

*(The one who inspired this freestyle poem,
Who loved me, but left me alone,
Loved poems with "perfect" flow or meter,
So, I have justly included neither.)*

That mahogany linnet knew, didn't she?
She could tell by the way you sought me,
That you had more than friendship in your heart.
And even when we were apart,
You still wrote to me,
Spoke to me,
Refused to forget me,
Appealed to my sensibility.
You gave me the keys to your heart,
Handing me the poisoned dart,
Of an untold treasure,
Worth far more than the green paper,
Peppering our sunken lives.
Washington's stamp haunts me,
It was your sweet obsession,
The lack of it drives us to destruction,
But there was a golden time,
When opportunity gushed like wine,
And you were mine.
Once, I ran beside you,
Ignoring the flying cars;
We fixated upon the shattering stars,
And the whole world was ours.
I clasped my hands at our old school,
And you noticed the little Anne Shirley girl,
Whose words tumbled out like poppy flowers,
Scattered under the Californian sun.
I didn't belong in your world...
But *you* belonged in mine.
Years later, I lost my mind,
And with sweet and obvious gestures,
Asked you to please be mine,
To satisfy my starvation with ripe wine,
To bring out the monster I had inside.
You immediately fell into me,
Tumbling down the hill,
Breaking every bone in your body,
Then arose, laughing, and pulled me into your arms.
That's how our relationship began--

You with your unbridled excitement,
And me with my quiet joy.
I was unprepared for the fire in my heart and skin,
For the occupied space you dwelt in,
For the way everything else seemed to fade,
When I looked at you...
The world burned with stars and shadows,
Engulfed with flaming arrows,
And some in school,
Knew I was the fool.
On Christmas day the bells rang,
Chasing away all my pain,
And setting me free,
For a few minutes.
I jumped through raging volcanos,
Saw the death of a hundred sparrows,
Unknowing the sting of the coming dagger,
And the emptiness that follows;
Voices hushed within the tomb,
Beneath a nest of swallows.
Instead, I ran under stars and moon,
Hand in hand with you.
I had grown too old for the dungeon walls,
Yet was inexperienced with lightning angels,
Who lift me with their wings,
Until all of nature sings,
A song of death.
And you hugged me as though,
You never wanted to let go.
At last, I'd found relief from the stuffy life,
I'd lived so far,
An escape from the nagging and notes,
From mundane cares and sunken boats,
From the perfected,
And often self-imposed prison,
Of my daily life.
But the seasons *changed*, and so did you,
Though you vowed you were consistent.
Your excitement dwindled into the smog,
Expelled from vehicle after vehicle,
You drove to my house.
I guess, in a way, your love remained,
You vowed it was stronger than ever.

And I trusted you, I *believed* you,
Although your actions declared otherwise...
You said all the right things,
You tugged on my heartstrings,
With the skill of Lucifer and all his angels.
I would know, they appeal to my sensibilities,
Confronting me with their batlike wings,
Always seeing the worst in things,
Every day of my life!!!
You boiled my body,
Until all the flesh fell off,
Then left me barren,
With red eyes and a dry cough.
At night, I imagine you're near,
When I relax into every fear.
Yes, I lay down with you and wake with you,
Although you were never there;
Once, I couldn't rest,
Like a sparrow encaged in a tiresome nest,
So I imagined I was in your arms,
Safe and protected from all harms,
And managed to drift asleep.
Sometimes, the empty seat beside me,
Continues to spark electricity.
You should have been there.
I take off my robe and stare at my reflection,
No longer a rosy complexion--
Just an emaciated skeleton,
Of the child that once was.
It doesn't matter that the flesh is intact;
The skin and muscles remain, that's a fact.
It doesn't matter that I'm stronger than before,
Even while shivering on the tile floor.
No, no, because all I see,
Staring back at me,
Is a collection of burnt cartilage,
Standing in the place,
Of Miriam's triumphant timbrel grace.
Flesh seared off, dry bones remaining,
A rib cage behind the Honor's T-shirt,
A skull behind the mask of hurt.
You fed me the food of the gods,
Then left my stomach rumbling.

I may have broken up with you...
But *you* broke me a long time ago.
So let's raise our Oreos and give a toast,
To the ones who loved us the most,
To the cherubim made a ghost,
To trust turned to anger,
Yet after all I'll wager,
We're not children anymore.
You were my flashing neon green star,
But not even God wants to be worshiped from afar.
I don't know what to do with a bountiful feast,
Laid out to rot in the sun.
Uneaten, that's what I am,
The potential for love, everything I can be,
Left alone in churning apathy.
My only power was to leave,
No dreams were never given leave,
To take off through the world,
Wings outspread with every breath,
So I left.
Instead of becoming a bride,
I stand on the street holding my sign,
Trying not to let any contempt,
Eat me up from the inside.
The marsh is a strange place to live,
Among the pollywogs and the pond drift.
I watch two dragonflies,
Meet and entwine in the sky.
Sometimes words sound so random,
Like the high-pitched anthem,
Of America's favorite phantom,
Soaring in the southern sky.
I watch the tearing flesh of Louisiana's pelican,
Longing to tear mine too,
And offer my life to someone new,
But I am just a skeleton.
You hugged me tight,
One autumn night,
Then fell away,
Back into the sky,
From whence you came,
Yet the pain remains.
I hope you're happy now,

