

## The Art Inside Me

and were it not for you,  
my voice, my reason,  
  
would not exist.

the art that is inside me  
(you said):

the pump. of poetic  
blood.  
or the pump. of your  
heartbeat.  
in my hands? or in  
you—

or in both, must go.  
must traverse. like  
camel corpses in the  
sahara.

like world war II stories  
sunk. at sea.

like the art, inside  
our palms: a spring  
of sapphire wind

scattered amongst  
cement—  
scattered.

like the smell before  
rain.

## M

I'm not sure why  
I can still smell  
the scented candle.

Or why spring came,  
in the pattern it did.  
The light, sapphire

air that surrounded us,  
while we ended  
up on your porch;

the same song  
loudly playing in  
our gentle, throbbing  
ears.

I wasn't ever sure  
about the time  
or place

or even  
the right moment,  
but you assured me

we were right—  
even though now  
we still can't talk about  
it.

I'm pretty sure  
why spring made me  
nervous.

And I'm pretty sure  
why the snow  
fell in December

and why it was so  
bright.  
Just as I am sure why  
I got your postcards

and why you stayed up  
the night I left, and  
the night I came home.

And why your lips  
still had that warm sting  
of Burt's Bees.

## Fuego

You were born in  
October  
and I became one of  
your many  
falling leaves,

discolored and detached  
from branches too tall,  
dwindling in the wind  
like straw.

I saw leaves around me  
break from their dead  
stems and drift

onto the pond's surface  
below us—floating like  
insects,  
like corpses.

But when I fell,  
I didn't drown  
like the rest of them.

I made it to land  
and dried out, on the  
dirt.  
I was thrown into a fire,

and I burned like a relic  
of witchcraft. I became  
smoke,  
where it rises and  
doesn't,

where it is grey  
and soundless, where  
it floats like a

majestic halo of ash,  
blocking the light  
from shining through.

## Cumulus

It is not in the what  
or in the how that make  
them rise  
and block the sun.

It is the force that  
binds them together  
like tornadoes of wispy

wind. It is the  
peace that is lifted  
like heavy dust

through a vacuum  
and clogs a main artery.  
It is the stories of  
romance and war

that always end in death  
or absence. It is the  
poetry contained in the

blossoming hearts of  
scavengers that  
surrender to the weather

like flood victims,  
poised for the flash of  
cameras.

They are not warriors.  
They have merely risen  
and dressed themselves  
in flocks of cotton.

They have ignored the  
water vapor  
and are drenched in  
sweat  
that belongs to  
bedsheets.

They are delicate  
like hummingbirds,  
whose existence  
merely depends on

survival. Not of the  
fittest,  
just survival.  
Living daily lives amidst  
flower petals, suckling

honey and sweet things  
from the ground  
or from what people  
throw away.

Flying up (probably)  
into  
the what and the how  
that rise  
and block the sun,  
billowing like pillows  
and UGG boots.

Buzzing around and  
not needing to know the  
time, not needing to

know whether they  
will live lives worthy  
of being published  
on Wikipedia (they are)

not aware of  
Global Warming or the  
formal  
art of devastation.

No. It is only the rising  
that  
concerns them.