

in a dream...

in a dream i see a world reflected,

as if cast on water's surface

where down
is down & is up,
up

Heaven at the ground and Hell in the sky,

all else ripples between.

ancestry

red tenacity runs through my veins:

an ancestral bond, born at the beginning of my name

carries through my spirit.

sometimes i feel the warmth of the Caribbean sun on my skin

in a cold room, miles and miles away;

a purveyor of strength

echoes through the fabrics of time

reminding me to hold my head to the sky.

leaves in the winter

sweet honey drew across her tongue,
settling into her senses with the ferocity of the past.
it tasted like fall looked: gold, abundant,
as serene as a field of marigolds striking against the October sky,
as yearnful as the orange leaves passing through the trees,
left to shrivel and decompose come winter's arrival.

how funny it is,
when our taste buds change.
when the seasons pass,
and the now becomes distant.

she hoped she would never forget the taste of sweet honey,
for it reminded her of a different time.

what's in a name

what's in a name, but a place.

my mother chose Iona for me,

the rocky shores of a Scottish isle must have spoken to her

those twenty-two years ago.

perhaps she saw the ripple of its emerald tide

etched into my fingertips,

or felt the soft breeze of the coastline

as i drew my first breath.

what does it mean, i wonder,

to be made of a place you've never known?

duality

the stars glimmer around a white moon,

a beacon in the expanse of night.

as light approaches it begins to wane,

a call to its other half.

the moon is not afraid of death,

for it has died a thousand times.

it sleeps soundly with the coming dawn,

knowing the sun will be born anew.

fruit

a lifetime ago, i picked
sweet oranges from hanging branches.
the whistling of the wind swayed them
 back and forth,
 back and forth.
they shone in the heat,
glimmering sunset in green
while nearby, a small brook turned the dirt dark.
 rocks slipped under my feet,
 blades of grass itched at my ankles,
the smell of sweet oranges lingered in the air,
a lifetime ago.

golden hue

gold leaks from a windowpane,
letting warmth in a cold room
light envelops a winter sky,
letting warmth on a small street
the heavens open up at dawn, their song like fire
appeasing the winter spirits, if but for a moment,
in the cast of a golden hue.

memory

in the distance, i see glimmering crystal

brown sand as endless as time

an ocean's tide blending into nothingness

i walk on splintered feet, dancing across wood scorched like cinder

the sun, whose rays peak between old pine trees

refract against a distant memory

the crunch of fallen leaves mingles with the scent of salt, and the air feels so *light*

as nimble as my feet, skipping against scorched wood

as weightless as a passing moment, lived once more.

dia dhuit

i tell a tale to a room,
full of faces turned away

of a man dressed to the nines
donning a pressed green tie and vest

with a signet ring on his finger
made of pure onyx

i tell a tale of a man who carried
the same nervous ambitions i do

a man who had once told me
that when it rained,
god was weeping from the heavens

i tell a tale of a man
whose words escaped like music

a catholic man, irish-born, irish-raised
the father to my mother
& three others

i tell a tale of a man
who looks down on me from the skies

god to you, he says
god is with me, i respond

i tell a tale to a room,
full of faces turned towards me

The Mirrored Man

I remember Scotland, rainy and bleak,
stood on a pier, facing the mirrored man
of Loch Earn. The statue lived at the foot
of the waterbed, its feet submerged in
grey waves, its body drenched from nature's storm.

In a sky of white, rain drops fell against
both nothing and everything. The shores
were empty, the fish were sleeping, all was
silent. After all, the mirrored man could
not speak. His mouth was made of an inlaid
glass, as was his body: cut as a man,
cut by man, cut to mirror that which stands
before it. I looked at it and thought how
alone it must feel,
when there is no one to reflect.

Silence

I am told that my first encounters speaking with strangers as a child were telling of my timid nature. It seems as though when they would bend down to speak with me, I would grasp at my mother's leg, hiding behind her as if that would allow me to vanish. I used to believe that the world was just a scary thing to a child – something that would be remedied with the experiences that come with age. Now I think this reservation was something more, something innate.

Here is something I do remember: So desperately wanting to speak up in a room yet struggling to find the right words - a fear of judgement so deafening that quiet seemed like the only option. And though I longed to be unseen by those strangers as a child, I would come to find a loneliness through my invisibility, an aching with an impossible remedy. An anxious mind accompanied by missed opportunities; a wavering will to break free from the chains of silence.

Here are some lines by George William Russell: "Twilight, a timid fawn, went glimmering by, and Night, the dark-blue hunter, followed fast."

Sometimes—now—I find myself stuck in a perpetual Twilight, lingering on the unsaid.

And though there is a peace that comes with the quiet, I find at times,

I crave the chaos of words spoken.