

Still Life.

i.

But- I think, (I'm pretty sure)

Yes, I think:

nobody wanted to share.

Pools of endless crying on hardwood floors.

Sinking into rocky knees, stripped bare.

Crushed, (by something) my little head

didn't quite want to look up

to stare.



Sunflowers, Vincent van Gogh

Tonight, I sip the last bit of rouge tea—

Herbs that simmer in a pool of vodka.

Tonight, I pick up all my things and leave.

Goodbye, to all the things that cause carnage for me.

ii.

So, down the road I strolled...

To my delight, I spoke,

“All hail the monsoon;

The pool has vanished.

And it pours!”

Into a heart so golden, radiant, and *full!*

Untainted, ardent, and clean—

That I found lying

Still, at the twelfth hour.

Alone, on a park bench.

Twinkling,

Under the willow tree

It left some room for me:

“What? I seek sycamore!

You, you are nothing but a big hollow tree!

Do not kiss me with raggedy old wood,

Leaves of split ends, for, I say

The earth that surrounds you

It has no room for me!”

iii.

The tree spoke back,

“Funny you seek sycamore here so deep into the night.

For there is nothing greater than a new light.

You must tell me,

Why wish for power when you can have love?

My leaves can heal you and my branches will embrace you.

The heart that I keep protected by my hearth,

my bulk, my sap, my needles, my pine, my dear:

Is the one, intended for you.”