

Seasons

This collection of form poems is titled seasons. It was a descriptive writing exercise.

Heat Stroke

the sopping air beads sweat onto rooftops
baking, steaming in the summer sun
the kiln of the world fills with steam and other unseen fluids
boiling along ever-climbing veins of heat
that roots in your mouth and twines down your neck
pulling hot breath from your lungs and into the world
boiling blood
boiling tempers
boiling all the little lines that keep the world in order
they
melt and
bend
the strings that keep the pictures of the world across yours eyes grow loose and
blur
the little chains that pull you up the mountain of sleep each morning
rust in a foamy ocean of sweat
motivation seeps away into the air
and even the weak little tethers to consciousness and life
flash, burn, and break
the giant falls

slowly

drifting into a bed of thick air
embraced by the pressure of the ground
and the heavy wet thud
of weight shifting responsibility
and giving up the right of getting up again

there is no more hope for cool again
even flames are dosed to embers by the suffocating dampness

Frostbite

the prickle doesn't start where you'd expect it
it doesn't nibble at the edge of your ears
or begin a subtle gnawing at the base of your spine
it doesn't frost the underside of your shoe with crunching chill
it starts in the underside of your skin

and props each hair up individually
curious reader sneaking a look at the next page

needle-like-fingers-like-finger-like-needles
press and pluck the fibers of each muscle into tense guitar strings
sending them vibrating
matchstick rubbing against a dead scratch pad
until its head falls off
still cold

hear the wind howl
its crazy violent whirl
primal instinct pulls the strings
duck and cover
but only seeps damp spikes of chill under your skin
and into organs

the whole of who you are
is shivering
rocking the ship of yourself into a frenzy
but the edges solidify
and flake off
starting as microscopic unsettling
and digging icy claws in perfect fractal patterns through muscles, fat, and skin
down to morrow
and further

hints of pricking pain brings false warmth
flashes through eyeballs like surges of light
crystals made in breath and blood
now still
now brick
frozen likeness of life
with the toes falling off
and the fingernails shedded
making silent landings in the snow

Flood Warning

the drifting scent of a baking storm
is pleasant, always
even as a bearer of bad news
even with hindsight

it makes me smile
the force of it and the metal figure my nose discovers in it
makes the tip of my tongue high as the clouds

pat pat pat
of irregular heartbeats
water playing in the trees as they reach out
to steal moisture from their neighbors
each drop jumps from limb to limb in a game of fluid acrobatics
unintentionally triumphant

the drum becomes steady
regular motions
throws a river of noise over the land
twisting in and through and over
houses and parks and workplaces
into the ocean and over the forest
a thousand tiny soulless live things tossing themselves into the next realm
and falling with damp force onto the pavement

drifting into a steady roar
it pulls and pushes on my eardrums like the rise and fall of impatient tides
trampling hooves of watery deer stampede
and fall into the distance
only to rush back through my head
on their way to somewhere else
the pattern ensnares me in an unconscious hammock
and I drift with the noise
and sleep

but the roar goes on
beating the drum that only knows how to be faster
more and more water falling out of the sky like an infinite deck of cards
unshuffled they pool on the ground
no one will pick them up
no one will even try
until it is too late
and the roof leaks

each drop on each eyelid is a spell of fear and worry across my mind
overcast with the fog of sleep I grab buckets and bowls across the house
and fill my newfound boat with tiny lakes
but the water keeps coming

and rushes on and on
thunder trumpets for the cavalry

sitting in the calm rush
the dampness seeps through my clothing
through my skin
bringing uncomfortable temperature, cold and hot
through me
my skin wrinkles
tenses
and shivers to keep away the storm

it's at my ankles and I know I'm through
the river bites, pulls at the hairs on my legs
roars like a lion and twirls around me like a rope made of a thousand slippery eels
fills the box I'm in until it becomes a coffin
but even as the icy fingers of the waves creep around my neck
even as my lips turn blue
my eyes go cloudy
and debris caught up in the rush turns the water to my red
I still love the sound of the rain

Eastern, Western, Southern, Northern

each breath pulls together
each molecule and fragment of air individually decides
to push together
pulls the Earth around its axis in different directions
and the world is split up into slices for the screaming gods
each piece of a different temperament

gentle puffs
delicate warmth
touches and owns all that it surveys
the tropical temperament extends throughout

on the other end of the world the bitter bite
of ice and gravel
is churned through the vortex of speed
this whistles senselessly
a saw that winds its way back and forth across my face
cutting in the cold deeper

another dusty howler takes certain seasons for its kingdom

this one is a thief
both hot and cold but always
it takes any loose thing it finds for its own
to join in the endless war cry

the fourth finds beats
indecisive wings
go back and forth across
sometimes laden with rain and sometimes with fog
runs busy errands
and pulls the rush across the world
tilling the soil
sending birds and bats and tiny crawling things into their places
but always beating like sail and wing and the opening of a parachute
this one is work, and noise and growth transported through air

so every king to their kingdom
each singer to their tone
and yet each tiny piece of sky still independent
united
but free
to scream it's own song across the mountains
and fly where neither wind would rule
