nothing
at all



Children laughing

Children laughing

couples walking

someone distant

plays hesitatingly

with a guitar

None happier than me

playing with your hair

your head in my lap

lightly sleeping

barely smiling



I look into your eyes

I look into your eyes
sensuous Samadhi
The moonlight bathes
your bare skin
with
a million
midnight dreams
I push my body
to yours
in our
impassioned
dance



In the midst of (my) chaos

In the midst of (my) chaos
I look into your eyes
and I see clarity
a thousand questions answered
time itself too short
to not want to
kiss you every moment,
to lay you down,
caress you,
make love to you
I want to hold you,
give you strength
when you feel weak
be your pillow
when you're weary
I want to be there every
moment for you,
your lover and your friend.



My hands on your back

My hands on
your back
knead deliberately
induce this dream
this blissful trance
my breath hot
on your back
lips tickling
ever-so lightly
one kiss
soft
singular
sure



My hands

my hands moving
to your hips
I see the muscles
in your thighs
tighten and strain
I push against you
fill you up
lift you higher
your eyes consume me
as my hands
move across your stomach
touch your breasts lightly
nipples growing harder
with each thrust
my hands on your neck
I pull you to me
kiss you hungrily
your body stiffening
pushing ever harder
against me
cries growing louder
my hands cover you
your body hot, electric
explodes with passion
leaving you lying atop me
my arms around you
my lips on your cheek
hearts beating together



Your cheek against mine

your cheek against mine
cuddled beneath this blanket
the sun shines brilliant orange
breaking the horizon
you move slightly
my arms still around you
then smile without waking
I push my lips to your face
to feel your warmth
The morning wind stirs your hair
I squeeze you tight
hoping never to let you go



Slowly smoothly

slowly

smoothly

I slip my tongue inside you

my lips press against you

with maddening intensity

your hands pull my face

closer

tighter

harder

against you

your skin warms

flushes

tingles

my hands never stopping

covering you

pulling you to

my mouth

your sweet, hot

explosion

the smell of

your skin

your sweat

your soul

I devour you

taste every drop

I hold you
softly sleeping
happy
content



I've never felt

I've never felt
anything like this
never tasted this truth
never felt this sun
on my face
never so enchanted
never so powerless



A sea of candles

A sea of candles

I've prepared the room for you

soft shadows

dancing on the walls

slipping through the bubbles

let the hot water

envelope you

soothe you

My hands cover you

slowly

surely

relaxing your soul



Your belly burns

your belly burns
beneath my fingers
a fiery web
following my touch
with each
glowing tingle
I explore you
seek your submission
whisper your name
my intentions
kiss your lips
taste your tongue
and know
by your smile
that I fulfill you
make you whole



Can I stop this moment

Can I stop this moment?

suspend the next?

Leave the rest unrealized?

Can I ?

Can I ?



I thought the words

I thought the words
speechless,
breathless,
love-sick,
enchanted
were the exaggerations,
the fictitious musings
of poets
of singers
of street-corner madmen
until there was you
I've felt each one
surprised in their truth
awestruck in you
unable to speak
unable to breathe
unable to eat
unable to do anything at all
save think of you
stand rapt still
in your enchantment
believing now in fate
believing now in destiny
believing now in the
power of a
one true love



I watch you sleep

I watch you sleep
The light from the
television
dances delicately
on your face
and everything
here and now
is perfect
my hand on yours
my lips on your forehead
our strength
in our love



My hands on you

my hands on you
warnings unheeded
my hand slides beneath your blouse
fingers spread wide
stretching across your belly
the sensual feel of your skin
excites me
pulls me closer
my eyes locked to yours
driven by your beauty
by my passion
by the enchantment of exploration
my hand moves lower
slips beneath your skirt
fingers carefully lifting
delicate fabric
working my way
inside
your flesh beneath
my fingertips
consumed by your heat
I touch you
long to kiss you
feel your secret splendor
beneath my tongue
you respond to my touch
wet, hot

beneath my fingertips
I'm maddened by your scent
dreaming of your taste
to feel my mouth
upon you
wanting you
wanting nothing more



Where do you think

Where do you think

I've been?

Did you even notice

I was gone?

or did you turn

your head,

words trailing off

mid-sentence

to find I wasn't there?

And then,

which way did you turn?

which road did you choose?



