

RHINEBECK CSD POETRY CONTEST

1ST PLACE SUBMISSION

You are my transient source
of electricity,
a bolt igniting my veins,
wiring my mind,
and shocking my brain, ecstatically.
You are lightning, striking surprise
with every smile and each time
you look at me with concentrated desire.
You have eyes of fire
burning through my barricade,
boiling my insides -- I need to breathe.
But will you let me?
Will you quake my cosmos
like a clap of thunder roaring
in the midst of silence?
Will you let me spend the night?
I can trace the voltage down your spine
and pray to God your radioactive heart
is as dangerous and spontaneous as we are
when consumed under a black sky
and we shine bright like the stars we swallow.

You and I are light.

We are not poetry for the kids.

We are no longer

cursive bodies

intertwining into one --

bending --

racing across the page

to tell the story of how we first met.

No more chasing clocks

so we can wind back

to the beginning

because if there's time,

we'll find it.

If there's rain

sliding down the windowpane,

I'll remember your restless voice

and how it sang our tumultuous storms to sleep.

I found home with a broken body.

I went digging deep

inside myself

with towering trees to aid in the self meditative isolation.

I trekked among the greenery,

getting lost off the grid,

fabricating my own maze

because the leaves were welcoming

and the sun was skinny dipping in the sea.

She was pulling peaches from the sky,

melting grapefruit and dripping

the rich, raw, and ripening colors for our eyes to breathe.

She was sinking,

submerging, and silencing the night with her setting lullaby.

She was kissing the horizon,

trading in her red dress for speckled drapes,

convincing us that beauty is bright --

that beauty is alive.

Take a sip from your forbidden fruit --
and I mean the bottomless parts of your mind.
Dip inside,
dive deep,
go underneath, underwater
where the bubbles slide along your sides
like hands that once found home on your hips.

Walk down to the garden
because your words can live forever
and the flowers love it when you talk --
when you let your soul breathe.

Dare to be dangerous and explosive enough
to run away with your thoughts
and get lost in the tangled lines
that define your mentality.

Understand that we are all human beings
made up of individual complexities.
Swallow this idea, stomach it,
let it resonate so that when it's late
and you find yourself
wandering with the voices that keep you up at night,
you know to not to silence the ghost.

Explore yourself.
Learn to love the mess inside your head
because there are no two thinkers alike.
You are the sole traveling light in this universe
shining in colors we only know exist
when you pick your brain.

Go insane,

and thank me later.