

Bedtime Stories

Oh baby, beloved, the world is so small and I am so big. Even our heads collide
when we kiss, cosmic, planetary
balls bump big bangs—CLASH! Jar, darling,
is air. And we are just
going through a neverending stream of consciousness, you say,
we float in this dissonance game together, don't be afraid.
Please, let me please be planetary in your love;
because bangs bring big bliss in the erasure, new lodestars, new obelisks, new—you
see, slow-motion-wing-faltering angel descent from the high crown
of the pine, to you, asleep, in long
field grass, is just, and not just just but Just
and in that Just Just entire,
another grind of the spindly, floating, ivory mindmills.

I love you for not giving me what I believe to need.

Secret bathroom whispers to self: Scary, yes, but his microscopic ways of seeing
could be canopies ripping into a landscape in which solely I stand
in rags of light linen dress which lifts away from my ankles blowing over the
knees, a breeze
like wind on the moon. Then here I stand basaltic on one rock in the centre,
gently circle
three glass cranes above me, ominous featherwhite with the smooth of sealskin,
filigrane
their beaks of black marble. And, yes, they do sparkle toward my pupil in a
promising kind.
Crystalline, don't you think? A place where all wave is still
to hit the lens at the angle of light. So then you go,
of course you go, and I am I without you,
cradlefallen, but now looking, looking up, discovering
the cranes still circle.
Despite my prior mistrust, the you I see now is the you I saw never—never in fact
see I you
lie about the linger.
It's a starless night where you are not, but I am here, in my own part
of the night where you can't be because
upon your entering all cranes crack, splinter, slip
away from the sky icily, slide never having formed a flight
in the triangular vector. Let's admit
it is in your eclipse in which I'm rising. As you are in mine, and you know, and
it just
feels feels feels like this
is real because everything opens and clicks in this perfectly calibrated distance
between us in which we are completely
perfectly separated. How calm it is when we are so wild; from this gap
I'm falling for all your paradoxes, for the gentleness in your force, the vigour
of you.

I can see your precision, your chisel, your tool
of love, as you carve away always
sharp and rigorous
the selfless sculpture.
The absence of me is full
pristine water of an
abandoned submarine bunker, chalky, sapphire-still. The absence of me
is one more time, and it is through you that I was made to perish.
Once we died
and in it must have died
each other so as to
be again
together
in this,
born.