

Poetry Series

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch
- poems -

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Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch()

10: 12 Pm

10: 12 PM

and my cellular phone
awakes in the night
opens it's eyes
and turns on the light
and starts shaking
in muffled vibrations
which rouses me from sleep
and interrupts a dying dream.
Before reaching out
blindly toward that blinking light
I know what i'll hear
even before i finally
bring it up to my ear-
And I am Dreading it.
In 10 min i know
I'll be falling asleep
to that loud-proud voice
continuously talking to me.
Half i don't understand
Half i don't care to
Longing only for simple silence
to return to.
But in the stead
I can only pretend
to be listening
when really i am whispering
intimate insults
under my breath.
Circles in confusing conversation
Caught in compulsive lies and
empty obvious observations
and every night it's te same
annoying argument
and every night the same
shallow subject.
So around an hour later
hanging up the phone
with a stifled moan of final relief

and a deep yawn
as i'm finally falling back to sleep.

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch

An Awkward Lover's Reunion

So, wet met-
unexpectedly
in the very last place
either of us would ever
want to be seen:
Right in the midst of modern industry.
And in mid-sentence
Abrupt- I sensed him
like a subtle scent
sitting softly on the wind.
Yes, I knew it was him.
From the deep wide-eyed stare
of unblinking magnified eyes
And the funny fashion of his hair
reflecting all of those insecure lies.
Stopping where i stood
just to get a better look
at the once-lover i once forsook.
But all i see are the memories
of all he used to be
to the other me.
The boyishly beautiful quality
of new testosterone and acne
in awkward adolescence
where somehow mohawks are 'trendy'.
An engagement ring
pierced through passionate
wet woman's lips
so much softer than even silk is.
Disrupted-
by metal restrictions
and cruel convictions.
Ears lined with orbital entries
those i haven't whispered into
in centries
and feel you shiver
and quietly quiver
...beneath the covers...
-Caught-

A deer in headlights look
you looked
like you were shaking
where you stood.
And i peered into him
but never past his heavy lids-
those once-warm wooden windows
Decieving
Cold, withered widows
Absent of soul.
But somehow-
somewhere in time
i thought he made me whole.
Only for a second,
I swam in his stare
just to see how much
...anything...
still lived or lingered there.
And i saw everything
in that grinning grievous glare
all of that stifled love
and self-corrupted care.
But no matter how much we try
it's so hard to hide
the part of ourselves we shove aside
since that is all behind
us now...
I remember
I thought that you had really died
and despite severed and newer ties
know that i did cry-
just like you left me
for the second time.
And right there-
I almost shed a tear:
I hadn't seen you in one whole year
and the last time i ended up in your bed
Coincidentally:
As we always did.
I wanted to smile,
maybe talk for a while
Something maybe everything-

anything.
But i just couldn't think
so with one wink of a lazy eye
i dashed off w/o a hello or goodbye
and we went our ways
but in silence
we knew we stayed
and saved
at least one memory in our hearts
from that one empty encounter
and quick deliberate depart.

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch

Aurora

She stands with her back to the wind
and her shivering silken skin
a placid pale porcelain.
Her heavy hair in hues
of whites, silvers, and blues
reflects the face of the full grey moon
lovely it's loosed from the bounds of her braids
which laid- lightly fragrant.
Her empty eyes were as still
as the sleeping sea which starves upon the shore
And inside of those eyes
I drowned in my lies
I've swallowed once before.
They're as clear as a cold septembre night
where stars pollute a blackened sky
She blinks back black saline tears
and she wipes them dry.
Her lips moved in muffles
screams and statements
whispers and wild whimpers
and there was no way to escape them.
Blood-filled and blue
Pulsatory and paralyzed
in the way her mouth moved.
And she- stammering- said to me:
'We are everything...
Everything... and Nothing...'
Her voice was a void vibration settled on the breeze
ebbing outward unto meet me
a web entangled around me.
In angular repeating patterns and pictures
where moribund memories there linger
and slowly turn and fade away.
As i hold dearly to the memory
of what it was that you once said to me.
And only an innaccurate recollection
only a collection
of divers delusions
and corrupt constitutions

by which to measure our lies
and examine our insides.
She fell to the ground
with her heart in her hands-
empty echoes resound
from beyond the glass- falling grains of sand.
Counting all hours
and knowing all days
til the day of our deaths
when we all fall away.
With her last breath
a choking gasp in her chest
the rattle of rhythms
slow to their rest.
She screamed her depart
and fell to her knees
Her final remark:
'We are the dead...
The diseased...'

