Experience

I want to leave this life
splatterpainted with the mess of living.
A collage
A masterpiece
Of experience.
I want tears to have formed canyons in my cheeks
and laughter lines that make Saturn’s rings blush.
I want the sun to coax the constellations out of my skin
and the oldest tree in the oldest forest
will be jealous of the rings around my eyes.
Silver scars to outnumber every blade of grass
I will let life mark me until
at the very last moment
The earth will welcome me back
as one of its own.

Homecoming

_Hush_
Words are overrated
They clog
They confuse
_Hush_
Listen
For once
Listen
_Hush_
Earth is crying
But for your ears only
She's calling
_Hush_
Shoes, lose them
Worries, lose them too
The birds don't speak that language
Hush
Your lips
They are open
Close them
Hush
Your eyes
They are closed
Open them.
Hush
The city doesn't know you
She won't remember
But Earth does
Hush
Your name
Your real name
Beating against the sides of rocks
Hush
Sprouting from the dirt
Hush
Rushing with the creek
Hush
Listen.
You're being called home.

Lost and not yet found

the whole business of being found is something foreign
I don't believe I've ever truly been found
a dot on a map
a distinct
you are here.
where I'm from
where I'm going
feel like places I read about long ago
the world in the back of the closet
or under the bed.
I'm driving somewhere along the edge of the paper
blue, red, tan ink blurred
the key doesn’t fit here
I’m playing in the uncharted oceans
past
“Here Be Monsters”
for even they know their place
and do not come to visit
very often.

Tell me everything

tell me everything,
tell me about the first thing you think of when you awaken in the morning, even if it’s how much you wish you could go back to sleep
tell me about the sound your feet make on the kitchen floor, tell me about the colors of your walls
tell me about the pictures you hang in your living room
tell me how you arrange the food in your refrigerator, tell me how you decide what to have for breakfast
tell me what pictures you would draw if you could draw
tell me how you hold your toothbrush
tell me what your car smells like
tell me what you see on your way to work
tell me which lights you always get caught by
tell me your favorite radio stations
tell me what your dreams would be about if you could control them
tell me what your favorite outfit is
tell me if you like the chair you sit in most of the time, tell me about the things on your desk
tell me what your clock sounds like, tell me if you like to listen to it
tell me what you notice first about new people you meet
tell me about your favorite mug
tell me what tattoo you would get if you could get one
tell me what you daydream about
tell me if you’ve ever slept with the lights on
tell me the first thing that ever scared you, tell me about the first time you ever cried for someone else
tell me about each and every piece of jewelry you are wearing
tell me how you got your name, tell me if you like it
tell me what your favorite street in your town is
tell me what kind of pens you use
tell me the color of your sheets
tell me about every pet you’ve ever had
tell me about the wrapping paper you use at christmas
tell me about the last movie you watched
tell me what you think the best time of the day is
tell me everything, talk until you can’t talk anymore then
take a nap or
take a deep breath or
take a sip and
tell me everything else.

The Goodie Bag from Father Time

It’s the space between the lightning and the thunder;
charged, buzzing, unpredictable
It’s jumping off a diving board, a swing, the moment
before the water harshly embraces you or
the rope tugs you back to
reality, somehow
anything is possible.
It’s the seconds
between
the
seconds the clock remembers to count,
stealing kisses from the universe in a quiet place.
It’s the chapters between the beginning
and the end
of a book you’ve already read. It’s
the echo after a gunshot,
the shattered second before you
blink.
This is where we live and die
unopened packages of time
the life between heartbeats.