

I'll Seek the Waves

Melinda L. Boudreaux

In your eyes sleeps an ocean,
peacefully, but near,
close to the corners where eyelashes intertwine
like the fingers of old friends.
You try to hide the waves when they start to rage,
but the shoreline isn't a beach,
it rolls to cheeks that are sprinkled
with memories of the sun on your face.
And though you fight the ebb and flow of the ocean in your eyes,
squeezing them back, turning its skies red,
I'll seek the waves,
always.

Because the surge of your tears carries the secrets of your heart.
And when the secrets topple over the shoreline in those sacred
beads,
they find your laugh lines and flood their river bed to your mouth
where words fail to express what those secrets are.

When you fight the tide,
squeeze tight,
erect the levees to guard your heart,
you only flood its rooms with the emotions of its waters,
and I press hard against the walls,
to be able to enter,
to wade in the ocean of your heart,
to know the life that stirs it,
the pull of its waves on my finger tips.
Let me touch the tiny secrets that escape from the ocean
overflowing.
Let me wade in the waves,
combing for the truths of what you try to hide from everyone else.
Let me inhabit that flood for a while,
making its shoreline the end of my world.

And please,
for the sake of your overflowing heart,
let the waves crash,
let them topple over
let them be free
to find your laugh lines
more often.

**upon finding yourself in an empty room that is
gradually becoming more crowded and
accumulating dense layers of feminine noise**

Lee Hope

i hesitate to say what i want while writing.
i think, "no one will place value in this."
i imagine my mother or ex-girlfriend reading and thinking,
"this is very hurtful and 'selfish.'"
i am forever attempting to sustain a psilocybin comedown.
i am my blurred streaking sinking last meal.
i am live-tweeting my life:
here it is . . .