

Numbers and Words

Is the universe round?

“Maybe. But it could be flat.”

If it’s flat... can we— can we leave?

“hA— where would you GO?”

I don’t know. What comes after the universe?

“I don’t KNOW.”

You turned the telescope, pointed it at

The Moon is big. But the coffee bean is not quite as big as the nickel. Still,

i should’ve found it too. i saw lightish-darkness (or maybe darkish-lightness) but not the mOon.

If I go to Arizona will my eyes be fixed?

“We’ll have to SEE.”

On the mountain, i could SEE a road, burned trees, white-capped observatories rising from the soil like soft round mushrooms, but I could not SEE the Moon. Or the stars. Only one night i did lay on the ground and stare at the sky, and it was wonderfully clear, and i knew the truths were coming, but i had no

Time is a fabric. If i rip it, will i live forever?

The next night was clouds, and i was angry, because the truths were going to come but they didn’t. They died in the sky. i went home on the plane and let myself cry, willed the tears to come, because maybe catharsis would teach me what i needed to know.

The numbers stepped aside, and the words stepped in. I only liked numbers when they made sense. But words always made sense... not other people’s words, buzzing out of mouths and throats, but the ones that beat the sifter and make it onto paper— those made sense. I started writing my own words, because maybe I will learn what I didn’t learn on the Mountain, and i think it might work but it’s taking a loooooong time...

One lifetime will never be enough.

Weeds

The ground sprouts hair this time of year
Yellow fluff– like a duck!
Picked and strung in chains and crowns
Bathed in dandelion down

The gleaming tractor makes it way
Over the grass, across the hay
It slices, dices helpless flowers,
And throws them in discarded towers.

Calling them ugly weeds.

Bloody Ice

I dove into a sea of stars
And stumbled on a path to Mars
Bought my ticket, paid the price
Of leaving Earth for bloody ice

The boat let out a rumbling roar
Spread its wings and began to soar
Far away, the marble of life
Vanished into the inky night

Never again shall I see
Cornflower skies, vibrant trees
I live alone on this spinning rock
Pride the key and death the lock

Time

Time

One second, one breath
One star that implodes
What does it even mean?

Eighty years might be
A lifetime
Or if you live on Uranus,
One turn around the Sun

Time is a fabric
Isn't it?
That's what Albert said
So what if you stretch it,

Cut it, twist it
Rip it into pieces?
What if we could
Cheat the system

And live forever?

Tangerine

Yellow fog rose from the ground and twined around the sun...
You said, *Come inside, girl. The world is ending.*
I stayed rooted, the smoke enveloping me with its suffocating grasp,
And stared up at the Sun, its hazy light weakly reaching my eyes.
The peeled tangerine smiled back at me, and hung in the sky for all to see.

The Voice in the Plasma

I remember that day!
The cloudy stacks shot with veins of gold
But they should have been silver, I was told
Still, I revved the engine and away I rolled
Into the gloomy dawn

I drove for days
Far above the skyscraper heights
To a place that has no traffic lights
Until I ceased to see the plights
Of my fellow Earth-bound kin

I left the invisible freeway
Went over the Sun and behind the Moon
Through a black and silent dune
And then once again it felt like June
As I parked beside a star.

I called aloud
“Is anyone home? Someone said
You have food and drink, and nice warm beds
I’m tired, and I fear I will soon be dead
If no one comes to help.”

A voice, a voice
Through layers of plasma roared
“Another one! I am a trifle bored
With being admired and adored.
You may begin to speak.”

What could I say? What could I do?
I wrung my hands and stared down at my shoes.
Then the voice said, sounding quite amused,
“Either speak or die— you have to choose.”
So rhymes bubbled out in twos.

I said,
“I hail from Earth, a planet small
Escaping from its deadly fall.

I come to you in time of need,
For a remedy to humans’ greed.

You see, I heard that God above
Is the core of a star, not a dove

And if I need beg favors of you,
You can be sure that's what I'll do."

The voice paused, then said to me,
"I certainly can feel sympathy!
But destruction has been sewn into the nature of Man
From the instant space and time began
So leave, there's nothing I can do."

When I reached Earth again, I watched from afar
As it imploded like a star.

Fireflies

Fireflies are stars
Once in heaven, now fallen to Earth
Forever trying to find their constellation.

Summer Nights

There's something about late summer nights
Stars glittering to life,
Sharing secrets beside a fire
Letting yourself daydream,
Ice cream when the moon is just beginning to rise
Fireflies flitting around you
Neon lights in the dark
That feeling— only once in a while—
That *this* is what life really means.

Eternities

Yesterday feels like forever ago,
Eternities between then and now.
Did that really happen, or was it only a dream?

Eternities feel like yesterday,
The sights and the sounds filling me
Until I know it's more real than now.

Paradise

The sky looks especially mystical today—
I could paint a watercolor, but I don't.
Is this paradise?

I wear jeans, but there was a time before faded denim, I know.
I want to wear a dress, and run in a field of flowers,
Letting the petals fall gently into my hair.
When I tell people this, they call me crazy.
Maybe it's better to be silent.

If I move to Nova Scotia, will people laugh at me?
I think yes, probably. The only place they wouldn't is the Moon.

Between Us

What if the roads were made of grass?
Unbroken green stretching in all directions,
Fences draped in flowers the only barrier
Between us.

Dawn

Stars shine with piercing light,
Watching over the raging fight
Shouting rises and fills the air
Spreading quick as a galloping mare
But soldiers drop their swords and yawn
As the darkness gently fades to dawn.

Unconventional Views on Flowers

I think—

Flowers are more beautiful dead than alive
But bees, bringing pollen back to their hives,
Most likely would regard them otherwise.

Lithosphere

When we jump, the ground doesn't break.
Maybe that's why we forget—
Forget the thousands of miles beneath us,
A world we will never see.

You wanted a kite for your birthday.
Don't you know it's winter?
You'll freeze before you fly.