

Unbroken

I wouldn't know how to describe a painting or a sonata, but I can tell someone how I feel, though they rarely know what I mean. Words fail me often, but nobody notices. They aren't listening anyway. One person knows me. When I talk to him I feel like a knife in a drawer, because my words have power. The possible damage would be irreparable.

He and I are like a house falling apart. Our sidewalk is askew and our mailbox is missing. It is painted pink and yellow. We love it, it's unique. Last night I stomped my feet through the floorboards because I wanted to feel my toes in the earth. I pushed my hands through the ceiling and kicked down the walls. I know he wonders why I do things like that. I just wanted to let some air in. I said, "Look hon, now we can see the stars." He brushed off the debris and put me to bed. He won't sleep tonight.

His thoughts stay up with the moon trying to exercise the demons in his mind. Too intelligent, too spiritual for his own peace. A shaman, unstuck in time. A stroke of genius and a slap in the face of this world. Always restless, searching for answers. Impulsive and inspired, writing down his thoughts. Funny stories about Elvis and his followers, the Elvi, or dirty poetry. Painting his visions on sheets that hang from the eaves or painting me with psychedelic designs. It doesn't matter which. All of it makes me want him more.

Some things I say to him are like sour notes played too often. I'm out of tune. He always sings along. Our waltz is better than most, I suppose. We know the steps by heart. The world moves quickly around us and our quiet drunken pace, but we don't care. Our minds move quickly despite this world's petty distractions. It's us and them, and we're the only two sane people left.

He makes me nervous, still. His dreams are bigger than both of us. When we speak the words fall from my lips. They aren't enough to explain who I want to be. I am so flawed. He says, "Sometimes people have imperfections that are worth living with. You're a little eccentric. It's part of your charm." This man knows me, and loves me anyway. He is crazier than I am.

Eight years might as well be a thousand where we're concerned. History has roots that go deep. They go to the center of the earth and back and wrap around memories that will never languish. Images of him burn into my mind. Visions of him carefully try to balance me on the tip of his finger, but it's too precarious and I always fall. I laugh when I look up at him, grateful to be sitting on the floor.

I write terrible poetry all the time for him. I'm stronger with a pen in my hand. My mind spins with thoughts that are like rain, I can't catch them all. I wish I could, I feel a drought coming. I'll weed through the mess later. Right now I have buckets to fill. Our roof is leaking, it's so refreshing.

You

I dream a dream of better things
and moments yet to be.

In my mind you linger.

Hold my hand,
move with me in the flowers,
they grow, so beautiful,
like us, so fragile.
They bend in the breeze, I arch my back.
Can you feel me?
We connect in freedom,
surrender in love.

Come with me,
in this life, in this dream.
Whisper in the moonlight.
Scream in the dark.
Move in my rhythm.
Let me feel your music.