Rhythms 2008

Jersey Girl
by C. Hodlik

Poor boy went looking for her
Not knowing that his search
Would prove nothing but futile
How was he to know?
He never saw her leave
He never saw her come back
Poor boy, doesn’t he see
She is now among the grass
And the weeds
Below the base of the tree
She does not breathe
Yet she knows no more suffering
Just a thought to kill a small bit of grief

Lukewarm Wooden Floor
by C. Hodlik

Laying face down on this lukewarm wooden floor
Staring into the sun soaked grains and the spaces
In which tiny things do happen
There live the tiny people
In their tiny civilization
With their tiny houses and tiny jobs
With their tiny churches and tiny streets
They have tiny lives and tiny clothes
Tiny cars and tiny beds
Tiny minds and tiny heads
Everything is tiny
I wonder if they know that I’m here
Or if they’re thinking of me thinking of them
Or if there’s one tiny person
Doing the same as I
Rhythms 2008

Staring up into his own infinite sky
Thinking of me and my giant civilization
With my giant feet and giant couch
With my giant thoughts and giant eyes
I have giant friends and giant breaths
Giant noises and giant lights
A giant house and a giant laugh
Everything is giant

Untitled
by C. Hodlik

We could lay here in this sanctuary
Where we take slumber hidden beneath blankets
And lay above pillows as soft as the night before
When we pronounced our love
And closed our eyes to dream
Not of far away places or of fortunes beyond measure
But of each other
Our skin touching
Arms, torsos, knees, ankles interlocked
Our pulses as if they were a singular rhythm
I feel your slow, calm breath
On my chest as your head lay on my shoulder
Precious cargo, to be handled with the utmost care
We could stay here forever
Till our bodies turn to dust
For this is a heaven truly worth dying for