

Space

I.

What a harsh thing it is
To have white space

Between us

The ignored palette, neglecting your color
Your vivacious hair & golden skin
Once fashioned in thick celluloid
Human fire & fiber.

II.

We were poised for loving
Poised to be rubbed together
Like two letters tightly fitted
Inside of a full word

Full Filling ourselves
Giving the body its own language

Though subtle in tones, we speak
Hungrily without regret
Our promises, one to another.

II.

Look at the stars &
How they shimmer
Against the black canvass
Of an eternal sky

Look, how love promises
Safe references:

Ceaseless nodes of fire
Guiding ships & planes & shuttles
Across dark, mysterious plateaus.

III.

Journey with me this path
To meet the ends of the earth
To conquer, in time, the fullness
Of the whole wide world while
Blackening with love
Every nameless path.

The Moon

I saw the biggest moon ever
In Columbus. It was 2005, a penny
Yellow orb with angelic brilliance
Closer to the earth than we could ever
Imagine. It felt as if I could drive
Straight into it and be caught up
In all its glory, you were the first person
I wanted to tell as if it was my gift to you
The first one to make you see something
So *beautiful*, you said, something beyond
Our wildest imaginations: this moon, you and I
The night and its brilliance setting the mood
For great possibility. I love you, I said.
Will you love me back, you said, always
And always. Even if this love descends like moon
Disappearing in the brightness of a greater light,
Such things will still exist for you, it is my offering,
A universal law to attract and then disguise
To go hidden and then be found
To go down and then rise up
To illuminate and then decrease
In your view. Always and Always.

Gravity

is the mass of questions we have
about each other's soul

is the weight of our hearts transfixing
us in the gluttony of who we are as one

is the vibrations in our hands, rubbing
our beings like a panacea for the worse spasms

is the poisonous lead between our thighs
as we long for the other's presence
like a hurried *tribute* to Appetite

is the uncertain proposition we succumb to
as we fall into an unknown universe

hoping the same force pulling us ahead
is also keeping us together.