

Poetry Series

**gregory collins**  
**- poems -**

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## gregory collins(fall '72)

see anyone and everyone in the back left-hand corner of heaven.....

# 1968

'we have the opportunity to make America a better nation'  
Doctor Martin Luther King Jr.

'there are those who look at the way things are asking why.  
I dream of things that never were, and ask why not'  
Robert Kennedy

The whole frame was swaying as if to scratch gropingly  
and fault-ridden. Even gold hearted friends were turning

into falling firebirds, and they stay forever in a dream like  
when a peacock dozes. But the clean mirror of us all was

sobbing speechless in the skies about a distant shore as  
lonely as death. Even the size of the stars beat their heads

against the town bell. Because there was my father on a  
rock's edge of the soul. Kneeling in his bedroom, crying with

his empty M-1 rifle holding up his strength. He had joined  
the National Guard in the summer of '63, and was not

praying mistakenly as if drunk swallows the flame of fire.  
But the race riots had begun in New Haven and Hartford,

and he had some semblance of duty: that eight phases  
of Buddha feeling. The smearing of blood unable to hear

it's own voice. The vast heavens like wings that leave bruises  
in the heart. They are timeless and not yet done.

and my mother stood outside the room like an immaculate  
petal, yesterday, today, and tomorrow still. Disrupting his prayer

to ask why the gun was not loaded. Why leave home  
with your eyes in tears. This question manufactures a grave

in the distance. It causes his shaking and gyrating an already  
loaded to capacity ship in his mind. He said we train with bullets,

but fight bulletless. We will just get warm with steam, and go  
as if in a dream of the apocalypse. So after his prayer tilted

somewhere between 'Fortunas fortes juvat', and machine gunning  
the air like lingering perfume. He got up and invaded the kitchen

to the door to the outside world. Now my mother, belly swollen  
like the most grandiose mosquito nine months pregnant with

my sister; who wrote graffiti inside the womb which i can remember,  
but still cannot not read. She greeted my father in front of the door with

a kiss from the crossroads, a hug from which if the two of them  
put each of their wings together: it would form a pair of angel wings,

and she gave him a cup of bullets. Smiling a cry while she cried,  
now you do not have to say bang. You will come home to me

from out of the hollow of heaven, after you have aimed your gun,  
and pulled your trigger. Knowing that after suffering, there is still

an address that will welcome you. You will still help me iron out,  
the loose folds of the robes that drape over the aching heart of what's going on.

gregory collins

# A Beach Made Of Tears

Could there be a beach made of tears,  
like music of snow thrown from the fingertips of a lady.  
Then photographed  
balancing on a sharpened knifeblade,  
that will go hungry  
eating only a slice of cut blue from the sky.

So that's where we swim. After  
showering down our soul's sad eyes,  
or a beach made of dislocated tears;  
Tears that know their own heart is warm.  
That beach in the shade of the flowers,  
our eyes watching everyone that passes.  
knowing that what is left in this world,  
is only remembered when having a drink.  
When i remember the sky is a pillow  
where i can rest your head  
on the way to my dreams.

gregory collins

# A Dream On The Sands

I could have been there down by the sea, with pockets  
full of silence and a priceless smile between the legs.

Maybe like a smaller love song that begins to shed her dreams  
one after another. Or a touch of wind from a couple of angels,

immediately noticing a sign: That you suddenly spread your arms to me,  
and with your eyes in tears. You tell me you will never leave home,

and now we are crying in unison like the most quietly, listening mirror;  
Carefully lying down upon little nude knives of prayer.

gregory collins

# A Noiseless Wish

Maybe listen to the smallest hands  
rub up against the sounds of the sky  
like silence will tell anyone why they should  
with wishes or hopes or dreams  
and immaculately lovely with flowers  
that strike the air when picked  
and the sun decided it isn't fond of walls  
but instead the painter of your eyes  
who drew you precisely like angels  
thrown on the beauty of dawn  
which pirouettes and creates at least one smile  
because our lips have found the solution  
that is pauseless as memories  
and carefully fatal when confessed too frequently  
but luckily made with hands hugging  
and thoughts collapsing that cannot afford to complain  
so the world wants us to understand  
that time skidding forward for no reason at all  
except for fate which itself must call  
the air breathing me into you  
a dare to stand or sit on the human soul  
and know we sailed colorless to my dear heart somehow  
so let's spend curiosity watching miracles believe  
and go from freedom to freedom like immortal friends  
that bump clumsily into each other breaths  
which look at one another laughing uncarefully

gregory collins

# A Pearl Far Away From Its Shell

You have an innocent smile that touches my  
shoulders. Vowels supported by darkness itself.

But i can can't see death pushing aside the  
roots of life: Life is a long meditative walk

about why the smell of pollen reminds one  
of the soul. So why do we take fire onto ourselves,

that ends in the form of prayer. The fact that  
such a gentle song will decompose my body.

My nose, blankly sniffing, dreams a dream.  
I have an invisible flag from under falling leaves,

and it is still summer to the bones of the tree.  
To the merchant of the earth and the country visited.

The fact that i loved you all through the night  
behind an anchor. Behind the unlucky year

losing fingernails. As the chandelier of my soul  
has countless eggs, and wisdom is wearing baskets

that will always hang around like this. I will always  
change at any minute, as i have never been able

to dry up the tears; The color of the sky from  
the bulb factory of heaven. Where they are reaching

as far out, as there are hands that are hungry  
that i stuff my stomach with: That i dig down into

the grave in the dark, the place my heart is thinner  
just for vain pride. Just to be a stained handkerchief

is all i remember. That is when i close my eyes.  
That is from time to time, the ruthless interruption



of the outside world. The astonishing clarity of our souls  
hung on wooden racks: infinitely beautiful. Infinitely friends

with what lies ahead, and who knows the mystery, and  
why it is then, the start of a small war on the sound

of the sound of the sea. Why is a pearl far away from its shell,  
the beginning and end of so many journeys, I think resistance is reason alone.

gregory collins

# A Wish To Be Just A Piece Of Masterpiece

Such the listeners we are, like to jump off the  
blue sky edge, until my thoughts grow numb.

