Until You Told Me

Beauty, as it should come,
held heart in your wings
Overhead, we inhaled the trees
I tasted summer’s pine,
until you told me
I was tasting life.

Flowers were patterns of illusion
that tickled our minds like feathers
I knew how a flower blossomed
from small root to large bud,
until you told me
no one knows.

And oh God, they were so beautiful
the way they curved, like a perfect circle
the span of flight, competing with
the speed of light
The prisms were so jealous
of the colors that reflected
…or refracted, whatever.
That wasn’t what mattered
until you told me
it did.

A creature for lathering, bathing in atmosphere
with wings as clean as yours
their eyes nestled by each diamond feather.
I think my favorite part
was the way they held me so tight,
until you told me
I was holding myself.

And I would’ve spent the world
within your wings,
under the moonlight that slept and snored
over the waves that argued and played
through the forests that danced and sang
and in your heart that loved,
and changed…

Fear, as it should come,
held truth in my heart
The wings I never harbored,
and my eyes that only saw black and white
without your guidance
could never break through to sight

And the waterfalls caused death
when you let go of me.
For who was I when I wasn’t
under your wing?
“Are they broken?”
my finger stroked lightly,
gentle as my cry which had snapped
in the water.

You left me
tossed your wings over the edge
as if they didn’t belong to me.
 Alone.
And empty.
Hungry.
And cold.
My Mind, over the edge
My Soul, over the edge
My Heart, into the abyss.
I loved you,
until you told me
it was only those wings
I had loved.

I glanced over the edge,
a deer caught in the beautiful headlights.
You were right,
you always were.

And then I jumped,
fell through the pine
and tasted my life
so sweet…
fell through the flowers
that I could never fathom
so wonderful…
fell through the reflection of color abroad
where everything mattered
to something.
But I never made it to those wings
that once held me so tight,
but that was okay.

I am okay.

A whisper in my ear
that shifted the plates in the ocean,
split this planet apart.
For you had once told me,
I am holding myself,
and the wings within my heart.
She’s Done

I’m done.

Her wing was too—
Her heart was too—
Couldn’t wrap herself around the edge of things
or crawl some way to the middle
A flutter here, a flutter there
never mattered to anything that could already fly
Congratulations.
I hope they will be proud.
What was the point of some metamorphosis—
so admirable, so divine,
so ideally shaped, symmetrical and refined
oh! the appeal and grace and fascination of wondrous beauty—
that never existed within her anyway,
even in her mind as they lavished the lies
within a crack in the fork of her wishbone.
I threw it to the dog
when no one was looking.

I’m done.

Her mind was too—
and no one ever saw like she did.
She left the circus just as she left for the circus,
where disheveled desires strapped themselves in
and held on tight for a ride of adorned beauty,
only to be projected by a crooked wing.
Told me my eyes were crooked
and I crossed them at once
“You’re exactly right.”
She played in the sand,
knowing she would not drown
and she fluttered over the ocean,
hoping that she would.
I’m done.

She knew it was over
when she clung to the ground
and buried her wings within the soil,
crying out for a life that she was dying to give back.
Rained and her colors bled outward
but she kept her eyes shut so she wouldn’t have to see
what she had become.

I’m done.

I am too—
and the wings perished.
She threw herself at the dog
when no one was looking.
Hosted a funeral
no edges, no middles, no one there to tell me I had given up
on the worst thing they ever
wished upon me
Thank you,
I hope you all will be proud of me.
She was too— gone, yes. That’s it.

I’m done pretending.

Never played the game as well as they had made it.
“Where are the wings?” they said, “the wings
so admirable, so divine,
so ideally shaped, symmetrical, and refined
oh! the appeal and grace and fascination of wondrous beauty—”

Gone,
like the wishbone of lavished lies.
Gone like the circus of unkempt illusion.
Gone like my mind would’ve been had I not gotten rid of her.
“She’s gone,” I replied.
She’s done.
And into the light I crawled.

Silence for You

I wait for the famished silence,
all the noise that it eats
and all the time that it feeds.
It seems I’m hungry all the time;
hungry for more sand to drip
through the hourglass that is my heart.
And I’m terrified to be pried away,
darkness after death is always the part

…where I stop thinking

Thoughts hurt more than imagination can tell
I breathe a grain of sand
and fear I’m choking straight to hell

I stop breathing.

But what good did that ever do?
I know in my heart,
it won’t bring me back to You.

I hear the same voices speaking
the same lines,
echo as they blend like waves
stuck in a room with no holes
as great as the one in my hourglass.
A word here,
a word there,
there are words everywhere
never meaning anything as beautiful
as the ones You’ve spoken.
Sometimes I wonder what it means to be broken.

Broken like You: dirt in the ground
or broken like me: dirt in my heart

Yet one time you told me
“nothing ever falls apart.”

I don’t talk
words are cheap
I hardly ever listen
but somehow I keep
every whispered wish that
rolled through my ears
dangled on my fears
falling like memories
in my hourglass of pain.
Each and every second
I had to refrain
from screaming my lungs
out through my mouth
for a world that never cared
to see me so impaired

But I like the silence.
Never hearing anything that isn’t You
almost as if what I am, I grew.
A grain of sand I always breathe
I crave time for thoughts to see
The nest of sand built in my glass
belongs to You until silence has passed.
The Silence of the Free Bird

The silence I breathed, the silence I fought
not a thousand words could match a single thought.
I flipped through the pages, as blank as a tree
Beneath the bark and bind,
the words set me free.

The heartache I breathed, the heartache I took
only broke my heart to see my hand close the book
“Dad, I can do it.”—“Mom, I swear to you.”
Between this line and the next,
I live this life for who?

The fear I breathed, the fear I devoured
threw the key inside of me, and they called me a coward
I scribbled fear throughout all the pages
Before the book, before the tree,
we locked the birds in cages.

The Warmth

It’s within every heart beat I feel
that isn’t my own
Every breath that reaches my lips and passes on to this fervent machine
A machine where air is made
only to be used by you.

It’s within each of your arms
that bind themselves around my body
as if I didn’t have the strength to hold myself up
Every infectious smile slithering
like a contagion meant to bring this machine to disaster,
and vulnerability
for every hair that stands up on the back of your neck
when I kiss you.

It’s within the words that ooze like melodies of triumph
where I have finally won something in this life,
and that is your heart
Every toxin radiating from your skin meant to poison this machine
is only the means of human nature,
where we learn to smell
before we taste.

Within this machine, within your machine,
Together we feel every heartbeat
that isn’t our own.