

# when you dance with her

poems

michael santiago pagan

*for mom & dad*

“You fill my heart with love, and  
my entire world with happiness.”

Author Unknown

*dreams hard*

she dreams hard  
across the board in  
a mix of light  
hearted tenderness  
on a whim while  
wide awake between  
the written word &  
a series of looks that  
are close to home &  
half asleep on cue  
up to the mark dark  
& uninviting in a  
peculiar isolation  
cobbled together  
in a crisis of confidence  
& creative depression  
that entertains  
one last sentence  
in that void that  
calls her mind when  
she dreams hard

*a*

she chokes me  
she bites me  
she fights me

*shudder*

perched on top  
by then not  
the same you  
don't know  
no more so  
you howl out  
in a bay when  
all is said  
and done in  
your head for  
ever asking why  
you didn't try  
to kiss him

*b*

lying in bed  
thinking of her

*munecita*

the emptiness  
fills itself  
with an  
uninhabited void  
of blossoms  
at the top  
of looking  
the other way  
back up  
the walls  
into the mud  
until one night  
burned out  
thru love  
by a girl  
who tells you  
her dreams

*c*

i  
don't  
want  
you  
to  
love  
me  
any  
more

*Hemp Doll*

Once in the morning.  
Once in the afternoon.  
And once at night.  
She gives it to me.  
Every time. I want it.

## ***Zero***

changing colors  
but remaining behind  
the wandering  
under the pines  
twists & turns  
at the flash  
of a light  
in the sky  
that reflects itself  
in a dream  
from one habit  
to another  
that stimulates  
the body

turn me on  
turn me out  
talk dirty

not by her  
but by him

break it down  
break it out

at the end  
along skin  
camera on  
both of you  
about it

## ***sexy girl thing***

who  
what  
when  
where  
how

did you  
love me

*the Winnipeg*

changing color  
out of it  
and into her gaze  
a few brief words  
come & go  
on the street  
past a cluster  
of flowers  
toward the bottom

sticking together

out of the way

with a flash  
of light

*do*

do you miss me  
do you still love me  
do you still want me back

*almost a poet*

almost wandering away  
some other poet in  
long dark grey hair  
disappears into a dream

of you, childlike, not  
a bit the same, too much  
no less with the same  
name, the worst of you

better this way, barely  
audible, hanging on  
the wall, ending up in  
an asylum, ready to speak

at daybreak, almost  
wandering away, only two  
or three hours away from  
remembering it all over again

*e*

There is something I have to tell you.  
But I don't know how to say it.

*d*

would  
you  
still  
love  
me  
if  
i  
ended  
up  
in  
an  
asylum  
one  
day

*an accident of the heart*

The girl in my insomnia  
is less vivid nowadays  
but she is still there.  
She changes color often  
to make sure I notice  
the pop at least  
once a day. It's strange  
to say, but she's  
the only thing that  
reminds me I'm still alive.

*f*

her tongue  
tells me to  
keep going

### ***Bilingual Baby Butterfly***

by the touch of her fingertips,  
hanging on the wall,  
in a flash of light  
between nothing, what  
lies underneath blacks out  
with no help from the  
discourse, treading backward,  
as clear as day, half a  
minute behind the rhythm  
of the heart, drop by drop  
and tick by tick a failed  
experiment, slow, then fast,  
deficient past thought, half  
and half identical, a  
thousand miles away from  
working together, however  
distracted on the contrary  
whipping up something  
crazy whether you know  
it or not, filing in,  
filing out, and getting to  
the bottom of things at  
the crossroads of the  
Ides of March

### ***Norah***

nipped in the bud,  
we move on,  
& come & go  
with out ever  
saying hello  
or goodbye,  
repeating it  
in pieces perfectly,  
like a tenor  
at the procession of  
living & dying in love,  
on screen, per se,  
belonging to no one,  
only when we have to,  
spinning & stuttering  
pages of poetry  
to ourselves

## *Mnemonic*

the words  
    live in my head  
    & in my heart  
and only  
    come out  
at night  
    when i  
    am alone

## *editorial control*

peeling illustrations away  
in a new kind of poetry  
tangled in carefree wandering,  
hardly written, mostly experimental,  
the workings of the inner mind  
breaking up, secular, strung  
between one interpretation  
& a variety of verse when they  
interrupt one another, white hot,  
& wet with rain, in the middle  
of the night off balance, in common,  
one after another seldom seeking  
publication, open & free hanging  
idly by the wall, line to line post  
modern, carefully selected  
& afterwards all of you

## *role model*

come out  
    come out

where ever  
    you are

& tell us  
as much  
as you can

about yourself  
before you  
run away  
again

*Idle Fable*

underneath the words  
something new  
is calling you  
    thru the fields  
    to stare out  
    at the pauses  
    in the imagination

self revealing  
every emotion

slowly, quietly, gently, sensually

kicked out  
with care  
from the void  
without stopping

down here  
mocking you

close up  
one last time

before saying goodbye

*g*

she closes her eyes,  
    remembers him briefly,  
and wishes herself to sleep

*p*

    i  
can  
    not  
find  
    her

    so  
    i  
invent  
her

*after foreplay*

anew  
like you  
walking on sonnets  
    at random  
    in whatever form

missing words  
here & there

halfway between  
something close  
    & nontraditional  
    & free

so you pick it up,  
    turn it over,  
    twist it,  
    put it  
    to your lips  
    & taste it

*B-boying*

on the spot  
bull's eye  
out of the blue  
out of the new  
    way  
next to last  
honeydew   wet flower  
say sing song  
touch of beauty  
morning star  
moon beam  
absent eyes  
folk ballad  
style of play

*sex fiend*

she creeps into the poem  
unannounced & unexpected,  
half naked,  
on a whim  
taking a chance,  
in & out of consciousness,  
moaning,  
catching words,  
looking behind her,  
remembering what happened

how he phrased it,  
turned it on & off

with a small bite  
on her neck

*breaking into the quiet*

in the silence  
in the dark  
the blackbird  
paints a cold rain  
riding thru  
a hole in the wall,  
crying alphabets  
when lightning strikes,  
pacing backward  
among the shadows,  
the echoes,

hopeless

hopeless

hopeless

hopeless

*the Hinterlands*

the poetry pulls at me  
as it spins on itself  
somewhere in the void,  
asking for you in the distance,  
neither here nor there  
expecting that much less  
than you can give her,  
slowly crawling away on her knees,  
    like ivy, getting everywhere,  
    all of you beyond inside out,  
    low-lying since taking you back,  
tightening in the darkness,  
    thinking aloud, breaking off  
    in an uncertain way, asking why,  
knowing why, but refusing  
    to accept why

