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Selected Poems

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Selected Poems

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Drowning Doll

Ice floes
float
further from
her fingers;
she descends
into frigid slush.
Pale-blue ghost
sinks still while
locks of hair
halo her head.
Overhead,
spider's-web
cracks the
smooth monotony of
moon's indifferent face.
It pulls away,
pulls shadows
in like blankets,
warm at the edges.
She knows
the end when
she sees it.

Heat leaves
lungs,
limbs,
core.
Pink lips pale,
flushed skin
drains
of color;
she's a porcelain doll.
In her vision
blue bleeds black;
it's no longer cold;
it is no longer.

Making Out Words

I imagine the perfect kiss
Must be something like
Reading a well-written story:
The warm press of
Lips to lips
Would be a pleasant hum
In the fog of the mind,
The chaste prelude to an enchanting tale.
It's that moment that wooed you,
Coaxed you closer,
But delicately, tactfully so.

And each sentence written
Would unravel on your skin,
And you would be
Captivated,
Craving each little twist that
Slid its fingers over your neck,
Inspiring pin-pricks in its wake.
And then you were
Past the point of pulling back,
The world around you
Forgotten.

More often, I've found that kisses
Are comparable to
The works of young fiction writers:
They focus so intently on the act
That they forget to be artists about it.
The idea of romance is there,
But it's so rushed and fumbled
That one stumbles over
The little

Details,
It's all so jumbled.
The characters flat,
Half-assed
Textures and "eloquent"
Words distract from the plot and,
More importantly,
The Context.

Juvenile ideas, twisted meanings,
And all of a sudden
All the things a kiss could be are
Double-entendres,
Unexpected plot twists,
Unnecessary drama,
And then there are instances
When the slip of a word
Like a slip of the tongue
Is just so
Out of place
And startling
That you have to
Tear away for a moment
And ask
"What the hell are you doing?"

O Poseidon

O Poseidon,
The salt of your sea has
Damaged your eyes so
That you do not perceive the pain
Of the creatures screaming beneath you.
Does the passion of the sea
Shape the relentless crash of your hips;
Does it turn you unforgiving?
Can you cherish the women
Who swim in your eye?
Do you blink them out of a watery gaze,
Or has that ocean dried
For the conquests you claim?