I hope you're satisfied,
I hope none of this,
Eats you up inside.
But I doubt it will.
It doesn't seem to matter, anyway,
Not yesterday, not today.
I need to accept you're gone,
So I can start to heal;
My skin will peel,
But grow back healthier than before.
I can't let what happened then,
Happen again,
Or I'll be standing,
Where I was,
Before.
You were part of the beginning,
But not the end.
I must thank you,
My friend,
For that first week,
And for urging me to speak,
When bats fluttered in the stillness.
If you ever heard this poem,
You wouldn't lament the content alone,
You'd be more likely,
To wonder at the artistry.
Yes, you'd sigh with true passion,
At how convoluted it was.
I guess that's the consequence,
Of dating one so little spent,
With Washington's stamp,
But you're only a *little* older,
Day by day,
We're growing closer,
To the same age.
Though light years apart,
We both love the dark.
I know I'll fade with time,
No matter what you say.
Death is a hard master,
Per aspera ad astra,
So I must live today,
Refusing to allow the sway,

Of black beetles,
Scurrying across the grass.
I miss you.
You don't deserve to be,
The one I long to see,
I don't even know,
How much you wanted me.
I may have *left*,
But you left *me* no choice.
Now I speak in a saddened voice,
And everyone rejoices,
Because I've joined the throngs,
Of adults in the factory,
Of education and money.
I may be an ornament to society,
But you were much more to me.
I refuse to be decoration,
In a religious or marital obligation,
Both require substance.
However, even if all was lost,
I'd remember the cost,
Of giving up gold for paper,
Of exchanging swords for a razor,
Of valuing experiences instead of people,
Of wanting perfection over the church steeple.
I'm sad I had to be the experiment,
In the time spent,
Discovering your true desires,
Watching all our bonfires,
Die like owls in the night.
Am I making a colossal mistake?
Should I actually have stayed?
What if I never find anyone else...
I wish you weren't so noble and kind,
Your gentleness overturns my mind,
You make me sick,
Why can't you just hate me and be done with it?
You seem to be moving on quite easily,
Maybe you'll have another if you can't have me.
With all my evaporating anger,
I couldn't bring myself to hate her.
To my grave I'll take these burns,
Love has no lessons to be learned.

Silent screams fill the emptiness,
As I lay my heart to rest.
But it wakes up hollering,
Like it did as a child,
Raging and thundering rapid and wild!
You said we're so similar,
But universes apart.
With jagged nails we clawed out the other's heart.
Frenzied panic flowed between us,
As the fallen world burned around us.
I broke you, and you broke me,
I wish I could save you,
You long to save me,
We both gave up in different ways.
You face dangers without fright,
While I write late at night.
You wear a gas mask or a hard hat,
I sit at home beside my cat.
No matter how fast I ran,
I'd never catch up to you,
Even if I was a goddess or guru;
One must *want* to be caught.
Unevenly matched, matched in passion,
Am I the only one who can outdistance you with words?
My eyes penetrate your worst fears,
Your presence brings me to tears.
Now, it makes no difference who stayed or left,
Either path leads to death.
Swirling colors spiral around me,
Rock music a raging symphony.
Personal dynamics so taxing,
Seeming available so waning--
So I'm stepping aside,
Allowing the thundering tide,
To wash me clean before I'm ready,
To take on another burden so heavy,
And humiliate myself so heavily.
I lived among the ashes,
Hoping for salvation.
I can't forget all you took from me,
I can't forget all you gave,
I can't keep staring at the world,
I can't keep sleeping in my grave.

But I don't know what else to do!
The worst crime I committed was wanting you.
The walls are so smooth and earthy,
All of life flows through me,
And the coffin is more comfortable,
Than anyone mentioned.
I could lie here all day,
Telling sorrow to stay,
And sleep beside me as a friend.
You're still my friend too,
You speak to me,
Even when you don't want to.
Your words bring logic and solace,
To this ever-present darkness;
It's humbling when you help me.
I'm sorry I apologize so much.
Let's cease for a minute to contend,
If we can't be together, let's be friends.
Will that really work?
Maybe there's too much past,
To ever make this right.
Let me relax without light,
Let peace fill my bones tonight.
Let my heart cease to quake,
Let my legs cease to ache.
It's all my fault, anyway,
This pain will never go away,
Unless God puts his arms around me,
Maybe He's the only one who wants to.
Let the waters of my loss cover me,
I'll allow their currents to set me free.
This world will pass away with time,
And all of eternity will be mine.
I saw a garden with serpents playing on stone,
In that paradise none were alone.
Before the coming of,
The one true Pelican,
I will be,
A skeleton.