The tragedy of it appeals to my desire for a happy ending.

I think of you in churches. I dream.

The God of Dreams, watching from a window two dimensions too small, because the divine figure of exquisite suffering is a masthead for the ship destined to sink,

and all that is left of us

is to sit and wait,

watching our angels drive themselves into the ground, our star-framed seats far too far from the action-reaction sequence, because as gods we have the privilege of interference, but even we can’t outrun the truth,

destiny,

love, love

or whatever you want to call it.

I dream of you in churches. I believe.

I’m sorry,

I don’t know how to answer a prayer in a way that ends with everybody winning,

I’m sorry,

I don’t know how to respond to your questions in a way that doesn’t leave you fuming,

I’m sorry

I don’t know how to string the final words of our story together in a way that gives us the happy ending you wanted, or at least

one that makes sense.

What I’m not sorry for

is the cinnamon toast and crumpled pyjamas,

the hazy summer days and the sensation

of my soul on fire. The chemical smell of hair-dye confused

with the smell of your shampoo

and I can’t tell which I prefer.

Is that such a bad thing?
I believe in you in churches. I pray,
About how what I will not be sorry for is the anger, and
  the confusion that turned my stomach like the way
  you turned my hand over in yours, or the way
  you rolled over in bed when I didn’t know how to move, yes, I'll
  admit, the mechanics destroy me, I’m always finding pieces
  but not the place they fit, like locked doors that are
  supposed to be hallways, and ceilings,
  where there are supposed to be skies,
but somehow. I always end up here. In church. The stained glass windows
  remind me of your eyes; the pillars, your convictions.
  And the echoes of soaring voices makes me think of what it must be like
      inside your head.

And I just wanted you to know,
  when our last dream is finally gone, I’ll sit in churches
and sing.
Wisteria

She's a wisteria woman;
tangled legs spilled over balconies,
bright eyes caught in the yellow mist of sunlight, laughter reflected in her lungs.

She hides flowers in the corners of her house; just leaves them there until they're dried and husked and scented with death.
She once said to me that they were prettiest when they had given all their fragrance, and vibrance, and life, to die beautiful.

She tucks a green glass bottle in the warmth beneath her pillow; to catch her thoughts and swirl them like a miry pool through dreamless sleep, sluggish like the movement of a sodden swamp.

Her tight-woven fingers wear at the pads upon her toes; then tug and catch at butterflies that nest within her palm, between the smile lines in her hands and the dirt that smells of memory.

She lies in whorls of grasslands;
atop a gleaming rooftop,
slow-moving mind entranced by lights and a horizon filled with promise, she sways and breathes the ailing air of the crowds below.

She's a wisteria woman;
lost in a maze of her design,
tangled thoughts lazily spilling from
a wisteria mind.
Disclosure

Winter lurked and raged,
But not before long,
Died peacefully in its sleep as the throes of
Spring took rein.

Sudden, came a fever
Of odds and ends –
And the ashes of winter sizzled
Before your presence.
In an instant
We travelled the world on foot and stone,
Swinging on mighty beards, and dancing
To songs
That never were.
We were beautiful.

Swiftly, you
 Took my wrongs
And my rights
And shipped them to the tropics.
A watertight secret marked
This way up.
I lusted to say, but I stumbled
Headfirst.
My tongue,
Tied by sailors and seafarers
And looped across my heart.
A sinking ship caught
In a torrent of
My own creation.

And so as the endless minutes faded,
Submerged into the vast horizons,
My faintest inclinations remained
Muffled.
A final, regretful undertone,
Buried beneath the warmth of
Reassurance
And a heavy heart:
All that I never was.

My sufferance.
I trudged on
Forevermore.

And so,
The sweet song of spring,
Gone as quickly as it had arrived,
Slaughtered
As summer’s roar filled the air.
INTIMACY

inhale,
exhale.
arms, no
armor joined
to end of your spine, a
home for your mind, a
satellite for two dark sunburned
eyes. how intoxicating, annihilating,
running through the darkness towards a
fire, fire, fire for a fire touch and slow
breaths following the slow twist of the
arm, twist of the armor, twist of the spine. a belt
of celestial words dance around
the cut of your lips like a dark
river. what are you searching for?
unraveled skin and untold stories sitting
in the wrong collarbones, unbuttoned eyes and
questions writhing, burning, breathing;
a solar systematic act. you crawl into
my ribcage, mindlessly, artlessly, whisper
the words of a fallen empire into my
bones (because we're breaking
too.) recklessness and
poetry, what an unlikely
affair, god damn it.
i’d give you the key to
my spine.
My Shooting Star

I loved every smile
   You faked,
   All your words
   Left unsaid.
Your eyes found open,
   Yet still to be read.
Diving head-first into the concrete
   You swam beneath the earth.
   Was it as expected,
   Or did you wish to return?

   I wish I could whisper
   Through those piles of bones
   You left so much more behind
   Than your gargoyle gravestone.

   You know, sixteen years ago
   A star too alighted the earth
   Yet it was buried yesterday
   Beneath the mud and dirt.

   Dirt—Darker
   Than the blackest of nights
   What once shone
   Forsook its light.
   And with a flick
   The flickers ceased
   To become nothing more
   Than a fossilized heart...
   Deceased.