

Bullfrog Lullaby

At night my son asks me to sing him a lullaby.
But tonight I say no because I have a cold.
My throat is sore and I am losing my voice.
I tell him no because it won't sound pretty.
But he says he doesn't mind.

His lamp turns off with a quiet click and then I hear the rustle of sheets and blankets.
He wraps himself in the red one with a giant tear in it.
The one he won't let me throw away.
Then he closes his eyes like he is ready to hear the voice of an angel.

But instead my voice comes out as a low growl.
Thick, dry, and scaly.
I clear my throat and check to see if he still doesn't mind.
But his eyes are closed tight, just like always.
I sing his favorite song,
The one I usually dress up to remind myself that someone once said I could be a famous singer.
Only this time I can barely croak out the melody.

I finish the last song and plant a wet kiss on his forehead.
He wipes it off with the back of his hand and says "good-night mom. I love you too".
And as I close the door behind me it occurs to me,
My son doesn't ask for a song to hear my pretty voice.
He asks because my voice is the last thing he wants to hear before he ends the day.
And like the ripped-up blanket that he cherishes so much,
My bull-frog lullaby is just fine how it is.

Life's Boxes

I close and stack another box

Looking from side to side, were boxes are
waist high all around me, and still there are
many more boxes that need to be packed.

It seems that packing will never end.

In my twenty-four years, I have packed
so many boxes I can't even count,
I almost forget how many times I've moved,
Seventeen soon to be eighteen;
From mountain top to the valley below,

The contents of each box I open finds,
Like a puzzle, the place where it fits
So, in my life like boxes, some will find
A new home, some will collect dust
And some are too painful to open again.

Workshop poem – due 8/27

All day long

Soaring high in the clouds

With the wind in their feathers

Seeing all.

And yet

How free are they really?

Do they not still obey

Gravity?

Hunger?

Death?

Pain?

Do they not still have responsibilities

To their mate

Their chicks

Their flock

Are birds really free?

Or are they simply

Fleeing?

The diagnosis is crippling.
I'm on the edge between life and death.
My broken heart is thumping.
It is hard to take the next breath.
But I move on.
I go in public and feel cause to mourn.
As questioning eyes pierce me like knives.
Like paper, my mind feels easily torn.
But no asks and they move on with their lives.
And so do I.
Now people only see my disease
I'm crumbling like dust before them all.
For once I wish they'd just see me.
But then I hear a dead man call.
And I go home...

Average Communication

What would happen if I said hello?

How would that person respond?

What if my words created a cringe

On the face of the one so kind?

Saying hi would be too abrupt,

I will walk quickly by.

Stare straight ahead, let nothing be said,

Act as if they are not there.

With those ideas in mind,

I put them to the test.

Everything was going as planned.

Any moment now, they would stop me,

Say hello, and be on their way.

A single glance to see their response

Showed me a mirror image.

They were doing the exact same thing as I was,

Focusing on everything else, avoiding any contact whatsoever.

My stomach was churning, nausea was rising,

Clear thoughts could barely conform.

Was this all my fault?

What could I do?

How could I right this wrong?

It made her feel dead inside,
being touched that way.
Leaves all wrinkled and rotten and grey. What are you doing?
She said with a shock
He said, "what you want."
But she really did not.
It wasn't motivated by love,
Or lust,
It was kind of sudden,
And kind of rough.
She told him to stop,
As it really hurt,
To be touched like that,
To be treated like dirt.
She pushed and She shoved
But his hands were too strong.
So she stared at the ceiling,
Until he was done.
She grabbed her shoes
And she grabbed her purse.
She grabbed her keys
And she grabbed her shirt.
She went upstairs
And said bye to his father.
A classic man
A lawyer
A scholar.
She wept and she cried
And drove silently home.
What would her mom say
If she were to know?
She dropped her womanhood
She didn't really give it.
But honestly these days
What is the difference?

But then of course, none of you can relate, Because this road is always a two way. Did I smile?
Did I wave?

Did I instigate?
If it's a yes then
This whole thing is on me But if it's a no I'm a liar
A slut,
An attention thief. Treated like dirt,
And sent six feet down. Into the grave,
Into the ground.

Title: Poolside Paradise

A moment of perfect bliss for me
Is when I can sunbathe without a care
And close my eyes like no one is there
Just allowing my mind to wander freely.

To feel the warmth of the sun's glow
Dancing and lighting upon my senses
And leaving behind all types of defenses
In the hopes that an all-natural tan will show

Beside me the turquoise waters of the pool
Ripple and glint like the sheen of snake
It's a scene so serene that I hope it's not fake
As a gentle breeze leaves me contently cool.

I wish every moment could yield a peace so precise
But alas, real life is no poolside paradise.