And the light of the stars love this. As we walk  
by ourselves with the night around us, and i

take you to a fine spot. Where i am filled with  
you, and that is what i want to stand and say.

That you must be eager for answers also, and  
i am not contained by this universe either. So

let us free the flame in our hearts and smile at each  
other. As the rules we have learned, are no help

now that we have taken over our minds with  
another glass of wine: Now that you spread

your arms, which i will soon be locked inside.  
I will be a silent river sustained by the obscurity

of its beautiful petals. The fact that i have looked  
up at the skies, and plucked a flower from the stars.

gregory collins

# Aged Each Time I Go Looking

To be afraid of death is bad luck to me, a fear  
i expect no justice or mercy from. The fact that

my soul has twisted so much, i think the  
roots are invading the darkness of light. The fact

that the earth can't even keep our tears warm  
for very long. Now i do not think i will be thrown

to the bottom of Hell, bearing the odors of being  
held in the world's vice: Remaining long enough

to look and read oblivion's face. I mean i hope at  
least something will grow next to my grave, like

an immortelle or a branch of forsythia, and that  
would be incredibly simple; Like heaven answering.

gregory collins

# All I Want Is Your Smile

All i want is your smile from the sail's cheek;  
and that teardropp one hears in every hello,  
wavers in the mirror love proves useless.  
But we kiss and marry and set off for eternity,  
and i repeat lamely, anything could happen.  
Even a stream of tears can conquer the sea.

Where fish swim beyond the balcony of waves,  
and i thought i lost my own shadow:  
But that sonnet consists of two quatrains  
and two tercets lost in thought.  
Like i am not an angel nor am i easy to hold,  
but if i steal your soul i will at least bring back gold.

If i am pulled under by sharks to swim to safety,  
at least the view will keep changing safely.

gregory collins

# Always Be Loving You

The future is just for starters. Sweeping up your memory  
makes my lungs collapse. The rumors that trouble the

smoothed waters. Like the hard work it takes to be wild  
and follow in the wake of a tombstone like the

sun always sets like my dear old friend the seven deadly  
sins. But i am just a barefoot corner of my soul, and i have

been wondering about the prophecy i will never understand.  
The fact that my fascination between temptation and dreams

puts my imagination to work. That i will ride again looking for  
wide open spaces in your mind. I will talk to myself until

i am all alone with the fear inside us all. The fact that i can  
go to sleep and i do not know who i will be kissing until

there is something wrong. Like death around a corner  
is really life if you start doing things in reverse. If there is

a hole in the morning and you climb into that place to see  
the end of the road: To see how far away i am, but there is

no proof.

gregory collins

# An Impressionist's Garden

Now i think  
we are all made  
to be freed, not free,  
and i was thoughtfully put in my shoes,  
and now you obviously cannot understand  
without saying a word in another world.  
That there are holes in the middle of the night,  
and i try to fill them in with color  
like an Impressionist's garden.  
But premonitions are strung together,  
and all i want to do now  
is use one of my long mud brown hairs as a dragline,  
and sail off to the midpoint of the soul's breeze.

gregory collins

# Are You Done With Your Dreaming

My soul has sewn over patches, where the bullet holes  
used to be; like the way i would ignore heaven and hell,

to live eternally in the bars and pubs. The taverns like  
a journey of the wind through your hair: Feels like the

washtub for a churchbell. But the dark medicine of religion  
grows weeds around my monuments, and i do not need

to be buying shoelaces when i have nailed myself to a clock.  
When the dust in my ears is closely watched, and the

Bourbon worms are not worth selling. As i walk with my  
head down all the time; too critical of how i handle my soul

and its mooring rope. The fact that time shovels out the  
dreamers: The idea that i took to drinking, because my

ancestors were soaking wet. They were soft like the way  
you rip out nails, or the way you climb the sky to set fire

to the stars: The music there has no socks, and what difference  
does it make if the flowers are broken, and their scents

travel like a hitchhiker. They spit on their thumbs and ask  
you personally - Are you done with your dreaming? Are

you going to write poems like a child wakes up a father?  
Like the wet hair of a newborn tiptoes without a sound

into your dreams. It puts on its clothes with a blue song,  
and dresses the wound of a disgraced sky like air-conditioned

souls that stretch the lines of their web along the edges of a  
sleeping corner, rolling in circles; like a string of broken afternoons.

The fact that i am crying my first tear, and it can only dream of the sea.

gregory collins



# At All Hours Of The Spleen

War is like a fifth wheel  
on a thin line  
At a fork in the road

Where the only elbow room  
Is to eat one's words  
To feel out of place

While all the while  
Drowning one's sorrows  
To drive someone else crazy

About how you can die of boredom  
Whole holding your breath  
With each other's throats

gregory collins

# Beneath Our Skin

I think of you  
for no other reason than to cry,  
and i dream about you  
more than i should.  
When you are the only one  
being broken off in the mirror.  
But i cannot tell  
if i am still dreaming i cared too much,  
or if no thought ever left a permanent scar  
like there is so much at stake  
beneath our skin.

gregory collins

# Born Before Fields

If life  
is just a game  
then i can dance  
in the trees like a bird  
and conquer the sun with song  
and keep on drinking  
the smell of the rain  
while the clouds are losing sleep  
moving in between dreams  
like it is all spun out  
by an imaginary girl

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# Broken Roses Of Crying Eyes

