

Poetic Light
BWC-21^v


PAINT

CHIP

POETRY

roccie.neocities.org

Parasol
N120-1^v

- bedroom
 - his car
 - bathroom
 - kitchen
 - outside her apartment
 - o beach
 -  mind
- : places i've kissed/
been kissed



MARQUEE
ONE-COAT

OH-1-15

Torch Red
MO2-359

it's the color of
your cheeks,
glowing embers
in the evening.
it's the flavor
of ripe tomatoes
in the summer,
the juice on
your lips.

MARQUEE
ONE-COAT

OH-4-1

Amber Brew
MO2-10 (4.6)

pour me into
a red plastic cup
or your fanciest glass.
i'll fill you up
with laughter &
warmth on
a cold night.



ON A FOGGY NIGHT,
YOU CAN FIND ME
- JUST OFF THE COAST.
I AM THE GLIMMERING
EYES
OF OIL RIGS,
OF DISTANT LIGHTHOUSES
OF WINDOWS UNCURTAINED.
I AM ALWAYS
WATCHING YOU.



at the end
of the line.
rosy cheeks and
snow like static.
we hold hands
on for as
long as we
can fall

I've never had
guacamole.

My family eats
avocado with
a spoonful of
sugar, or with
salmon.

- just a fun fact





UP • THIS JUST



IN-OATMEAL RAISIN BECOMES

WORDS Rich Rubin

I don't care what anyone else says, oatmeal raisin cookies are GOOD! They are for the powerful!! 'f you hate 'em, that's on YOU! NOT THE COOKIE. :)

OAT MEAL RAISIN FANS RISE

Country White

PRESIDENT • YO,



Old soul, she calls
me, like it's the way
I came out the womb.
Youth is but a collection
of fleeting memories to
me, yet others hold my
past in their hands.

It was taken from me,
and I'll never get it back.
You can't replace the
petals you pull and
you can't go back.

You'll never go home
again.





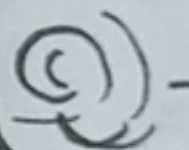
WGP30 Pineapple Sorbet

It's funny, the way it happens. It's just a fruit, it's just some juice in a carton, but I'll never touch it again, never even dare to feel the bite of its flavor on my tongue, because it's the taste of lies to me, 2x1x1-shaped white rectangle holding the unknowable.

Did I mean it when I said I love you?



cigarette smoke,
fishing hooks,
sea salt, & lighters.
this is what we buried
that day, beneath the
powdered-white exterior.
mermaids and satyrs
met to weep over you.
in time, you became the
land where deers graze
and the waves where
fish gathered. I see
you with each hit I take.





WGR10

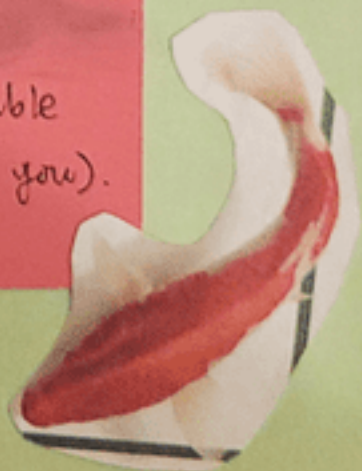
Watermelon Smoothie

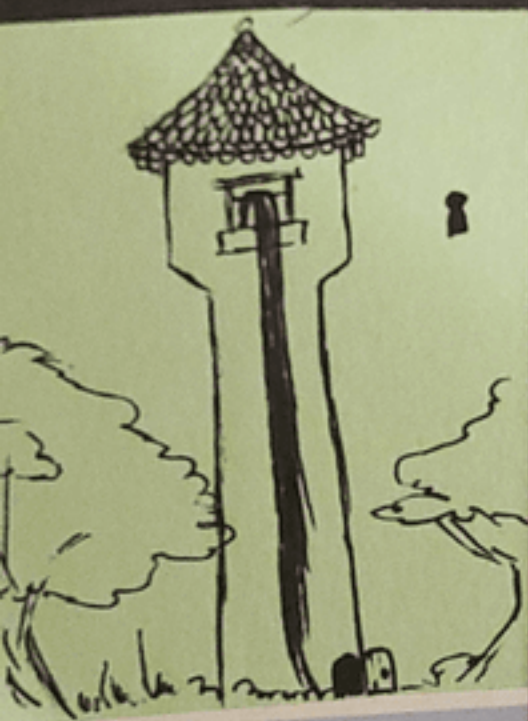
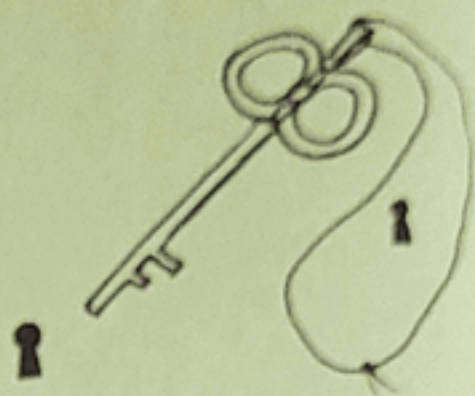
Penitence at 10 looks like
a translucent pink splatter
dotted with rainbow clumps of sick
on a dirty gray classroom carpet.

penitence at 20 feels like
an empty apartment
where the only light comes
from a crack in ~~the~~ front door
my body is found two weeks later.

but at 30, when it comes
maybe I'll realize

it was never my fault;
free of that unpayable
debt. (I don't owe you).





used to think
that love meant
relieving atlas of his
burden.

Love Poem
M120-6

that love would find
Samson, freeing him
of his gilded locks.

i was always
waiting for the key
that I never noticed
the open doors
around me.

