COMMUNITY POEM TITLE: “HIGHER”

A different kind of love—
one that brings me up, up above.

I’m screaming into a light waiting patiently
for it to start talking back—
for it to calm me into

stretching high towards the heavens
in a burst of song and flame,
and leaving the instructions
for a love without a name.

I’m blinded by your light,
yet seeing only my reflection
shaped as planets and plants
and brush that paints my love

encroaching the clouds
with a shriek of desire for
something just a little bit
higher
I am picasso reborn, and all there is for you to do is to love me. I would see myself in you—a portrait, yours, that I would paint if only you would sit in stillness long(ingly) enough before me.

Keep me quiet my violet but don’t be violent to my flesh for it is yours as well as mine as well as anyone could guess.

Sharp leaves blossom

The bold and violet light gives shake beyond the halo connecting, reaching

love knows blues, reds, greens, corals, turquoise

beautiful bouquet filled with thorns my king of queens down once more

I sit, I sigh, I shine, can’t help but be seen.

Sing, sing, she said, over sigh...

a complexion reflected for them

reaching out to empty space

materialistic worth is all I’ll ever be.
Muddled in you, I
find it difficult to hold on.
A flash of blue, lightning, and
you’re gone.

Petals are not enough to cover the
pain
You try to paint over the refrain, but
the grain in the wood doesn’t
change.

I don’t feel wind on my face, but the ghost of it is there
when brushing glance grazes photo
I don’t feel warmth on my skin,
but it’s there in the frozen frame, a ghost of the moment.

Mine is not love,
but devotion
I’ve been drained,
emaciated beyond
recognition.

There is power in my image
but behind my eyes is hollow
stony, steely
a gaze that is borrowed
I hide the disarray
every wisp of my sorrow.

A pale flower blooms
from prickly pear
as spikes protect my
insides from despair

but the sun
comes
together for
me—and you, and them
a ring of
pure light to
catch this
blur of hair and
face and
soul and sight—

A different kind of love—
one that brings us up, up above.