I really want you  
to rip my heart out again  
so i can take a look at it  
and see what made me  
love you for a second time  
with no regard for the first time  
when it was obvious the light turned off  
with eyes full of tears  
which now i must learn  
to sink or swim in  
like there's no one around  
where the night begins  
and the stars give me the power  
to leave in its last breath  
watching shadows dance  
like deep fools without the sun

gregory collins

# Buckets In My Dreams

'i had a lover's quarrel with the world'

epitaph of Robert Frost

Last night, above a child's bed. In the darkness,  
that has all the knowledge. I played catch with

Robert Frost for as long as eternity is. Discussing  
the mountain springs of poetry, the blood clot in the

lungs of worms and leaves, the fact that four Pulitzers  
could not resurrect John F. Kennedy, and topics ranging

from psychology, to last year's human rights. From  
the flute holes in thunder the lightning breathes into,

to the heart's flag at sunset; beside a cup full of  
cricket songs that hug and snuggle us to sleep.

We even read at least a dozen foreign newspapers  
because of my expressed love of alcohol: The

wallboards of destiny gradually increasing in  
overgrazing herds. Our correspondence the visions

of a god rigid with denials, without knowing the  
possibilities of loneliness or the terrible cutting of flowers

and the night drank from my eyes as the stars ripped  
my reflection from the mirror. They want to be there

like the only questions that have no answers. Like  
some of the strange requests from Robert Frost

beneath the moon. Observing the populations of  
trash and that is the houses of the very rich. My dreams

needing a savior like the rug below an army of grinning  
graves. The clouds a living room for the dead, as the

rain in the windows of my soul, are like buckets of  
water in old books made out of leaves of gold. So

remember how we get that gold. When my soul  
and i fight over one of your tears. When a breeze

is perhaps just of my memory's reach. Because  
whoever can rip this poem in half and not even

flinch, knows the angels regard us with a bored  
and cynical look. They are laughing at death like

any reasonably drunk Irishman. They are reminding  
me that the sweat along the upper lip of the moon,

sizzles on the stones and i swear to be faithful, and  
have no part of the world of money. No sudden gust

of wind leaving the man to himself. The man that fell silent:  
The one who lived through destruction and fissured light.

gregory collins

# Celebrating At Sunset In A House Built Of Crickets

The dark awakens,  
connecting with that tender light.  
My dreams have given up  
trying to recognize you.  
Sunlight is sometimes too hot.  
Told me the petals of your ankles  
sometimes suddenly amid the wrong flowers,  
and i without a doubt  
write on the rushing endless rue  
of my sunlit circling snare.

gregory collins

# Chances Changed

The breadline is staring me down.  
Let the lightning use the thunder as a trumpet.  
Salt wakes up in the breath of wind.  
The world watches both alive and dead.  
Beneath my shoes the sun never seems to change.  
Our spirits are no longer bouyant.  
Yesterday i was thinking of ways to make it better.  
Like grabbing the keys to the starry-eyed sky  
and know what it means to stand where we are.  
Maybe tomorrow i will find what nobody knows;  
That the heart must stay awake even over an open fire.  
Where i have got one of your tears in a stranglehold.  
Because fate is someone to be trusted,  
and forgive me for believing there is a chance.

gregory collins



# Childhood's Faith

A tear escapes the eyes  
and the price that life exacts  
for granting serenity  
is the sound you will see at last  
but with no eyes  
as the moonlight out on the sea  
is conducting your figure in a dance  
where your hips are as faithful  
as eternity wiping your cheeks dry.

gregory collins

# Contemplating The Heart Of Woman's Man

For D

I fish the sea like a crane who cries.

The soul like a trickle of coins, and they

have no place to go piling up. But these  
white sleeves of mine, i will look at them

and remember. I will know who took her heart off,  
like the storm has passed and grows further

and further away; and laid herself down  
under the flowing tide. Because the two of us

side by side with everyone else in the world,  
might just be like moonlight at daybreak melting.

Dripping dropp by equinox drop, and i don't need  
a crutch above my bedroom. The plowed fields

are visable, and i am spitting pebbles against a bell.  
Not surprised by the fragrance of sound. Not

worried that midnight came leaping up, and  
the two of us drowned pillowing. Because

some memories are like this. Shedding tears  
slips down of my hand like i rescue a needle

from the ashes, and inject us both on a silver plate.  
So neither of us plays lonely spring,

like a saturated scale incessantly calling me  
with a large beautiful thing called your soul;

And then there's the parting, dreaming of warm  
flowing scattering. Tears shed once again

to unbind themselves in the piggybacked footfall:

In the ugliest of ugly beauty, my whole body with your wings.

gregory collins

# Crazy Carousels

It is in the south of France,  
where them in congress now live.  
Even some of them Senators  
are down in Puerto Rico  
building rocket ships;  
saying the Pleiades is calling them home.  
And i even heard from off in wonderland,  
that Hollywood quit acting like a padded cell  
that knows the answer before being told the question.  
Because the sweet pain of crazy carousels  
has me missing the comfort of my hangover.  
I just hurt really bad and do not appreciate the concern.  
Especially since i am not braving any danger,  
and the possibilities know  
that the best part of this thing is happening to us all.  
This backwards reverse is telling us something is wrong.  
It is starting to sound the same,  
like what kind of fool can overthrow a fool.

gregory collins

# Creator Of Mirages

The sky turns blue and scratches my back.  
I am one of the many children in the rain  
they will never understand,  
and i got no need to explain the rich man.  
We all see the sun going down with chances to be made.  
We all see a new world until dawn,  
and then i forget to go home again  
and stay this way forever.

gregory collins

# Daughters Of Light

Something is on my mind,  
and it is a dream i planned out for you,  
and i know it wasn't what you wanted.  
But you must earn the ransom,  
like an angel closes her eyes;  
spilling tears over the brim of all secrets.  
Over a tomorrow that is crippled for life,  
and maybe the choice is yours:  
A denial i do not mind.

gregory collins

# Do Not Cry A Tear That Rows Off

Into each others eyes, we listen to each other breathe.  
The modern society: when the cell phone rings it is

mingled mournfully, and abortion is looked at like a cave drawing.  
A lack for words, that i cannot look into the mirror, without

thinking of the world that revolves around it. Is it condensed  
into dewdrops, or are we just an angel's raiment ripped off

to reveal wings. But the lightning flashes inside the hourglass  
are getting shorter. Where is that sand from anyway?

