

### **The Plight of the Fairy Tree**

I left an eyedrop in the stream  
a whispered curse between the seam  
of eyelids tied by fairy twine  
Nature's echo, lost to time  
For as it flows and pours today  
the stream someday will go away  
a strangling dam around the neck  
or acid rain all green, and bleck,  
how gross, how crass, how hard to see  
that Nature echoes that which we  
in our misguided train of thought  
attempt to burn out, fast and hot  
Until we yearn incessantly  
for a softer hour than what we leave  
when fairies danced around the knoll  
and shadows crept without parole  
And as the forest fades from sight  
so too do these dreams of night  
Terrors old, and dark, and deep  
And wonders born amidst the sleep  
Prayers, and hopes, and papers tied  
All just victims, lost to time.

### **Sloth**

You may wish, after a long day, to put up your feet  
To lay back and languish, to munch, guzzle, and eat  
But don't make it a habit, don't dare to repeat  
Or the life that you're living will softly delete  
And you'll be left feeling rather

### **Pygmalion**

Those cool-smooth marble thighs, that my hands shaped  
each speckled inch of that porcelain pale pitch  
I knew as well as the halls of my own mind.  
And thought myself worthy to stalk through, casting light in every crevice  
But you, you disagreed, much to my own shock at your theft  
and turned up your delicately chiseled curls, and left.

### **Solve for Ex**

I took a taxi first thing in the morning.  
Heading west, 60 mph, to ask her about her X  
And she, how foolish of we,  
was coming towards me at 45, in order to figure out Y  
How long will it be,  
before we can speak,  
and say the things we really mean?

### **Skyku**

Each charred shard of opalescent sky  
are falsified backdrops, the clouds,  
they hang like cardboard stagecraft  
unusually shadowed boats  
cruising through a cerulean sea  
The jets don't just chase the winds today,  
they rewrite them in the sky

### **Uncommon Cold**

Do you think of me, when I think of you?  
I've heard it said that when we sneeze  
It's only due to someone else's memories  
But my nose is remarkably dry  
And you must be sneezing all the time

### **Quantum Chef**

Trimming peppers from the vine,  
they fall off swollen, full of limes,  
I take them to the stove to cook  
but wouldn't you know, just as their shook,  
they morph again, this time to grapes,  
and I give up on making crepes.

## **Basalt Blues**

Recede, recede, aquatic melody  
rise from the stone, some brittle unknown  
walk a rapid tap,  
on the derelict dirt door  
where a broken metronome would have kept time before  
but this uncanny clock  
attunes to the rock  
Its beat robs the wind  
of staccato rain drops  
to languish alone, would seem a delight  
than nesting together a thousand tonights  
and all that I know  
and all that is true  
is that raindrops are falling  
and rain, makes me blue.

Oh Dairy Queen,  
Oh, Crimson Gasp,  
The royalty of Harborfast,  
Your hands as soft as marble thighs,  
Your calves, a feast for hungry eyes,  
I think I know enough to say  
Your eyes, at times, glow deep—moon-grey,  
For back behind the Circle K.,  
You drain the juice from seedless grapes,  
and turning over, hand-by-hand,  
your service whets a grand demand,  
And though they say you sweat in church,  
I've seen you there, your chappelled perch,  
The men, I've seen, avert their eyes,  
ashamed to hear your lily cries,  
I wish those blasted fools could see,  
their feet are washed by royalty.

**Ballet of the Heart**    *(Part I)*

How precarious a precipice  
it is on which a  
dancer's toe aligns  
how humble  
a single stumble  
and all her  
precious molecules  
may tumble  
spilling out,  
effacing doubt  
peeling off the crumb  
and clout that  
masks the many myriad  
women that inhabit  
her skin within a day  
In morning one,  
In night another,  
and every hour  
in between a different  
mix of each  
a muddled dream  
that fades away  
as the next will wake  
shaking off the crust of day  
until  
You find that  
your mind is not  
the one                      you recognize  
at all.

*(Part II)*

You fall.

And tumble  
down the roots  
of trees, so deep  
they disturb  
a sunken cavern's sleep  
where bristled legs  
over puddles creep  
where ripples echo  
over stone  
and toenails mingle  
with the bone.  
You feel, the curious shingle  
of the opaque pool  
but no reflection is returned  
never given,  
rarely earned,  
to perform a peerless pirouette  
demands the densest darkness  
Where the frame may move  
Without the harness  
Of the daily watchful eyes  
Every pupil  
melts into the murky bog  
And if you're lucky,  
there is no love, to pull back the eye  
And she is free to sing  
her limbs into liquid light  
Following the footsteps, you left behind.

*(Part III)*

You rise like bubbles,

to the nape of the mind.

A wind of change

beneath feathers of

lime tree

driftwood, all the old things,

that remain a sullen vestige

of memories, all the more morbid

And though,

we would go to hell

for one another

a hundred times before tiring

We can't keep cheating

that pitch-black porter.

The dance we do

on this tenuous trip-wire

is a wistful waltz

which we've watched before

You saw your mother stumble

But mine has managed

a much steadier samba

The dance we do is not unique

And we can only hope

that the ones we wake up as tomorrow

will shift their feet in sync.

At best,

our muscles will make a mournful siren's song,

and draw another duo

onto this precarious precipice.