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch

Crying...

Crying over your glass
You glance up and you ask:
If I were to die today
by something i couldnt escape
Please tell me:
What would you say?
Id say...
Dear, What could I say?
I'd say Im sorry
for being so selfish
so sorry-
but i couldn't help it.
We both promised- you know?
I'd say i miss you...
Ask where have you gone to?
But inside...
I would know...
I'd say a slow goodbye
But i'd leap into the fire
just to save you
just to hold you...
once more...
I'd wonder why
and everyday I would die
For you
For the rest of my life.

Putting down poison
to forget all of the reasons
and pass by blank seasons
relieve all of your emotions
and drown in the deep oceans
of your own chemical death.
Smearing the tears on your face
trying so hard to erase
the guilt and the fear
you've been feeling for years
but you've never quite chased them away.
So I'll take my place

Carry your burden away
And refill your cup
with a liquid love
I'm hoping is not better than mine.

Cradling your corpse in my limp arms
Nursing your broken heart.
Holding my beautiful baby bairn,
my little boy,
wounded and bare.
So softly whispering... whispering...
shhhh...don't cry... please... don't cry...
No- I mean
Go ahead and cry....
Cry for salvation
Cry for damnation
Cry for life and for death
Cry- There's nothing left.
Downing the rest of your drink
So drunk, you can't even think
When your speechless prayers begin to slur
And your vision- it blinds and it blurs
And your soul silently stirs:
Only fleeting fluid thoughts
which seem to haunt
Always w/ their dreams of God
So please...
Don't be afraid to dream
As you weep yourself to sleep.

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch

'Death Is The Mother Of Beauty'

Death-

Death she died today
At least that's what i heard them say
Crippled comatose choking
in her humble hotel bed
holding her
so heavy with death.
It was black.
It was the same black.

Black-

the color of her hair running over
the blue spider veins
scrawled over her shoulders
Wax skin. White snow.
Shiver stiff.
Blood still stained
on her scarlet lips.
Charcoal ashes still smudged
On her sleeping lids
How beautiful Death is.

Swollen with child
So slightly roused and riled
Smothered and strangled
A suffocated dead cry
from the blue never born baby inside.
This is Beauty.

We come to witness
a sacrifice to memory
A sharing of sentimental
lying eulogies
Stories and speeches;
Gravediggers and preachers
gether together
on this wet weeping Wednesday
to stare and stand where
our lonesome loves lay:
So delicately in decay.

We raise the flames
to drown the blame
and burn bodies like falling autumn leaves
in all of our guilt and greif.
It was grey.
The same grey.

Grey-
the color of the ashes that came
from the crematorium
and kept in ceramic urn
atop the mantle
in a shrine of burning
photos and candles.
But now they blow on the breeze
So stray So free.

But it's the same cold
as the cement ceremonial cemetery
it's the same tormenting temporary
The same burning death...

Death-
Death, they found her dead today
At least that's what I heard them say
How long?
They couldn't tell
They couldn't save her from Hell.
Hell,
they couldn't even save her from herself...

But Beauty,
Oh, that sweet blue baby
torn from warmth of womb
Survived suffering
Oh, she'll never feel a thing
And she'll be alive again.
And Death-
Death dies again.

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch

Early Autumn

Early autumn arrived
with fresh frost and grey skies
the arid air,
absent and dry.
Though a slow bellowing blow
brushes through bulimic trees
decapitated and diseased
as we shuffle sadly below.
Beautiful brown and bronze collect
in lovely dead leaf decadence
Martyred in malnourishment
Given to their graves.
Sun sneaking away to hide
over the hills she sleeps behind
where daylight retires
and darkness comes alive
In the distant horizon-
Is where we die.
Our breath blows like bleach on the breeze
and our bloodfilled fingers begin to freeze
We swallow them with our sleeves
Walking silently down the empty street.
In some small sanctuary
An age-old cemetery
The cold cathedral
with its closed arms and doors
and we're looking past it
for so much more.
The surface of the soil is down
Puddles lay frozen like cracked glass on the ground
we shatter them with our shoes
looking down towards our toes
in this garden of graveyard tombs.
Buried in their barrows
the bodies in black beds
Doctors made them hollow
Artists made them pretty again.
Only in words did they ever live
no longer in memory

nor heirloom to give
Only on a cement stone
An address you reluctantly call home
and no one comes over you're all alone
What is it like to be forgotten.
There's a statue
where a mortar mother cried
for her child who shouldnt have died
and she whispering in solemn pray
'Til day break and shadows flee away'
Here we talked of history
and painful past memory
Sharing secrets and shedding scars
Sleeping uncomfortably
on the hood of your car
looking up at the stars
Where you stole my heart...

