My Missing Tooth

Fill the gap between my teeth
where my dreams collect.
Explore them,
take solace in the space.
I wish to carry
you, my special cavity,
fixed in a world,
worlds away.

You can sleep on my nerves,
eat my crumbs,
drink my saliva.
When I'm done
with you
I'll lap you up with my tongue,
swallow you whole
swallow you with my other tired dreams.

I will have loved you
to the pit of my stomach.
But soon
you'll be gone
far away
from the place
only I
could hold you.
Sommer, Lady

Shrub rose and creeping thyme, Lady Sommer
runs through the arboretum
swirls down the bend of succulents
passes the psychedelic mushrooms
beneath the dirt in the hidden tourmaline.
Promising beginnings, a sweet end.

Before the rain when you were born
the nymphs surrounded you
soft as lavender, crisp as dusk
sunkissed, wondering home.
The dial spins out of control
dizzy between north, south, east, west.

A light rain waves her away
hurling down the paved, raped
Earth. Twenty-five miles
more. You have to remember,
remember what you saw between
the shrub rose and creeping thyme, Lady Sommer.

She runs for the hazy mountains,
the nymphs wait between
the shrub rose and creeping thyme,
the honeysuckle and four-leaf clovers,
the hum of the solemn stream.
Ghost Wolves Dance for Gluttony

Write about the wolves, the fallen stars,
the ones swirling down my spine.

The first time I saw them was across the bar.
Once people, mindless people, already dead
voyeurs. Loitering.

We locked eyes, the people’s eyes
blank, black clouds and the warm bodies fell cold
to the ground then turned to film,

the film on top of a toxic lake.
Through the dead mouths I saw a snout puffing out fiery air
I saw myself in their teeth, their empty eyes.

Their bodies made of mist.
They prowl through the bar without bother.
Hungry. How can they stomach food?

Gluttony, no food or flesh or bone to chew.
The soul will fill the ghost wolves' hunger,
frightening and insatiable.

Bred with the Wendigo, born of the moon’s will.
One wolf begins to play the theremin.
The others dance and howl.

My feet disappeared through the floor.
A small cloud forms at my bell.
My gums begin to bleed.

The theremin screams in my ear, I howl.
I’m thirsty, my teeth are dry.
The fallen bodies are picked over.

Look at my old body, there
on the floor turning a cold blue.
I howl then I eat.