

the words



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Opening Caskets

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This is not what you think

Return from the Dead

Then you called me
after you had been buried for six months
as if you were reading a script
from a daytime soap or
a candid camera episode.

You twilight zoned me
you corrupted my real world
with the truth
and for the two hours we spoke
I kept testing you to see
if it was all a dream I could not wake from.

Under your tombstone
I carved the word

"Not" so that anyone would see that
you were among the living
not of the dead.

Today I am not as sure.
it has been a week since we
last spoke.
Instincts directed me to call
on a chilled Saturday night
gut feelings said
hold off on the
Sunday

yet I made the one minute call
interrupting your current situation and feeling ill at ease
I began to wonder if it had all been a dream.

I loved you so much once
and it all came rushing back
the spark of a honeysuckle romance
the airy body smiling at nothing
the scent of your skin in the taste of
my mouth

I needed you so much once
and always
and when I was finally ready to
make me yours
you were already in another's bed.

Girl finds boy

girl runs from boy
girl runs to boy
girl runs from boy
boy finds another girl
girl finds boy again
and finds out about
other girl
girl misses boy
girl thinks boy dies

boy reappears
girl wants boy back
and the story is a figure eight of confused
signals and missed moments

I wonder if you'll find me as pretty

I wonder if you'll actually come see me
as you said you would
I wonder if I was drunk and you really are gone

So many times I have heard others make
that same claim
that they are on their way
From Florida from California
and somehow I am blindly optimistic
at long last, we will know if we can
find each other
be consumed by each other
let each other shine in the light we have found in our own worlds
you always let me be who I am
and I always admired every thing you did

and I still do
don't be dead.

I still cry at the thought of your absence
selfishness in belief that
you would take me back

after the figure eight I played with you.
I keep fooling myself into believing I only loved you once
when I know
that the love I have still lives

There is one last fear since you
have risen from the dead
is that I will over call you

or over mail things to you
or over the months not be a part of you again
because I fear losing you through too much attention to you.

The face that can only be described as
gently exotic
the eyes that can only be described as
warmly muted in lost tears hid well
the full lips that hide twisted tooth smile
voice melting into the wind as a
natural part of an aural landscape
the sleek grace of your walk
the soft touch in your fingers
the way you would laugh
at my dumbest jokes

raven hair, darkened skin

softest warm beauty in body
I can't give this up again.

You are who I compare
everyone else in my life to
and no one but you can measure up.

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To Matt

understood me best
misunderstood me most
yet there was always parts of you in
every face I looked into for understanding
and when I had the chance to hold you into me
I ran far and fast and furiously
with fight against your wish to be with me
I hate myself for that

the smiles you left in my eyes
remind me to think of the better sides
of breathing
of thinking
of knowing
that somewhere out there was someone I adored
who wanted nothing more than me
and I blew it off as an anytime thing
you were taking care of me the way I wished
anyone could
and would
or would try
but I could never believe you even though
you were the only one I've ever believed in
I wanted to tell you so very many times
that I need you so much
but I feared losing you
as I lose everyone who ever cares about me

or tried to

Damn Evangeline and her notions
that all men return in time
she could have known and should have known
that it is not to be the true never ending

she waited in patience as time left her
alone, lonely, somewhat defective of character
as her man never returned
I hated that book, the story, the tale
I hated that I was like her until today
tender shelled crab waiting to be stepped on
crushed while unprotected
although all looks whole
shrugged off as naked bather
sighs relief at good fortune
and I catch last breath staring at
the destroyer

so many stomped and tread upon
weakened soul begging for harbor
yet Matt can laugh me out of it all
or did once. .c.This is not what you think

this isn't a love letter to you
why would I write a love letter
to you, of all people

Do remember these things
the way I do?

There were the nights you would
stir fry fancy foods and feed me
imported beer and we would watch
very bad movies on my 15th television.

There were times when I would
come back from hospital
fully consumed in depression and
you would hold me as I napped.

There were the many times when
I would cry on your shoulder about
this man or that man,
forgetting that you had asked to be
part of my life.

There was the night alone in my room
when I got my courage enough to
want to make love to you
and let my duty and my position
prevent it all.

There was the night when
you were costumed
in black as a Romeo and my prince
when you gave me
that very first kiss that
stunned me for a full five minutes
as I watched you leave for the ball
in an elevator.

There was the dinner I invited you
to enjoy with me in Sherman Oaks
when my position was no longer a problem
but my obsession with another man was.

There was the four page letter you
finally penned to me
(after receiving
a bag full of mail with my signature)
that I still have in my possession as a most
treasured thing.