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch

Fragility

To believe:

The fragility of the human spirit

To believe:

at any second

one could pass away

and be forgotten

To believe:

Death must have some purpose

Or else

Our fear... is worthless.

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch

Going Home

There is a place i see in my dreams
and i only dream to see this scene
to immerse myself in uncertainty
and the calm clarity
i find in it's confusion
I find peace in my delusions.
And all around for miles is only a vacancy
which proves to be quite comforting
in the solemn silence and solace
of quiet.

An old house stands on a hill
Its shattered windows
glaring green eyes
which overlook us as we die
It's structure streaks shadows
across tall stalks of grain
as the amber wheat
huddles- hewn
against the red-hued
horizon.

An old tree
stands strangled and diseased
w/o leaves
supporting a singing tire swing
w/ it's noose all loose
and frayed
every strand breaking singularly
as it swayed

I waited for it to break
in one moment- one eternity-
but it never came-
So i walked away.

I approached the front porch
not so sure of what i was looking for
and not quite sure of what i'd found
On the splintered cement ground
were clay terra cotta pots
filled with ferns begun to rot,
the cold soil- a layer of permafrost.

In it's depths
the roots at rest
become a feast for nocturnal things
as writhing worms begin to feed.
Next to there,
a squeaking rocking chair
cracked but standing,
still.
The door stood wide open
beyond crumbling crooked steps
entreating an entrance,
holding my breath.
And inside lingers scents
of mold and oldness,
dust and damp decay.
In the foyer
old battered boots still stand
bitten by moths and filled with sand
in a semi straight line
where spiders spin webs of fine silver twine.
Couches are cluttered
facing each other
and covered
in dusted linen sheets
while a white covered mirror
helps me see clearer in sleep.
A tiny table is set for 2
in the quaint green dining room
2 candles w/o wicks are unable to be lit
but wax pours and stains the tablecloth
where our 2 settings are.
Our 2 stark-white plate
still cluttered w/ what we hadn't ate
(what waste)
but now it's far too late.
Rings left around wine glasses
still partially full-
fermented yet still cold.
Creases in our chairs from where we sat
in longing stares and silences
I wish now i could go back.
The lonely words we'd exchanged

still echo, lingering on lovely lips
Gone now- to only miss.
In the kitchen
shards of glass scattered on the floor
and blood stains from before.
Growing on the ground-
linoleum roses-
also rotten now.
The silent still-hum of the refrigerator
draws me so much closer
but the stench shoves me away.
On a plate,
A holiday platter,
a turkey carcass from a X-mas dinner-
still being eaten.
In cabinets: contamination
and outdated cans
unopened and untouched by the hand.
Insects infest and inject
unopened inedibles.
An old wooden staircase
leans against the 2nd story
for some supporting
creaking as i climb,
rails thickly covered in dust and in grime.
Coming to the colorless hall
7 windows line the wall.
the first door stands ajar
but inside it is empty-
only filled with broken memories.
Yet in the corner is a ragdoll
tattered and torn
I think that i remember her from before.
Her hair is yellowed yarn
and her eyes blue-black buttons
her dress is a mess
and smells of mildews and musks
But still we carry her on with us.
the next door is locked
yet we know all that's inside
It is exactly the way we left it
before we died.

Down the hall a little further
the room of a mother and father
w/ the bed unmade in silken sheets
fragments of drywall underneath.
A single ray of sun rests upon the bed
where a murdered mother laid down her head,
strands of light brown hair can still be found there
In the indentation of her pillow.
Late, become a widow.
I can imagine her delicate frame
and feminine form
on the mattress where she laid
still in her cinnibar braids.
Her tensed lips
poised into a kiss
and poisoned with a last goodbye
where she sang us a lullaby
and we both fell asleep
into this eternal dream.
And down the hall
the last room
is the broken bathroom
where our mistakes were erased.
The frozen porcelain tile
is craked and fragmented
formerly white pigmented
but now is brown and grey.
The pedestal sink
rusted and fractured
drained dry and clogged w/ hair
I remember once
mother's wedding ring had fallen down there.
the bathtub attached to the wall
still filled w/ water in the stained showstall
and in that reflection i see not my face
but only remembrances of what i cannot erase.
Through an open door
poured bright golden sunlight
filtered through the shifting shadows of the screen
Out onto the porch
which scoured
the palms of my feet.