*sleep sky sleep*

    by God,  
among the mountains,  
    i dream lines  
written in the stars,  
    up & down a heart  
that lightens with each beat,  
coast to coast  
    half empty,  
above the fantasy  
    shattered glass,  
    like always  
tied up inside  
    a finger print,  
soft & hard  
    at the same time,  
    across a map  
climbing The Lianas,  
    holding steady,  
    ready to fight  
    one more time

***lulu***

empty dreams  
that keep coming  
back to plague her,  
tease her, love  
her, fool her,  
rip her apart,  
make her cry,  
torture her

***Jeanette Paul***

it comes as a poem  
tied up inside a dream  
and wanders up  
a wish of the heart  
in love, under a fantasy  
that lets her be herself,  
fast & loose by God  
night by night,  
day by day,  
lights on, lights out,  
over one another dangerous,  
kicked under, clear,  
talking softly, naked,  
slow, deep,  
personal, intense,  
absent, inexact,  
anew, divergent,  
playfully, promiscuous

***h***

the way  
we didn't  
say goodbye

***bang bang***

she got  
too high  
in her  
creative identity  
again,  
bang bang,  
she finds a way  
to say hello  
in a goodbye kiss,  
one more sentence,  
one more sunset,  
bang bang,  
at the heart  
deep down  
climbing the sky,  
crossing the sky,  
made over for  
a glimpse of the bang,  
shaking on  
under the sea,  
in the blue  
less loose,  
less alive,  
bang bang,  
all the same  
come & gone,  
somehow wrong  
in what she  
is trying to say

***by & by***

she comes to me  
naked, again  
in the early  
morning, not  
speaking, just  
feeling, sensing  
sliding under the  
covers, whispering  
caressing, loving  
letting go

*one tree at a time*

kicking loose the  
sky falls away  
into the night  
& runs up the walls  
& rushes her hard  
past the whispers  
of wrongdoing  
& question marks  
unable to make sense  
of it because the sky  
wants you to be  
confused & forget  
what you just saw  
happen because it  
wasn't supposed to  
happen this way

*kiss me*

kiss me  
kiss me

i don't  
know how

many times  
i can

tell you

to kiss me

kiss me

*the Hen House*

going mad in the  
  shapes and shadows  
of a beginning  
and an end  
that goes nowhere  
when the bottom  
  falls away,  
  looks back,  
tries to take shape  
in a now-you-see-me  
  now-you-don't  
hindsight  
that catches up to you  
  in the dew  
  in slow motion

mixed among the slow drowning  
  cry for help  
and a morning twilight

*carte blanche*

She lets it go  
  at the start,  
wanting to see  
  exactly how  
  it falls.  
She's testing it,  
in a step of hesitation  
  playing on it,  
  tasting it,  
  alike locking it  
    down,  
  stirring it,  
    fighting it,  
  letting it  
    go again....

*Mrs. Sugartar*

beautifully naive  
she stays away  
from the blue sunset  
as it opens and  
closes another door  
meant for a lonesome  
dove just like her,  
far back dying for  
a lost girl that looks  
out at the wilderness  
and shivers at the possibilities,  
reversing order in a line of coke  
that arrives late and counts spots,  
under oath – pre paid but delinquent,  
seldom stopping on time,  
dressing provocatively,  
drinking too much,  
crying too much,  
and discarding too many love letters

*if you*

as if at the center  
of what you thought  
when we were in love,  
i ask myself why, and

whether i should give  
you another chance,  
if you recognize what  
tore us apart, if you

know how it could  
have been prevented,  
if you understand why  
it had to happen, if you

can take responsibility  
for your actions, if you  
can be trusted again,  
if you have changed

*uppers maybe*

the wilderness looks out at  
the delinquent circumference  
and points at the afterward,  
in another form of loneliness  
going mad, alive with anger,  
shaking, discarding the almost  
closed carelessness, hung out  
in the rain and spinning, slowly,  
carefully continuing to take form in  
a different order of distance,  
eight moves away from losing  
everything, crossing lines and  
moving thru the moment on the  
other side of an absence in love,  
out of hand now that the wind  
is close behind, bearing down,  
reversing order, naked, lucid, ready  
for the death that is near tonight

*Santa Fe*

at dawn,  
on the other  
side of light,  
the rain swallows  
you whole  
and lingers  
somewhere inside  
your dreams,  
just to get  
a piece of you  
and your almost beautiful  
body of work

*la la la*

it doesn't matter, she said

all that  
matters is that  
you love me,  
right here,  
right now,  
even if  
we never  
see each  
other again

*the ballad of Kiki Ray Way*

She has not been loved yet.  
In her autobiography love plays  
a small part. Her life was her work.  
Her art. Her career. Making a difference.  
Helping pay it forward for others  
like her who come from nothing  
and claw their way to the top  
the right way. Softly and calmly laying  
down only when she wanted to. Her life  
was about never taking your eyes off the  
ball. Never cracking. Working hard.  
And raw talent. Raw, unique talent.

*xyz street*

by which we live and love  
we are shown what it is like  
in an unfamiliar downright filthy  
modern American world where  
cigarettes and coffee are no longer  
good for you and impossible dreams  
are no longer possible unless you  
sell yourself to the left and  
to the right while delicately  
begging and balancing an  
imperfect anguish that furrows  
in the night as you search for a  
nymph that is not there anymore

*riddle*

on the edge  
of a canvas  
of an artist  
who painted me  
as i was  
that Monday  
in a constellation  
of extra  
affectionate  
close-up  
picking sides  
along walls  
thief who  
brings this  
love song  
to me

*Tara*

handcuffs.  
cigarettes.  
Cuban rum.  
whips.  
toys.  
leather.  
high heels.  
red gag.  
mask.  
and. duct tape.  
over. her.  
mouth.

*pick-me-up*

still in love with her  
always in love with her  
still think about her  
still dream about her  
always want her  
have to have her

## *Harlem Salem*

bird flu  
shark attacks  
Iraq  
Afghanistan  
reality television  
celebrities  
sexually transmitted diseases  
politicians  
naked girls with perfect bodies  
rehab  
athletes  
Big Oil  
the auto industry  
gambling  
smoking  
college loans  
traffic

*i*

everything i do  
          i do  
to bring you  
  closer to  
          me

## *Squirrel Hill*

the devil  
  leans against the wall  
  and lights a cigarette --  
    looks at you --  
    sizes you up  
  notices the color  
    of your dark blue eyes  
  exhales  
pulls out a  
  little black book  
  from his jacket  
  fingers down  
    finds your name  
  looks at you  
    and smiles

### *hack job*

looking like this  
in the morning  
and not being able  
to do anything  
about it  
so i get  
out of bed  
shit shave shower  
eat a breakfast bar  
put on a suit  
get on the subway  
go to work  
log in  
    check my work email  
    check my personal email  
read the news quickly  
pick up the phone  
and make my first  
pitch of the day

### *Charlotte*

a pale blue  
    dream with a  
        court of pink stars  
    yellow nymphs  
    white unicorns  
    purple swans  
    light green harlots  
    rose butterflies  
and a grey fairy  
    sipping tea...

