**A Long Trip**

I spend days stumbling aimfully on cracked rock whose dryness extends onto my own lips and into my own throat. My hazy eyes and my sorry hands long to see and taste and feel the rich fullness of the exuberant ocean that calls to my body in the form of an ethereal quake-an ancient calling to spellbind all who fear the stygian sun. An invisible moon rips apart an ocean which grinds against the Earth and its her voice who cries out to me: “*Not too much further”*

**Black Sand**

Your flat yellow gaze attaches itself to me, leeching away at the last shred of my uncrystallized heart. The crystals are black and coarse as sand. Warm sand. Sand that aches for my feet to plunge into, and then my hands, and then my chest. Hot sand. Sand that covers my mouth and fills my ears and burns my eyes. I try to spit it out. Scorching sand. The heat is overwhelming, my head pounding with the force of a battering ram against metal walls as the weight of a thousand radiators presses against my skin and sears into my flesh. And then it’s gone.

The heat is gone.

And you’re gone too.

You, the reason I am sinking into this stygian abyss.

Cold sand.

The heat is gone, but I’m still entombed a million miles underground, curled up in a never ending pile of black sand.

**My feelings that are put on like makeup**

My feelings that are put on like makeup.

My smile of lipstick stained-teeth betraying that

I keep getting smaller and I’m afraid to look up.

Cogent words not sprouting from my throat all choked-up.

Your guile of smoldering ooze laughing at

My feelings that are put on like make-up.

A carnivorous crunch makes the Earth crack up,

As the poison tears from me as a mawing gnat.

I keep getting smaller and I’m afraid to look up.

Blood bursts into my cheeks and makes them burn up.

The corrupted shape of my body sweltering, you loving that

My feelings that are put on like makeup.

Smaller than a kettle, and now smaller than a cup,

I feel myself settle, the weighted tears of a crying brat.

I keep getting smaller and I’m afraid to look up.

Because I know I’ll see a giant you, smile all blown-up

And I hate you, hate you for knowing that

My feelings that are put on like makeup.

I keep getting smaller and I’m afraid to look up.

**One Mistake**

My admonished legs scream from the unsightly absence of my skin and blood. Losing tears in a fitful tirade, returning watered echoes to a hearkened past. My dizzying vision peppered with sticky spots of white goades me to clutch my sternum until all my hands feel is a pulse. Wrapped up like a shriveled onion, scornful of the sun which makes my sweltering mouth crave shimmering, intoxicating sweetness, I sigh a relief when my fingers graze a bountiful heat that’s not the sun.