Over the balcony draped bathingsuits
of previous use
stiffly sitting still
and an old stench which makes me ill.
And in the distance
a blaring blue creek
cold and glistening
where we were put to sleep.

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch

I Am...

I am the sleepy setting sun, shining down on everyone. Still bright and bloody, bending behind the hills horizon, retiring readily low below . So exhausted of fulfilling, unwilling, this monotonous existence; expected to edify without any resistance. Rising and falling... Rising and falling... Just waiting to expire. In an explosion- a spontaneous explosion of fire.

I feel like the waves- the same. The never-ending undulation of the ocean tides, which only fade but never die. Collecting corruption and devouring debris in the ocean, the wide-open mouth of the sea... of me... Reflected on the surface, shining and sleek, is only a large lonely oil leak. I too feel i am buried beneath and no one can see me.

Like a grain of sand settled on the sea shore- there among about a million more. Blown around by the balmy blistering breeze with no control over where it leads. Helpless. Hopeless. Powerless and pleading that the pull of the warm wafting wind oversee me - leave me. The cavernous holes hollowed into my heart, like sand dunes- a natural art. The dust, the dirt, and the dead discarded like a snakes skin does shed.

I am the whispering- no whimpering wind- so free, but so discontent. Always willing to leave- with no goodbye, no reprieve. Never connected to anything. I stay alone with out any definite home. Wrapping around every towering town like a sinuous silken gown. Always displeased- always another sight to see. But you'll never see me...

I am a soul bound within a body. So like being captured in a corpse- regurgitated, raw and rotting. Like a sigh locked inside, like a secret you can try to hide. Trapped inside a mortal machine- so numb yet i feel everything. I am a spirit somewhere inside- i am a being waiting to die...

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch

I Watch Her

I watch her
Cram herself against the front board
In stiff strangled movements
A chalk-covered cadaver
This- her posture
Elbows elevated- angled
A perfect precise 90 degrees
Spine straightened strung taught and tight
Unmoving-
Catatonic awkwardness.
Fingers firmly formed
around pink sticks of dust
Dissolving into Ashes
Blush(Like the color absent from her cheeks)
She scrawls short,
Uneven, unlevel lines
Unparallel. Unplanned.
Her jaw moves
-eating the air-
With her words
Confusing sentences
In jumbles and jargon
Roll off of her tongue
As her teeth click in foreign languages
Unfamiliar to me.
Stories of modern romanticism
Storm through our ears
Dulled by boredom and fear
(Most likely of enlightenment)
Attached to our past
Our previous preconceptions.
Unstable in all of our understandings
All of our learnings
lean and lay collapsed beneath us.
She wears clothes
at the front of the classroom
like a professor- a professional
In a tailored suit
which really doesn't suit her.

Her bland beige heels
converse with the tile floor
As she stomps
in her variant version of stilhetos
On the catwalk by the chalkboard
Seemingly a stage
For her type of timid beauty
Beaten into submission- seclusion
Hiding her face-
Facing the blackboard.

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch

Laura

It was through folded notes we spoke
Through long letters we wrote
we got close.

I thought i really got to know
all the secrets you wouldnt show
to anybody else
Even if i couldnt even
Approach you all by myself.

We laughed through written expression
How you recalled a contrary impression
but i understand now the conceptions
which led to those conclusions
No- There is no confusion.

We spoke so delicately
Of the rift and the rivalry
between your conditional family
The loves you've lost
But have you left your lovers,
Laura?
Are you still sleeping w/ girls
Underneath the covers-
Are ya?

You recorded all of your fav bands
On a blank CD
Grasped in shaking nervous hands
across a field so soggy
Taped to a tiny love letter
You handed it to me.
I would listen everynight
laying in a low lamplight
just singing along to the saddest song.
And it's ironic really,
How well it fits the feeling
and how the story
fits ours so fully-
Oh, who am i fooling?

It's the same damn melody
It's the same damn tragedy.

I told you i would meet you there
then maybe we could talk
It wouldve been the first time
I wouldve seen you as you are.
There you were across a crowded room
behind a velvet veil of smoke and gloom
But i couldn't get to you.
Kept back by a boy
Latched to my lips
But really...
I'm just laughing at him...

