

Supernova's

I – you – we went hiking one day
- or was it sailing? –
two boats rocking in our respective moorings
synchronizing and excited
traveling up and down stairways
lit brightly by the glow of our love
we make history everyday
from the mundane and delightful

fuck! what I wouldn't give right now
to be lacing up your corset

left over right,
right over left

like those two laces – our lives entwine tightly
and no distance can stop us
on this arduous journey
of translucent moonlight adventures
and we blow like scraps of paper
flung and flung into the blossoming mist
floating between the skulls of picknickers
who sit on their families
melting into grandmother's quilt
awaiting the snowstorms
to transform the world lit brightly
from white to whiter still

while I'll wish that I'm warmed by your body heat
that background hum that prevades my imagination
I hold onto you tightly – spooning
And you hold onto me tighter
But not so tight as to be stifling
In fact – its more than supportive
And so we tumbled – on and on and on
Past so many skulls as to be dizzying
But our breeze kept us airborne
From the start of said time to the eschaton...

And we rent clouds like bedsheets,
Wet with the aftermath
Of desire's desiring

While we merge like halos of feather dust
Our borders bleeding into one another
And then back again

The glitter of stars hunts us – like an avalanche of mica
Across the desert of the future unseen
But decided rightly

And I can do nothing,
But dream always,
Of the next time,
When our stars have collided
And we lie together
In a bed of cloud-flowers
Among interstellar gases...
Supernova!