

A Thousand Stars

For Max Peters

I look into your eyes,
and find, staring into my own:
a thousand sad, sleeping stars.

I reach forward, and try to
brush away the anguish,
but you bleed upon my fingertips.

I then see that your eyes have
been bleeding all this time—
I then remember who you were—
I then understand what you are.

Sweet Nothing

She would pour her pine scented breathe, like maple from the bottle,
over your eyelids 'til they fluttered and closed—
and continued blowing, pouring her breathe over your forehead,
like fragrant oil or holy water from the priestess;
anointing or initiating you into her holy church or coven.

And then, like wine like honey like maple sugared milk,
she poured sweet nothings into your ear.

Stroking your neck, scratching the other ear, grabbing your thy,
brushing her knuckles delicately over your genitals;
and while every never flutters, as though shocked by the light,
the power of the holy living ghost;

she whispered sweet nothings—
softly, sweetly, heedlessly; with nothing but ministerial sweetness
pouring lightly through your ear.

But when you awoke, you'd stretch out an arm to discover nothing there,
not even sweetness; but maybe sourness in the stomach;
a cold, and spiritless, despair.

and then it would dawn on you that the sweet nothing she whispered,
poured, offered through your body, were not holy sacraments unique
to you—that even the nothing in the air
were moaning, longing for her to hush it back into something.

In Faith

I've tiptoed my way to your door,
locked out the outside world;
I threw the key to the moon—or
so, I believe; it might be in a tree.
It's away in any case, just like you.
I'm staring at the moon through
your sacred window—not your
eyes, for they are too grey, then
green, then autumn to see through—
for this isn't your soul, not even
the soul of the world. However
much I would like to contrive it
into a poetic motive, I don't see
anything that reminds me of you.
It's not your Lookingglass, Alice.
I then turn back to your locked door,
and like Odin, snake into a key to
get through it. I then shoot spiraling
down the stairs, like a tumbling star
I'm out your front door, discovering
the earth—your cul-de-sac in fact.
An inner child's voice asks a wish,
but my wish is not to rely on wishes.
So, I pray and try not to hope but
in faith, I know, I'll see you again.

Dark Night of the Soul

So, you got dumped from heaven,
all your prayers set on fire;
and the Devil, maybe God, drank
your heart, spleen, and liver
from a smoothie where it blended,
they said, well with spinach,
peaches from the good and evil tree,
golden apples from the Hesperides,
and bananas from King Kong.
So, your faith was shaken by size
of the monster as he came,
your hope got gobbled East of Eden;
your sight went on uncured,
blindness widening your every path.
Your virtue seemed a joke
for everyone to laugh at except you.
Or your love seemed a stoned lark,
a messenger pigeon lost on his way;
but your wings aren't clipped.
Soon, you'll see, you'll fly—fly away.
Just not today, my dove.
For today, we feast the deviled eggs
that failed to hatch of you new selves;
and tomorrow, we eat the omelet
of all you, you failed to kill.