**wild iris**

deep  
  within  
  a world  
    that cares  
    nothing  
  for her  
  she  
climbs  
  between  
  the space  
  between  
our  
  love  
  and  
  her  
  heroin  
  for  
  one  
  more  
hit

**j**

at six  
every Thursday  
i repeat my name  
and how i have a problem  
with alcohol  
in front of a group  
of people  
i do not know

**k**

when  
good bye  
  is  
  the  
  only  
  thing  
  left  
  to  
say

*I*

the  
  way  
you  
look  
  when  
  you  
go  
down  
  on  
  me

*the pomp*

when i look  
into your eyes  
i see myself  
losing control  
in that  
incandescent  
blue  
cotton weed  
paper cut  
that won't  
stop bleeding

*long division*

those who carry  
their suffering in  
cartoons & obituaries  
beguile me in that  
first memory of you  
by the water with  
just the two of us  
unrepresenting  
voyeuristic  
waterfall  
roulette  
rhythms  
in a state  
of absolute  
repose with  
something special  
between us

***acid pneumonia***

the sound  
in the dark  
becomes a kiss  
in the slow  
of a long night  
by the time between  
when we meet  
and when we  
say goodbye  
at the edge  
of another dream  
that gets lost  
in the distance  
between us

***m***

she is  
irresistible  
when she  
is on top

***needle in the night***

less colorful than  
i thought it  
would be the  
syringe pierces my  
skin slowly,  
softly,  
and i can't  
stop staring  
at the colors  
on my skin...  
sex toy purple...  
gag red...  
pale sky blue...  
sun bright yellow...  
dead black.....

*lady boy lullaby*

sick  
of  
every  
woman  
and  
her  
hang  
ups  
he  
decides  
to  
go  
the  
other  
way  
for  
the  
first  
time

***n***

she sits  
and faces  
the wall  
indefinitely

***o***

every  
time  
i  
fall  
in  
love  
i  
get  
my  
heart  
broken

*number runner*

sensitive enough  
to know the difference  
but not beyond question  
i sleep thru the night  
and write myself across  
the sky while taking off  
my clothes and finally  
realize that you never  
loved me or cared enough  
to tell me the truth  
even when i confronted  
you with the August  
manuscript in the closet  
that did not belong  
to you or the migration  
of shapes you chose  
to hide yourself in

*space coke*

watching the night  
unfold thru a  
door of crescents  
he peers into  
the shuddering darkness  
and begins answering  
the second voice's  
questions as care  
fully as possible  
to keep it from  
coming back to  
where it was  
yesterday when  
everything was  
drawn together  
in a too perfect  
color of a dream  
that he thought  
would one day  
come true but  
cannot because  
the peacefulness  
of dying has  
come to take him  
away from us

*ghosting*

this is just the beginning  
of a new destiny  
that lies on top of me  
in a random act of  
violence that circles  
overhead while  
betraying the strange  
soft slow serenade  
as it seems to you  
inside the ghost  
of an old dream  
from the limits  
of a fugitive  
on the run by a  
taciturn kiss under  
siege when one  
does not know  
what to say  
anymore

*q*

when  
you  
don't  
trust  
your  
self  
to  
do  
the  
right  
thing  
any  
more

***burned out***

inventing  
everything  
all over  
again  
in a  
new city  
further South  
Interstate 95  
where it's  
more affordable  
warmer  
slower  
easier  
to live  
this way

***even Steven***

the murmurs  
of old age  
c  
r  
e  
e  
p  
i  
n  
g  
up the wall  
to tap you  
on the shoulder

***Jimmy Thursday***

needing my emptiness  
i look to you to  
contribute nothing new  
but instead to give me

your sickness  
your hideaway  
your temptation  
your pain  
your blessing

*r*

i  
day

dream  
about  
words

all  
day  
long

***hush hush***

our love affair  
has run its course  
thru so many years

so many fights  
so many tears  
so much hurt  
so much hiding  
so much we  
couldn't say

to each other  
or any one  
who tried to  
help us

*s*

an end

to all

the pain

is just

a needle away

*skinny tramp*

i can pretend

that i don't  
need you anymore

that i don't  
love you anymore

but i know that  
would be kind  
of like dying

so i ignore what  
you just said about  
sleeping with another man

and close my eyes  
and pray to God

to give me strength  
to see me thru this

one more time

*t*

a fool for you  
i am  
and always  
will be  
because  
nobody can  
love me  
the way  
you do

**u**

i don't care  
who loves me  
anymore. i  
just want  
one more hit.

one more hit.

***Billy the Kid***

one night  
he walked  
out the  
front door  
of his  
parent's house  
and laid  
down on  
a rail  
road track  
to say  
good bye

**v**

more  
    selective  
        than  
    before  
she  
picks  
    a  
        tall  
        white  
    man  
who  
    comes  
        from  
    money

**w**

another place  
another time

we could  
have been

lovers

***skin trade***

this is my favorite  
kind of candy.  
kind of woman.  
kind of day.  
kind of song.  
kind of poem.  
kind of sentiment.  
kind of memory.  
kind of knot.  
kind of dream.  
kind of saga.  
kind of tottering.  
kind of odor.  
kind of poison.

**x**

poor little.  
sailor boy.  
who.  
wasted his.  
life.

serving his.  
country.

**y**

having

sex

in

an

empty

parking

lot

***the me about you***

breathing quietly

it blinks

end to end

ash to ash

behind the words

drifting apart

playing cards

across a bridge

nothing to feel

never done

writing on a wall

whispering in the night

borrowing eyes

drawing circles

in the sound of the night

making love

**z**

she

has

a

dark

side

no

body

sees

*snuff*

another week  
in the glow-in-the-dark  
cha-cha-cha  
shapelessness  
soda machine  
flower  
lie-in-bed  
dollar bill on the stage  
backfiring  
pumping gas  
tall grass  
straw umbrella  
boy toy  
low-rider  
smoothed back  
heartache  
end-to-end  
stained glass  
miniature

*the come-up*

she drags herself  
back to you  
in the night  
thru the mist.  
unremembering.  
everything. she  
can about you.  
taking more than  
necessary to get  
by she cries hard  
and bleeds out by  
shame what she  
could not by words.  
she does not want you  
anymore. but she.  
can't help herself.

