

The map home is tattooed on my skin,  
And breathing isn't autonomic, only,  
But somewhere in the last few weeks,  
The sign that leads home  
Included your name.

Ever since my first kiss, one of  
My favorite parts was how you  
Can taste your partner for a long  
Time after you leave them, the  
Hints of perfume on your collar,  
Bits of makeup on your lips, their  
Body chemistry stretched across  
You like a painted veneer that you  
Can smell over and over in bliss.

As if the world we knew ceased to exist  
The moment we set aside inhibition.  
The Greeks had it good, only struggling  
By definition, their challenges (from  
Chasing, arrow-laden lovers to snake-headed  
Demons) left them, if anything, alone and  
Constantly eaten. But we, this, the answer  
Is too easy, is it?

A man walked into a bar, sat down,  
Ordered a beer, and without saying  
More, took out a small man, then a tiny  
Piano, and requested a tune. The  
Man next to him, perplexed, asked  
After the tiny man, and was told  
That a genie appeared from  
A lamp in the alleyway. Without  
Asking more, the second man  
Ran out of the door. A few minutes  
Later, he came running back in,  
Winded, afraid, and confused, as  
A plethora of water fowl crowded the  
Windows, quacking and carrying on.

The things we ask for in life, why?  
The romantic says "YES!" where others  
Stop to question the validity, and watch  
Life pass them by, yet, the romantic often  
Finds themselves in a series of "what do I do with this now?"

Moments that guess their way into protraction.  
Responsibility has two blades, both cutting.

The bar tender, a little alarmed asked  
“What’s going on!?”  
The man at the bar says  
“I trust you found the genie”  
The man at the door,  
“Yes, but, I think he may be a little  
Hard of hearing. . .I asked him for  
A million bucks and. . .”  
The man at the bar says,  
“Do you think I wanted a 12-inch pianist?”

The one side slices into our place in life,  
Carves away at individuality, sets us hard  
In desks too small for our legs, puts pencils  
In our hands for sharpening. Without effort,  
It claims our energy, stories our existence,  
Yet the other side cuts deeper still, sliding  
Forever and always through the heart of self.

Never so has one person’s balm been Gilead  
To another, your non-existent sobs, wellsprings  
Of living water. Never have I wanted more  
To sit and cry with someone, to rip layers of  
Life away and lay bare with you on clouds  
Too thick to be seen. And what if we always agree  
Without anticipation because of the circumstance?  
And what if the culmination of daily existence  
Might prove what we already know, that people  
Get tiresome? And what if everyone would  
Disown us and our reputations be ruined, or  
Something like that?

Be careful what you ask for.  
The genie is hard of hearing.  
And off turned glances at love  
Are all but disappearing.

Today I’d stop the world three times  
I’d end it all the same  
And melt with you in silly rhymes,  
Remember why we came.

You reek with power, soaked in compassion,  
I never knew you could be  
You are Love, and to my fashion,  
I just had to open my eyes and see.

A lesser man than I would start religion in your name,  
Write hymns to your body, praise your effigy, charm believers with your fame,  
But I sit helpless, in a room with 10 walls and no floor,  
Trying to find the passage back, to the place I was before.

The man at the bar, the first one, took the small pianist  
Out of the bag, and asked for a tune. Was it "Blue Skies"  
Or "Another Somebody Done Somebody Wrong Song"?  
Or did he leave the decision to his bizarre friend?

One day, this will all be different. We will have missed some  
Chances at dancing. We will have missed daily breath loss  
And heart racing at one another's nearness. We will have missed  
Telling the world that we're in love with the most incredible  
Person ever to exist, but we will have loved that person into existence.  
And that may be a touch better than being strung to a rock for the vultures.

P.s. I can very well imagine a world where you take my breath away every morning.