

## ONION HEART

Whole

It only hurts if I let it  
If I suffer silently soon this too will pass  
And from my pain the aftermath is always beauty  
From my pain come a million and one lighting bugs  
Sparkling like stars spread out against the night  
I only feel the hunger until I let it subside  
My desire stemming from loneliness  
My passion whips around like a fire  
Out of control  
Come appease it just to tease it  
Form the clay to fit inside your mold  
Until the edges bleed out  
Fix the cracks  
And peeling plaster  
Cover the holes with spackle  
It will only kill me if I let it  
But it doesn't  
So I am stronger  
These ghosts can't haunt me if I don't believe  
Don't believe in your nightmares  
I run but not from monsters  
Not from the past  
I run not to keep the pace with others  
I run but not away  
I run only to see how far  
I can get before there's nowhere left to go  
I breathe to fill my lungs  
Not to bring you back to life  
So my ribcage walls cannot come down  
Unless I let them fall  
This body will only break if I let you snap the bones

And since you have taken no more  
Than my heart  
It's apparent that I can never fall apart.

### Creatures of Rag and Bone

The moon was this bloated, jaundiced thing  
Just hanging haphazardly in a really gory sky  
I mean the stars were so transparent  
They were merely cellophane skins of diamonds  
The smell of the sea was putrid  
Some fetid thing rising up and across the ashy sand  
The cast of light was so sickly dim  
I was happy for the clouds to pass over and make it gray  
There was just something about the night that was deathly terrifying  
Perhaps it was the fact that I could barely get my voice above a whisper  
I was just too scared to speak that audibly  
And the nape of my neck was clammy  
That feeling aroused when you just know someone's watching you  
But every time you turn around there's no one there  
Well we walked the beach under the gray of night  
As bile rose in my lungs  
And there were things I could have said but  
I was just too preoccupied with getting back to the house alive  
It was stupid really because there was no danger  
But shadows play games with the mind  
And just that something about the evening  
The sickness of that moon  
Made me feel not so comfortable with holding your hand  
And I didn't quite want to let you in  
But I was too on edge to be alone  
The house was empty and the sea breeze swept the curtains  
Made them billow and howl like ghosts  
So I let you stay and put on a kettle of tea  
And it screamed with steam  
Then a beam from that not so distant lighthouse  
Suddenly caught the pupil of your eye  
And for once it wasn't hollow sunken depths of black

And for once you actually smiled  
And I didn't see the jagged edges of your teeth  
My bit lip didn't bleed  
And my knuckles weren't white  
You actually acted like a human being that night  
Not some creature of rag and bone  
With a skin draped loosely  
Over your soul.

### At Dusk

At the violet hour  
The bougainvillea wilts  
The oleander poisons  
The men walk by on stilts  
The flowers sweat  
Deep between their pollen breasts  
Like the women who sweat  
Between their legs at night  
Entangled in ghost limbs of lovers  
Who are never coming back to life  
Enchanted stems entwined;  
They are vines  
Ebbled with thorns these roses are  
Martyrdom came quickly  
To she who was in love  
Disparaging the frost in early spring  
The sun in golden armor  
Stabs with emerald blades  
Sprouts feathers plush upon your mound  
Where lying lips silence any sounds  
Course wings encase a dying heart  
And bite marks trail your neck and arms  
They etch across your ivory flesh  
Like the ink that wraps 'round his forearms  
Marble, raven-black like your eyes  
With white veins; bloodshot now  
Held open wide

Will never again know the pain of a smile.

For S.L.V

We were sitting at the corner of miserable, the streetlight flickering on and off like a soon to be dying firefly  
We sat cross legged; Indian style, meditating on our raucous thoughts twisting like television chords  
The old black and white kind with alien-tinfoil antennas  
The picture in our minds was crackly-fuzzy then turning Technicolor rainbow blocks  
When you know the programming has been interrupted for a very important message  
But it was just cars whizzing by with their horns blaring rude and demanding to turn down the street first  
Like just by honking louder you could get there that much faster  
And once you've gotten to said destination what awaits you?  
What did you nearly run over to rush over to?  
In such a rush to get nowhere, just to another corner of another street  
But perhaps the streetlights aren't fading on that side of the block  
Perhaps there are some colorful neon lights buzzing like fruit flies over dumpsters  
Maybe there are musical notes dangling over grocery stores to welcome you inside  
Jars of things to fit all your pleasures  
Perhaps that is a sufficient enough reason to rush

But we were sitting on the corner and we didn't have enough reasons  
Enough belief or faith and maybe that's immoral  
And maybe the telephone cables have enough electricity  
To shock us and we'll recoil  
And we'll stop making baseballs out of greasy tinfoil  
But for right now we have pigeon feathers  
Twirling between middle and forefinger  
To tickle our noses  
And we'll sneeze out faerie glitter  
It's harder for us  
Just us two  
The kindergarten paste that holds our bones together  
Is not as strong as Elmer's glue  
If it were simple, something easy  
We would not have grown so tough, so callused on our hearts  
They would have been soft, squishy, blue-veined things

Not at all so hard to suffocate

I look at you, half of a mother's genes

And worry if you'd feel more comfortable in someone else's blue jeans

I could sit on this corner alone

But could never feel right if it was you

So while you are parked, sitting Indian style at the corner of miserable

Or maybe it's depressed? My eyes are tired from crying for you and the street sign's just a little blurry tonight-

I'll sit the same way talking to you listening to your dreams as they shoot off into the sky

Like disco-bright fireworks

And maybe we could be the ones to start setting them off

So the colors are a brightness we can control

Instead of waiting for someone else to light up our skies

We could be something better

We could be those stars hanging like charm bracelets in the night.

Bodhisattva

They sat under a bhodi tree

Contemplating the mystery of god

Every god

In all the religions of the world

And they couldn't translate the meaning of nirvana

Perhaps it was something not meant for them to obtain

In an after life

But to strive to achieve in this life

Maybe to sacrifice was in vain

To emaciate to feel pure

One would simply feel hungry

Perhaps the point of starvation

Is to fill the soul and not the stomach

To give up wants is to free oneself from greed

And material things

When one has nothing to need

Isn't he then the wealthiest?

To preach commandments seems fruitless

Who is to command one's heart?

To give freely is better than not giving at all  
But to give of yourself is best  
To watch and listen is polite  
But to stand and fight is courageous  
But what is worth fighting for  
If the fight is merely to go to war?  
When the cause is to prove the other wrong  
Is it really worth fighting at all?  
And to fight in the name of your god  
Seems almost sacrilegious  
When two religions fight in the name of their lord  
And they only believe in one god  
Aren't the two sides then fighting the same fight?  
They thumbed through bibles  
But found only words  
When if religion is spiritual  
How can one put spirit into words?  
They went to temples and mosques  
Built beautifully and inlaid with gold  
But outside the threshold  
Lay poverty  
Collections for the coffer  
To buy your way into heaven  
Repentance for ones sins  
But isn't it a sin to take  
But keep from the poor?  
All this contemplated under the arms of the bhodi tree  
And the bumblebee landed on the petals of the flower  
To begin its pollination  
And they decided that religion was not all in vain  
If one could find that peace is achieved  
Through nature's determination  
Of producing something whole  
Out of broken things.