

**What I Want
(but it's just love and words).**

By. *MJB*

Eclipse

A few nights ago, I looked up to the sky,
and I saw that the moon was bright, waning, and high.
Constellations were happily visible-
the sky had cried clear, and stars were plentiful.

I quickly looked down to examine my shoes,
as I thought- you were probably looking up, too.
I thought about what you'd say if you were here.
You would talk of the universe, speaking light years.

And then you would tell me our favorite fact,
and I'd laugh as you tried to make science abstract.

You'd say, "Most of those stars aren't really up there,"
you'd tell me with hands running slow through my hair.
You'd say when the light's reached the planet we're on
that the star had burned out, and was lightyears long-gone.

Not A Diss Track

Bees dance to tell each other where to go.

There is a baby monkey at the zoo,
who sometimes plays peek-a-boo with the guests.

My pet lizard stares at me when she's hungry for a bug,
and lays in her water dish to tell me it's empty.

Maybe all I talk about is music, and sex, and God,

but I am loud,

and frustrated,

and trampling over lines in the sand
as I search for them
blindfolded.

A Gay Burial

I don't do well in cities.
I don't find them that pretty.
I like places with lots of trees;
my college town where I can breathe.

And I don't need lots of money,
just a lover who's funny,
a chicken coup under blue skies-
a little life for you and I.

And there's a woman I love so,
she had to travel the world, though.
She knows the size of the ocean,
but I wish she knew my devotion.

And if I asked her to stay here,
I think she might be ok here,
but how could I ask her to stay here and die
when she was born to fly?

Just bury me on that hillside.
Bury me where the sun shines.
Dig a hole where the grass is green,
and lay me down in my favorite jeans.