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Category: Poetry

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## **Soda Straws; Twenty-Six Odds & the Beau Idéal; En Coronation**

### **soda straws**

at the table were stalactites that egged on your blagues!  
swept above us all like icicles as you wittily spoke punch-tags.  
perhaps you still do so in the company of may and august  
whose departures mirrored double-crossing if my regard was honest.  
but i'd let it slide in the hinges of the endlessness i'd touch  
since they'd slip by the deadline even despite the endurance of my clutch.  
even waterless, one could see the grotto-goers shearing through:  
how you danced with the stalagmites, not aware they were spearing you,  
and in the ease of night it had gone unseen by all and sundry;  
although i'd not lay there, we all rushed in a great hurry.  
there'd been quicknesses afloat in the air with which we ran,  
but they proved not quick enough to raise your ship from under the sand—  
wrinkled sails and sunken hulls left tucked in by grains around,  
little grains falling as gravity failed to undo what would be downed.

and i cannot know what they are  
nor why they hang in the dark—  
was the capture too sudden?  
or the help wouldn't come in.  
here i can only suppose trace of the rocks,  
of what came over the sense before shocks,  
that they may have resembled promising towers  
melded by how the hindsight channel scours,  
because none of us could bear the alternative  
of a yielder convinced that absence was curative.  
say, it would be far easier to ask than to assume,  
but we're no exception to the distance-heeding means of the tomb;  
it met me so newly as its net had my kindred caught—  
away and away and away now is the lot.

a short while preceding the fact, on the outskirts of the burrow  
(well, now, to me it may as well have been sprout-spurts ago),  
we went and watched you in your good place of pivot joying  
where you played and sang melodies: tender though un-cloying.  
the small bunch of us saw it, then, as just an instance of many,  
not knowing the edge would claim it to leave as a memory.  
but the difference between what was here and my post-discerning  
is that the time without you by our side lacks that very learning:  
one cannot digest wisdom before knowing guilt,  
for the day cannot change until the earth completes its tilt.  
and the both of us stay filially unremedied to this date

(how it pains me to know you held such a grueling weight):  
by the fraying undo, she had you stung and reviled,  
then beggared in her motherhood i was not once a child.  
if my fate, when i was born, was to resemble a pair of ears,  
then i have abided quite kindly according to how i have spent my years.  
the things you should have gotten more of, had the kismet arrows let,  
rue and execrate missed sentiments, insisting the arrows owe a debt;  
they, alone, fly within themselves, pressing the center of the board,  
but we will not let them reach us, long as they exclude you from the score.

and i will not know how they are  
nor why they hang in the dark.  
those sweet soda straws—or, rather, what remained—  
posed onto you laws that were lossily maintained.  
and—while flighting stalactites give a thrill—  
it's the plunging stalagmites that live to kill.  
send my thanks to the left of the line—outward and unstopping—  
although it'll see me again promptly for the arranged great swapping.  
i need not enter the cave, brother, to hear again your voice.  
i need only the loom to remind me that all closeness is choice.

### **twenty-six odds & the beau idéal**

each moment ponders the far-flung life in which i earn your love;  
if i emulate the beau idéal of you, will i be enough?  
yesterday i lost sleep, and that morning i lost time,  
sidetracked by the train of you forging in with my  
lucidly angled home that is for you as of late,  
and dreaming this i have spent hundreds of days—  
i do know it is just what we do stay warm,  
but your glorious illusion elates me to perform  
like three-dimensional puzzle pieces flailing and fiddling,  
and exceptional honor in fervent fulfilling,  
twirling and skipping 'round the halls and the foyers,  
so we'll live large enough to unveil how this void works;  
i sword-fight the sleet till it turns back to vapor!  
tell you, "take this sundial to the windowless chamber."

and the beau idéal, i study her,  
for i must know one to be one,  
walking the tightrope among the line  
between envy and admiration:  
it stumbles me as if to mock  
my measly plight to even try,  
and though i only look up, the edge of me knows  
it's hard-hearted, thin, and fine.  
but her, she pulls me toward regard  
and i do not have the verve to stop her,  
my rival's been the wand  
of great bodies of water:  
i dip my toes in  
but you push me the whole way,  
and though it's bath-warm, i feel frozen,  
and even in treading, the beau sways,  
finding her craft to my eyes  
and then into my ears,

she takes my hand and says to me,  
“glide ‘long the aqua while i steer.”