***ab***

i  
sit  
down  
to cry

***Rt***

she  
is  
a  
lone  
in  
a  
way  
no  
body  
un  
der  
stands

***ljp***

the  
last  
thing  
i  
want  
to  
do  
is  
hurt  
you

*wildly beautiful*

a love that  
was never made  
where dreams  
come true  
in this  
version of you  
abandoning your  
heart break  
comes back to me  
by its form  
lying behind  
the space between  
the lower case  
and the stanza  
going both ways  
as a ghost  
breathing heavy  
in the ensuing quiet

*everyday way*

one more line.  
always one more line.  
i can't go to sleep  
until i write  
one more line.

*knowing hurts*

touching the absence  
one last time  
before letting go  
she eats me hard  
and comes back to me  
in the narrative  
of a dream  
neither of us  
can have

*zinnias*

a come on  
that way of hers  
to yesterday  
going both ways  
aloft pinups  
sharing needles  
thru a haze  
point of view  
clit split  
la la la  
peepshow  
allure dahlia  
rain in the night  
still blue  
orange peel  
candy store  
pow bam boom pop  
lemon drop  
one of two  
start & end  
lost boy  
penelope  
lullaby

*on a carousel*

cornering you  
she replaces herself  
in starting a dream  
above the high and dry  
sleep to sleep  
behind the drawings  
between her kisses  
on the lily  
on the water  
in the background  
annotating everything  
either way  
coming out  
in a workshop of words  
in her nudity  
when what happens  
to the sun  
happens to  
the moon

***vixen***

between her kisses  
i find the love  
i have been  
searching for  
my whole life

***bf***

dreaming  
    in  
    color  
        she  
        goes  
            to  
            her.  
    accidental.  
        sex.  
            among  
friends.

***slut pink***

clinging to  
the birds  
in the sky

the moon  
kisses them  
good night

and closes  
her eyes

anticipating

whether they  
will be there

when she returns

*the mimics*

at the top  
at the bottom  
she cums  
harder than  
that perfect  
part of you  
in a kind  
of loneliness  
that moves  
around you  
and flashes  
in the possibility  
of love  
when a moment  
in perfection  
on the way  
to ever after  
passes away  
in every way naked  
out of the middle  
about you  
as yet  
held above  
ever after  
brushing descriptions  
from the next  
to the last

zz

a heart  
loitering  
about the  
wind

*starlets*

at the end of this life  
from the next to the last  
buried in a playground  
of a strange heartbeat  
in another imitation of life  
out of the middle in the  
promise of today & tomorrow  
taking a hit across the stars  
until morning about you  
straightaway heavy with rain  
in every way naked on the way  
about you caught inside  
the ever after across shooting stars  
a flash in the kind of loneliness  
moving around her ending up  
let down & living underwater like  
the possibility of examples of  
half an inch below the set high  
at the top of this illness  
strewn behind the simmering  
stars on the night pictures  
lined with pills afterwards

*queer*

enter love  
and give me  
    please  
    give me  
what every  
    one  
    says  
you can bring

*bc*

i  
want  
    to  
    be  
    some  
    body  
else

*the Starts*

when she begins  
ricocheting off  
yellow leaves  
under a kiss  
inside out  
the walls  
of her mind  
barely knowing  
how to open  
the prelude  
between its  
own way of  
finding itself  
thru the mood  
when she begins  
to remember how  
to love again

*JK*

a  
woman  
making  
love  
to  
her self  
in  
the  
dark

*wxe*

i  
do  
not  
know  
my  
self  
any  
more

*stampede of the heart*

behind her gentle eyes  
she is hard to read.  
but if you catch  
the wind at the  
right time you  
can uncover her  
silence with a  
question mark.  
she will judge  
your sincerity.  
she has good  
reason to doubt  
the familiarity.  
inside a dream of her  
there is an easily offended  
hard to believe scar  
standing inside a clover.  
you can try to piece  
it together but you  
won't get far. because  
she won't let you.  
she lives for the words.

*she wolf*

holding her  
tight in  
the Pleiades  
your heart  
skips a beat  
when the  
makeshift  
fragments  
come into play.  
she stares  
back at you  
and asks you  
to come closer.  
be careful.  
the closer  
you get  
the more  
likely you  
will be  
corrupted.

***underneath the words***

turned inside out  
in an instant  
the night sky  
atop a flower  
in a hum  
on her lips  
with a sex  
at last  
closing in  
on you  
in the poplar  
behind me  
in a corner  
at the light  
at her touch  
at last again  
in a way  
only we know

***boogy woogy***

in the dark  
everybody but me  
understands the ballad  
of Mary Jane Tom  
and the Bayou Baby  
bubble gum  
color bar  
set my  
baby free  
go down  
fat cat  
Harlem River Drive  
merry go round  
jitterbug cum box

in the dark

*msy*

he  
    drugs  
himself  
    every  
    day  
    just  
to  
get  
    by

*tick tock*

sometimes the blues  
gets me down.  
sometimes i cry  
and don't know why.  
sometimes i cannot tell  
what is right & what is wrong.  
sometimes i feel beautiful  
but most of the time i feel ugly.  
sometimes i sit alone in the dark.  
sometimes i talk to myself.  
sometimes i remember what she looked like.

*stp*

i confide in her  
    because i  
    trust her  
    and love  
    her  
    and know  
    that she  
    will always  
be there for me

*cr*

i chase it thru the woods  
and trip over myself....

*abuelita*

she interrupts  
her dying  
to remind  
me one  
last time  
to brush  
my teeth  
before going  
to bed

*sing song*

though i die  
i live set away  
to anyone but you,  
from a coronation  
still afraid of you  
when you get mad  
even as i myself  
act the same way  
when i recognize in  
you the pain in me.  
the very pattern of  
the disillusion in the  
comparison dissolves  
in a star when i  
look into your eyes,  
solemnly parting with  
a soft awkward kiss  
when you get the urge  
to risk the blame  
that instant we are  
alone and know we  
can get away with it.  
kiss me. love me.  
and i will do the same.

*of infidelity*

she keeps her secrets safe  
in several kinds of loneliness  
now and tomorrow expecting  
another way to love that stays even  
although inaccurate not the same part  
unto God easily offended  
halfway down the landscape  
at a double loss as she  
repeats herself in the sky  
every time he tells her  
he loves her  
in comparison to putting out  
another gaze of several  
kinds of loneliness too far  
and too few between tracing  
the slightest width of living  
inside a dream come true.  
yes, she loves him.

