

April's Showers

This girl blew you away. She was all showers
and rain with the breath of a hurricane, and she was beautiful,
god, was she beautiful.

Her name was April and oh, how it suited her
because her charcoal hair lit fires in your eyes,
but the rain in her soul put it out and left you
all
in
smoke
and it was like you couldn't see the real her.

She was a smoke screen beauty queen directing you to waterfalls that you've never seen
and it was a rollercoaster all around with her ups and downs.

She was a twisted dream.

She drew you in
until she burned all the oxygen out of the air so you couldn't breathe.
So you left.

You took in the welcome mat
and put your raincoat aside
because the next girl who blew through the door was like a spring wind.
After April, there was May and she was the rainbow
after the rain. April's showers created May's flowers
and May was beautiful as she bloomed,
and until spring,
she is yours she is yours she is yours,
until then she will leave
only letting you keep wilting leaves.

There Was a Time When You Grew up My Arm like an Ivory Plant

I remember you in the spaces

that you filled, in the places

that arced around you like sunbeams.

You lived on a bowed street with wide oak

trees and wily hedges. Your eyes were precisely

the color of bare feet after running

through freshly mown grass, knees always flecked

in speckled ground. They called you a good natured

boy, said you were down to earth.

So why is it that you went up in smoke?

There was a time when you grew

up my arm like an ivory plant.

Now you're but a smudge

on my forefinger.

What happened to the roots

that dug you so deep?

When did you turn from the sun?