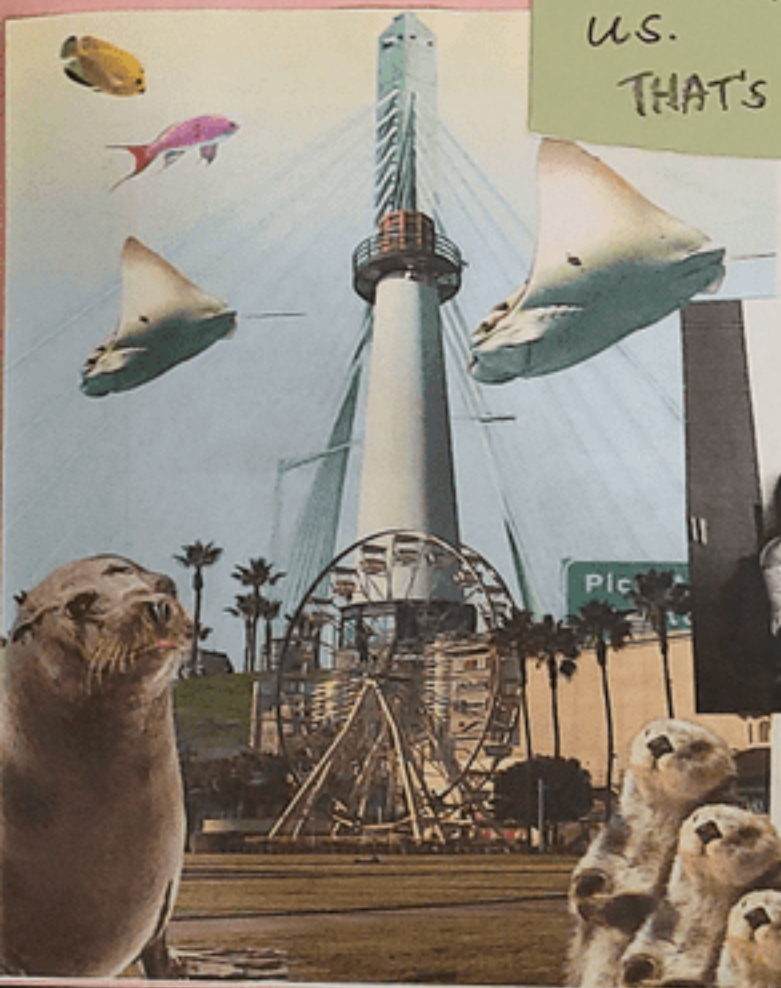


MARQUEE
ONE-COATRejuvenation
5379-47

someday (probably even tomorrow), I'll have forgotten what we did that day.

So I'll call you up for tea and a drive. You'll tell me what we did as we sit on the curb, paper bags and napkins between us.

THAT'S Love.



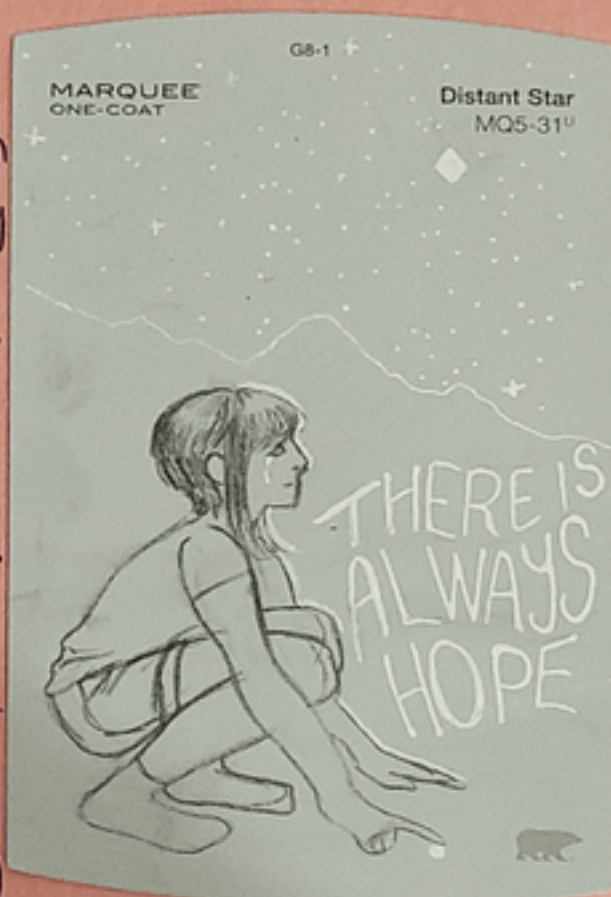
Set myself on fire just to keep you warm.
that was a mistake. but I did it anyways, got
used to lighting my wick, softening my wax for
you to mold into any shape. resigned myself
to thinking that the problem was me, because
how could you love me when you hate your
body, the one we share?

I learned
the candle
ends, twin
flickering
You took
the nights
Always
the snuff

Two atoms
the same
constant
yet forever
split by
unfathomably

infinitesimally vast. In between our reluctant
forms, an unknown swath of atmosphere still
stands between us.

can you see the smoke signals? I am coming.
I draw closer to you with every night I set
afire, the phoenix rising from the mountains
making her infinite journey across the sky.



to burn
from both
flames
but alone,
the days,
my domain,
expecting
of the end.
occupying
cubic dimensions
equilibrium
out of touch
that chasm,
small, yet

RM5-4

Ramune

Fruit Cocktail
M140-4M



some silences are
louder than others.

you were always
defined by your
absence.