

**a secret
door**

**Darryll Freeman
2005 chapbook
Scars Publications**

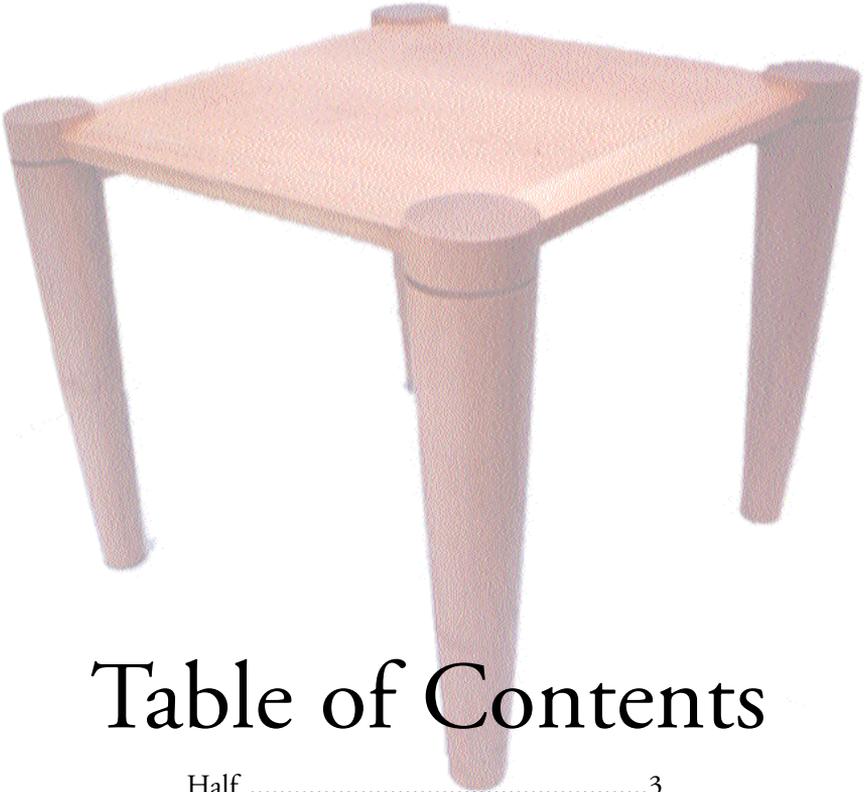


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Half

My heart the last
I did not love myself
But I loved half of her
Like small fires that start
When she leaves the room
To clean
Now she is leaning over the bathroom sink
With parts still enflamed
Basking in the glow of love
From the back
I see her protecting this flickering light



Work

The new me
Says to the old one
Of poetry
The road now crooked and covered
That led to
Like a factory
Light revealing
Not the collection of words
But the passion
That preceded it
I had tried too
To live that way
And had turned into a prison

Scars

I picked one of my scars
We were once close
Before the blood had reached
The surface
And been reduced
Then we separated over something small
And stopped talking to each other
Still I track your progress
Across my skin
Half my work now
Is done by accidents



Nesting

I have pictured
All those lines adventured
We lift them
From others
First from afar
Where I can imagine
Those loving people nesting
The to waist
We are like angels
I could not let you live there
Nestled in my chest
My heart was too ambitious

Flowers

In your eyes
I was amazed by their frivolity
The rate spent light
The life taken over you
Still wet kisses you flowers
You had survived
By taking less and less
Are you expecting?
What is abreast, dear to you
Like lessons, lessening
The tendency to be still



Guttural

Streets dream of respiration
And sunshine
We cannot touch for miles
Trying to stay between the lines
Before they end like our relationships
Naked and worked on
Changing like the scenery
After our stop had passed
I have tried without success
To keep together
The lines of your face in my mind
But you no longer feel that gravity

Hangin

I thought that no one would care to see
You were right about certain things
Now laid out in front of you
But wrong about what you left
If I had seen you before like this
I wonder if I could have convinced you
Not to hang yourself
The grace around your neck
Is not necessity
Before you had made that slow fall
Back to earth
Awakening to breaking
Sticks and twigs
The density of family

High

The sea before
Morning is salt
By noon
Left no trace of it
Before the moon
Had taken that path to level terrace
On sight
Crystals forming around
My window
Dreams
That cloud
Moist air pushed back
Leaving the morning white



Mercury

Secret passage
Beneath ships, breath whips
To wings
Only my heart would keep its secret of levity
Puffing out my chest
When the day is broken
Like a piece of metal struck
The glow
Beneath its brow
Falling by the wayside
Like streamers fading
Tunneling through to some unknown sky
For dreamers eye

Rings

Not happy with the dress
That I had written you into
Moments before
With these words
If tomorrow is practice
We have already spelled it out
On the back of a ring
That only I can see
With the warmth of my heart
It reads

Grotesque

Imagine if we loved each other
The way that we say we do
Our heads would swell
Forgetting that we are ourselves
To protect you the last person
That loved you
But I would be him
And lose you to my infidelity

