

TRANSLATING SILENCE

Each day, his voice
in my head, heard
through a wall with a voice in it.

Every morning at ten, my breathing
still, ear stuck to the wall, translating
words, soul to soul

on the pavement, bones exposed,
those same words engraved in every crook and corner,
every part of
me.

narrating my Life,
the angel and devil on my shoulders, he was
everything.
the way his "r's" wouldn't roll, or how he froze saying his father's
name,
stuck in the loop of his child-
like habits.

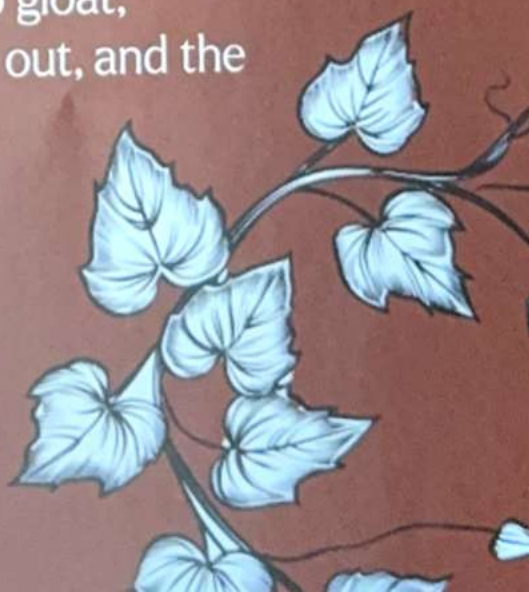
Every night at ten, his breathing
heavies, breaking the foundations of the wall, translating his
murmurs into words, soul to soul


Each day, his voice
would creep through my wall,
a wall with a voice in it
but silent when
forced to speak in certainty.



TICK TICK TICK

Tick Tick Tick, the blues and reds dance
across the room,
Moving so fast I barely catch them in motion,
Maybe my eyes deceived, and it was purple
all along,
And my mind was too desperate to separate
them,
To notice the blue and be rid of red, useless
efforts.
The dice was rolled, the board crooked,
The bulbs blinking and my lashes with them,
The ticks grew louder, the colors now one,
My arms shoots up and out I cry THE BUT-
LER DID IT,
But the knife was nowhere to be found, not in
my hand nor his,
The dice was rolled once again, double sixes,
And all that was on the board was purple,
No red, no blue, no winner left to gloat,
The ticking silent, the bulbs now out, and the
dice lost.





Shapes floating out there become the beloved, the abstract,
the total
The feelings crowd the sky, making no room for the clouds,
the thoughts,
Is it worth the mess, the blood, the mess,
My sponge is rotting, the cleaning, erasing, forgetting,
It scars my hand the more I use it, I let the ink stain every last
bit of me,
cut a hole in the poem to play peekaboo with the afterlife,
Wave hello and look away as fast as you can,
See through the words,
See through the mess,

RIP A HOLE IN ME

WHEN I GROW UP

to be the feeling of receiving flowers,
dancing freely in public,
that last kiss at the airport,
a single tear,

To be Remembered,

lost time,
to their eyes,
to achievements,
to rotting,

Lost but not Forgotten,

when I grow up I want to be love,
when my soul escapes its bleeding cage,
when it can no longer feel,
when I can no longer love,

I want you to cower at my name,
and feel ashamed for your inaction,

for I want to be remembered as love,
not your Mistakes.