Musicians behind microphones
there's no where to be alone
but i wanted you....
Oh, I wanted you....
to know....
I was sorry.
I am sorry.

So it's just another hidden glance
back at a ruined romance who stands
By the theatre door
she looks just the way i remember her:
Laura-
Just like a little girl.

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch

Lay Me Down

Here we are: You and I. Just a newer promise of the same old lie. Sleeping in our awkward silence over retired rumors of God and science. So it's just another far-off glance filled with soft-eyed forgotten boyhood romance, staring down one cliché command w/ one misplaced knobby hand. W/ pink lips of quivering pierced passion you're pouring out velvet verses in true gentleman fashion. You're spilling out cute compliments but i've heard my fair share of them - Oh, I've heard ENOUGH of them. And as i'm laying listening know: no, i don't believe anything you're whispering b/c we're just repeating everything we thought we used to mean but it doesn't mean anything- at least not to me. I'm glancing over all there is to offer and i have to say whatever i saw before was better (but i can't say it's completely charmless- we are both here after all) and whatever desperate plea made this sound good to me- well, it's gotten me this far.

So here we are: back where we started just like so many other times before. We've been so many people w/ so many faces but i guess we'll never forget those semi defined places we've set as our safety from the start. Coming back where we left off so many times after lift-off they said it was over but we said 'Nothing is over until it's over.' But whay bother? this death was a lullaby but we never quite fell asleep; just another reoccurrence in this half-conscious dream. We're laying on secrets we never let die- they're so idealistic but we know they're all lies. So we keep stifling our voices w/ rotten remembered old kisses just to avoid disagreements in the mass as i'm saying to myself: we should've kept this in the past.

I'm not looking to uncover graves just a little something to help forget the pain. It's not even you I'm after, my broken heart loves another- but you'll do for now- something to get by somehow. It's no Prince Charming on white iron-clad horseback galloping into an oblivious orange sunset. It's no fairytale ending b/c those are just stories that havent ended. So im just waiting. Anticipating. Nothing is worth it but so bored now everyone has it if they just know what to say- it's just a trick of the tongue and I'll ask you to stay.

So here we are: wrapped in the sheets of our own guilty defeat, wet w/ the washing of the waves upon the shore and we've been in this place so many many times before. We're gasping for air and heaving in the heat- it's just another memory we'll have to keep. 'where is this going?' we ask half-knowing. But we'll see where it leads on the same beaten track we've never escaped, going over and over making the same mistake as always.

Someday I know we'll really die and I'm almost afraid- I'm not gonna lie. But you and i are allies, however much we rival, come once again in our secret arrival to mend the scars that never end b/c we just keep opening them. But for awhile it appeases our own passionate diseases and that's all i need- right now. So Lay Me Down.

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch

Libby Lou

It was there-
In the darkness- unaware
I pictured it:
A little girl in a story book
Everyone forsook,
Lost and look-in for love.
Dressed in her easter best
Blonde pigtailed and a yellow dress
It was there-
next to her teddy bear
On the unmade bed
She'd never forget
What he had done to her.
In the shadows
He stole her virtue
And she became a silent statue
swallowing a scream
Like: 'What have you done to me? '
I was hopin it was just a dream
Which visits me quite regularly
But i know it really happened to me.
I know:
He was never sorry.

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch

One Passenger

'All aboard' cried the conductor
Not knowing the danger-
of what lay ahead or behind;
lost in the crowd of nothing and no one
Only loneliness at her side.
Then one little boy
approached the scarlet machine
Roaring and whining and blowing steam.
'May i buy a ticket? ' he asked.
The jovial conductor
just threw back and laughed
'Why sure, All aboard, and come inside.'
Inside she knew it would end like before
but who wouldnt adore
just a bit of attention?
From this...
One passenger, One ticket, and one hopeful smile.
Inside it's toasty,
so warm- so cozy
So here's your false sense of security...
Sign a waiver
(Here, borrow my pen)
Just in case you should never,
ever return again.
But even so he says
'Wow, it's so beautiful
Wow, it's so perfect
I bet nothing...
Nothing...
Could even come close to it.'
And
'Wow, it's so lovely
Wow, it's so flawless
almost free- almost lawless
I haven't seen anything
Anything...
Anywhere as beautiful
No i can't say that i have...'
Innocence and ignorance

