

Siren

It is there before me again

The edge

The leap

The fall

It beckons

It seduces

It whispers in my ear in compelling hypnotic tones

that gravity can be defied

if I trust it

if I believe it

if I accept as fact that I desperately need it in my life

You have brought me to this place

You float in midair

beyond safe solidity

Past the edge

Silently calling to me

Soundlessly speaking

Lips not moving

So quiet, yet crystal clear

Unspoken words all around

invoking magic

invoking me

like the whispers of the siren

And it is your voice I hear

Standing on the edge
with my arms raised to heaven
or you or both or one and the same
I look beyond the fall upon your face
seeking the truth to the whispers
in the deep burn of your gaze
Your eyes are a furnace hot with meaning
which I may never fully understand
not that it matters
not that I have a choice anymore
For you have ignited the winds
and they have blown through my heart

I am ablaze
I am a fire that rises lighter than air
I am a dance of flames
Leaping higher and higher
Over the edge over the edge over the edge

The Savage Equation

Midnight redraws a face
sketched at six in the morning
into a caricature of smudges and faded colors
The wrinkles and stains of a day's existence
have pressed so hard on her canvas
It marks her beneath the skin
and she whispers to the tiles across the tracks
“Please, let me be new again.”

An accordion player pauses as he wakes from his reverie
but just for a heartbeat
then his sight regains its glazing
and his tune of private visions dirges on

The train doors open –
When did it arrive?
She sits in a seat –
When did she enter?
The jerk of the train moving forward
pushes her backwards
and it is two hours ago
like it is now and forever

He said, she said, we said
Have never said
Should have said

But two hours ago did not hurt so much
The anger fades, the shock wears away
While the good-bye
and all the hurt and emptiness it brings
more than stays
It multiplies
It grows

When did she leave the train?
When did she start to cry?
When did she live any other midnight?

Hardly ever are two loves equal
and when love added to love
produces a balanced equation of wants and needs
it is a rare and precious thing

When did it become so complicated?
When will she ever learn
When will she ever stop falling?
Stop falling?
Stop