



Dereliction
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The Song Cave

Reality Check

Everything was for sale, including bad behavior. Anger was consistently lucrative, addictive even, the way one could viciously unwind against another yet simply think themselves a spectator to violence and pageantry.

Everyone was dressed in the latest fashions, hopelessly screeching up and down the block expecting sympathy from strangers recently abused under dogmas of ego and rebranded religious zeal.

I was embarrassed and it failed me. I was made complicit to bad casting and the blue lights mania. I believed lies I was unworthy of love and flourished in arenas sparring for pet names.

I was all ambition groomed against my reality, and made to suffer harms inflicted to my spirit under which I believed I could survive.

Of the Lucky You Are Chosen

Out the window of a speeding
Oldsmobile, a young girl's reflection dances on a
prism of flyby crops. What she doesn't know she
doesn't know. Suffering. Happily. Drinking her
red pop, pondering the merging of all possible
reality, the lifespan of rocks—

Geologically speaking, she knows
all life is lava-born, all chaos & structure
naturally formed through fire & pressure, simple
ingredients of fate & bacteria cycled through
eons of gradually polluted atmosphere—

Embryonically, her consciousness
remains seafaring. Unforgivably young. She
re-visions herself a ten-million-year-old reptile
creeping the shoreline, a bog-buried sacrifice
excavated, her skull full of mud & bile, three
petrified baby teeth fused to the jaw—

It was a quick death, she remembers. A
long life wandering. She knows what she knows.
A child of the universe. Suffering. Happily.
Watching her reflection, cautiously considering
the scene before her: a long road stretched thin
towards a violent horizon.

Non-Careerist

tread lightly
everything holds weight

grows wider
through dreamtime

steady coaxing
fuels rotation

each birthing
a cycle

uncalculated
in its avoidance

a vessel
to drive

riding higher
on repentance

so often
no meaning

assigned
for our sake

a ripple of truth
curling

Practice for My Birthday

I grew & all around
me were trees:
a small cut of wood
I couldn't enter,
though I tried.

As a child, during
a thunderstorm, while
I was getting my
hair braided, I
watched the oak
out front struck down
by a bolt of lightning,
the jolt of bark
cracking
spilt through the house,
the table shook and
the braid snatched
tighter against me.
It was a fantastic sight,
the fire that sat in the
hull leftover, glowing
steady for one
whole night.

I got older,
I remembered
a lot. Still remember
a lot. Everything
began to make more sense,
less too as the glass dome fell
reflecting off the distant moving
of the blurry Otherside.

Only now
do I realize what
I'm chasing: the thrill
of the last time something
fell out of the sky.

Up until that point,
I was having fun
in my own way.
I was practicing
my handwriting.
I was making myself
useful to myself
as one must
and then what?

I Love You, Gabrielle

Marveling from my high rock I toy with my fate.
I look upon the silhouette stretched over the kickball field wearing
my shape.

That's all God is
a shadow cast long wearing my shape.

Behind me, fire in the city! A siren set off by the flick of a hand!
I recall the street, I remember thinking,

“Oh no. No. I won't die here,” and going about the rest of my life
with the same conviction.

I know one day I'll be proven wrong and the great laughter will be
aimed down on me. I intend to slip right through it, clean from rock
into tall shadow.

Dt. Epiphany

A frantic electrician runs through the building.
A sensation grows in the mind.

In time, I came to see the shape stood for
what it stood for: a shape.

Nothing more.
No answer inside to mirror the gut.

Quietly Waiting for My Angel to Emerge, Moth-Like, from Her Box

I should be a better driver, a wiser architect than this.
Three turns at the helm of my kaleidoscope & the body pivots to the
weather it rides.

I might forget the altitude's lack, might wonder the math attached
to the mountainside & my timing.

(SOMEONE SCREAMS)

Everything is mocking me.

If I were still brave I might jump, as I remember, from the jungle gym
down towards the splintered wood chips to avoid my playtime captors.

Now I look through windows they've paid for, recite numbers so I may
pass through the armed guards' radioactive probing & on towards the
ticketed drinking fountains.

How strange to rip through helpless clouds imagining thrones
clutching kings—it's laughable
the compassion some lack and its absolute relation to the endangered
state of our environment.

Wing-Foot, Where is My Music?

It was just a facade.

I was just singing to myself something sad, something yellow
that moved like a duckling sure-footed out her pond—

Kick the can, hold applause—

(zoom in)

a couple other versions of me sharing cognac,
shooting dark brown out crystalline pteropods.

I've suffered all wraths suggested,
combative force combed through.

Awe.

Face reveal—
Hit applaud!

I'll wreck the blues for free this time—for free!

I'll hand you the gemstones too, the goulash,
the sea glass, the garnish goldenrod.

Corncob, don't you love me?
Can't you forge some new weather for me to endure?

What prayer do you need?
Let me try again—I am flawed!