Fresh Perspective(s)

i. Every Poet
I have ever fallen in love with
has offered me one thing —
A remedy.

They induce me to Believe
that somewhere
outside of suffering ...

ii. A rush swells the chest
and suddenly
you discover lust in slow motion.

The heart is ripe,
ruddy

I look at you
and I atomize —
My heart puckers
and pomegranate pulp begins to drip
from my ribs.

    We explore each morning
    self-confessed, your words
    Tango with me. Passion
    tapping the Earth — wonderfully
    exotic, curiously human :

You and me.

When you feel it,
you know.
iii. You are the Earth. I am your spirit. Together the trees are lungs that breathe under starlight, rustle when we are excited — leaves wisp in our wind, and we hear maracas sound. Hips sigh—glide methodically—call it organic chemistry, the way lips trigger nuclear kisses that attract atoms —Naturally—We speak, and our words radiate. Subtle energies translate pure phenomena. Please, muse me. You are the Earth. I am your spirit. Together we experience

iv. I am from the sun—the inspired spirit, illuminating language like the warm sound of Good Morning.

Living and breathing molecular history, I am from the Earth that sits curiously within our natural Universe.

I am from the trees, growing infinitely with every thought that blossoms. I undress the mind: scattering leaves behind, planting seeds on fresh paper.

I am from the heart. Ripe, wild and alive — write all the words that make us think.
To My Poet,

I am a cursive body
running laps across your notepad
telling the story
of how we first met.

I am a spark that ignites your spirit,
warmth as the body bends light.
You write love letters in the winter
and I guide your fingers
late into the night.

I am the best type of tickle
climbing up your throat.
When you’re with me,
language metamorphoses.

I am bittersweet — the first bite
of a fresh peach, the color green,
stars connecting — Apogee.
I’ve heard my words can make you weak.
I speak because your thoughts shriek —
Distant things gain clarity. Your brain
wants more, and we both know
a draft gets messy, but we both feel it —
something raw is ripening inside your mind.

Together — we are open
to interpretation, acclamation,
coughed up confessions
that have us convinced
certain avowals don’t exist —
Crime is a blank canvas.
Forgiveness is scribbled in the margins.

Language may sway, wobble,
and even pulsate, but language
alone will never explain the way
you create me. I feel
wild and alive and fuck
I feel good. Write me —
passion like this
has never felt so rewarding.

( because )

When you feel it,

you know