

“he drives a beat up blue prius”

is it really such a curse to be so sad?
i mean, west coast bathtubs might be
a worthy experience to have.
filled up with tears instead of the pacific.
after all, all drains lead to the ocean.

she said the bridges were red and longer than thoughts,
and i believe her about those small dogs.
said there were big dogs too, kind of like abdul.
but she’s picking the small one that sings,
the one that likes to hold her hand and swing.

she waits to fall in love, and now she’s on the fringe.
seeing that picture with the words and the squares.
it looks like bliss-freedom hanging
in a pool, legs hooked on a crooked irish ledge.
for whatever reason, she has to chase it.

and gained everything, making it and feeling it
right itself and all the pathways full of rich offbeat sounds.
it was different and good, she said, like maybe forever,
like maybe forever life with the right one at the right time...
and couches in between.