I guess i am tired of parachuting onto the soul of eight-thousand  
spears. They do not cause me enough damage to remind me

of America. It would be more like these sleeves of mine, that  
cause me much more rage. Being guzzled out of the past by

those who died at Pearl harbor. Those of the Nirvana, as both  
of us will turn to ashes. Or maybe being injected into the

orphaned child of 9/11. Searching for its mother beneath the  
covers of my periphery. Where pile on pile of tears is where

i wish i could drill to buy firewood, before another passenger  
spends the whole soul hopelessly gazing. Before i have

abandoned the world that has never had a flow; Let alone  
what sign is this so much years later. What praying appeared

in my dream and is as helpless as this? What leaves no trace  
behind while never tire of looking. Maybe i have been dreaming

about the falling petals of candlelight. Maybe the prologue to  
counting the stars is really an ellegy. A silence that breaks loose.

I guess i just do not know what is reflected upon the mirror of my soul,  
could be lined with dreams, could be the pitiful ears from my own mind.

It might just be piling ourselves onto the lily paddies of time,  
and we all start dancing. We all start sinning, just for fun, out on the graves.

gregory collins



# Dots Of Obscurity

To fall in love  
I can hardly bring myself to say.  
As though those far away hills  
Always seem to be racing toward an end.  
But as I get old  
And at almost the same hour outworn.  
I wonder what sins will they ask me about.  
What patch of blue will smell of greening,  
Or will the rising sun melt with an evening glow  
As I stroll arm in arm into the ancient times.

gregory collins

# Dreams Beyond Our Angel Wings

Let me know that your touch is broken,  
and teach you to repair the distance between.  
Because i have stared at the sun  
on the cold sound of pouring rain,  
and i have loved enough that three wishes  
could not hold what i choose to believe.  
But it was a miracle i dreamed about you,  
and there is only one prayer i remember.  
It is looking into your eyes for many battles,  
calling it love before it hurts like love.  
Reminding your window to tell you what i have done;  
when you took me to your room,  
where dirty but still pretty thoughts are kept.

gregory collins

# Dreams Of Defiance

If you wake up  
and you do not know anything  
about the fatal disease  
between lies and answers,  
then you know you are really in trouble.

Because i have slept in the hunger of promise,  
i have thought truth was a direction  
and now i am alone again.  
I have even made my life a living Hell  
by treasuring the troubled waters.  
Because the past should not be known for its predictability;  
The future should.

Some strangers blind bed,  
everyday temptations,  
rules tied to my waist.

Now i am alone again,  
behind the shine of men's souls.  
Walking towards what only Heaven knows,  
and i cannot understand indifference  
being kept on a leash. Like when you wake up  
and do not know anything God knows:  
And do not say you are the wounded Albatross in all of us.

So i dream of hard work and much at stake.  
I dream of children in the rain and a chance to let me play.  
I dream i am willing to see the world spinning round and it might change my  
memory.  
I dream i was only dreaming like a dreamer's tree of song.

Now the leaves are changing clothes,  
and soon the breeze will break them loose.  
The sun is so cold i am forgetting about girls,  
but love until you can't understand the taste.  
Make a prisoner of your own exaggerations.  
Peace is where i live and it is no more than pennies.  
Shelter is sometimes God, a blanket, the Milky Way.

Sometimes it is even Heaven's bad habits.

When you wake up like a castle in the sand,  
gone are the times deep without the heart.  
But show no fear for the broken heart has none to spare.

As beautiful as chaotic,  
you are a source of tears to many mothers.  
Because i have my moments that tell me how or tell me why,  
and it is not hard to be a long way from home falling into grace.

gregory collins

# Drink From One Cup To Draw Closer

The sunlight has gone cold,  
and the wind is dripping peacefully.  
I am waiting for someone to bring me flowers,  
and tell me life is too uncertain for plans

and i really think it makes a difference  
to waste my time this way.  
Looking up at the stars  
whose small lights do not serve the world

and i consciously give people permission,  
to do the same at the bend in the road  
where we all must turn into each other's keeping.  
We all can grow light in each other's shadows,

and drink from one cup to draw closer.

gregory collins

# Dumped Behind Prison Bars

Our dreams are dumped behind prison bars,  
as it's only once in a lifetime your life can be spared.  
But i am not mad, just kissed death until she withdrew into oblivion,  
and i know this is against the ethereal finite of this world.  
But i am just a dream held like a string of beads.  
Each one of me devoured by the flame of my soul.  
Each of me to be plucked like a grass flower of the innocent days of old.  
Where hopefully my life will not poison the ocean.  
Hopefully someone will just once listen across the eternal river.  
Just grasp the void after void and suddenly spread their arms.  
As there is no use worrying if you have a firm hold on the heart,  
because the crying gone has started to run down the rifle thrown.  
Where i cup my hands to drink from the ropes and chains.  
Where I have given myself a laugh, and can you tell me if there are any signs of  
it.

gregory collins

# Feel The World Making Noise

The stars used to drink water from your hands,  
as if crawling out of a month long fatigue.

And the moon giving off a scent;  
that will one day be exchanged for money.

