Trying To Spell Love

There are some things the mouth

finds increasingly difficult to spell;

there are battlefields within us

where nothing is able to grow,

where our past and its ghosts

search tirelessly for a warm place

to die, where the white flags

hang over the funeral of God

and our limbs become

the mirrored skyscrapers

that attempt to intimidate the sky.

Desperate in our touch, reimagining love

through the ephemeral saints of class

and gloss we live away from the centre,

stagnant in our wandering

while drowning in the pace of twisted currency,

the pace of liquid alcohol hammering our dark veins,

driving us further towards the flanks of despair.

Lonely spirit drinks alone, hunched talisman, timid soul,

the pictures of the beautiful shared with a styled loneliness

waiting and wanting for the great ship to return

discovering the beginning through

the very fear that propels the end -

for love will only know itself through vulnerability

and needing the body to shake like a collapse and say hold me

here in the places where it hurts,

where they shot me down

and left me to die in the same mudbanks that cull diamonds

and forests, listen hard for the ringing of the dead bells,

for the clap of the heart I'm giving you my wounds

because the hospitals are full

and every doctor’s hand is a raw coffin

with the insignia of the walls becoming serpentine cracks

so please

bring it here

bring a love without a past or a future

a love with nothing in front and nothing behind

one that’s yet to be named as anything that could ever hurt,

one as pure as the dream of an unplanted seed,

as bright as the exact moment a newborn opens eyes

to greet the world from the hot arms of its parents

a love that will walk back through your battlefields

and help bury the bones that protrude from the earth of anguish

that will set sail along your scars blowing kisses down

their crooked river, moving with you, as you,

learn each other’s memories, let hair grow over the parts that pain own,

place each other’s breath on the corners that burn

and become the furtive balm that rescues the deep

night from its galloping oblivion

salvage each other, let it all go back into where its needed

make peace with waves and know that the moon tonight

is pregnant with tomorrows sky.

There are some things the mouth finds

increasingly difficult to spell

perhaps that’s it,

perhaps that’s all anyone is ever doing,

trying to spell love with the letters of another’s skin.