

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.