

Sitting on a Bench at Moonlight Beach

October in Encinitas, and the day
comes to a close. The sky turns
pink, then lavender. Bonfires
burst like solar flares on the shore.
In the distance: faint light
from a boat, the long sigh of a train.
And then this blooming
wound lodged in my chest, this blue
rose I call my heart. I can feel it
dropping cold petals into my gut.
I can feel it raining inside me.
O, world! It hurts so bad
it makes me want to leave you, to know
this music will end. So loud, the song,
and then it's over—embers
spiraling up toward the stars.