In your absence

We are not from the same world

I will never see

just the way you do

but when you guide me

meandering along in your braided channel

my attempt to unweave your translucent, agonizing threshold

your unbreakable stoicism

I fall in love with your creation.

The worlds we see are reflections of

the fog that separates us from each other

like your expression, always a book with no words

obscuring my vision and

overwhelming my senses

searching, wondering

somehow there is cohesion

the sliver where two existences overlap

making sense of your contemplations left hanging

a thirst never satiated, but put to rest until your absence.

Recognizing you as an insurmountable tangle

magnificent, complex

you, my obfuscated world.

Ode to Salinger

Not quite winter, not quite spring. Some recoveries take longer than others, yet exploits under weight of dark skies are what we live for. Our nights are numbered but we try our hardest to black them out with another hit, another shot, another round-- our masochistic strategy of making memories that won’t last.

In a moment of weakness he divulges his need to escape, in a fit of drunken resentment I unload my pieces of insanity. Selfish me needed him to take just a few so our paths could intersect once more.

We are wanderers, not defeated, not quite determined. We are treading on brick roads, searching for different destinations kills our spirits. Our freedom is coming, we can almost reach it but for now we all tread water. Captivity gradually slows our collective pulse until we can barely feel it at all.

One spring always conjures up another-- the bar I can’t remember the name of, standing in the mirror together, looking in her face and seeing mine. We held on too tight, such an easy mistake we didn’t notice. Clutching so desperately the tension broke us both. Something had to give. Believe me when I say, these burdens are not light on my already shaking shoulders.

dear backwards conscience:

3am

always moving forward

meander the streets

it’s a half-hearted grasp for spontaneity

dragged along by you

or so I tell myself

we don’t just toe the lines

we dance on them

reckless

I stole their memories and tell their stories as my own

it is no longer the vagrants who creep the streets

it is me

not one of us is guaranteed

it is me who

steals the air and

the alcohol because if you who I trust can so charmingly

pull me by my fingertips and easily

sweep me through the streets,

If You Who I Trust can zealously carry me

blinded

into the sometimes dim and sometimes flashing lights

and leave me there

then who am I to return?

it is not in my power to wonder how I got to where I am

or to question the way home