The old house sat on the small hill.
The grass around it was crisp and brown,
And the only tree was dead and withered.
The house's black wood gave a creepy feeling,
Even on the brightest of days.
The only sound was made by the wind,
Rustling the tree and banging the shutters
Open and closed, howling through the cracks in the walls.
The house wasn't safe. The wood would break,
The tree would moan, and things would go missing.
They fenced it off and called it abandoned.
Little did they know that I watched them
From behind my broken shutters, waiting
For that poor soul that should ever enter my house.

The rain fell, stinging the skin. It was bare,
after all. With every drop it left a mark.
A mark of freedom and of cleansing.
It landed forcefully on the head,
streaking from the top of a strand of hair
to the bottom, quickly evolving into
A stringy and unmanageable mess.
The rain pierced through the clothing, like a knife,
cutting to the very core. The feet,
sinking boats in the Amazon.
The rain kept falling and painting the pavement,
covering every portion of the poor
individual watching through the window.
The rain cleansed her, body and soul.

THE PHONE

It controls you, it changes you, it is you

The screens empty glow lures you in as you stare at it

The greasy, familiar, touch satisfies you as you reach for it

The subtle, almost non-existent, vibration permeates your pocket as you *think* you felt it

But only if you let it.

When you feel awkward, it is there to be your disguise

When you are bored, it is there to numb your mind

When you get sad, it is there to distract you from life

But only if you let it.

From it flows a torrent of media, washing out all conscious thought

From it swipes the dagger of comparison, cutting deep into your self-esteem

From it rides a non-stop train, carrying you to the land of nothingness

But only if you let it.

As I sink my toes in, the sand warms my feet.
Each grain intricately placed, as the wind blows across the beach.
The sun begins to set, the tide begins to rise.
This is my demise.

The sound of the waves dancing, this was once a place of romancing.
A blissful life along the shoreline?
No, my mind is made up. For death now seems sublime.
A mountain I will climb, to reach the stars one last time.
Breathing in, I smell the salt in the air. I stand waiting there.
But to no avail, I still cannot see, the sailboat that was meant for me.

From the highest mountain's peak, I begin the plunge into the black deep.
Falling, falling, as death's door begins calling.
I take one last look, and in my gaze, a sailboat is waiting just beyond my grave.
A sailboat waiting just for me.
But now it's too late to say, that I wish I had waited, just waited, one more day.

She sits on the soft Green Grass

As All of the people Pass

They show no care
for the performance there.

But she watches with purpose
as they bother the surface.

She watches with Dark blue eyes
As Droplets Fall from the Sky's
into the pond they splash
disappearing in a flash

It begins to pore harder
Showing they don't regard her
So quickly she stands
wiping off her hands

Grateful for the brief chance
to see the rain dance.

Empty

I used to see bright, radiant colors.
I now see in dreary shades of gray.
The laughter and tears have faded and gone,
Leaving me with nothing; an empty shell-
Nothing to give, nothing to die for; or live.
I am alone, though he walks by my side;
Numb, unfeeling in a chaotic crowd.

I still remember the smell of summer;
The lazy mornings with sun creeping in.
The bite of the wind in winter time;
With blowing snow turning my cheeks red.
But, with time and hardships, all has changed:
Cold is just cold now; the sun is just hot.
I wonder if he is lonely as well.

The water patters as it hits the ground.
I stomp in the cool puddles left behind,
taking in deep breaths of fresh clean air, crowned
by tones of damp earth. The coldness entwined

with the rain, soaking my clothes, drop by drop.
Everywhere I look the earth has come alive.
The grass is vibrant green, the flowers pop
in gorgeous yellows, stark white daisies thrive

against the dark blue sky. And then the rain
slows to a trickle, clings to petals, clings
to my skin, the only drops that remain.
In a far off tree, softly a dove sings.

I splash in puddles, a song for me unfurled,
listening as I dance in this bright new world.

stresses?

The mountains that cradle the desert

The desert curls tightly on itself during frigid nights, self soothing sun blistered, cracked skin.

Resting sun bright eyes and resting her head upon sandy cracked arms.

Sagebrush hair spills from her scalp painting the night with speckles of sunlight

With indian paintbrushes dappled in reds and oranges,

The desert breathes deeply in with a cool wind and releases in a coyotes wail.

The call tumbles freely to the ears of the parents standing by.

Mountain ranges spread arms wide to cradle a daughter not their own

Sepia stark against granite.

West and east cuddle close to quiet the child,

A babe cradled against one aspen streaked chest and another pine spotted breast

Both coo with canyon whipped winds.

Sharp snow dusted faces bask in the residual heat the child puts off,

The child relaxes and shifts with the cool reassurance her parents offer.

Life rejoices at the silent watch the monolithic couple keeps.

Two moons circle a cooling sun, arms linked,

Supporting, circling, accepting.

