

at jim morrison's grave

in the violet maze of headstones, i see a forgotten verse
poking up through the overgrown grasses
a wound funneled through the limits of words
to be healed only by time
these stories we tell of our suffering, of everyone else's,
find a watering hole in the land of obsession
we can't not remember everything,
it's in our blood to hold on until the the well runs dry
i heard once that every time a dream is untied,
a god is unleashed
but where does her body go when she is set free?
oh, sun as big as a mouth
i am asking you now to open wide
and swallow my many shames,
the ones i have spent years harvesting and pruning
for this very moment of reconciliation
when it suddenly dawns on me that i don't tend a garden,
but a jungle of desire so huge
it will never be tamed
american poet, who were you, really?
send me a sign so that i can tell the world
rectify its memory, force its head from the clouds,
put it back down on its forever bruised and bloodied knees