

## And it all made sense...

Someone feeds burning coals of thought-  
the ceiling's eye ignites them  
under my pillow.

I cool with mediation.  
unsuccessfully.

They burden my body like lead  
with the tasté of soot.  
those thoughts.

I inhale them.  
smell nothing because of sickness.

Popcorn echoes downstairs.  
sending a beacon of yellow to  
sneak under my door

Warmth coerces me,  
"Sleep."

Ringling doesn't wake me-  
Heather Weston of Sterling, Colorado  
returning my call.

The call I didn't make,  
numbers I didn't dial.

The forgotten phone in the frozen car,  
will it respond  
to the curves in the road,  
the sirens' roaring?

You must have proof of insurance.  
I paint my family portrait  
on the window.

I jump-  
the voice behind the paint  
asking my "4-1-1."

The cop is a boyfriend  
I have never seen-

sculpting the prickly rose of play and conformity  
Out of the ticket.

I know he hates me-  
The roses are red.

I climb their petals  
To sit by the pond.

Meditating like Yamaguchi  
for a frost on her skates.  
the same frost that unites  
the Gold to her chest.

For fake triple lutzes  
create dry waterfalls, but  
success is measured in the splash.

Sun produces your rainbows  
and clouds give sight  
to snowflakes glitter and glistening  
dancing in the kaleidoscope.

Awake to their music  
their Carpe-Diem!