

I can't sleep;
This is a problem that has turned artists to insanity.

You prickle me daily.
The heartbeat of your flesh
runs up my spine
And I stand in suspended amazement.

In those moments I am
Earnestly grateful to
Still feel you.
Your zap, your pressure,
Your pull
Of my sweatshirt over
My head, leaving me exposed
To your greedy eyes
Taking me in
Devouring me with warmed
Shifty orbs that dazzle
And scare
And makes me embrace
Panic and abandon
And give myself
To you.

It is difficult to describe
My face.
I look on it
as less than you do-
I imagine it full
And too much to
Chew on
And keep behind
your teeth like snuff.

Blackened tobacco
Tar to your pearly
Whites
You will spit me
Out: the bitter
Stuff that makes

Your mouth water
And sour
Too tart to pucker a kiss in my direction

I know every line
Of yours like a
Geography map;
An etch-a-sketch
Dotting the screen
With you
My pupils

Are not mine
I see you on the
Beach when you
Don't want me to
When you wear swim
Trunks and the
Sand sticks to you
Cements to the
Gentle hairs
Shielding your legs
From blushing at the sun-

The ocean flirts with
You better than I
Ever could
Or would allow myself
Chest pressed against
Your firm palm
My heart burning
Thoughts spinning
With reversed symbols and letters
As I count the
Freckles and scabs-
Collecting them
Like loot
As you
Hold me at arms length.

Now a days

It is wrong
To stare too long
And get lost
In motion
With the dizzying
Stars that
Intoxicates me
A siren aroma
That sedates
Me
I am contented
Save when
Your head
On a pillow
A hundred miles
Away from my
Fingertips
Thrashes in a
Cloaked night
Embroidered
Damask print
Tickles your
Nose
And turns
Your knitted webs
Of dream
Away from me.

Don't touch that remote-
The show is fine
Laid back on the cloud
You call a sofa
A shrill ring of a phone
You must answer
My wine glass
Clutched tightly
In my hand
It is small
I pray I don't spill
On your vintage
Grandmother's rug

With good taste
And merlot in
A cold refrigerator
I imagine opening
To a cool breeze
As I make you
A mimosa after
We share snores
And breath
And speak of things
We don't know
And cannot comprehend
At 11:30 am.

Maybe we should eat
Lunch and take the
Lettuce off our
Burgers
We have no room for
Filler here
Where there is no time;
Just a dirt devil vacuum
Daring to be used
On our crumbly mistakes.

It is wise to stop here
Where we begin and
End a continuous
Beam of exorcized
Lightbulbs
Our wattage feeds the
System
I am hungry for
More it is
Who I am
To want
To feel and preen
You my love,
To wipe the
Mayonnaise from the
Corner of your

Consuming orifice
Climb inside with
My index and thumb
Hike your smooth
Internals
Cleats daggered
In your cheeks
And cavities
Too many sweets
Have graced your
Porcelain.

I have made you
Bread with my teardrops
In the loaf; raisened
With reasons
I should cover the
Dish and toss it
In the trash.

If I was someone
Of importance
I would
Order you like
A delicacy
Only the
Devine could
Savor;
Foreign tongues
On yours that
Are not mine.

No one lives
As open
As a waffle-house
During a blizzard
We didn't prepare
For stockpiling
The wrong goods;
Now milks curdled
And the avocados

Are mud
Water that
Meets dirt
And shouldn't
Graze
Else turn
Murky
We can't clean it
We're out of paper
Towels
They are wet from the snow.

So dimwitted
There is no sun now
I am the light
I am the light
We bicker
Take control
Make me
Know you
Be a person I'd want
To ask about those
Things
That exist
But only in our
Bubble of shared
Oxygen
Stealing from the
Trees
That leaf us
Shadows else
We fry from the
Rays
We steal from
Each others
night stand
We lose the
Earphones and the
Charger
Your car drives
Fast and my synapses

Pulse slowly
Can you hear the
Dopamine that
Stellars the lava
Beneath our skin?

It is shared
Our myth
Our legend
The unspoken
Thing that can
Fit in your
Pocket and behind
Your eyelid
Where we hold
Arena,
A circus
Fierce and vibrant
My namesake
Engorged with it
The unshakable
Plot that darts
Like a warped
Fork
You cannot split
From wood
You will splinter
Your bark
Is hoarse
Tea will help
Coat ungentle things
That regurgitate
Like indigestion
There are tums
In the cabinet-

Everything is
Here on the cot
Under the moon
I think is
My face

My breasts
Mountains
You scale for imprints
And lost treasure
Hidden behind
Silken sinew
Radiating
Waiting to be
Mined.

There have been
Worse odes
In history
Things repeat
Like poetry
It is what I
Am I cannot
Unbind myself
Why not
Travel to venus
To discover
Peace and aliens
Who are certainly
There
I am not open to
Conjecture

I am a sleepless
Soul
And you turn away
When he brushes
You
And I am quaint
And small
Under the stars
Overwhelming vastness
And I am it
The sky
Sliced by doves
They call airplanes
The paper bag is

Filled with limericks
And I can't stop
My pen is merciless
Please don't tell me I
Can't
Deny it's been an
All night affair
And if I were
Writing by candlelight
The wick would have
Shifted dull
Pencils I
Use them to draw
Static
Where I live with
The erased
Letters
They are permanent
To me
The remaining markings
Are mine
I am dusted shavings
And you
Wind

Blow me dandelion
Blow me
Blow me
Send me asunder
With fragmented
Blends of opal
And cream
Where it meets
Your coffee

I will greet you there.

A good morning
3 AM
Cup of Joe
Keep the shudder

Away
Reliable
Pick me up
Toss me down
You only hear
Moans
Soft queam
Soft serve
Waffle cone
Frenzy it melts
On your shirt

You are messy
I can't take
This
Power back
Boiling guts
You strike
The only
Organ I have
Left.

Goodnight.