

TIME

(Nick)

let's step outside of time
I hold out my hand and offer you a waltz
tonight
there are too many unborn dances pent up
inside the hearts of men and women alike:

let me relieve you of your sorrow,
your songs of love and elation
miscarried inside a chambered, unopened heart
(*time isn't holding us*)

I'll be well dressed for our evening
a jacket with tails
a waistcoat and fancy trousers
and a white bow tie underneath a winged collar

there is no greater weight than loneliness
the dancehall is vacant
it calls us to embrace each other

we move
across this floor
in a few simple steps

and the war
forgotten

collapsing like a bad dream

falling from your eyelids
if only for a moment

forget the color of my face
will you dance with me
in my dreams we are just black and white
celluloid wishes,
camera ambitions:
but you are preserved in a simple touch
of our skins

is love
neither created nor destroyed
but simply changed?
(*time isn't after us*)
I transfer my love to this place
this time
this moment

(Nicole)

time has proven
very few things change at all
(*same as it ever was*)
too many die with unborn wishes
and their love leaks out

through unwrapped blood
into the open mouth and hands
of Earth
(*same as it ever was*)

dress men and women like pawns
full metal jackets
shaved, rounded heads with blank faces
collars deliver their Last Rites

you return without friends
and your heart is vacant
nightmares embrace you
(*you may ask yourself*)

while their shadows move across your sky
you try to explain
(*am I right, or am I wrong?*)

in hushed tones to a friend
what it is like to kill:

tears fall in private from a private's eyes
(*my God, what have I done???*)

the colors of your dreams:
always sienna
scarlet
and cinnereal
they capture time and bodies

diaries whisper
in words like pictures

the worst of our deeds
preserved forever
(*same as it ever was*)

after us, what will the books speak of
how we learned our lessons
if at all?

(time doesn't hold you back)

heat may be held back in your time
only delivered after an exchange
of vows
but I leave you, dear lady
with a memory of a dance
this time

exchange our plastic parts
for newborn skin

walk off the chessboard
turning our backs to the players
war becomes obsolete

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