Tribute

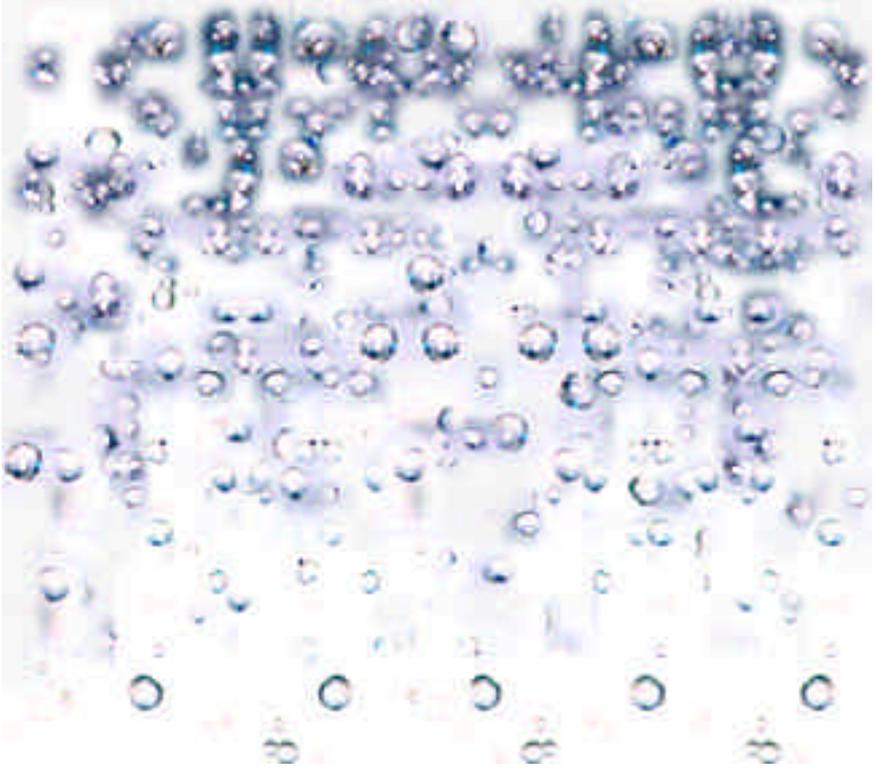
Saying I love you is a confession
To some unthinkable crime
I could not yet conceive of
That she would not be mine
As if it were all that I had
But the sun still rises
Joy being the light before it touches her face
The day a sphere
Covered in diamonds
Bound by a narrow strip of time
That shifts as it unbinds them
In my mind's eye
This is life's sweetest lesson
Lifted on the morning that we parted

A Pregnant Woman in the Mirror

Others see you
And do not know
You spent many days this way
Barely clothed
In front of the mirror
Touching, your stomach
Weighed more waited for
A place prepared inside
It is impossible to believe without doubt
The calmness of your sea
Or its bottom
It was as much to believe
That without love
There was no floor
And this is what you stand for

Penetration

Fallen like certain rain drops
It is snowing make it stop
Her stomach has swollen
Becoming every woman
Or maybe she is bring back womanhood
One dark knight
The cause
Though it does not yet have a name
Like this child growing inside of her
Until birth
Our kingdom
Between Heave and Earth



The Storm Queen

It was as much for you
That I could do nothing with
The beauty in small places
Devoured by this swell
You are a dancing song
Coming and going
Now that that storm withdrawn to sea
There is nothing to fear

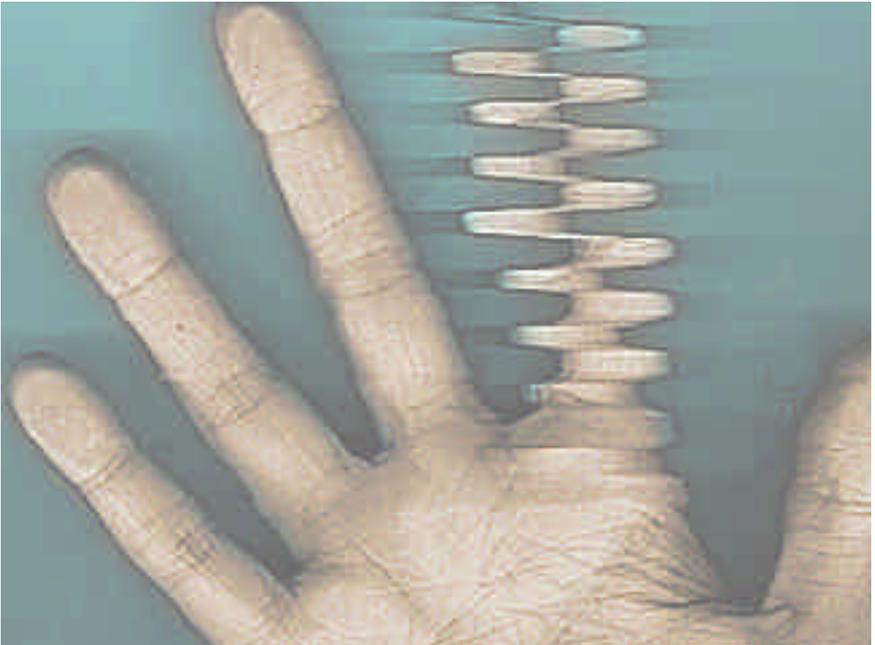
West

The study of some things is similar
We map backwards
How far we have come
The spot where I lay is warm
If the bed were a mirror
The opposite of you
I would rise into instead
Wondering if we have come any closer
To that which borders
Between us and the ceiling
That wishes to be discovered
Where I speak softly to the sky



Anatomy

They must split from our mind
Private thoughts
Blind to all
Except our hands touch
Words still in their skin
We must be like surgeons
Knowing nothing of anatomy
Separating the sound from the fury



Blooms

I am open to that now
Blooms before you leave the room
Before you go
I pretend
The same as talking
My reasons
If not for today
Than tomorrow
That you wish
Maybe prelude to a kiss
Afraid to ask you
This one question

Paradise

Through looking glass
I watched her pass
Imagining
The heart filling the soul's glass
In so much as they house
A transparent ceiling
Her eyes were like the stars
And the mystery that surrounds them
What is left of yesterday a
Entrapped by this since of wonder

a secret door

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