*rlw*

in  
the  
darkest  
corner  
of  
my  
mind  
it  
still  
lingers

*atc*

i  
wish  
i  
never  
met  
her

*time & a half*

she gambled  
her heart  
away again  
on a man  
who let  
her down  
just when she  
needed him  
the most

*solemn*

never finding myself  
in time to know  
the difference or  
what's best for me  
anymore than you  
wish when you wish  
to the stars  
the love you knew  
and lost will come back again

*Cantonese*

she is  
the  
wind  
in my  
heart  
  
like  
a love  
poem  
howling  
in the  
moon  
light

### *miami paper mache*

paper birds  
flying over a  
paper sea  
on a trip  
to the moon  
in a kaleidoscope  
of confetti  
out of a corner  
putting ink drops  
on her naked body  
at an accelerated rhythm  
between the numbers 9 and 19  
at first  
a second  
and a third  
one by one  
as deep  
as it gets  
when she gets that look in her eyes  
and starts talking dirty

### *peeping Jane*

And then it happened.  
She kissed me.  
She tasted like red wine.  
And cigarettes.  
With Chanel in the background.  
I didn't know what to do.  
I looked at her.  
Her eyes were blinking.  
She was drunk.  
She grabbed my face.  
And kissed me again.  
Deeply.  
Sensually.  
I could feel her body  
move against mine.  
Her lips were warm.  
Soft. Wet.  
I didn't know what to do.  
  
So I kissed her back.

*ha*

she thinks of rain  
every time he makes  
love to her

*qt*

my  
child  
doesn't  
even  
know  
who  
i  
am

and  
it's  
my  
fault

*jsk*

do you remember me  
as i remember you

*dww*

my madness  
is full  
of letters  
& words  
& sounds  
that i  
some times  
don't understand

*dirty dark sexy*

thru the mist  
with eyes wide shut  
soaking wet  
toward the street  
she asks me  
if i want  
to go back  
to her place

*purple mica*

footprints on the clouds.  
a soft alphabet in the wind.  
art on the trees.  
a woman in the shadows.

*bl*

lost at sea.  
again.

*tattle tale*

i sleep in the dark  
and dream along  
the backwaters  
hiding in the shadows  
just where the corners  
meet the moonlight  
in the trembling  
dancing on the table  
at exact boundaries  
happy to forget  
a life cut short  
by a woman  
on the palm  
playing with matches

*absentee lover*

in her love  
sooner or later  
at the furthest  
tip of her body  
she steps inside  
the tambourines  
into a gleaming  
at the corners  
going slow  
at first  
too much alike  
to tell  
the difference between  
an exile living in Paris  
and a faint heartbeat  
in the distance

*hk*

the poetry?

it just happens.  
she takes over  
whenever she wants.

*star cluster*

like kites  
she plays on you  
high up  
& laughs  
on a roof  
of love  
compelling  
in her own way,  
deep into the brush  
by poets  
talking thru  
the branches  
whispering you calm

*shots of Rye*

you renew yourself  
in her love  
night after night  
asleep in the dialect,  
    almost a dream away  
beyond open, too far gone  
and too much alike  
so you lie down  
between the trees,  
watch the lightning flash,  
    sense the rain,  
        hallucinate some more,  
        bring back the breeze,  
        disentangle the shrubs,  
and fall into the eucalyptus

*promiscuous girl*

someone like you,  
like me, maybe  
in between

in a way  
back to  
    how it was

when you  
told me

to find love  
somewhere else

***Mr. Prosecutor***

*for Dr. Leonard Steinfeld*

i linger  
among the trees  
where no one  
can see  
or hear me.  
that is how  
i survive.  
living any  
other way  
would be  
too risky.  
so i linger  
among the trees,  
where no one  
can see  
or hear me.

***smut***

bit by bit  
the void  
within you  
drifts down  
after the rain,  
shimmering in  
your uncertainty,  
a new way inside  
the lies, trapped  
against the setting  
twilight, tilting back  
onto a wild rush,  
no longer  
an occasion  
to write about  
in any lost  
love letters,  
trailers,  
characters,  
or emotions

*yyP*

i  
believe  
in  
her.

that's why.

*ql*

this  
sorrow  
stays  
with  
me  
where  
ever  
i  
go

*cj*

caressing you  
in the night

*aka*

this faraway place inside my mind  
has only so far left to go

*kq*

what we think  
when we make love  
that first time  
to someone new

*pink slip*

she leaves you again  
in the setting sun,  
abandoned,  
alone,  
when you expected  
so much more  
from her,  
but alas,  
like always,  
you put too  
much faith  
in people

and so your  
heart breaks

again

*Coco Loco*

a network of

locusts  
pedals  
stars  
threads  
glitter  
hail  
space  
cracks  
bends  
splinters  
crickets  
ferris wheels  
keepsakes  
shudders  
nymphs  
lists  
breakers  
& fuchsia

that only you believe in

*mosca*

the poetry pulls at me  
until it spins out  
for you on a void  
in a soft slow parade  
soon enough just out  
of reach in the procession  
of something beautiful  
and as confusing as  
the time the colors  
behind the Pleiades  
broke at the bend  
and asked you for directions  
out in the open

*the elm*

see it  
touch it  
feel it

    tell it  
you want it  
and see  
    how it  
    reacts

*adl*

        she  
        falls  
        apart  
        in  
        the  
        rain  
        every  
    time  
    she  
thinks  
        of  
    him

*tripping out*

the shaking  
starts again  
out of nowhere.  
your eyes blink  
uncontrollably.  
your mouth gets dry.  
was that a hallucination?  
or did that just really happen?

*zl*

what am i supposed to do?  
i don't know what to do.  
tell me what to do.

*karen*

there were so many times  
i wanted to tell you  
that i loved you.  
    but i couldn't  
    because you'd take  
    it the wrong way.  
so would your husband.  
so would my wife.

*cada dia*

touch me  
love me  
kill me  
feel me  
heal me  
see me  
read me  
do me  
cry me  
anticipate me

***bb***

i  
drink  
to  
stop  
the  
pain

***mj***

the  
girl  
that  
was  
every  
thing  
to  
me  
has  
left  
and  
is  
not  
coming  
back

***temp***

just past sunrise  
she gets out of bed  
brushes her teeth  
makes breakfast  
puts on a suit  
brushes her hair  
drives to work  
smiles at the men  
and gets whatever she wants  
whenever she wants  
with very few words

*in flux list*

canned vegetables  
apple crust  
waxed paper  
tissue box  
newspaper  
coffee  
popsicles  
cream soda  
rubber bands  
cigarettes  
Tecate  
condoms  
licorice

*latin lesbian laura*

Red lipstick.  
Black Louis Vuitton  
high heels.  
Red nail polish.  
Mascara.  
Powder.  
Black Gucci  
handbag.  
Diamond necklace.  
Diamond bracelet.  
Diamond earrings.  
Sapphire ring.

