



*a
howl
is
a
prayer
too*

Brokeback Buloke

I was once described as desperate for love.

a gape
a gap
a gape. yes.

asphyxiated in truth
of present and calling
an open wound of
the ringing comments
dull remembrances
and hazy interpretations.

Yet this lofty lover
sits on a pew as unforgiving as my guilt.



The United States vs. The Corinthians

Put to surgery my communion
with productivity.
Bury scalpel into skin
without haste and watch
the thick red curtains tumble
to the sides
in the anticipation of applause.

A holy first act saturated with denial
about the necessity for
the amputation of ambition
under the pretense of prosperity.

Time,
a tourniquet slowly
torqued into torment,
earning us a thousand hauntings
intermissions from
phantoms of discontentment
appear only intermittently,
plump pause

...

blown in by a dust storm.

Raging winds congregate
our origin materials,
the grime rolls over our tongue,
suffocating our inner rebellion
before the fire begins.
Our gaping mouths a furnace
as we labor over yellow bricks
only to be lead to fiction reality that
to dust we shall soon return.



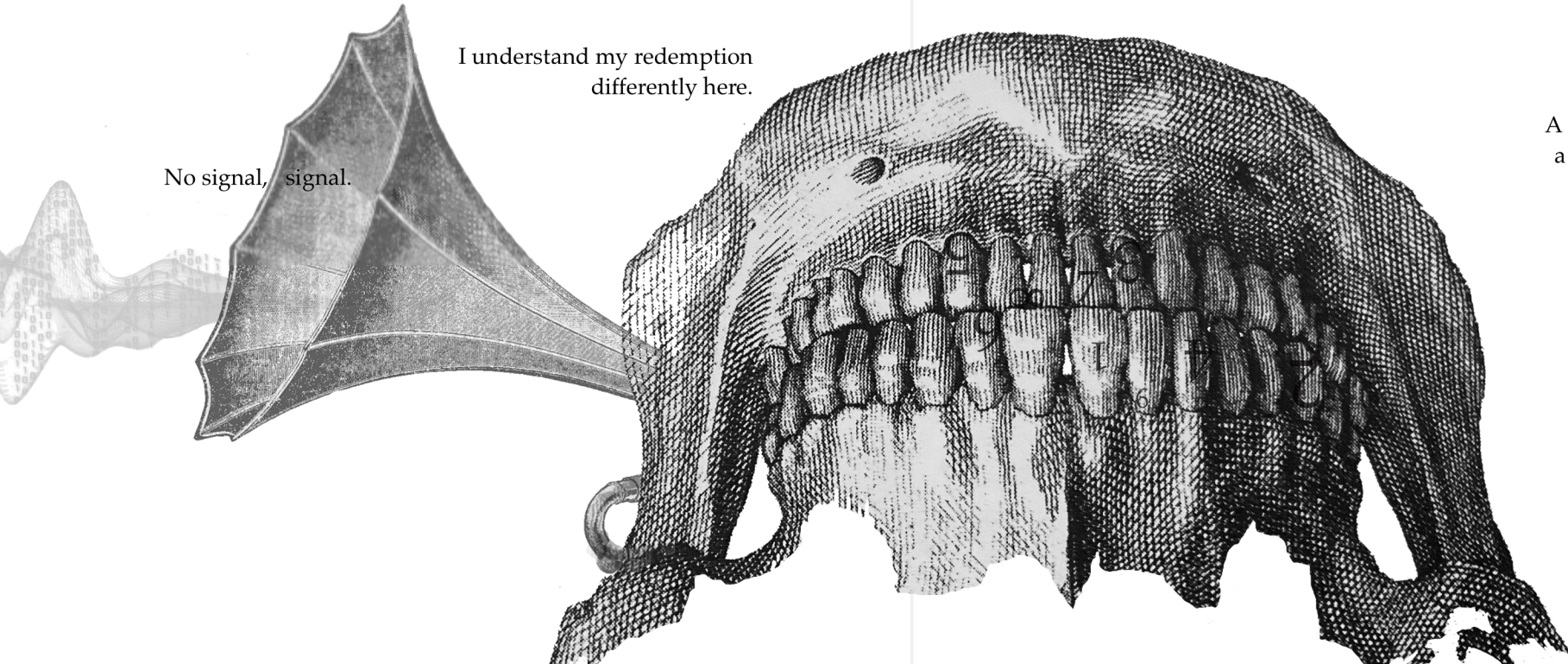
indigo & sage

Every so often I need to go on a diet
of alpiners and sequoias,
soft terra and mineral oatmeal.

