

I First Cruised for Myself at the Clubs

Before arriving,

my tears on a shadow,

there were something sublime

about being out there at the moment.

If I didn't fall in love with you

in Wala, Rain, Elbow, Highland, or South Beach, Ripcord, or Oilcan Harry's.

We barely exist in the pulsing darkness

and we're myth

and read onto our body

that our hearts

exist outside of time.

You danced with me

in spaces where my feeling

was compassed,

while I was never fact

but event.

En Route

Days were full of hours,
and you preached that we could be
our sexuality was a threshold
the albatross of our naming
I not of you,
nothing yet of us,
You knew me, void
and we knew
there was one way
and one way to fall toward each other.

At the Lip of New Intimacy

Whenever words
come to you,
when they try to
themselves to you,
sometimes they will
the bodies of whales,
the weather
inside the heart's hillside,
and its singing anxiety
of a crystal.
Give them some
before they depart:
a face to take into the darkness.

How Much of You Can I Savor?



Looking Closely, You Can See the Letters Swell

