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)
to
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.