**Complete. And. Still growing.**

Its quiet here

in my little house

in my dusty town

I like it.

my life

singular in my village

of friends I;ve fought for

Time chasing inspiration

on bicycles

Any way I like

The freedom to find company

over drinks or

between sheets or

dream alone at home

**Brave**

I sipped my own embarrassment

with too much cinnamon

In a coffee shop id never been to a hundred times

I stepped out.

Wind blowing up the downtown buildings into

towering specters

I fell. Flat on the flagstones leading to a beginning I was

trying so hard to force

I smiled. I tried on new people like thrift store clothes

that feel soft but smell wrong

I’m looking for my arbitrarily assigned center

Would you like it to be you?

**christmastryst**

So that happened

After an exact year of wanting

And it went like this

I touched your hair, laughing

And you kissed me with amazing momentum

Like you’d been headed that way for a while

And we fell back into

Every lusty dream we sent each other

And there was a moment

We heard a noise and sprang apart

I knew then what you’d say

That we couldn’t be together

Or shouldn’t

But you turned to me and asked instead

“Should I shut the door?”

**Pike Place**

I’m going to go

find green things to grow

on my own

with two hearts

a handful of suitcases

a goldfish

and some fifty cent dreams

I have to follow the river

Not because of where it goes

But because of where it comes from

**Three ~~kisses~~ wishes**

The first was with a laugh, right?

it was big but also shy

an expriment in friendship potentiel

The second was right between

shared intellectual pursuits

and fuzzy dreams on different continents

When I pulled at your sleeve

And bit your lip

But the third was not discouraged

by the parking lot, or suburbanites, or the sweet fat rain

drops clinging to your dark curls

And it swept me

up as high as my toes would take me and all the way

down to my watery knees

All around because you folded me in

your smokey small

strong arms

scratchy face

A chest wide enough to wear a variety of

fancies

**Sudden. Scary.**

Theres been some number

Of hands that have hovered, or rubbed fondly, caressed or

Pressed hard with passion

My skin

Tea without milk. Sugaring sun

But

There has been only one

Small, mean eyed mad

Who put his hands on me

With nothing in his mind

But pain

**word shapes.**

entranced

by the symbols you put together

building filaments

fiber optic fairy bridges

meanings and little

punctuation promises

that we will trace

fingers on skin on skin

with

mouths that stop speaking

and start loving

**Calluses**

Your hippy-ass incense

won’t come out of my shirt

And now pieces of my closet

are memory traps

Not for you, not really

just all the hopes I made

**Biscuits**

pouring sweet rain, every time

heady things curl like toes

sweat beading on open mouths

an impossible handprint on a foggy window

never so surprised

when he’s around

the only time I stop laughing is when I’m kissing him

**Haunted**

These cold sheets still remember

how we'd fall asleep
in the strangest positions, baby.

Noses touching

faces making hearts
in negative space.
Or hands entwined,

thrust up where the pillows were before we made dark wild love

my back arched
your dreams and breath at my breast free fingers stroking lazy
hopeful
circles
on my soft stomach

**Robots**.

I’m tired of measuring

How much I like someone

By how much I think it will hurt when they leave

**My heart is a vessel for something I don’t fully understand**

Give me a moment

between breaths

behind doors

under the covers

hidden from all the hurts we might cause

**I wrote this sonnet for a contest and it did not win.**

it’s a snow day in Austin

incremental ice on the ground

and me and this here computer, we’re aiming for profound

cause my body’s still fighting off frost and

being a robot’s exhausting

I need a date with a song

black eyes burn the night long

But, Bob, your shows lately are costing

so many silver tongues

Too much for this broke ass heart

a blue collar state of the arts

I’ll pay these words like a black lung

breathing back into a false start