*dim intimate*

memorizing the words.  
you said. that. night.  
when you. made your.  
move. on me. in a  
drawn. down.  
squeaky kiss.  
hand in hand.  
innocence. hidden.  
beneath. the rough.  
landscape. you.  
give. the world.

*hsl*

making love  
as quietly  
as possible  
so your  
parents don't  
hear us

*Uncle Charles*

take a close look  
at yourself in the mirror  
and tell  
yourself  
what you  
think you  
see  
when you  
smile  
back.  
do you  
like who  
you have  
become?

*dl*

out in the open  
& always breaking  
the sunset gives  
me a reason  
to love you

*ccc*

the pictures of you  
in my poetry

*sky writer*

my favorite part  
of loving you  
comes when the  
almost full  
moon  
comes out  
and  
the rain starts  
its soft intimate  
dance with itself

*bbjj*

another  
long day  
at work  
comes to  
an end  
after  
getting  
yelled at  
for something  
that is  
not my  
fault

*full length naked*

halfway over  
but just in time  
the leaves  
take color  
in a rhythmic  
animation of echoes  
that repeat themselves  
when you touch me  
in the dark

*prairie dog widow*

strangely absent  
something profane  
doubles back  
inside hiding  
some thing  
from you  
about my body  
that breaks windows  
out of doubt  
between words  
when you hurt me

*catching crickets*

floating in & out  
of consciousness  
the sea & the sun  
keep their secrets  
close to the  
overcast sky  
behind sunglasses  
in the softest fading  
halfway over lingering  
somewhere in the sand,  
turning into something else,  
turning into something new

*dd*

a martini.  
a lit cigarette.  
long black hair.  
pale blue eyes.  
crossed legs.  
licking her lips.  
strobe light.

*ee*

staying the same  
but repeating itself  
the blue jay  
looks at you  
one last time  
before flying away

*ff*

a vague rumor  
about my sex life  
that has some truth to it

*gg*

she hides  
her thoughts  
& feelings  
inside the  
stirrings  
of her  
heart,  
especially  
when in  
love

*bird trap*

coming back  
the almost full moon  
dries itself off  
in the rain  
while laughing  
to itself  
over what  
the stars  
whispered amongst  
themselves

*izzy*

whether near  
or far  
i take  
you with  
me where  
ever i go

*jackie*

if i  
could have  
it my way  
i would  
have you  
back home  
with us  
like it  
used to  
be when  
we were  
kids

*juniper berry dry rot*

holding hands  
in the rain  
a product  
of my imagination  
alternatively  
recognizes  
the embroidered  
dialect  
between our  
bodies  
that continues  
to make  
the same mistake

***qula kay***

in that prison  
i create for myself  
in my mind when i write  
about you

***rain lluvia rain***

discussing everything  
and nothing in a  
culmination of  
something imagined  
that lays down  
and takes shape  
on the sly  
in the dim light  
hush hush  
point of view  
where nearly nothing  
kisses her gently  
on the cheek  
and crawls over  
the embroidered  
shying away  
shape of a woman  
you can't help but love  
with everything you've got

***aces high***

in and out of consciousness  
and acting out games  
while laying on the floor  
in a place of friends  
over and above  
a line,  
a color,  
and a shape,  
in metaphor and imagery

**hh**

writing  
poetry  
is  
my  
way  
out  
of  
the  
sadness  
that  
cripples  
me

***Jack-in-the-Box***

no longer yourself  
you twist & turn  
& imagine the  
graffiti on the walls  
up to the mark  
drawn from creative  
writing on an exploration  
of possibilities on a  
horizontal vertigo feeling  
the closeness of the  
margin half stepping a  
certainty of beauty  
over & above the  
metaphor & imagery  
without making believe  
you believe

***Big Bad Bobby***

he sat for hours  
in silence  
reliving  
every thing  
he felt  
when she  
walked out  
on him

*dream a poem*

living purely for poetry  
i get up  
write a little  
shower eat  
get dressed  
go to work  
ghostwrite  
daydream about her  
note the lines  
    in my head  
ghostwrite some more  
    sneak out early  
head home  
undress talk to her  
& write her  
    some more

*Adams Morgan*

halfway around the world  
the sunsets & sadness  
let loose & speak softly  
above & over a beautifully  
wrought strangeness of  
mind vividly colored in  
an issue of consciousness  
that cherishes the  
peculiarities of an  
original way of  
seeing things  
nobody understands

*mi*

avoiding the truth  
one more time  
hoping it will  
go away

***xaeli***

the  
of topography  
her  
and body  
the  
contours  
of her  
face  
are  
all  
i  
need  
to  
keep  
going  
in  
love

***jailbird***

go slow.  
go slow.  
i want  
to feel  
you.  
every inch  
of you.

***nb***

i can't do this alone.  
i need your help.

***head over heels***

pale,

slim,

with

large

green

knowing

eyes

and

a body

that

kills

***just one question***

playing tricks on itself  
for fun the center  
of darkness weaves  
in & out of its  
series of puzzles  
concealing & revealing  
itself on bad terms  
in a hallucinatory light  
at the moment of orgasm  
into a void half blind  
& half dazed as it  
talks to a dream  
long forgotten  
long ago

*ll*

the heart  
wants  
what  
it wants  
and  
there is  
nothing  
you  
can  
do about  
it

*the innocents*

in terms of the body  
it is an overview  
of the heart  
screaming out  
its vague bewilderment  
caught between the  
black and the white  
fleetingness of a  
yearning expressed  
in words  
in a little theatre  
in her mind.  
and her end  
is her beginning.

*op*

let's  
talk  
about  
the  
pain  
of  
being  
in  
love

***Barbee Mountain***

the night is crying  
    for you & your  
    in & out of love  
experiment in poetry  
    because it has  
    a dreamlike quality  
        to it  
        when it  
    misplaces itself  
where the light breaks  
and finds itself caught between  
the pink & white  
creative development  
of pure emotion

***mental case***

i'm  
    losing  
        my  
            mind.

i  
    can  
    feel  
    it  
happening.

and there's nothing i can do about it.

