

MY RELATIONSHIP
WITH SILENTLY
RUNNING AWAY

Dating

Imagine being tamed.
Overshadowed, somewhat.
Dressed like time passing, in some garment that
doesn't quite fit.
Blowing in the breezes of his preferences.
Blank and bland. Conforming to the structure of
someone else
who claims to love, but who really just likes to
control.
My words can't find enough air to complain. To
gasp for the
statements that need to exhale.
Sand and moon.

Who dares to stand up against the one who can
win a shoulder?

The inability to transform fears into action.
Disorienting against a chalky sky.
Both of us drinking heavily on those ranting
nights.
Clattering against his particulars of betrayal.
Imagine those waves of enthusiasm.
Incoming.
Too close together,
eroding the shores.

Shall I speak?

Accomplishing the stillness of glass.
Moon and sand.
I am learning. Floating and shrinking inside
the prettiness of words and
the solitude of why.
Securing the possession of things less frantic.
Sentences less severe, phrases less dramatic.
The quiet astonishment that will find its footing
years from now.
Backwards and forwards.



Divorce

I am so tired of being restless, so
I sit and just watch the world
whir through fading window panes of sentimental
sunsets.
Pages turning, like creatures of shadows and
flame.
Photos burn.

Which things to take with me as I move from
lifetime to lifetime.
An orphan of extraordinary history
with no furniture,
only recipes, manners, and whiskey.
I shiver in a false shelter.
Surprised how one wrong choice can create a
lifetime of right.

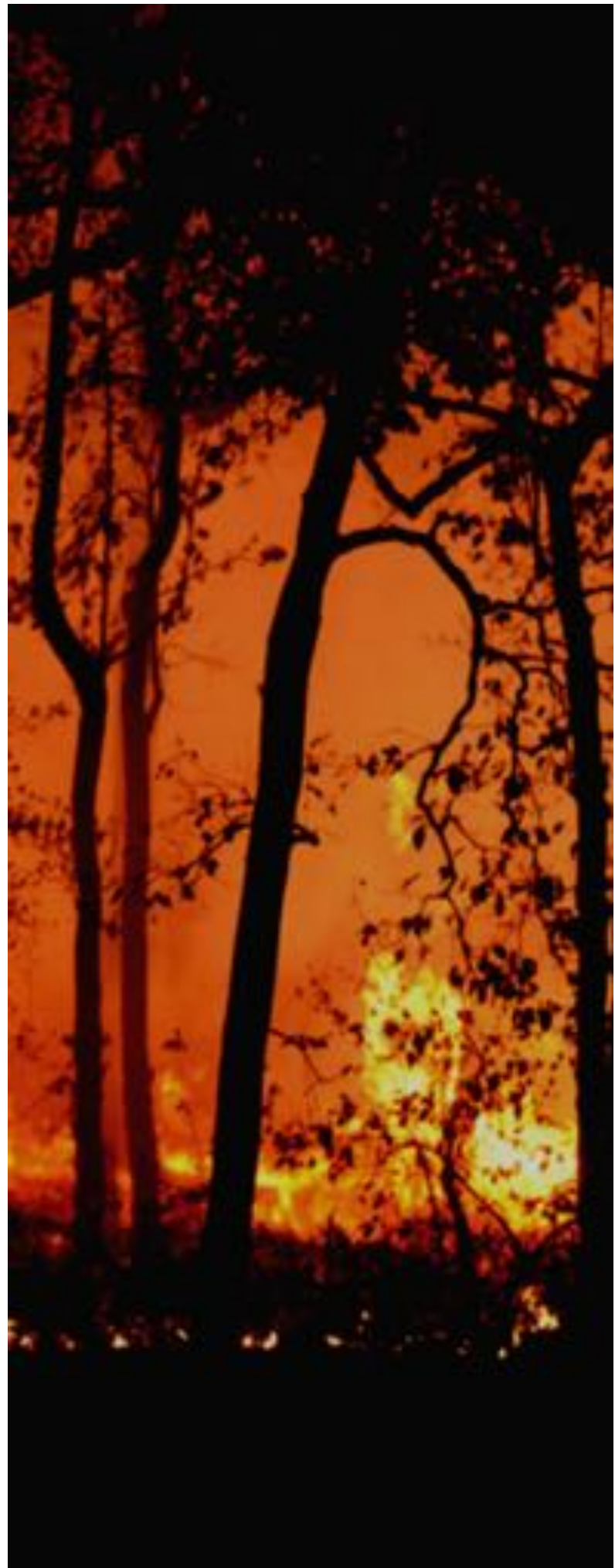
Confronting my own fatigue and narrow
doorways.
A bottleneck of decisions that leave slivers of
promises in the ice.
Broken, I plan to emerge from a shattering
windowsill.

A shrug with an accent.

The distances turn particular
without a complaint of ruin
from my parents.
My prayers can be poetry
because I think I know how to use my words.
even though I am afraid of doing so, most days.

My heart breaks for
a sense of woods dense with darkness.

The expensive gaze of a one-word conversation
that makes everyone uncomfortable.



Defiance

Kindness is also transportation.

Is it enough to send loveliness out into the world,
sinking into the sky beyond the variances of
voices that exist between
heckling laughter and secrets?
Sideways encouragement through forgiveness
of your psychopathic cruelty.
Through the suggestion that your anger is more
important than my words.
Through the panoramic dizziness of being
something to you that exists only in your
imagination. An abrupt nonsense of manifestation
and impact that threatens
your corrupt environment.

Imaginary truth.

You say that when you find me,
you will slit my throat
and the throat of the person standing next to me.
But will there be room to stalk?
Loose ends listen for the sinking of hope. For the
prophecy of sporadic unknowns.
Evidence of experimentality that disappears.

Imagine the doors open.
Antique hesitation and a blame of origin.
You are a collector of my afternoons.
You walk across sadness and bruises.
You stumble through curses and blood.

Imaginary trust.

To find an untraceable route that will take me to
a shining city. Where I can locate the protection
that is deep within me, within strangers,
hiding behind cherry trees and peering
through blossoms of unknown faces.

But I have a doomsday mentality about what is
coming. About ignoring the complexity of this
situation. You are today considering what my
options could be, but with so many, why even
bother? The sticky surface of fear clings to your
suspicious combination of feelings that
everything will not be ok
for you.
I can already see the future of what has been
disrupted.

Yet another thing you don't know I can do.
And whose fault is that?
Likely yours.



Delight

Imaginary plans.

We might just have to carry each other.
To force the slowness of time and of space.
To continue the metaphors of potential.

So let's just make some turkey bacon and raisin
bread French toast.
And ignore the fact that alarm clocks are a thing.
We can wait for the news that something will be
different tomorrow,
because we don't have to understand how
so many people sit and stare at the signs of
drowsy strangeness everywhere,
waltzing around the work of love to be done.