i nod my head and down we go, near the floor of the third river,  
come right up like the self-proclaimed coward rumored by guppies aquiver,  
then i take my meager, restless time to warm up to the second’s tone,  
love even more that it preceded you and to compare i needn’t pour my own!  
and while your smile reaches farthest out, hers just softly gleams;  
if i must travel back to shore myself, then say the word and i will by all means.  
and you are sun ‘n moon, cat ‘n dog; may i be the cheshire?  
i know better than to be the hose that puts out your fire:  
for to love the soil, see, is not to stop the rain,  
yet, knowing me, i’d take its seeds and claim  
(after i’ve gone back in time),  
“this tree ensued, this here is mine.”  
though to do such a thing would deny what i’ve firsthand felt,  
you’ve got plenty more joy under your belt,  
and my skin is burnt, but i’ve not stepped outside—  
run far from me, grass! tell the bushes to hide!  
felt in a taunting resemblance i deny with all my being  
with echoing instantaneous intensity upon seeing  
is the flooding, boiling, stagger-splashing, frost-biting,  
quenchless-in-hailstorms’ outpouring of blighting!  
hexed every virtuous gem in the yard of newfound harm’s toll;  
they are sick as my green thumb has spread to my grim, green soul.  
and no remorse may undo what my resentment for the faultless swarm  
may prompt any day now upon a hesitancy to warn:  
go! shoo me away from the common acclaim of you!  
release in advance the kind pack and your deity, too.  
what here dares to but in? asks to trade?  
it’d lock eyes with the hallow in an ill prophecy i’ve entertained:  
“a counterpart you did not ask for,  
i will embody you and have yours.”  
fooling me’s a ruse of threats that i want desperately to mean  
and if i did not love her, too, maybe i would be keen.  
oh, fear-fruition is nevermore in malignance to you;  
i am hurt by all but one, like little pigments of hue  
that shine each and every shade but that called what meets your eyes  
reflecting grief in luminescence to my revered as a disguise:  
cloaked desire as contempt towards all with what i wish for,  
like the devil gallops before a chameleon to provoke its iridophores  
and erythrophores with my sore wormwoods to blister the poor thing  
of vile heat that’s calmed when taken to the just spring.  
there’s only ease in adoration of your all-the-worth-doting-on  
ways i stare at till a saint may avow it our final dawn;  
late to the dull race, as i was not informed—  
no, i cannot run, but i want to be yours.  
and “show, don’t tell,” darling, just let me do both!  
i cradle my honey, declaiming my oath.

and an odd against us, darling, or more,  
would only traipse at us from a gentle distance—  
but we’ve so many stacked from each degree  
and there is an urgency in your brisk subsistence.  
spot me at the edge of the canyon  
brawling each antithetical way of me,  
tell you that, honest-to-goodness,

i fib impetuously for your gaiety!  
when you were brought here, my love,  
i was rear any even trace:  
you met essence, i meant nothing,  
and so's the last godawful, lower case.  
when i was brought, you stood at those mountaintops  
on the brink of due fortune,  
grinning, disposed to waltz through  
the warm bed trampling zealous swordsmen  
tearing apart the sketch of how i squashed  
my impotence to do this,  
betrayed by stagnant love,  
paving theoreticals, all i utter to you is:

“say the aperture's gone...”

say it's gone, say it's gone,  
there's no hurdles and no beau,  
fine odds not against nor for us,  
no set fate to ebb and flow—  
would you greet my bosom friend?  
will yours ever encounter me?  
what may come of our desiderata?  
how full to you must i plea?  
break to the edge of my core  
and praise your manner as i bawl,  
because if i am nothing to you, dear,  
then trust i am nothing at all;  
i have jumped through a thousand hoops  
to heal what, in hindsight, bled a never-broken heart,  
crying, “i just want to make you happy.”  
but, sweet one, you already are.  
and there stood the truth that'd ache me most,  
set long before my trek to the distant light:  
it was not the way it could never be real,  
but the way it would never be right.

### **en coronation**

from across the room, we dance and we cheer and we wed—  
then howl and croon earnest vows inside our heads!  
and all the folks from the inland deem we've made a mistake;  
will they still reckon so when they've caught my bouquet?  
and the gods gave clairvoyance, said, “now, you needn't make all that noise.”  
but, darling, when again may i hear your sweet voice?  
and the gods gave a bairn, though most knots left untied—  
but i long to bestow upon you a surrendering bride.  
and, oh, i do wish for one, but only be you the other addend,  
for i cannot bear to flower alone while i've still my own soul to mend—  
give it your sublime, wiry perianth and perhaps my run-of-the-mill sepals;  
pray she grows far from and grander than this paltry town's peoples.  
though she burns, sustains, and hauls us, we've now a shared sun:  
hold my hand as we facilely glide in a collective revolution,  
and when that dreaded penumbra may enshroud our fledgling to its deed,  
reluctantly, we allow it in faith that the learned one will succeed.  
now the feat of our life prevails, all good and untethered

as the warblers i saw last night, close in song and in snug feathers!  
i turn to you and see the same eyes we've nurtured through our regime,  
wanting never to look away, for, dear, i love you and our team.