

I Don't Remember Asking You

That time I mused aloud about the moon,
and how it moves our hearts, our souls, our minds?
You have to know I wasn't asking you;
I never did, and neither did mankind.
And should I in an offhand way express
my thoughts on politics, your cocksure spume
that I've been duped will simply not impress.
So smart, yet not. Hey, buddy: read the room.
How to describe the churning ire your tone
evokes in me, I cannot quite achieve;
You've missed we're in the rhetorical zone,
and now, dear sir, I'm asking you to leave.
(Like so many, my tongue I've often bit,
but what you don't know, I must admit.)

Origin Story: Paola

The tree, and all it contained,
was hers.

The spirits and their clay
chests sinking,

The guitars, and canoes, and
adobe building bound by

Leaves to her clouded sky.
Her guileless heart,

Pumping blood to each leaf,
to each

Body, each memory,
in mind, in kind.