All the little the sun has to offer

Two becoming three, one accepting two

The perfect girl and in the perfect place
A boy hopelessly smitten, unspeaking
Tension in the air, building and building
Reaching towards a crescendo as the
Soundless symphony of two plays on
Crickets chirp, ignorant of the orchestra
Awkward silence gives way to conversation
The conversation dies just as it began
The crickets carry on, building and building
A girl stares into a boy's eyes, wanting
A girl finally makes the first bold move
A boy, startled, reciprocates the kiss
It is their first, possibly their last
The future ignored for this moment shared

Forward and forward marches time, endless
The perfect girl now a woman full grown
The smitten boy now a lonely drunkard
Their perfect night now forgotten to her
The man cannot forget that perfect night
The man tries to drink away the memory
He wallows in misery for a girl
A girl, now a woman, who got away
He has tried to move beyond her and failed
His longing building and building relentless
He drowns the longing; He drowns the sorrow
He goes too far and he succumbs to the drink
As the darkness takes him he hears chirping
Life fades, but fades into that perfect night

A Life-Threatening Disease

The clouds in the sky send their raindrops
To count down the time you have left.
The dreams you once dreamt are now fading,
Leaving your threadbare existence bereft.

Your soul and your dreams are in tatters,
To others just trash in the wind.
From deepest dismay comes the darkness;
The hope in your heart is starting to dim.

Through ages your error repeated,
Committed from inside your mind.
If it's your torturer you search for,
A mere reflection is all that you'll find.

Your healer is in the same image.
The one who can save you is here.
But if left unchecked it is doubtless;
The fate that awaits you is clear.

The cancerous growth will continue,
Consuming you outside and through,
And that is the problem with cancer;
You are the cancer. The cancer is you.

I feel the pull inside my body
Calling me
Begging
To just be more
Less
silent
Loud
I want to call back and ask it how
For everything I know of freedom
Life
love
became the very thing that trapped me
in the beginning and forced me to bow
Oh moon above
Guide me down your path
of darkness and simply illuminate
The light has let me down
Deceived me
Lied to my head
And tricked my heart until I drowned
Do not tell me how
What
Where
who to become
When I look in the mirror I know what I see
Emancipation
From the thoughts and fears you placed inside of me
-religion

The room around the bed felt constricting
The pale white walls were far too porcelain
A strong stench of dying flowers inhibited
His nose, causing him to cringe
A high pitched, yet concise, beeping persisted
A sharp pain burned his skin as the IV
Protruded into his arm infused like a lifeline
The scars on his fingers ran down him like a river
A red river that was raging and furious
The taste in his mouth was metallic and dry
A vile liquid stormed up his throat like lightning
The beeping in his ears increased as a drum
A shadowed figure materialized to his left
And the nurse's fingers held him as much as her words

Cat

You were so cute when you were a kitten!

A little orange-striped, fluffy ball of fur.

Oh so cute and soft, but with razor sharp claws.

I knew when to pet you, and when to not,

Because you would get that look in your eye!

How I loved watching you play with your toys,

The stuffed animals were the same size as you!

And then you grew up, and were not so small.

Quite the opposite of fat, you got fat!

Fat chubbs all around your middle and neck,

Still cute and tempting to pet, but sharp claws remain.

Oh how the years flew by, my fat, old cat.

I love you, even though you grew ill and still.

You were so cute when you were a kitten.

Magic

When the fear and dark rule your live,
And no one finds the switch in life
To turn al this void and sadness back to light
And start searching for the marked path

One spark in your mind would rise
That familiar and unknow desire
The spirit within the wand of every mage
The wonderful land of some ingenious child

Tell me then, how long does the dream last?
How far can your madness memories fly?
And what will it leave you behind?
Just the memory of that what never was?

When at last your eyes get open again
Magic would had already fade away
Leaving behind only the tusk of a humane
Then rise and go to the true dawn of a new day

The Lake

2nd Draft

(After Anna Akmahtova's Untitled Poems)

The yellow-brown brush crunches
under each step.
The bark of the willow tree peels and flakes
to dust with a simple touch.
The charcoal black dirt blows
away with the arid breeze.

The hot sun steals the color from my hair
and adds freckles to my cheeks.
Sunbaked and thirsty, my skin
drinks up the sunscreen as I rub it in.
The shore rocks, round and smooth,
heat my feet as if I am at the spa
for a massage.

The hot, dry day is suddenly
dampened and refreshed
as my dog
lapped at the waves,
splashing
and chasing the fish
beneath the surface of the lake.

by his warm lips pressing against mine

8-24-18

I spot him from the corner of my eye
Short hair, the color of a midnight sky
A dazzling smile quickly breaks through his beard
Like the sun through a cloudy sky, now cleared
Broad shoulders and powerful arms lift me
In this moment, I could forever be
My feet dangle inches above the ground
With impish abandon, he spins me round
Wind whistles through trees and tousles our hair
He sets me down, warm earth 'neath my feet, bare
Caramel eyes gaze into mine of blue
He searches my thoughts, and, as if on cue
Tingles run along my entire spine
When, at last, his warm lips press against mine,