

## Cured Again

When I'm alone with you,

we are

drops

of

ink

,

infusing into the orchid water glass with a brush,  
beneath our finger tips. Suspended, swirling,

into fluid birds

of

paradise

with

lilac

velvet

feathers.

We bleed into

water color

pools

of stained

glass tissue

petals,

blooming at a

drop of

aquamarine

stars

on opal

palette

hearts.

## Two Ton Skeleton

You threw a

heavy ball into my heart on the shore of a Dali  
beach, where my love has wet,

sandbag

feet, and

your figure stands as a triangle sundial on the horizon of

heavy,

humid,

oils.

You simmer in heat, as I raise my bones on wooden stilts of baby giraffes, and struggle to put

one word

in front of

the other

to throw back

this marble

of melting eyes

we share.