

Perfect Moons

(‘twas in a dream)
I had walked up the stairs of the
Hall Memorial Building
in the crisp autumn air and saw standing there
a tall, lanky gentleman—about twenty—with a red and white cane.
I saw that he was lost
so I asked him, slowly,
if he needed help.
He removed his sunglasses to show two
mature cataracts,
one blue and one milky white,
that were culpable for
stealing his sight.
Anyway, he accepted my help,
and we walked on through
the long halls with the shaking lights
I dropped him off to his class,
and he said “thank you” with the grace of a king
and he looked back at me,
saying nothing more but
looking back with those
two perfect moons.

Heartbreak's Function

A heart's eternal song is the heartbeat,
so too beats the heart's eternal questions: Who am I? Whom do I love?
Who will love me? Am I even worthy of such love?

If logic is a grafted flower, love is a picturesque rosebush:
So pretty, you think! How sharp are the yellows,
pure the whites, deep and warm the oranges, and—fiery and mean the
reds—

So short on time, or else you'd stop. But how piercing and painful would
it be to be struck by a thorn!

As life goes on, as you grow ... it becomes tiring, this gardening for love,
looking for that perfect rose—a perfect love, an imperfect person for an
imperfect you.

Some never grow, and embrace a periodicity of love: as though it were a
sinister sine or a cruel cosine, never-ending,
always curving tortuously—delighting in the maximas and mourning in
the minimas.

Growth and maturity are not immutable forces of time but rather effects
of engaging with it—not letting seconds tick by
meaninglessly, but infusing every minute with meaning, and every hour
with its own eternity.

The heart's song may not be so eternal, for doesn't it always end with the
symphony of asystole?