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*Si Senior*  
Volume 4

"Flooded Sink"

You're a faucet that just drips away--into pipes, into  
tunnels, that lead to the eye sockets of the unknown,  
where concrete blends into dark mud.

You carry yourself on broken stilts, wanting to lean on the ground.

You're a ghost-town, full of drowning thoughts.

You drown in the rivers that lead to the edge of the  
world--a waterfall into space.

You can't float, you just drip away.

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*Si Senior*  
Volume 4

"The Weight Of Clouds"

Where shadows flow before my feet,  
sparring with the clouds,  
where above the skies, my thoughts fleet,  
I breathe through shrouds--

made of dirt and grass,  
the pebbles, conglomerate,  
brings burdens of such great mass.  
I stand still, and feel its weight.

With my arms rained in plea,  
asking the green foams questions,  
I bargain with the sea.  
They have no answers.  
I realize all is done,  
the shadows are gone--

I am the lonely dancer,  
dancing by the moon.  
I waltz in craters and dunes,

where gravity is silent--  
the moon light cry,  
in the shadows' sighs,  
I break and bend.

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*The Quiet Feather*  
Issue 7

"Seedless Oranges"

If I could  
dream, I  
would be  
standing  
on the core  
of the earth,  
thinking  
about how  
I would like  
to be in the  
center of the moon:

in a castle,  
surrounded  
by dust and  
the pitter patter  
of gravity.  
Here, I would  
be laughing  
with a girl  
named Isosceles,  
on the ocean  
floor, while we  
chew seedless  
oranges.

These are  
the reasons  
why I would

close my  
eyes, but  
those are only  
dreams of  
dreaming,

for now,  
until if ever  
then, I will  
have a brain  
without  
crevices.

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*The Quiet Feather*  
Issue 8

"Backyard"

Bryan jumped four times on the trampoline, and after the fourth jump, he landed on the moon, where Isabelle was standing with a petal-less stem in her hand. She wasn't smiling, and her blue gown was wavering in the airless air, making her look like some kind of sexy astral ghost. She was barefoot and her hair, unlike her gown, remained motionless. The stem was green and naked.

The last time the two had met was eleven years ago, at the well, where they would throw their vegetables down the waterless chute. Cauliflower, celery, lettuce, all the greens that they were supposed to eat for dinner could be found there. It had become a place of feasting for others; it had become some kind of banquet hall, where flies and frogs would meet every night, and discuss politics over broccoli. Eleven years ago, Bryan had given Isabelle a rose to say goodbye to her. She was to move the next day with her parents, despite not wanting to go. She wanted him to tell her not to move; she wanted him to tell her that he loved her and that they should run off to the ocean and love each other until the ocean would dry out, but he gave her a rose instead. Bryan wasn't good with words, and Isabelle knew that, so she left it at that.

That was eleven years ago, when they were fourteen, and much had taken place since then: Isabelle had breasts; she had a belly button and ankles. She had biology. She had panther curves, and a mind full of kinetic energy. She had eyes that looked for more than just seeing what was real. She had the world placed in her veins and arteries, going to and from her heart, leading her to become what gentility and strength embodied.

Bryan had not changed as much though: he mumbled and kept his hands in his pocket. He still threw vegetables down the well. He still looked down when he walked; he still thought about the ocean, and he still loved Isabelle.

So there they were, on the moon, facing each other after eleven years. He looked at her for only a few light years and then he stared down into a crater, with his hands in his pocket.

“I see you’re still using your trampoline,” she said.

“Shshfy,” he mumbled, still staring into the crater.

Isabelle smiled and laughed quietly. He looked up and glanced at her lips, and then at her ankles. He turned around and looked at the earth.

“I still have your rose,” Isabelle said, holding the stem up to the stars.

He turned back around and looked into her eyes, which were reflecting the universe.

“Let’s go to the ocean,” he said.

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*Magma Poetry*  
Issue 36

"To Take Away"

I had a rock  
in my shoe  
but I didn't  
take it out.

One day, when  
I took my  
shoes off, the  
rock fell out.  
I gently placed  
in back into  
my right shoe.  
I liked the  
way it felt --  
the way the  
limestone pressed  
against my heel.

There is a  
slight pain, but  
I'm accustomed to

worse discomfort  
than this. It

feels good -- an  
almost necessary  
pleasure, almost  
meant to be there  
to take away  
other silent aches.

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Poetic Voices Without Borders 2  
Gival Press, 2009

"The Pond Does Not Ripple"

Ophelia, are you mad,  
sleeping in the water like that.

You can fall ill;  
dry yourself, before fever arrives.

You look peaceful, relieved,  
but please go back home  
and have a warm bath.

Drink some hot tea  
and stay under the covers.

What happens to beauty  
when stricken with sickness  
and turmoil?

Let us not find out.

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*The Little White Poetry Journal*

Issue 7

THE CIRCUS CRAZY

he wore no skin his skeleton drips like honeysuckles air passes through his ribs breaking  
cracking calcium chips of rust snowflakes withering under the sun turning raisins into  
mold he laughs he laughs like an elephant with asthma the tune of decay i listen and  
grimace i touch my pores to make sure i'm here:

This man,  
this old shack of a man,  
with corroded skin and  
dented bones,  
with urine stained teeth  
and a roofless neck,  
cackling like a crow,  
hissing like a volcano, with ashy breath,  
with scratched eyes,  
this man, he touches the back of my hand  
with peeling fingers,  
trying to grab my candy.