

Ambivalent Peaks

Bad Books

Can't find the forest,
Too stuck on trees.
But now you're invested,
So I'm left pretending,
It's all I can see

I asked for a window
To open my cell
You came as kaleidoscopes
Climbing, colliding
You came as yourself

Whether I'm ready
Is not up to me
We go where we're ordered
To bunker or breach
To the close of creation
As shells and stories

A spiral staircase
Astoria, Queens
I claimed you while conscious
Got sleepy, forgetful
And lost you in dreams

You folded you leg
Right foot to left knee
You laughed at my back
Said you could not believe
How violent I could be
Just brushing my teeth

Drove from the service
The truth in my teeth
My woman beside me
A clutch of hydrangeas
A strange sort of peace

In loss, I'm made certain
Unveiled clarity
It's you I will marry
My lover, my family
You always will be

But every word
Seemed too small to speak
So we watched the sky reach
Ambivalent peaks
We made our projections
Present and free