

## IT ISN'T UNTIL YOUR ABSENCE THAT I'VE WANTED TO WARN YOU

All of the sudden, something enters,  
inhuman. The only thing I want is the ears,

and your mind chained between them  
like King Kong. Imagine the mind

leveling the Big City for the sake of the heart.  
The wind stirs

a funnel of leaves outside,  
a thousand little deaths. Afterwards, its lover

the snow appears. I prefer to aim my face above  
the sun and let my body absorb the impact.

The radio across the way plays familiarity:  
not the song nor lyrics,

but the emotion painting us darker than fear,  
which pits us as adversaries against the infinite.

Life disappears with the ease of ignited paper.  
The wind is dictated by those who've left us twirling,

and the roman candles decorate the sky with glee.  
I cannot justify it,

defending ones loved. Dwelling in another day,  
I breathe, committing to a practice of release.

It isn't until your absence that I've wanted to warn you.

One late morning, the storm-clouds muffling  
any escape in the sky, the sound of snow meeting the ground,  
a warm handshake with an audible embrace.

When I arrive, I'll save my best joke,  
whistle my best tune, perfect the wink,  
and let it all amount to something.

## GRAFFITI SIGNATURE

Go see it.

My tagged name, star-shaped  
and self-given.

Glossed and wet in gold  
marker-paint  
beneath the streetlamp.

Find your face in the maze  
of its architecture.

Scribbled sideways in longhand,  
  
the agitation of youth  
evident in the scrawl.

Among other names,  
a shaky planet  
hanging in space.

Every night  
the moon contends  
  
with its matter-of-factness.

Painfully sweet,  
this slight contempt  
  
within passing readers,  
such as you or me,  
for its illegibility.