

Memory Theatre



Choir of Tragedy

Hyacinth does a backflip over every jealous mortal man.

Isn't there something to be said about fate
here?

That death always equal fate
but fate does not always equal death.

If I believed in gods I think I would pray AI AI in despair constantly,
wondering why we rest easier

changing a five letter word to a four letter word and calling it divine.

Sometimes I feel like hyacinth, secure in my love, doing backflips just because I can.

I can be the hot west wind too, intent on killing
every secure love I've ever longed for. And even still,

I am pale Apollo carrying every little act in vain to
sustain an already severed love.

I know

that in the end, no matter how the flower-chorus chants of AI AI,

I am always Thamyris,

the first man to have loved and lost another man.

Sicha

Is the moon in Tiberias, over
hill or highway,
yellow turmeric, cut.
Is this my moon?
Can I hold it and will it cry if I let it go.
I want it to miss me when I'm gone.
My touch, the gravity keeping you put.
Do I let myself get comfortable in the thought 'there are different moons'
you never know which you may see.
And that the yellow is not a tint, not a shade
and fullness is not a phase.
It's as if she is a friend in stories from school,
each a retelling of the last,
the missing and the love.
In the night, in Israel, you see her again. Far from where you were and met
and she isn't different. She is the same moon,
looking down
yet, she doesn't remember you
By face or name.
So you separate,
once again.

Dream Poem II

My brain children have grown
long legs
I can not avoid
reaching with good arms to cradle myself away from the heat.
They stomp me out.
I have made my brain children with long legs
Whose children's children will adapt
better than I ever have
and run away
multiplying
faster than the days have time for.

Carne y Queso

The mornings are full of meat and the sun drips in grease until seven.
One large grill, the beach, roasting the life from us.
There is not a way to cool so,
drink coca and leave the cap off
for all the dogs in the neighborhood, hundreds of
hundreds of dogs to walk across the busy roads and bark at cats.

This Time Last Year

I've traveled across the country and you're still dead.
When I came home, I thought
maybe things would be different with the time zones,
 that maybe the earth turned around,
 simply felt the need to walk in a new direction,
 that backward was happening.
 It was happening now for you.

But I drove down the road from my town to yours
in the *sun* in the morning
and waited at red lights and went at green lights
and I stopped at the bank, watched the Mr. Cone ice-cream shop vanish in my mirrors as I
turned on High Street and I looked into your windows
in the *sun* in the morning.
I walked along the cul-de-sac and I threw small rocks
into the stream behind your house and I saw the oil mark on your driveway from your first
truck and thought I saw your dog break from his leash. I walked around the neighborhood
calling his name and went deep into the weeds. I heard his collar jingle off branches and laid
in your bed because all of the the doors were unlocked.
I opened up your closet to give space
sun-light in the morning.
I wondered where all your shoes went.
I lit a fire in your back yard so the cops would come again and I could ask them
where you were and also I think I lost your dog.
And I would shake my head
at the *sun* in the morning
at the thought of even getting out of bed. I would be so angry my eyes fall out of my face and I
can't see another thing no matter how much I want it. And i want it, I want it so bad I would die
to have it. But I won't. Even if it means I would be in pain forever laying there blinded, ignoring
any *sun* in the morning that tries to phase through my empty black sockets. I couldn't lift my
head to even have a level thought. And I won't.
I don't know where I can find you when I go looking now.
I don't know where I can find you when i go looking now.

Dream Poem V

I fell asleep, just a nap,
while reading A Grief Observed and think
I must have dreamt of something so awful, so horrible,
because I woke up feeling nothing.
For the moments before real memory, I lost where I was who I was and I was
standing on a planet with a heavier gravity. My insides were slowly being pressed to oblivion,
but I didn't feel pain.
I thought maybe this is death:
an empty box,
a still room,
but even death must be an experience,
not a nothing,
not nothing,
it can't just be nothing.

Dream Poem VI

No dreams from this point forward.

How Do I Tell You That Hurts Me From the Inside in a Way That Wont Offend You For Asking

I want to crawl behind my eyes & simply lay there in the dark.
Where even I cant see myself.

There's the theory that if we were to see our twin, a doppelgänger, the other,
we are so skewed in our own image we wouldn't be able to tell.

I pass a buildings' mirrored door
I look and yes it is vanity and yes I am dying.

I see myself, but not recognize it as me and for this passing moment
of not existing anywhere, I am entirely entirely.

But it is always leaving/staying. Pulling along like a raccoon in the grooves of a tire. Eyes still
glowing ghost headlights.

Sometimes I am not myself, but can't seem to find an empty body for my skin to fit, so
godlessly I just do everything opposite until someone asks whats wrong.
Probably everything.

I think I could have been anyone, but unfortunately I would bleed through them and stain it all
over anyway.