There was the afternoon
I followed a whim and visited the old school
only to find you twenty pounds underweight
as we hugged for a full ten minutes
before you told me about your new lover
as I smiled a big smile
and drove home in tears.

There were the dozen or so letters
returned to sender as I tried to
find you for six months.

There was the earthquake that stole you
from my life and left me
physically sick for months as I cursed
the unclosed circle that your loss
had left me with.
I had hunted for you
everywhere I knew
you had been
and everyone I had asked said you were
just
gone
so the mourning continued.

There was the graduation I had

hoped you would magically appear at
and instead I was greeted by your former
roommate who was also sad
you were
not there
but rather you were home sick.

There was the two hour phone call
that brought you back to life
and now I live in fear that I will
somehow lose you again.

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Variations on a Theme 1

kissed the ashes you became

ate from the bowl you left

the t-shirt smells of your skin

the tissue you stuffed in my pocket

holds a wad of gum you once chewed.

women who knew you well

call me to say so

stabbing the hurt

men who knew nothing of you

call me to tell me you were a god

but god's don't do this

young girls who have your likeness

in their lockers

hate me.

good friends and family

haven't talked to me

except about "making arrangements"

in my room you still sit

in my chair

you still touch me

as I sleep

but then it's just the dog

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Variations on a Theme 2

The dreams are big movies
sometimes peppered with faces you
had in the park that night

the soft spoken beg for forgiveness
was lost in the loudly screamed
demand for attention

I found the needles in the backpack
and I burned them in the stove

you got to remember me wearing
a satin dress and walking barefoot
at a night club
in New York

I got to remember you on a table
naked and carved
like a turkey on a holiday
your arms flopped to the side
rag doll of a man
without your soul in your eyes
I don't know who you were

but you weren't you

I got to remember you in a hospital
stuffing morphine into your IV
hoping that they would see how much

pain you were in.
Hoping they would bring you more
hoping you would never feel
you had no soul in your eyes

I get to remember the last time
you kissed me with a smile
only two nights before

telling me you were
going fishing
but this old friend you were with
was fishing for you.

I lie and wait for it to happen
but I'm not afraid enough to
let it.

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Variations on a Theme 3

did you remember to pack everything
when you journeyed that night?
outside cell
inside hell
when time tells me you are gone

I won't believe

did you remember who we were then
when you walked that bridge?
lockhorn smile
lost boy child
when you sigh your last sigh
I won't believe

did you wonder if I was waiting
when the dark came under you
all alone
bus stop home
when you say you'll be back
I can't believe

will you ever be the same man

when the box is sealed
now a year
no one near
when you say that you loved me
I can't believe.

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Tastes Great

I had sex last night
no it wasn't sex
it was incredible sex
I will never see him again
I will never feel him again
I will never wonder why he won't call
because this is how it always happens for me

it is my routine

I met a wonderful human with a penis
whom I would share some good times
If he wanted to.

I become weakened by the reaction
of his action
I become soup to his steak
I bleed my insecurity as another woman would bear a child
nurturing it until it is all of who I am
kicking myself for being a victim of it
not knowing how to be anything else
but lost in the hope of finding a
lover who will remain longer than
the night

who will see beyond the naked body

and find the stripped down subtle nuances of
the funny woman with the wit and
the wisdom that the young admire
and the old become wary of.

I had sex last night.
It wasn't making love
because it was the coming together of
two infatuated people
nothing more
except he gave me his number
and I gave him mine

and we will both not call
because that would mean
we were interested in more
than incredible sex.
but

The truth is
I enjoy his smile
I enjoy his laugh
his voice
his manner
he has a life to him that I am in awe of
he has a life to him that breaks down trees
he breathes a warmth
he bleeds a kindness
he takes in soft cups and gives in deep thrusts
he is sexually enticing

he is furry in a cotton candy sort of way

he is the exact man I had always wanted and
this means that I will never have him
as this is not the routine
that I have become accustomed to

My routine is that I will want for him
to call me late at night
and be glad when he is not here
as my time is so very sheltered
by the words I write
in darkened room with no other

My routine is that he will not call
and I will be alone in the tub
crying into the bubble bath
wondering what makes me so awful that
none will spend more than moments of
wild passion.

The ego does not say that I am
"good in bed"
history has left me with a legacy
of former lovers asking me to
tell current wives the proper ways
to apply a tongue
the special touch in that special groove

There he was waving a quick goodbye
as the van sped past in the New Mexico rain.

there I was in crotch sore state
hoping that he would someday wish to know more
about the woman behind the moves
hoping that the bruises I left on him
will heal in a smile

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