Twists open the cap of a pocket flask,  
and dreams a dream about why it was put there;

after working hard all day each of the four seasons.  
Lying asleep by the gate of a dream,

where its reflection weighs as much as birds  
that must have just awakened for the first time.

gregory collins

# Fisted Glove Of A Thousand Islands

Where birds fly from time to time. Like  
to tie back our hair along the horizon,

helps us creep across a garden before  
it puts on its clothes, and the sunset

is such nonsense we never so much as meet.  
Know that while i am in this world,

i am only a stone's throw away from being  
strung around your neck; From being one of the beads

begging God, this is the necklace. This is the tear  
that collects in puddles, this is for me forever new

just as good as drinking, and i have no wish  
to go home at all, no wish for the soft wet dreams of the sea.

My life is short enough already, to bring me old age  
speaking the words of youth. Speaking of playing games

without the moon aware of summer, without the moon  
shedding tears that crosses the sky and blows me a letter:

A letter reading, 'think only of my love' -  
The fisted glove of a thousand islands.

The little clump that outweighs my heart  
in the breaking dawn. In the silence of my mother's shadow,

where i cut light off along the way.

gregory collins



# Forgotten Parachute

Once in a lifetime, i would like to be falling  
from the sky. Not surviving the passage of years  
or the languished looks of those that did;  
Their faces crucified to death yet they remain unscathed.  
Just falling out of the evening glow over the finite of this world.  
Looking at the greatest beauty of memory  
and how it possesses volumes of emptiness that i have read.  
I drift the whole sunset away and hardly resist what is welling up in me.  
A dizzying dust as i come to hills and fields as spring.  
Where i hope my eyes will walk on the soil and be buried in the grass,  
but hidden from view when it is time to leave.

gregory collins

# Friendship With A Shadow

If my clothes were the wind  
sooner or later the dawn would be forever  
lying in a bed of roots and raindrops  
with moonlight for a pillow and rain that should be warm

and what should i compare the sunrise too  
maybe the color of millions of leaves on an autumn hill  
their fragrances thrust up into a blue sky losing its shape  
looking heavy if you crouch down in a corner

because the world will die night after night  
but pay no mind to those crying especially if they have wings  
especially if my mother joins my hands when they are in prayer  
when a breeze drops a letter in my lap and behind my fingers i cry

gregory collins

# From The Country Of Magnolia

for Helen Marchut Collins

I am not just going to work today. Even if  
the moonbeams are cherries. Even if heaven

is only one layer thick, and i know what  
it is dreaming and what flowers drop. Because

my grandmother had a heart attack, and  
i am shivering and shivering and collecting in puddles.

Tearing down the curtain of my secret chamber heart,  
where petals scatter and heartache has fallen out of favor,

and i think of the past and the evening stars.

I think of marsh waters that overflow, and the mountain bridge  
suspended between the farthestmost peaks.

Am i stalling like a flowerseed in a diary that knows it was just a dream,  
or am i ripples on the water, falling softly over the courtyard of the sea.

Where life becomes gray with age but it won't last for long.  
The sun will still shine like a weeping child

And i return without seeing you: A sinking feeling  
in my stomach now is born -

And how useless longing for my mother is. She drowned  
in tears shed on her. A keepsake that cries for me like God's banners,

and how i would like to weep secretly, and drink for myself too.  
How i would like nothing unhappy to remember, because

i cannot even dream where i will be soon. I am in many ways  
a perilous love affair pushing home at dawn. I am surprised

I am a bead of dew at a butterfly of a wide river that lifts up its fists tight.

gregory collins

# From This Life To The Next

We lie together in silence, and time  
is doubled. It grinds its teeth like sleeping grass,

and is certainly not the last thing to believe in.  
But the bullets of tears fly, holding the dusk

there in the web. Where you are frowning  
like the dome of a hearse. Cutting up like

cigarette smoke into pieces. Shouting my thoughts  
are drunk. Wave after wave of my mind left wet

by kisses. But i am used to seeing the name  
of Autumn crying. I am just hoping

with my lonely boat of tears, i can once again  
feel the tenderness of your wharf. Where

i can wait under your fingernail, warm and well.  
Where i pull grass from a garden of sadness.

Because we fear each other. We are seeds  
in the pocket in the shirt of a newborn.

We are the shadow splashing into a deep well,  
and i would hate to peck until my face is pocked,

with tears making love. Like what are you really  
looking for? What dream fires a gun to fall asleep.

gregory collins

# Frozen Cherry Blossoms

This autumn  
petals will be like ferryboats  
and for the gift of love  
i will forget the difference  
between the mirror  
and mischief.

gregory collins

# Gathered Rain From Crying Eyes

If the way of the world, and how painful it is to not be suffering;  
Like the wonderful puddles that form out of dreams which drip

into reality which pour into illusions. But if the way of the world  
has you thinking of jumping. Make sure there is enough gathered

rain from crying eyes, to ease your worried mind by never reaching  
the final page. As fate is a strangers dream dreaming of a stranger,

and the hardest thing to do is wait and watch flowers grow. Because  
you need a place where you can hide. A place where some things

we may never see again. But the outline still remains. The fact that  
me telling you this is purposeless, if you have betrayed its colors

even after death, even after you are gone without a trace: Gone  
as uninterrupted as the ocean, and i flee, and refuse the shelter

of my own heart. I hide in your tomb not knowing the days or months.

gregory collins

# Get The Keys To The Rain And Thunder

i've seen the skies that make your eyes shine,  
and i have drawn my chair to the edge of my own world.  
Putting my soul in your brain with cotton candy for comfort.  
But the clouds with their 1,000 smiles hurt me no more.  
Now that i am under the tree of your sweet love sleeping.  
Dreaming the pastures span through the thorns,  
and i can't just go to sleep and carry on.  
I believe that's what i call love,  
like the shepherd sees the horizon so cool on fire;  
Calling me out till the sunrise kills me in its sleep:  
A sore head all the way and back again.