Calling me by a name,
I've only responded to by voice memo,
a dial tone of creek water -
a sappy detox,
pine needle acupuncture,
detachment of bliss states -

I understand my redemption
differently here.

No signal, signal.



Swish Swish Spit

Off colored prayers turned
systematic -
lavender gone sage,
burnt on the edges,
with a singe of vapid cobalt.

The inertia of my thoughts,
veer into the wilderness -
dark matter void.
An echo lost and aimless
wonder
untethered holy dialect,
unable to translate,
stagnant morse code of Babble.
Babble-on.
Babyl-on.
& on.

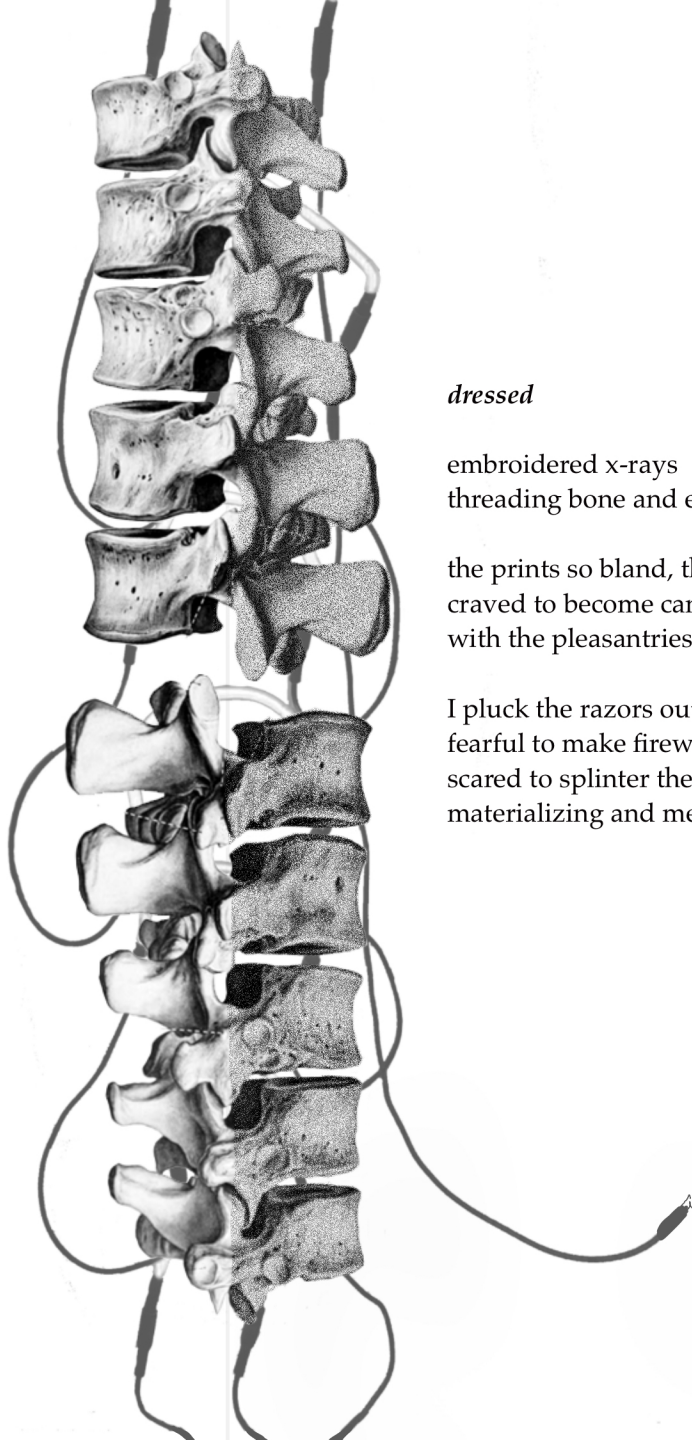
A robotic voicemail,
a mouthwash rinse
of atonement.

Spring Cleaning

To shed your skin
-every old skin,
would include the dressed lilies
and wisdom scarings.

Scalpelled, oil-soaked prayers
that have permeated my tectonic plates of
derma
remove lingering smolder of scarlet vices
and myrrh incense.

A gingerly detox of unforgiving
timelines and time's lines,
which score gently
the numbing understand
that change is a constant.



dressed

embroidered x-rays
threading bone and ecstasy together.

the prints so bland, they begged for color
craved to become canvas altars
with the pleasantries of purgatory.

I pluck the razors out from behind my fingernails
fearful to make firewood out of this olive branch,
scared to splinter the reconciliation
materializing and mending my ruin.

