

The Platonic

I am a container
for tenderness
filled both in the core
and to the brim;
the seams near bursting
when I close my eyes
and see you, the Platonic,
the Untouchable, a feather, a snowflake
I crave from my window.

May I not touch just once?
Just the tip of my index finger
over your eyelashes and,
if you just permit, over the
bow of your lips – I promise that
my soft tangibility does not hurt;
not you, at any rate.

The action will only
sing and change me...
squeeze out tears at every glance,
each remembrance.

The Warm Side: A Lyric

There's a star, or a glowworm
in your camp on the warm side
where you won't let me come.

It is very cold here
and I look over to where
I want to be while I shiver.

The bright little flicker
of incandescence lights up
the warm side; where I look
dolorously from my plight.

I look, look, look...
I shiver, shudder, breaking
into cold blue bits
undone, unmaking

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