gregory collins



# Grassblades

When you are between my thumbs  
and i step into the shade of a tree and face east  
and wonder about how the end of the world really will be  
how only the sound of this page is what i have lived through  
light not always wrong even when we hold her down

even when no one is looking  
and we remember the time before birth  
the time when centuries try not to cry too much  
a time that will be generous yet difficult for us all  
as i never started belonging to you until i heard the laughter from within

when i looked at photographs of my birthplace  
and all the other voices no one else can see  
and wondered would i ever sleep again inside another afternoon of boyhood  
there  
where my only refuge from long ago is making promises and they must all be for  
you  
because i am only breathing hard after running after your angel for about a mile  
or so

i am only dreaming about a sky so low there is a comet lighting candles  
and morning is like your eyes with crews of gardeners everywhere  
because no dream will reach heaven forgetting all that has been  
and i want to catch sunlight where she is always on my mind  
i want to find out what it takes to get right to the heart

gregory collins

# Habitual Absurdity

I zero in on the stars,  
and i hear your coming.

I even probally left Tulip bulbs in your freezer.  
They would probally smile if i believed you could help me.

But i slashed myself and the world is still small.  
Is it gold mines or a book which you would take?

Now my father is suffering too,  
and it's good to be at the edge.

But where have you gone,  
now that tomorrow is the child within us all.

Now that in its last breath,  
an angel dines on the stars,

and you tidy up my soul,  
which never had a chance to be.

gregory collins

# He Said, She Said

Wrong thing, or right idea.

Thy neighbor's wife, or stay away from breeding.

Crawling around the clockworks, or blindness between sisters and brothers.

Innocent eyes spiking your drink, or how the harbor lights of NYC like to stare.

The vacant lot of the the blue sea, or castle walls not afraid of a fatal decease.

Solving the puzzle of hungers helping hands,

or the license to fly and play moonlit peek-a-boo.

gregory collins

# Hey Arthur Rimbaud

hey arthur rimbaud, i think i believe  
in the deep sleep dreaming you did.  
I mean all my thoughts are not afraid of  
rampant chaos or the brain damage  
of being balanced on the biggest wave.  
But if you ask the color of the sky  
if she is the kinda girl that can make me  
understand, then it's no surprise you are  
my best friend. You are re-discovering  
the bright burning at both ends and the  
catastrophic philosophy of lost treasures;  
When you get on your knees and pray.  
When the sun ascends kissed and i'd love  
to watch the pyre's burn. Even if the sky  
falls down where it hurts: Even if freedom  
for my people means the whole thing  
comes crashing down. The whole thing  
just a game thats not about to give thanks  
or apologize.

gregory collins

# Hope

I cannot decide  
the time of love,  
nor can i get a book  
about the Knowledge of Beauty.  
But i can dream  
of fluttering through the grass  
like a gentle bird.  
Content to know  
which trees are kissing each other;  
Content to rarely ever think about  
another flower i wish to give a hug too.

gregory collins

# Humdrum Monotony Of My Country

'I became insane, with long intervals of horrible sanity'

E. A. Poe

I have sung to you  
So many times now,  
My body knocks against the sky.  
But only the moon remembers  
The passionate seizures of beauty.

I said I have sung to you  
With the blood and guts of destiny,  
Bringing difference into a world resenting difference.

But only the moon remembers  
I have never once talked with God;  
Maybe I have been a fool,  
Thinking to split a rock beyond a few easy words:  
Then be surprised it shattered.

gregory collins

# I Don'T Know How To Come Back Down

I have on a schoolboy's shirt, and my human face  
longs to see itself again. Like i can lean on my pain

if the wind sings a song of darkness. Like when i cry  
in silence, trees bark bitterly and my eyes harvest

the crying like something is not wrong when you  
find a place of no examples. When you listen

to compact discs as thin as the way you search the horizon.  
As i am mostly hungry and sad and it is a small

flame, barely enough to expect no welcome. But  
on the dark side of the sun music rises in the distance,

and how invisible i have become. Like veins in a knife,  
and a crescent moon makes me weep because

that is where i lost my mother. That is where i have  
never been able to swallow all of my naval cord,

because of how foolish the silent feelings between  
joy and sorrow actually are. That is the last streak

of light, when i am discovered lying on your side.  
Your soul shaped like a guitar and it still torments me.

I circle a fire that has not burned for years, and i am  
imprisoned like the breath caught in the bottom of cups.

I am freedom dancing and howling like i am already dead,  
wounded. Bleeding to death while waiting for someone

to seize the darkness. To dream at the moon and  
hurl it from its path. The fact that my identity card

is the way my father looks up. Looks up until i find the place.  
Until the delirious breath of vulgarities long you for

the rest of my life. For the love i've left behind, waiting to break in two.  
Waiting at the end of this dream like a hole through sadness.

Like i have spilled onto so many highways the wind is blowing  
my bones, and the stars i could never reach, they are displayed

in the well-lit windows of my soul. They are like when my hair  
was not yet grown, and i am just drunk grafitti on the wall

of a little temple, and there are knocks on the door of night.  
It is my friends and family and they hurt in ten directions.

They and their eyes show, all freedoms burst out laughing,  
when trying to threaten another freedom, another cry lifting me up.

gregory collins



# I Have Lived Like

The dreams aren't ours anymore, i am sure of this.  
All God's creatures are unable to even fathom Eden.  
It is very difficult for me to breathe for us both.  
The mirrors are deep and always thinking of my own country.  
The world is like the beads of a broken rosary among giggling nuns,  
and i think Hell without a trial is how everything will turn out.  
Where everybody's favorite prison is love,  
and the guardians of those walls:  
Where I guess i just hope my soul might be known,  
for being kind to me.

gregory collins

# I Thought You Told Me Once

Here and there  
words of love  
hide inside someone  
and hope  
to sponge the tears  
and soak up in silence  
the universe i hold  
inside me

gregory collins

# I'D Sink Into Eden

I'd sink into Eden  
if it means i can sleep  
far away from primary colors

and everyday  
underneath the shape of your hair

I'd rise against the years  
like everyone steals my time  
to wonder why

and i am not lost like hours and minutes  
jump out of the holes in my eyes.

