

11:59 AM

nie



unwelcome guest

Love comes to me in the middle of the night,
gently rouses from sleep, lifts tired eyes open.
Like moth to flame, they seek out the time: still long
'til light, still time for flight—for ascension to

puffy clouds warm from endless sunlight. Allow
me to rephrase: I'm burying my face in
the pillow I always hug, imagining
it's you.

Love comes to me in the middle of the day
as freshly brewed coffee and a backdrop of
lively cafe chatter. It comes in the way
our eyes meet again and again—moths to flames,

except there's no fire. We're scared and we're clumsy,
wings beating out of
sync, tangled in a dance
that's only meant

to end. Currents collide.
Your breeze pushes against mine
until I decide
I don't want to fly

anymore. I'm sorry
it was you.

unsent letter #2

its been a while,

thats okay. i hope

time hasnt

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come back,

you

hear m

sunshine girl

a tap on my shoulder from behind
a pair of brightly lit eyes
inquiring

“what’s your favorite color?”

her gentle voice rings tinkling windchimes in a breeze
mine is blue, i have to think hers is yellow and she answers with ease
and she doesn’t specify but i know it’s a bright,
bright, bright,
bright! yellow

she smiles thinks for a while,

“we’re like a nice, sunny day”

like today, i say and she

she steps into the sun and she glows

i stay where i am

i’m warm enough where i am

i wonder if she knows





her name means fairy,
i learn this from my mother, unnecessarily—
because i can see
it in her dainty face her bright, knowing eyes
her sly smile and saccharine lies
my fairy sings to me
of empty dreams
of golden sunset scenes
in sleep she whisks me away
to placid meadows: flowers overflowing in rigid bloom
songbirds frozen, throats sustaining an ambrosian neume
we twirl around on bare feet dancing and laughing in spite of the heat
until finally
i collapse
fall back onto fleece-like grass
stare up into an aureate
sky glaring back, so intense that i get lost in it
drift away
that fairy song gets taken away
i've emptied my heart polished my mind—
still, i find myself in search of eternal sunshine

misplaced

oops!
i'm so clumsy
with my heart

no, no, it's okay
let me
take care of the
pieces

and the spill?

well—
drink up.