***play***

her  
    love  
    was

an  
    ambush

*strait jacket*

staring at the ceiling  
part time  
in the context of  
painting her  
knocking on the  
door of madness  
just as the  
phosphorescent imagining  
checks in  
on the edge  
of another  
nervous breakdown  
backtracking thru  
the wilderness &  
a vague plan of  
how to escape  
the words &  
the stars  
when they  
move to  
the music  
inside the poetry  
that keeps  
her locked away  
in a deteriorating mind

*pop diva*

the beautiful  
& the terrible  
under the  
midnight  
moonshine  
are paying  
close attention  
to each other.  
yes, they  
are lovers.

### ***Black Crow Road***

making love quietly  
to her in a circle  
of bad influences  
like Benzedrine  
marijuana  
and alcohol  
the contradictions  
in myself wander  
around the desperation  
and the unfaltering guilt  
of a casual sexual destructive  
relationship i should  
have seen coming  
considering her red  
pink and white  
obscure literary  
references whenever  
she asks me  
a question  
about myself

### ***the Silica***

feeling out of place  
in a line of love  
that cuts glass  
on your wrist.  
the rhythm and  
poise of the blade  
on your skin helps  
keep you warm.  
marginalized  
at every turn  
with no sexual or  
cosmopolitan freedom.  
every time you get here  
you talk that talk  
and do your best  
to let go of the past.  
but you can't.  
especially  
not this time.  
this time you draw  
a straight line  
from top to bottom  
until you lose consciousness.....

*diamond graffiti*

a poet's sense of rhythm  
and the blackouts are  
what keep him going  
when he feels  
the sensation  
of illicit love  
approaching  
in the night.  
he can't stop.  
he can't help himself.  
this is who he is.  
there's no way out of it.

*de la isla*

she is  
an escape  
from the  
solitude.  
that's why  
i love  
her so  
much.  
she is  
poetry.  
and she  
has always  
been there  
for me.

*Aida*

Don't sleep. Please.  
Stay awake with me.  
I need you tonight.  
I can't do this alone.  
I'm not as strong as I used to be.

***Blanca***

living inside poetry  
and hoping to  
never leave  
because she  
talks to me  
at length  
when no  
one else will

***foot note***

kissing you every  
where and leaving  
behind a note  
of promises

a love  
that lasts  
forever  
makes a  
simple direct  
appeal to  
your emotions

and takes one  
last look  
out into  
the night  
of total absence

only to  
fall down  
again in the  
melancholic  
withdrawal

of the  
adolescent  
poet lost  
in thought

*cpr*

in  
love  
with  
two  
women  
at  
the  
same  
time

*avenida Santiago*

i walk  
in the  
silence of  
the night  
with the  
solitude  
of the  
streets  
and the  
poetry  
that keeps  
me alive  
at the  
beginning  
of a  
love  
that lasts  
forever

*Azucar*

seduced  
by an older  
woman in  
a black Prada  
cocktail dress  
Jimmy Choo shoes  
diamonds  
and  
gypsy eyes

*half a dove*

she was  
a turning  
point in  
my life.

    if it  
were not  
for her  
i would  
already  
be dead.  
and that  
is why  
i can  
not give  
up on her.

*kettle*

    crying among  
    the violins of  
    your howl  
    the silhouette  
    of the honey  
    suckle to which  
i somehow belong  
    skips itself in the  
    flash of a kiss  
    meant for  
someone else  
    only to flourish  
    and secretly discover  
    that it is its  
    own best advocate  
in a love game  
    long forgotten  
    in selective memory

*cotton tail*

she has  
a generous  
heart.

the kind  
that keeps  
giving  
    & giving  
    & giving.

never asking  
for anything  
in return.

she has  
a generous  
heart.

a once in a  
lifetime heart.

a generous heart.

a heart  
that is  
hard to find.

a heart  
overflowing  
with love.

*epl*

she  
is  
an  
entirely  
different  
kind  
of poet

*stargazer*

thinking of you  
and how you  
give me  
my silence  
back in  
the diamond  
in the square  
from kiss to kiss  
in ter min ably  
among the shadows  
with love and friendship  
    mel o dra matic  
like life together  
    in hiding  
the tears on this page

*in the orchard*

tied to the bed  
from kiss to kiss  
you & me  
nice & easy  
& a little filthy  
with glee  
in poetry  
abandoning  
usual thinking  
for sex  
with no boundaries

*the undone*

suspicious  
    she comes  
home early  
    one day  
and finds  
    her husband  
with another  
    woman

***boy hope***

every syllable  
in your exotic  
steady cold eyes  
tells me to  
very tenderly  
turn around  
in the moonlight  
and go back where  
the role of poetry  
and rhythm and rhyme  
sleep walk with  
half closed eyes  
between love sick boys  
and the rain  
in Buenos Aires

***flo***

i  
will  
never  
forget  
that  
day  
you  
said  
you  
were  
leaving  
me  
for  
another  
man

***ktn***

she is  
irresistible

***bumble bee***

sitting in  
a rocking chair  
laden with flowers  
as the rain  
draws the night  
in a bouquet  
of letters  
and hymns  
scrawling  
love poems  
on the walls  
in their absence

slightly hesitating  
and reviving it  
as it comes  
into the daylight  
blind to the truth  
behind your eyes

***fox trot***

dressed in butterflies  
anguish  
& affection  
she anticipates  
the illustration  
you have of yourself  
in a very different kind  
of book of poems

***the lingering***

crossing hallways  
the color blue  
asphyxiates itself  
until it becomes  
a shade of  
black & purple  
& crawls across  
the wall until  
it reaches the  
yellow inside  
the butterfly

***ww***

tied up  
and gagged  
she gives  
him that  
look that  
tells him  
to keep  
going

***cla***

i  
don't  
    know  
        what  
            to  
            do  
            with  
                my  
            hands  
            when  
            ever  
        she  
    is  
near  
me

***plo***

cautious  
but willing  
she extends  
her hand  
for one  
more chance  
at love

*heart-sick*

locked in  
& tied up  
among the shadows  
what should be easy  
but has turned difficult  
reveals itself to you  
in the red square  
along the etchings  
and the knowing that  
the next time i see you  
you won't be the same.  
that's what loving  
the wrong person  
does to people.

*flc*

forgetting  
is so  
much  
easier

*sun spot*

begun in good faith  
this poem has gone  
its own way. run  
its own course. chosen  
its own destiny. it doesn't  
care what you think. it  
just wants to live.

*asb*

heartfelt,  
i apologize  
the only way  
i know how.  
with a kiss  
and a hug.  
and the promise  
to never do  
it again.