In perpetual bliss
In awe of something
not worthy at all.
Lost in images
hopes and sweet wishes
Something unable
to be fulfilled or forgotten
By this...
One passenger,
One passenger, One ticket
One passenger, One ticket, and One hopeful smile.
Sitting silent for hours
passing down passing trees wires and flowers.
The sun shining down
lit up his face
a lovely ghost in this lonely place
along with the others...
they never escaped...
(No, they never got away...)
Darkness drowns
and raindrops begin to pound
this little boy, alone,
in this sea of sound.
It started to storm,
it started to thunder
hiding- the boy crouched under
a seat and cried for his father
Frightened-
alone but enlightened
facing life as:
One passenger
One passenger One ticket..
and One hopeful smile.

Screeching sound of metal breaking
Sound of all compassion fading
Full speed ahead until we crash
We're already gone-
There's no looking back.
So tell me...
Tell me you've enjoyed this ride.
Come back-

Babe- just come back to me..
if you're still alive...
Crash and burn in blazing fire
swallowed by our own desire
It's so perfect
So perfectly clear
I was never ever perfect dear
No amount of betting will do-
You will always lose.
I was not lovely
I was not flawless
I am a captive...
Far from lawless.

I'm sorry you saw
more than was there.
I'm sorry you saw
Babe- I'm sorry cared.
My...
One passenger
My...
One ticket
My...
One hopeful smile.

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch

Only Replacements

I've replaced all of my words with my drawings
Since all of those short severed scrawlings
Of seemingly senselessness
And even deeper depress
can't seem to express
myself-anymore.
Something about the geometry
I favor over the reality
of sentences and sobriety.
Only the abstract can express
these emotions i possess
since it is easy to understand
B/c there is nothing to understand
(And that's how I am)
I've replaced all empathy
for all apathy
and it's so hard to care;
all ambition for ambivalence
(and are you even there?)
I've replaced all of my feeling with thoughts
since a crippled conscience
leads to logical callousness.
But something is to be desired
in this emotional numbness
A vacancy
which bothers not to fill
and perhaps it never will.
Soon i shall replace
breathing with smoking
eating instead of sleeping
and perhaps some excessive drinking
Just to cope...

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch

Red Rose Romance

Resting in a bed of red rose romance. Swallowed whole by a silent symphony of a smothered starlet slow dance, engulfed by an eyeless dusk; the soft smell of muslin and musk. Warmth wrapping around us like a woman's womb. Caught in contractions ready to be birthed soon. Held in the heavy arms of humidity, the darkness, damp and quite comforting. Beneath the bedsheets: this is you and me.

Pressed against the dampened flesh of a stranger scarcely met, the surface of her somatic shell shaking and soaking wet; so salty... so salty... like the sea. Buried into her breast with ear to rest upon undulating chest- there- a heart beating slow rhythms somewhere in the dark. Soaking in the sickly sweet scent of sprouting summer innocence which sinks so deep into your silken skin... I breathe you in.

In a sober semi-drunkenness, our vision a blackened blurriness where shadows snake around and strangle silhouettes. Running my fumbling fingers through tangled tawny yellow ribbons buttoned back by broken brass barrettes. A faint fragrance fills my nostrils with one familiar feeling fume- the synthetic scent of an apple orchard and cherry blossoms in bloom- it must be your shampoo. It takes me over. Her fingers linger, lightly, laying limply in the possession of my swollen sweaty palms. Her handsome hands so slender, her spider fingers so long. On them she wore metal rings from the second-hand store and on her pointed fingertips painted a hue of blaring electric blue. Spelling out the circumference of circles on my skin- chills crawling up my spine as the sensation climbs.

Batting her big big blinking brown eyes, drawing me into drown within their dirty depths- those terrible tumultuous tides taking my last breath; this feels so like slow suffocation- this feels so like death. Brushing her blushing burning bright cheeks, seduced by the sheepish smile you smuggle beneath spoiled sheets. The way you lightly bite your lip when you're feeling nervous- well, i noticed- you're doing it now. I can see the wet white edges of your teeth when you bite down. Fine french feather pillows, warm, laid out by the window. Subtle sighs escaping, 2 lips parted shaking. Slow breaths. Panting. No Rest. the breeze blown across my face, damp and delicate, the strong smell could intoxicate- i know it does incapacitate.

A congress of confusion. Conclusions subject to diffusion, and difficulty in denying how we really feel- though the simple thought of it is somehow so

surreal. Inside my chest i must confess is caught and constricted as the consequences of anxiousness are afflicted. And burried in my belly are those butterflies, i can feel them flying- flailing- around inside.