But maybe it's kind of cool  
to be a 21st century fool

Because most of my friends  
take an eye for an eye

and a blind heaven knows

they are showing us how to feel  
when no one is around

and they don't know what's what  
or where the day begins

They are the setters of trends  
and the petals off roses  
that want to be seeds

They take my mind off  
the lifestyles looking for pasttimes

gregory collins

# If Tears Make You Brave

If tears make you brave, whose side are you on. There must be some way for a shaking fist to describe hands

held together in prayer. I mean when we were young, to change forever, meant to be free. But now, don't ask me

why, but if i knew all the answers, i would make you wait around like the sky: that only once, gave no resistance to

the sunrise. Because i keep on looking to change a single tear into at least a puddle. I keep asking myself,

what keeps you here on earth with your head up in the stars. The fact that in your heart i don't really mind taking

my time. That maybe i should have stayed in bed with you until your dreaming was my every beginning; Until our

only chance is to make a list of things about how this world is so cruel. Then keep those secrets just out of reach, like

the deep song of roots, remembers each leaf that was sent spring nourishment to touch the reason why: To prop our feet

up upon the uncut clouds from the last kiss of the sky, and just ride the merry-go-round of our souls; cause we are too young to fly.

gregory collins

# Imagine Us All Heard In The World

The heart must flower and fade, and know  
that between tomorrow and forever, one must

address the hope beyond hope. Like how  
the tracks of the angels are without the need

of meaning. But everything is for such a short time,  
that i can only lift the glass to my mouth; and

remember man invented man to be enjoyed,  
fulfilled, and only know the truth like a ghost

interferes with love for the cemetery that  
stretches across the earth until the grave is

not necessarily so beautiful in numberless forms.  
Until i imagine us all heard in the world, catching

a falling star who is better off than we are.

gregory collins

# In The Footpath Of A Butterfly

I think we're in the footpath of a butterfly,  
so we had better move  
and further lift the glasses to our mouths age after age.

because falling from the branches of your necklace  
requires great courage.

it requires the night hung aloft,  
to know its own path.  
the stars rocking the loving seas under your feet,  
and the nightfall behind each mirror high and more high.

celebrating the impassable paths in the infinite -  
celebrating the silence that finds a tongue without a sound -  
celebrating the memory that sheds its petals and is forgotten now.

Forgotten like yesterday bicycling across soft showers of starry grind;  
standing on my hope without knowing it.

gregory collins

# Inches From The Horizon

I am never alone  
when i got a beautiful sunrise;  
like a pill i swallow of the Phoenix rising.  
My memory like a list of vows  
that will never redeem or cheat on me

and as the city spins around  
to scare the last angel from the world.  
I am sleeping on the street,  
a new revolution that the rich will soon be poor.  
They will be gone without the safety trigger of saying goodbye

and as the highway goes on and on,  
and skidrow is truly the only success.  
I would have to think the great divide will see my reflection pass,  
and that would be my fate:

only being just a sentence  
in one of the books in the Towers of Knowledge;  
Only a couple of words  
inspired by no one guiding me.

gregory collins

# Iq Test

If all Walt Whitman's  
are Edgar Allan Poe's,  
and all Edgar Allan Poe's  
are John Keats's.  
Then all Walt Whitman's  
are definately John Keats's.

True or False

gregory collins



# It Was Not Like Heaven On Earth

On the hills and fields, the days of old  
invade my heart. There are just too many  
distrusting eyes, and there is no burning  
passion anymore: Liberty flaps her wings  
crying herself thrown: Freedom is not a  
single white dove that flew from our own  
throats. I mean all memories are capsizing  
between stupor or stability, as even the  
grass roots in your garden close the window.  
You stay in your bed while eons of time  
bring a silver tray and a clean napkin.  
Playing on your flute, who cares if our  
grandparents complain. Who cares if  
what is going on is incapable of definition.  
Kind of like i have been worried without regret.  
Because it is the truth. I am made of tears  
rubbing against my cheek, and i would  
go hungry, raining down all day. I will tell Hell,  
everything was not like heaven on earth.  
I will tell God i have summarized his/her  
career, and the sky hurts my eyes; like  
innocence and peace condenses within  
the range of a gunsight. Kind of like there  
is no use for words when watching the stars  
overhead. The choice fruit bears, is breathless.

gregory collins

# Joins By The Thousands

At dusk,  
right before the fireflies  
have mid-air collisions

and a single breath of wind  
pours waves upon the leaves of grass.

I pray  
that when i dream tonight,  
i laugh with pleasures just out of reach

as i see myself rolling my shirt into a little pillow  
like a good unknown poet.