*after thought*

a kind of nightmare  
swings at the boycott  
in your heart under  
the snow with a  
silent laugh that  
follows the uncertain  
refusal in one last  
love affair into the  
moonlight of a dialogue  
still rebelling every  
inch of the way  
but giving up when  
it sees the glimmer  
behind your eyes

*shoe box*

going with the wind  
in a sonnet  
into a field of strawberries  
pretending not to know  
the anonymous masquerade  
and leaving behind everything  
in a state of mind  
that withdraws into itself  
and waits for you there

***Madame Smith***

pretending  
not to know  
her

i  
walk by

as fast as  
i can

and  
try not to

look back at her

***traces of something new***

more dead  
    than alive  
the fog  
    in the stars  
    breaks into  
the fantasy  
    the birds  
        have created  
        for themselves  
and carves out  
    a new piece  
    of imagination  
    at the end  
    of the day

***ec***

she  
is  
the  
only  
sex  
that  
matters

***coke fiend***

breaking it in  
to the very  
end of me  
you lean out  
and drink the  
water in which  
you are drowning  
with eyes  
that gaze  
in on you  
at the end  
of the star  
alone at night  
tossed in  
upside down  
inside out  
whispers  
that call  
the moon  
names in  
its sleep

***kbn***

she has  
auburn  
colored  
hair

and a  
kiss  
that will  
make your  
knees buckle

***lsp***

making love  
in the shower

and telling her  
i love her

***kimmy***

she  
never knew  
herself  
until it  
was too  
late

***stiletto***

mobbing it up  
under the bed  
with a girl  
and a flash  
of light  
not knowing  
if she  
is out  
of tune  
or drawing  
too much  
when she  
stays silent  
like that

***x-rated***

behind glass  
a girl  
you think  
you used  
to know  
gives up  
on you  
just when  
you think  
you have  
a chance

***blc***

slowly  
tracking  
you thru  
the woods

***hard candy***

realizing  
it's all a  
trick  
    you shift  
        gears and  
take a bad habit  
    the wrong way  
        down the wrong road  
    to an absenteeism  
only lovers who live apart  
                    understand  
        for a  
photo finish  
    that still  
        skips out  
    on you  
at the end

***phone sex***

sexual impulse  
sucks fast  
and bites  
hard in  
a low  
mumble  
along  
her waist  
line of  
happy endings  
when the  
crow sings  
between  
her thighs

## ***Opinion Columns***

I don't  
care what  
the critics  
say or  
think. I  
stopped  
over  
analyzing  
them years  
ago. All  
that matters  
is the poetry.  
Nothing else.

### ***top ten***

dimming the lights.  
the only sex.  
that matters.  
turns to you.  
and asks.  
you to.  
fuck her. hard.  
tonight.

### ***Redhead***

her tender lips  
briefly grazing  
your lips in  
a kiss under  
the moonlight

### ***gs***

sex before breakfast...  
and again later in the morning.....

***belly up***

this  
is  
where  
i'm  
supposed  
to  
be.  
right  
here.  
with  
you.  
in  
this  
shock.

***Geva***

still in love  
with her  
regardless  
of how hard  
i try  
to for  
    get  
    her

***hacker***

everything that  
goes unsaid  
between lovers  
at the end of things  
as we stare into  
the truth about life  
and its consequences  
when you fall in love  
with the wrong person

***kaalyn***

dressed  
as a girl scout  
she comes  
to bed to  
tie me up  
and tell me  
what a  
bad boy  
i've been

***high heels***

another kamikaze run  
on a soft avalanche  
of clouds & stars  
in tandem  
under your skin  
in the glass  
tinted soft red  
across the moon  
pale violet  
spread out  
after the storm  
beyond sex  
sinking & rising  
& living & dying

***dot com***

a pale violet dahlia  
across the moon  
dressed in linen  
twisted sideways  
sinking & rising  
in a soft avalanche  
of clouds & stars

*PPP*

home  
is  
in  
her  
arms

*nql*

there  
are  
no  
rules  
when  
making  
love  
to  
her

*ice glass*

one by one  
a flock of birds  
weave past the  
dotted lines  
holding the  
pattern together  
to break the  
in between  
exact sequence  
that takes the  
creativity away

***rush man down***

they're  
watching  
you read

checking  
you out

analyzing  
every word

analyzing  
every gesture

hoping you fail

hating you  
for trying  
something

new

***love letter***

on the very edge  
of happiness, finally,  
after so  
many years  
walking &  
living alone  
in a cruel  
world that  
preys on the  
weak  
like me  
every day  
of the week

*the longworth shuffle*

lost somewhere in  
her Korean eyes  
  leaning against  
  the wall  
    of infinity  
    backtracking petal  
      by petal  
from her imagination  
but still missing something  
  in clinging  
  to the idea  
  that she  
  keeps telling herself  
  when she does  
the longworth  
  shuffle with me

*the ABC*

she's  
a  
bad  
girl

the  
kind  
that  
likes  
to  
be  
spanked

*sip sip*

speaking of sex  
and bad habits  
do you have instructions  
for how to do the  
sip sip belly up  
psychedelic baby pop  
chirping penelope lullaby  
there there hell on wheels  
joyriding little rabbit  
acid graffiti gang sign  
kamikaze rhyming  
cantata creole  
mimi Rumi heavy honey  
just say yes swag  
smut wet baby  
hush hush  
halo burlesque  
run on sentence  
coloring book

*bright light*

if  
you  
fall  
in  
love  
with  
her

you  
will  
end  
up  
with  
a  
broken  
heart

*however slang*

like flies  
drawn to  
a flame  
we make  
love in  
the rain  
at night  
when no  
one is  
a round

*fa*

she  
knows  
where  
God  
is  
hiding

*pillow*

i  
didn't  
know  
until  
it  
was  
too  
late

to  
do  
any  
thing

*xyj*

she  
thinks  
having  
another  
baby  
will  
save  
their  
marriage

*twig*

pinwheel pom-pom  
dune flower  
just under water  
sex pose  
colored light  
la la la  
peep show  
summer night  
right or left  
sloppy blow job  
clit split

*ink drop*

between memory  
and forgetting  
yet unrehearsed  
she slides  
across a waterfall  
half here  
half there  
kissing at you  
when she sees you

### ***Wind Runner***

She runs away  
from home again.  
This time for good.  
To escape her  
abusive father and  
and neglectful mother.  
She wishes she  
could take her  
little brother with  
her but she can't.  
He's too little.  
But soon he  
will experience  
the pain too.  
Thanks to her leaving.

### ***when you dance with her***

here i am,  
again, in a  
place of  
beginnings,  
trying to  
find myself,  
who i am,  
what i value,  
and what  
the right  
thing to  
do is,  
just to  
find myself  
back at  
the beginning,  
again,  
asking the  
same questions  
all over  
again