I don't know how it happened- it just did. But i can't say that it was an accident. After all, it was contemplated- now, commemorated. Our necks stretched like swans on a frozen pond. So graceful, like we've done nothing wrong. Our lips pressed against another like artificially altered cherries in a jar: crowded for a time but eventually left with an empty heart. Though it may abide a long time, soft and static, the energy will eventually end- eventually become erratic.

Resonates a taste of alcohol honey and incense, sweet and smokey, stuck to my tastebuds. It navigates to a nostalgic notion, like drowning in the omniverous open ocean. In a gorge, a gutter of guilt, immersed in all the new emotions that i had never yet felt. Lost and confused i don't know what to do so i decide to resign and give myself up to you.

Staring at you slumbering, a lovely lullaby i am muttering into her empty itching ears, somethings she's dying- She is hurting- to hear. Something somewhat like: 'I love you dear'.

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch

Reminicense

I fell asleep with your lovely name on my lonely lips. A sweet soft whispering into my folded fingertips. I could dream nothing better than this- holding you somewhere deep within the darkness.

All we were was a lie, where we stifled and strangled all of our batting butterflies. We were a flirting fanciful infatuation, dancing in our own immaculate imaginations. We were an ideal too good to be real, something we just never let ourselves feel. Still bathing in your beautiful brown eyes, recalling all of the secret ties- all of the time. I still remember everything; every resounding resemblance of all you've ever said to me.

I remember where we met, in brief blooming summer innocence, surrounded by a young audience we came to pretend to befriend. Our late lessons, over, but the melody of the strumming chords still linger and the imprints of strings still fresh upon our fleshy fingers. Sheltered together, surrounded by shower pouring from storm clouds which devour a grey sky. It was several misty musty mornings before i knew your name but only several seconds before i knew of your isolated fame. And every year we kept coming just the same to the polaroid pictures we just forgot to frame. Walking on trails through trees where whimsical wooden creatures sleep; we came to watch your tribal dance- caught in such a mesmerizing tricky trance.

Summer faded and all welcoming warmth evaded- i came to know you then for all you are and all you've been. Coming early to auditions for our ample positions in this disasterous play we've been given. In our costumes we've created and paraded to perfection, but still, our contemplated characters are a misconception. It's all a stage to us. The act and the lie the only things we can trust. But behind curtains tied there is something there we did hide- behind closed doors there's so much more.

Like our crowded room conversations, spilling over old philosophies and obligations as we sat on old molded furniture forgotten in a forbidden room; like a ceaseless silence sealed within an ancient burial tomb. So intently are our eyes connected in glimpses of understanding- the gaze- malignant and demanding. No, i couldn't turn away. So enthralled, so enchanted by everything you'd presented. It's the giggling whispers of two girls gossiping in the night and she's sorrowfully stammering- 'He likes you alright? ! '

It's the same blushing walk we're taking someday and you're handing me that

small white flower bouquet. We're warming by the window sill sleeping and i'm wondering what dream you're dreaming and i can't help but want to be so close even though the faithful answer is 'no.'

We're in the empty old house of our past where we made our ambiguous attraction last. We've been here before behind closed doors, creaking down half-lit hallways and gracefully descending down the old wooden staircase. It's the smell of ripe autumn apples warm and wafting on the breeze as we go to take our leave. sneaking away, breaking away into the bleak blurry day, the fury of the fierce wind blowing my breath away (but you already took mine- don't you realize?)

I can still hear the laughter and my heartbeat pounding faster in this jumping jack game we're after on the expanse of cold wet black. Called after play to display our humble art on plates, wrapped sloppily with colored cellophane. Stalking down shadows and seeking out patterns standing out in the rain.

You're standing only mere inches away and i'm trying to find all of the words to say but you wouldn't understand anyway... so nevermind. I couldn't have possibly said all it was that went through my head- but i tried. The letters all wrote themselves, i never lied about what i felt. I admit maybe i felt too much- but there is a difference between feel and touch.

Where are you in all of this? You left me in such a long awkward silence, no answers to confused violence. I just wanted closure- to tell you so you could tell me 'it's over.' But it's all the same cuz it never came.

I caught a glimpse of your grinning face; the burning brown eyes i still can't erase but it's okay. I don't want to. I want to remember this- i want to remember you. Staring at pictures posted on pixelated pages i'm still staring at after all of these ages. I didn't notice, i didn't know this: your effect on me. But remember every time you breathe- everytime you bleed- smile knowing you were my fantasy.

