

11:21

The time is 9:37 pm and the sky is a mix of deep purple and pale blue.
The temperature is 66°F and the still air covers me like a blanket.
I sit under a tree in my backyard and take it all in.
My gaze follows the single cloud that rolls across the sky with leisure.

I think of how time is a man-made concept.
I think of the ever expanding universe.
I think of you.
I then proceed to shake my head and wonder how it is that you manage to turn everything that I write into a love poem.

The time is 10:03 now and I'm pondering.

My first thought is of your hands. How they are so soft yet so certain. How I crave for them to be running through my hair. Or holding mine. Or strumming that song I like on ukulele.

It is 10:12 and I'm starting to believe that those hands could even look beautiful around my neck.

I look up to find that the shade of the sky is now identical to the backs of my eyelids.
I wonder about "soulmates" and carcass-cold hearts and if you can ever have the former without the latter.
I think of your smile and pray to God that you can.

I think of the time I flew 40,000ft over the Pacific, and how not a single one of those waves compared to the blue of your eyes.

I think of songbirds and symphonies, and that Monday night when you sang that Imagine Dragons song out of key.

I think of when we sat in your car for 2 and a half hours talking about physics, and politics, and the zombie apocalypse that we're both more than prepared for.

I think of all the times that I've watched you kiss her.
Of all the times you've made her laugh.
Of all the times I've heard "I love you babe" come out of your mouth
And of all the times that it wasn't meant for me.
The sky is getting darker now.
And I have to meet you in a dream pretty soon.

The time is 11:21 and I'm in love with you.
The time is 11:21 and you will never know.

embodiment of the place between dusk and daybreak

tonight the sun has set on the west side of my mind.
in my body it is seven thirty in the evening and my bones have settled down for a late supper.
my veins are tangled up in their sheets, they have endured a long today and they anticipate a long tomorrow.
my brain stands knee deep in files and complaints. he is on the phone with his wife, explaining why he will not be coming to bed tonight.
my heart is the quiet neighbor. the keen observer. the one that everyone's heard of and no one has seen. except maybe once.
maybe twice.
my heart is the urban legend that you have read about dozens of times.
you do not understand how you can be so enthralled by something of which you know so little.
but you have never been one to ask "why?"
you wonder more of the "whats?" and the "whens?"
my heart admires that about you.
my heart admires most everything about you.
there are nights when it peels back the curtains just to get a better glance at the way your pupils dilate in the moonlight.
there are nights when you look back and my heart does not know whether it should throw the window closed, or lean out of it to meet you.
this kind of curiosity is dangerous.
after all, it only takes one misstep to fall five stories down.
it is because of this that my heart always seems to scurry back to bed before ever saying "hello."
it is nearing midnight now and my brain has concluded that pain is inevitable so we might as well feel it on our own terms. he gives my heart the green flag to introduce itself.
the window is cracked now and if a heart could have hands they would be perspiring and unsteady.
but a heart does not have hands and so it declares in a prevailing, "end of story" sort of tone,
"i am here. i am here. i am here."

astronomical theory

you and i were a nice thought.
a theory that was always *almost* proven,
but never quite.
the simple fact of it is that,
try as we may,
we are not one in the same.

you were sent in a rocket
determined to explore my surface
but my atmosphere was much too thin for lungs like yours.

i wasn't made to be inhabited.

like a star
i can be admired from afar.
a beautiful, fiery blaze.
but i am not burning for you.
i was *never* burning for you

like the universe
i haven't stopped expanding.
i have galaxies in my fingertips
and nebulae in my lungs.
i will not slow just because my gravitational pull could not keep you grounded.

and now,
like a black hole
i would sooner rip you apart than let you get too close to me.

you have tired of my incessant need to grow until i collapse in on myself.
you have made the decision to settle for dust and asteroids.
but if you know anything, know this;
until you are ready to open your sinfully shallow heart to the vastness of possibility,
you will be nothing more than empty space.