

There is joy
when we see
our mistakes
unwritten
on our children's faces.

Comes a tiger
through greenish tree
drop on your side
and talk to me

Comes machine
through tawny street
fall on the tiger
cut off its feet

Comes small wraith
through misty heat
slide through the throat
and rip out his speech

Comes long bird
through empty skies
twist through the head
and steal his eyes

Comes spent man
through listless time
sort possessions
and engulfs his mind

Comes poor wind
through restless space
gathers his soul
and begins to pace.

I will travel an ocean and wait for you
I will miss your footfalls on cobblestone streets
 in bowels of cities and dimly lit coaches
I will bring the apparition vision I have
 not knowing if you are any different
And we will play our word games as always
I will be happily exhausted after long walks
 and puzzling over your words
I will sleep
I will wake and think of writing you a letter
 to ask if your apparition was right
And instead I will relate the sights of the day before
 so you can know that you were there.

Play me like that scat solo that you move your hips to.
You string me along with lips never wanting more than I can give.
Your eyes speak otherwise.
A smile backs me up, won't let me go
Takes my arms, turns the lights down low
And so...
I give in
You win
Again and again and again.
I can't say that I dismay as you wrap your arms around me.
Under your glance, in my trance I feel the music mighty.
Might be...
So I wrap you tight and you pull away
I let you go and you come back my way
Don't know, but...
Play my hope like that cat you loved and kicked out into the alley.
String me along on hips and promises to me and me alone.
And eyes that speak otherwise.

The shapes of your steps
 outlined by wind in tall green grasses
the fluttering dives, between leaves
 for maintenance of a shadow
the slow tilt of a hill.

Nervous, a swallow skitters on a tree branch
 the river yawns
 a deer pauses to drink
 and we look.

The leaf trips and skitters
 as it's pushed brown by wind
the branch laughs and crackles
 as it loses its bend
the path grows hard.

Quietly, the wind drips on white flake, then another
 the river yawns
 the wood widens in wonder
 and we walk.

There are sad songs
and there are love songs
and there are some songs
that are never sung.

There are moments
the type of moments
slow steady moments
where we're undone.

These are the times
the fickle times
soft knowing times
where we see

all the things
that never were
that never can
that never will
be.

songs of two days...

I.

tonight i wondered what i'd be, without those things which, by which i, define me. the writing, the stories, the rhythms, the glories, the hopeful wit, the lucky charm, with which a million fears i disarm. frail and weak, at the center, i am. for so long i've never considered a love of me, and through it become embittered toward all i see labeled love with gaping holes. tears unfold unevenly enveloping all, at least all of me. now stand i in awesome splendor as i realize and suddenly remember, memory which i never knew, blind eyes soon see, the love of you. my hands, my mind still poke and prod, but my heart knows and can only softly nod, 'yes, yes, this is it, the stuff of love, so tender, pure and fit.' so forgive these lips as they stumble dumb, and these feet which accustomed run, before my heart bids, 'sit, be patient mind, give chance and dreams undreamed you might find.' and so it is, as I walk with you, that dreams like this, they might come true.

seems strange to think this comes from me, i don't know what or from where these words come. my broken phrases seem to spill out in stages and here, even in prose, i find rhyme, sudden rhythms, time signatures that vary and skew, leaving me with nothing, nothing but my thoughts of you. still in this, these words come out, stronger now with fewer doubts, and in all, source of all, this love is frail, catching gusts of wind as you exhale, which bare me up to heights unseen, which start me now off to dream.

slow down, let's make this tangible, these words are frail, even unmanageable. they quake unsteady, profuse in promises, hoping they will fulfill their boasts, astonish us. but now to things which we can touch and don't hold out all too much, these words I can say – I love you – again for another day.

Stand close
the way it feels
the way air moves
hushed between us

You're silent
yet words spill out
of places eyes
never look

It's interpretation
and I know I'm wrong
you know I'm right
and we agree

This is how
you move
in and out
of me.