

Strange Heart

I have nothing but love for you,
a strange thief at midnight
when the world is less believable.

I have nothing but an empty country
of small talk. There I wait in a long line
like the poor who work too hard
for stale bread and a gracious heart.

I have nothing but sinking anchors
falling through endless days.
The night ocean of my leaning ship
wants nothing from the burning dawn.

My sand and salt have no purpose
but crumbling castles and weeping statues.
Night after night slips through my fingers,
a dream so sad it chases itself to ruin.

I have nothing to measure the moon
but longing for you,
no line on a map that leads to you.

Heavily traveled and slow moving,
the veins of my blood lead nowhere,
always nowhere,
then in fear,
back again to the heart,
a miserly miracle.

I have nothing but this strange heart.
Even the night escapes my arms.