

Death, Breaking

His lips are shaped like locks he does not have the keys to.
He believes time was created so he could love her inside of it.

There is honey in the walls,
The television is off,
and outside the night is a strange museum.
The wind travels in a restless quiver.
Dark fills all the hollow spaces under the sky
and within his skin.

He hopes for a hand to bring the key
that will open his locks,
un-tremble his tongue,
and soften his violins.
He wishes for it to be hers,
but knows it must be his own.

Today shadows colored her eyes
and he thought if love is a weakness
then strength is a cause worth losing.

He looked at her and he could feel the feeling coming through
from her to him.
The red lifting bloom swallowing him whole.
The rising swell.
His skin radio static
and she the song coming through.

Let time rust me slow, he thought,
I want you with all my wanting.

The apples will begin to fall in the coming days.
In the dim light of the room she talks from her dreams,
and he kisses her sleeping lips,
the spinning planet below them slowing almost to a stop.

It is a love beyond sex,
beyond bibles or darkness or hail,
beyond roses or straitjackets,
beyond sugar or pistols,
beyond light even.

Smiling at the quiet glow from her chest,
he rises and walks to the window
and watches the streetlamps glow their lesser light.

People keep them beneath their beds,
on night stands,
or hidden in walls.

Wooden boxes,
or scrap books,
or wishing jars.

With wooden nickels, dried up daisy chains and fortune tellers.
Swiss army knives, scrimshaw, and scraps of paper.
Old notes from lovers, and faded polaroids and dead grandfathers' pocket watches.

The leaves are curling and scratching themselves into soil,
their light shed and clamoring now for more,
impatient to give life.
Let it be me, they whisper,
let it be me.

He watches from the window.
You are the only music I need, he thinks.
I do not mind going,
if you are the one I am going with.
I could go now if it had to be that way.
Give me rust,
give me sky,
give me soil,
here beside your silent grace.