Holding from afar

holding
from afar
the wind
on my fingertips
seeks passage
implores acceptance
each breath more angry
than the last
my hands shake
fingers outstretched
leaning weightless
on the breeze
fury
trembling
forming fists unwilling
crashing
to the ground



Can I be sure

Can I be sure
that I have seen you?
Know I did not
dream you?
Recall my hands
upon your face?

Can I know that
I have felt you?
Believe that I
have held you?
And never forget
your taste.



Each step

Each step brings me closer
and farther away still
With each new thought
I am closer,
closer to understanding
closer to truth
and still I feel you
drifting,
drifting farther,
farther from me



In a dream

In a dream

I tasted your lips

Brushed your

hair from your

eyes,

felt your

soft skin

beneath my fingertips

Still looking

into your eyes

I awake

to empty

surroundings

I squeeze my

pillow tighter

Whisper your name

Try somehow

to reach you



Like a feather falling

like a feather falling
I reach to catch you
feel your softness
watch in wonder
at the perfection
of each movement
and slipping from
my grasp
I watch you fall
farther still
beyond my reach



She walks

She walks
from light to light
moving between
the raindrops.
Looking once more
I'm not sure
she was
ever there



I catch tear after tear

I catch tear after tear
and turning my hand over
I watch them stream
Slide like so many serpents
and fall to the floor
I close my eyes
see night in a faraway place
Your necklace reflects
moon and stars
I long to see your eyes
to kiss your lips
still I sit here
catching tears



From a quiet room

From a quiet room
sitting
the floor cool beneath me
I reach out to her
shout her name
cry out I love you
close my eyes
concentrate harder
and try again



I shiver

I shiver

put my back to the light

close my eyes tight

The slow silence

cuts me

squeezes me

pushes me down

In these moments

cold, consuming

I pray for

sleep, death, or reason

You fill my head

every second

My eyes cannot hide my pain

I know I'll never forget you

I'll never forget your

tender kiss

the soft touch of your hand

your skin warm and exciting

I know I'll never forget

the taste of your skin

your sweet smile

or enchanting laugh

But even as memory

recalls each curve

of your body

mapped through

fingertip
kiss
and tongue
I fear that
even if I remember
I may not believe myself
doubt that anything
so perfect
could be real
doubt that
I kissed your lips
held your hand
and looked spellbound
into your beautiful eyes



I feel her slipping away

I feel her slipping away
I reach out
into the open air before me
cold, thick
She says it's better
this way
I stretch
feel her with my fingertips
grab hold of her hand
and squeeze hard
She relaxes
slips free
smiles softly
leaves me here cold...
crying



Hand in hand

hand in hand

slipping

fingertip to fingertip

dreading

the open air

this distance



She listens intently

She listens

intently

can't remember

now

exactly what

for

tries to

recall

hears only

the heavy silence



Silken black-green

Silken
black-green shimmering
the crow
leans forward
brushes aside some
fallen leaves
with his beak
and snatches
a seed
a delightful treasure
between leaf & stone
resting in a
carved letter
With a quick beat
of his wings
he's aloft
then perched again
this time on a
taller stone
whose vertical letters
catch no seeds
or leaves



Five Days

For five days I've missed you,
sat thinking of you.

Touched your face

with my hands,

Kissed your lips

your breasts

your stomach

Felt your flesh

hot, electric



From recent rain

from recent rain
these rocks are damp

the legs of my pants
take in this moisture
as I hang my feet
over the ledge

I lean back onto
uneven but comfortable stone

I take fallen leaves
by the handful and
drop them from my perch

it seems an eternity
as they flit this way
then that
until landing silently
far below me

I can't achieve the Buddha-mind
wont reach satori
because
even when I think of nothing
I think of you



Fortune Cookie

each of these seemingly random thoughts
fall, gently rocking
as a feather until landing
softly, perfectly
onto you

countless days begin and then end
as I try to grab hold
of a piece of this time,
set it aside
and stay here
with you

I sit scared, consumed
each beginning... your name
each ending... your name
the answer to every question...
you

in these waking dreams
I brush your hair, touch your face,
coax a smile,
and taste
your lips

In darkened hours
I shake, call your name,
hold my breath
and think
of you

A day begins. A day ends
A question goes unanswered,
but still
I taste you
on my lips



A mission abandoned

a mission abandoned,
disenchanted conquistador
so too
fails my resolve

I conjure these
nocturnal chants,
these perfidious
resolutions

my thoughts scatter
like crystal flowers
rushing to collide
with this cold, hard floor

and in this moment
all I can see is you
all that exists is you
in this petal shower of
my broken thoughts



Fall

Fall!