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch

Sarah

And he said
maybe he loved her still
that once he had
and perhaps he always will.
That though it's past
love finds a way to last
torturing
-already broken-
hearts.

And he said
she only needs... a friend-
someone she can just talk to
then someone she can turn into
then turn around
and fall into...
Trying to fix herself
and fit herself - in.

And he said
really-
maybe it's only sympathy
and a tad... of pity
but all alone (with me...)
she's really very witty
it's like she
'Really opens up to me...'

And he said
she looks half-dead
in her emaciated way-
a very fragile weight
and such sadness written on her face.
Contemplation in her eyes
as she struggles to psychoanalyze
in her Freudian- Vonnegut
sense
which doesn't really make much sense.

And he said
she smokes weed
just before she sleeps
which is only-what?

Once a week?
A few hours
every few days
But he said
(other than that)
she's okay.
And he said
she really
reminds him of me.
He said
'yes, she's just like you...'

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch

Summer. Fall. Winter. Spring.

A soft summer security
hung in the hands of the leaves
loosely living in the trees
where in that shaded covering
we crafted and kept our memories
and in tall grasses we laid our heads
disrupting ancestral insect beds
where they breed and feed
where their poor forefathers bled
In pheromones we swam
All along with them
And lost our hearts decades apart
Where and when we settled in.

But how warmth does quickly fade
like life to death again
as on an early septembre day
when the sky goes grey with rain.
So is autumn's breath
Icy and intimate
Only feeling malcontent
Yet not so quick to utter it-
No, not so easy to admit...
And we left each others' rooms
trying to find our own forgotten tombs
In which to hide our eyes
From ours and others' lies.

In our winter hibernation
we were hidden
when it seemed
all affectionate advances
were forbidden
and our faults went unforgiven
even in our sleep
where we betray ourselves in dream.
Our days all grew shorter
And longer grew black nights
So far away were both shoulders

and both fists so quick to fight.
Even in our blankets
We were as cold as Ice
B/c we never held each other-
It was only ourselves we sacrificed.

Then showed signs of spring
like death to life again,
pure white snow recedes
to show a fertile field and flowering seed
where previously were only thorned weeds.
The birds hum their harmonies
and mangle in their melodies
as we stroll along
swimming in their songs.
And summer is in our sights
one could see it in our eyes
filled with sweet new love
and re-kindled fires.

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch

The Art Of War

You can try
to Fortify
you Fortress
and yes,
you can build up your borders-
cause some chaos and disorder
But no, it won't matter.
And you can try
to hide behind
your defenses
But dear-
You are just as defenseless.
I... I've got you surrounded;
My soldiers on all sides
and dear,
I decide when and where to strike-
when the time is just right...
Oh, I'll feign a faint
flaunt false flaws and fears
and i will pretend to be
Just as vulnerable as you dear.
Just so i can bring you near.
Then i will surely bring you... to tears...
and we can wage our war
on the battlefield
of my broken heart
and i'll make you feel
as if you've taken atleast some part
of me
but really
it's only
familiar territory.
and while we were engaged
our platoon enraged
in the heat of battle estranges
in the utter midst of it-
while i had you distracted
i tore your country... apart...
like what this war

shall do to your own heart.
It is my own art of war-
what i feel-
you'll feel more.

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch

The Lost Room Of Memory

Slow silence pours
Through lighted keyholes
Carved into closed locked doors
we press our empty eardrums
up against.
In echoing emptiness
white static whispers
enclose encompass our death
and reflects the grey ghosts of our breath.
Through holes in the rooftop
used to fall raindrops
which would splatter- shatter
on hard wooden floors.
But now only stale sunlight pours
floods fluidly
illuminates- disillusions
what was hidden before.
Opening itchy eyes
we see micrand red particles of rust.
Dangling suspended
on invisible strings
and we're breathing them in.
As the linings of our lungs turn black
And our arteries harden with plaque
from breathing in
secong-hand smoke
from my mother's ciggarettes
I remember,
I would climb carpeted steps
Just to escape them.
Playing hide and seek
during dull summer weeks
They never found me...
I'm still hiding...

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch

Yesturday There Be No Tommorrow

They may say:

'Hey-

Tommorrow is another day'

But dear,

What if our tommorrows

Ended yesturday?

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch