Under the airbrushed sky
I watched your lithe figure,
    upright and angular
as it barreled towards a clay path.
Ankle deep in the terra-cotta,
I know
    Leaving you behind
and letting you erode in the rain—
Well,
I can’t.
My fingers sift through porcelain-daisies,
    shards of seeds escaping
one
    by
    two.
This is homage,
    A requiem.
Because we won’t be looking
back, won’t
see the ceramic petals grow.
I cherish them,
    Almost
as much as I
cherish you, but
    The setting sun
says it’s time
To go.
I've observed,
    Dear,
That way your arm whispers across the page
I'm sure
Shelves upon shelves
    Rustling and stiff
    I've read your name in every library
Learned to pick out the syllables
    —*Vell-i-chor*—
    Wedged carefully as a pen
In the space of yesterday and this morning.
    Don't look,
I've yet to wash my stain-kissed hands
    Perfumed by dried ink
    They draw stolen epiphanies over my body, under the wall
    By proxy, I've left tracks of you— real, fabricated, spoken, written.

    You must forgive me.

Sometimes,
    It's easy to fold reality from
stacks of crisp, timeless paper
    enchanted devastatingly well,
as fragile,
    ephemeral
    musings
    should be
And
    To believe
    Magnified tranquility,
    encompassing yet
    so rare
Could only seep out of card-paste windows
    leading to sepia portraits.

You are so conspicuously gone,
    So absent
    I'm certain you never left.
Where I Hide “Her”

There are days when I (she) feels destructive.

When I’m certain the weight of “elegance” presses in
The surface of my calm ripples
Caving in and
concaving out
Like some odd seismic event.
I want to watch the world disintegrate,
I want to
pull the worst humanity out of
us,
then let it consume them whole, pretenses be damned.

Some days I think I should start from myself first,
rip bones from my hips and
break apart tender lips and

hurt to set an example;

I am not above anyone else
to be sure,
If I can think like this,
like “her”.

She’s recklessly disinhibited,
A literal divide,
And so she hides, my Hyde.

These days, I feel like a sinner
playing Russian Roulette
With a lace-paper eye.

Spin the barrel once,
Hold a rubber band smile,
She doesn’t know how to pray,
doesn’t try.