

Broken-ness

Bring your fragments to my whole
Bring your whole to my fragments

Set a plate of our love
Let the hungry eat

Call forth our histories
Out of the darkness

Let us become one

Let Eve stitch her body to Adam's cage
Let them love until weariness demands

Heaven is the biggest heart
Broken by unforgiving pride

If God were a lover, then He would know
Then He would know

That a heart not whole
Not only misses the flesh

But it misses *everything*,
Even dissolving breathe

Even the mild fragrance
Of entire earths walked upon

Even the disappearing cells lost
In the subtle anatomy of death

But God should know,
If heaven is His heart:

Struck in two by lightning,
With Lucifer streaking down the core.

Flesh II

I.

You are intelligent poison
Given to the soul

Your anatomy infectious
With grief

Causing chaos
In the melody of time;

I give you panaceas
Of "truth"

And you do listen, dancing
With charismatic conviction;

Your warmth and deception
Almost synonymous

Inside my heart, I mother you
Sleep and then awake

Seducing you everyday, day after day
To bright and morning fantasy.

II.

In caring for you like a child,
I wonder at your wonderment
Innocent in the tirades of love

I cannot help but feel pity for you
Though I also share commiseration:

I believe you when you cry for mercy.
I believe you when you cry in pain.

I soothe you because I know
That I am your true Mother

Feeling hot compassion
For my *first* and *only* child.

III.

Your existence was summoned

Out of the dark void

You, facing time and destiny
For sake of Fate

You, who chose to believe in formation
When nothing else existed

Attaching yourself to Love
Because it was the greater call;

Though you are careless in your atoms,
You are brave to search the true beauty
Of God's unending soul.

IV.
You are charmed with your own volition—
An honest ingredient in the genus of gods;

Though you order yourself below
All others, you are quite divine:

Your golden brown complexion,
Weathered by unholy elements
Shining yet so beautifully
In the face of imminent Death.

V.
You give kind presence
To a force that is invisible.

You are a true comfort existing
In the dark and formless times.