Now Slow Down.

Think Nothing.

Meet Me Here.



If I could make sense

If life could make sense
at least in small segments
maybe I wouldn't drive so much, so far
maybe I wouldn't sit for these hours
watching clouds, seeing you



I'm lost

I'm lost
wandering blind
pulled by distant voices
in this darkness
I'm scared by every
rushing breeze
each cooler than
the last

With each shiver
I form your name
on my lips
but can't bring myself
to call out

The encroaching edges
of this void
suffocate and paralyze me

I'm afraid.
Afraid that when I
finally form your name
with resolve
there won't be enough
air here
to make the words
of my cry



And so

And so, my journey
abandoned
I'll stop to sleep
the darkness held back
by cold, black wings



Fear

fear

thick

hot

my hands shake

I awake

perspiration – soaked

reaching

for you

calling

your name



The fingers

The fingers
of this black night
prick me
prod me on
never let me sleep
stumbling ever higher
to this
insurmountable summit
each decision is flawed
I can only hope to fall



I want to wake

I want to wake
from this dream
to see that all is right,
realize that I had you all along,
that this torturous irony
was the stuff of sleep
and live once more in life
instead of dream...



I hear your heartbeat

I hear your heartbeat
then realize it's only mine.

I hear your voice,
your sweet laugh
then realize it's only
in my head.

I see your eyes
smell your delicate skin
then open my eyes
to find you're not there

I close my eyes again
and shiver
cold here without you



Each teardrop

Each teardrop
calls your name
each cry withheld
calls for you
I sit silent dreaming
to touch your hair
to taste your lips
to hold you
in my arms



Slow torture

slow torture

give the rope another turn

slow sleep

fingers burning

I hang



Hot touch

hot touch

warm flow

sound of rushing water

smell of steam

an exotic cocktail

of tears

blood

and water

visions of lightningbolts

white hot bursts

fading to black

with a

sickly cool



How do these things

How do these things
coexist here?
these visions of beaches
and midnight strolls
these demons copulating
in orgiastic splendor
teeth razor sharp
mouths dripping blood
and smiling
How long before the stronger
surely crushes the weaker?



A slip, A fall

A slip

A fall

the hot taste

of fear

death

blood in my mouth

lips resting on the sidewalk

No one notices

No one sees

I watch them

from above

see the blood

from my mouth

pool

then trickle away



Breath slowing

breath slowing

I feel life

slipping between my teeth

over my lips

and away



Cold alone

cold

alone

I stand on a small hill

an anomaly on a plain, nothing more

naked

dying

blissful

dreaming of mountains



Chasing Spirits

heavy darkness
I taste the fog that covers me
turn quickly
and listen hard
listening for spirits
shapes in secret whispers
I fear for myself
fear destroying myself
fear these spirits
fear myself most of all
fear these spirits are me
looking deeper into this blackness
I've never been here before
and I sit crying
eyes closed
chasing spirits



This deep emptiness

This deep emptiness fills me
as I want you
but can't taste you
I love you
but can't hold you
and everything seems wrong
my fingertips shake
lonely,
longing for your touch
The answer to every question
pointing in an impossible direction
The answer to every question...
you
and yet I can't take my time
and kiss you
slow... perfect



I feel you

I feel you
over these miles
raise my hand to the glass
say your name
and speak to you
in loving whispers
I hold you with my soul
trying to show you
the truth that I feel



I search for an end

I search for an end
or quiet logic
answers in blades of grass
complications in
flowing fields
each tree a silent god
beneath the sun
that warms them still



Each time I come here

Each time I come here
it's a little bit colder
a little bit darker
a little lonelier

Each time I come here
I slip a little farther
feel a little smaller
stay a little longer

Each time I return
I've lost a part of me
shed a layer
left something behind

How long must I stay
this time?
When will I return?



I can make no sense

I can make no sense

of this

Any reason

lost on me

The cold stone

of an unyielding wall

at my back

The hot life

of a forearm pressed

into my neck

It makes no sense

to fight alone

It makes no sense

to fight at all



If I told you

What will I be to you in time,
if not just ink on paper?



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