Lust and Relativity

Think, really think...clear the mind of all that clutter from church and state, mother and father, intrusive media, past loves and past lives, find the inner stillness, then just really think...consider the source of one's perception of reality, ponder the quantum nature of our consciousness, of all those "truths" we hold dear, and embrace the epiphany that the basis of one's reality is simply each individual's personal, imperfect thought process, our unique mental thunderstorms, and consider that the lovely, radiant object of your love, even lust, is ultimately defined by the electrical impulses in one's spongy gray matter, and thus the true nature of the object of our most intense emotions may actually be wildly different from what we perceive, and as a female snake seemingly appears more like Angelina Jolie than a snake to the male of the species, to the ultimate observer of our existence, we are likely not two, tall, tanned, godlike creatures near the pinnacle of a cosmic, evolutionary journey, but possibly just simple, organized globs of non-complex, organic matter dancing to the music of our primordial, bio-chemical song...

The Sun and the Sea

I want to do with you what the sun does with the sea:
Sizzle saltine crests as they rise and fall,
stain lonely blue
in vibrant solar paint,
warm night-cooled depths
to the tender heat of dawn.

But more than this,
I want only, in such a way,
to touch your hand.
For although the sun and sea rise and fall together,
ever will their fingers interlace, never
will the sun’s solar palm feel the sea’s wild wrist.