

Hummingbird Heart

I have a heart like a hummingbird,
Jeweled and shining,
Faster than the greedy grabbing hands,
Fumbling fingers,
Forever flying off
Into the day, into the night,
Into the firefly stars of love in your eyes,
Bluer than you believed,
And coming to rest in the lines
Of your outstretched palm.
You hold me like no one ever has
Or will again.

Imaginary places

She lives here,
At the edge of everything
Senseless,
Inside the frozen moments.
And on the shore of the sea of light,
She lives above the treetops of reason.
And when the sun rises she sighs
Exhaling in tinkling melodies
The breath of the stars.

On the run

I know if I remain immobile,
Fine and light over my living skin,
Making it forget the sun,
And the rain,
And all the things in the world.
My muse is on the run.

Shadow puppets

I caught a wish outside my
window
And put it in a mason jar
On my nightstand.
And some nights,
When it's only me
I let it out,
And make shadow puppets
In the warmth of its soft glow.

Wild Desire

Careful, careful
Is what one must be
With fire.
And so the same with
Wild desire.



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Imaginary Places

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