

How to Bake French Bread

Gather the ingredients, frantically, in the same way you gather yourself rolling out of bed.

Flour and water; the foundation.

Yeast, sugar, and salt. The soldiers.

Oil and cornmeal to keep it from sticking.

Commence the chemistry.

Combine the yeast and sugar in warm water.

Watch the leavener's 25 billion cells

feed off the sugar and surely it will bubble.

Recall yourself in fourth grade learning about carbon dioxide.

Measure out the flour, salt, oil, and the rest

of the water. Combine with the yeast mixture.

When you spill flour on your dress

think of the time you baked cookies with your mom.

Dust the counter evenly with more flour

unlike the times your friend placed powder

uniformly on a bathroom counter.

Knead the dough for 5 minutes, not in the way

your friends needed you. Notice the setting sunlight

drizzling through your balcony window.

Observe as it breaks into pieces on the floor

creating rainbows, but continue kneading.

Fall into an affair. Pushing. Pulling. Folding.

Glance at the gifted gardenias from someone who calls you

darling. Form the dough into a loaf and let it rise.

Sprinkle with cornmeal.

Be gentle.

Bake.

The smell of french bread will desperately

surge your apartment floor.

Cut into it and listen closely to how something full

sounds hollow. Put it to your lips and feel the warmth

seep into your mouth. Devour.

Homeless, No Less

You are
in an hourglass aren't you?
I see you scattered
on the sidewalk.

Life took its toll
and buried you in cruel sand.
Your hand tried to emerge, but more
sand submerged you.

You are
in an hourglass aren't you?
You have two socks on, but
only one shoe.

I am lucky enough to walk
with a shoe on each foot
and scatter myself
in a home.

You are
in an hourglass aren't you?
Thirsty, but you
hold a plastic bottle of vodka.

A quarter full.
You are in an hourglass
aren't you?
I am too

But the sand in mine
is different
and life has flipped
you over too soon.

Pretension

When you take a psychology class
you will learn that the body has been imposed
on the mind and perhaps this imposition
is the reasoning why we lack the
adoration for mental beauty.

When you learn that emotional intelligence
is superior to your
IQ you will have an aha moment.

The irrational guilt you felt from failing
your fourth-grade math test will dissipate
and you'll tell yourself stories of how
you may not be book smart, but how you're a
dangerously emotional intellect.

You will read your pretentious books
written by pretentious people and realize
you might be pretentious too.

You will have conversations about the
existential crises you routinely have
and how you love that existentialism
is a constant hunt.

You will impose your drunkenly
pretentious ideas on someone at some bar
who probably doesn't give a shit.

When you read Freud's theory
on psychosexual development, you will disagree
with his insane proposal of the
anal and oral stages.

But you will admit how everything in life
is either pain or pleasure and you might
never understand how to balance the two.

When you try to take your humble subconscious mind
and impose it on your pretentious conscious mind
possibly you'll develop something beautiful
that finally isn't cliché.

So perchance your pretentious
imposition will fall to sleep
and pain and pleasure will learn to coexist.

Broken Sprinkler, 2003

A spectacular
situation emerged

as water pistoled through
the air and kids ran like
pistols towards it.

"Don't slip!" As Tod's feet
shifted beneath his body and fell
to his bum. He picked up his feet
and ran faster as popsicles were
left as artifacts on scorching asphalt.

Grass glistened and water stuck
to it like jelly while bare feet
and light up sneakers skipped
through it. The sun was obligated to
92 degrees and clouds obeyed and ceased.

Playful hollers rang
in the bustle of a fleeting
celebration, but memory fled
the air when the aqueous
flash fizzled out.

Laughter became softer as summer
delighted in the bliss it brings.
Then soggy toes deserted left over
puddles and dinner of mac & cheese
and green beans couldn't come faster.

Drenched in Dismal Dew

Listen to the booms of tottering trees
The trees walk this forest with anamnesis
Wretched branches clench memories
of the souls who once hung from them
And time will stumble on remaining
perpetually preserved

Time has given and taken
Souls dragged their feet willingly
Notes were left as apologies
Carved into trees "Mama, I'm sorry."

Morning mist hovers over
dew-drenched grass
It will dissipate in mourning hour
These trees are the protectors
but also the takers
Witnessing the finale of time
It will not be forgotten

Nooses hang long from these branches
Souls gather to them in hopes of escaping
The obliteration of misery
will also massacre all that blooms
They ripped all their flowers
And left lonesome seedlings
Feet dangling
above
their abundant possibilities

Suicide led them to the omega
These branches hung more bodies dishearteningly
Can you hear the whipping of the nooses?
Time grew people it did not intend keeping
then left their bodies in remembrance of suffering

Unmaking

I too
know the smell

of sweet plum wine
and fresh

bread baking
the sound of

clatter in a
sunlit kitchen

and songs of
a grieving pianist

the first sip
of rocks and whiskey

the delight
in bed unmaking

the gleam in
dopamine eyes

I too
know how

to find comfort
on the other side