

Poetry

#2

Throw the

Melted music

Across the sea.

Dance inside

the salty sea cave.

Separate the water,

swallow the wet air,

choke down any tears.

They disappear

or else merge into

one collective.

See the sun

Through soft filters

and sleep beneath

The Beloved.

Departed.

You never

Are discovered.

Forget

Anything

Here.

#3

I found a piece of green sea glass. Chewed and swallowed and pricked my ears for a funeral dirge/And felt the rising sun rip apart the room/Then I lowered myself into a well, I licked the limestone from a safe distance/Either opened or closed my eye /Laughed with the sad boys– And defied the marble to surround and consume me.

#6

Dashing glass bulbs

on the floor

cut up my Jesus feet.

You never let me

look at myself anymore

but I imagine that

you lie about

my eyes

being

so full of diamonds

And shiny stars.