Happy that i can see stars  
anywhere on the perimeter,  
as each one is a secret fire in the minds of others;

Happy that i can rest comfortably  
after rolling joints by the thousands.

gregory collins

# Knifing The Shadow Of Storni

It's all right to come from your eyes  
when you thought tomorrow was beyond our control  
and yesterday with all its mistakes and cares  
is like watching a child eat their last meal

and i have sat on her grave  
on an afternoon on a struggle to survive many evenings  
as the obituary column isn't surprising  
it is brilliantly structured with all its possible adversities

and you cannot erase a single word you said  
we are all burdened with two eternities  
of which one will never be born  
like nothing makes sense when responsibility screams how deep the soul runs

of which there are no rules  
sometimes to be a poet is to be a pest  
and why would anyone think before they know  
like a drug bites the nails and lights up my nights

like i learned to swim screaming while the ocean was laughing  
and on my grave the sunshine will almost certainly not work  
but there will be a light holding a hand  
some embers that can be yours

and i hope you found a special rose that has the great voices that yearn to be  
there  
because it still hurts to play with my heart, knifing the shadow of Storni

gregory collins

# Learning To Play With Alcohol

The other day  
i thought i was dead or something.  
Must have taken enough  
to stumble through the world while sleeping;  
Teaching my body of the dangerous passion  
of the reckless soul.  
The Renaissance of deathbed delight,  
which my heroes held sacred.  
A warmth that knows the dream  
in the silver head of the moon:  
That the body is a treasure to spend.

gregory collins

# Like A Flower With Numb Ankles

Like a flower with numb ankles, i cannot go a single day without a drug or a drink. The tears itself, like

paper i could pin my hopes upon. The way the vines grow around my heart, because how i have been

worried about you. But the cliffs of life and death, are washed by the same waves; You must gather

with full hands as many stars as you can, and scatter them in front of your lover's path. Then wait,

to see what sort of sentimental stillness you will be dismissing. What did you not notice before, and

why do you visit my grave, unprepared to tie together a few scraps of the wind and make a noose for nostalgia.

Make a wing of your dreams on which you were born, and that will never be lost, even against its own wish

to be freed. To be thunder under those gleaming sails of lightning: A storm when a bottle of gin is finished.

A blame to commemorate my oocupation of asking, what are we up to. Why have i came out blinded,

addicted to victory and struggle for complete addiction. The struggle of a man's life, across the soul's fields.

gregory collins

# Like A Lunatic Crying A Quiet Cry

So i did it. Like my tear greets the oceans and  
laughs at its salt. Like all the boats sleep behind

every blade of grass, and you can only wake them  
if you paint the eyes of humanity like a shirt

you can stretch into a sail many years later.  
But i did it. I folded that twenty dollar bill

with its green song that could crush me into water,  
when the sunset gets up from a feverish night.

Sweat scratching madly like thorns coughing  
with a fever. But i folded that twenty dollar bill

and walked into its prehistoric rain: like an ancient  
vase that has had alot more time to cry than me.

I folded it corectly like a torch we all must hold,  
like the teeth of a smiling murderer,

and i pressed myself way back beyond graying hair,  
and childhood. Way back beyond the sky and

indifferent cackling laughs. Way back beyond  
the candles of my soul that overflow into rivers,

and i think i can hear Thomas Jefferson holding his breath.  
Just like i rolled up that bill and peeled the dead for today.

Just like i am hunting for leftover fruit, that fell  
off the tree of liberty, trembling before your lips.

gregory collins

# Loss Haunts Me

Honeysuckle horns  
of ripe July,  
my thoughts love you  
and count the cost.  
But what costs less,  
the sunrise  
or the sunset.

My faults  
are hungry  
and they suddenly turn to me  
and say  
a woman i will never be.  
Because i lost the shadow of a sound  
catching blue flakes of the sky.

gregory collins

# Lull Us To Sleep

The stars look down startled, all that ever ached  
will think of how. Branches in the dark are sometimes

sobbing, reminds me of a uranium mine always burning  
and protected in these ways. Yet the trees are a lasting memory

like the death of a baby. They shake hands with everyone  
since they have cried about what they have laughed through.

They know everyone has gathered around and can hardly swallow.  
Because we don't have a name for this baby we lost,

and our memories are careful not to arrange our rearrangements;  
Our memories are grateful when we remember them. They light

a candle on the small of my back because i cry alot and call my tears  
old friends. I feel my heart is pounding the noise of shattering glass,

and somehow i am finding ways to console my anguish remembered  
from years ago: Somehow me wondering why is wonderful.

gregory collins



# Make Amends With Revenge

For years i have been looking  
to make amends with revenge,  
and burn Los Angeles California  
down to the ground all hours of the night.  
Because it would be s simple thing like that,  
to bring the greatest pleasure  
and do something wrong that is right;  
To drive truth crazy until it is built on fear,  
and keep them just a twist of fate  
getting rich in a diaper.  
By planting my brand new hatred  
in a garden out of breath.

gregory collins

# Make Believe In The Future

The prophet says excuse me  
but the color of your trophies of war  
dreams in a cage like the truth  
believes the lies and bombs our friends

and my own eyes look like  
an angel on an empty beach  
freezing cold on my tongue

and now sitting in the mind of a fool on a hill  
wearing your tattoo that just gave me a smile  
i see the world spinning round the whole sky  
and there is no use for heroes long gone to count all your blessings

as you stay a child in the tourist town called blue heaven  
and that is where the soul in motion will not see the stars  
and light is sharpening her knife for your mirror

because again i thought there are too many stars to truly explain  
why all my pieces are becoming more a dream

gregory collins

# My Dear Friends Dream

Where morning glories  
have ears alert, and the stars  
keep falling  
cause there are so many of them.  
Know that  
if i was a bird  
on the other side of the earth,  
silently driving  
myself into a breeze:  
Where you are secretly entwined  
as far as the sea.

Know that  
for the sake of what takes the soul  
out of a stained handkerchief.  
I will secretly connect songs  
about the freedoms of the heart,  
and what i can see  
beyond the trees in our imagination  
that have time to play and will never stop swaying  
until they are old enough to touch the moon  
that has lost its balance  
since the train of immense time  
has been pushing down on my chest

gregory collins

# My Epitaph

I drowned eating roses,  
half way through the label of life.  
In recognition of frailty,  
peace be to my ashes.

gregory collins

# My Mosquito

The night was six inches deep.  
I grew old by youth praying like bent nails.  
All my liquor and its thorns remember,  
in the bottom of my heart i am facing towards the moon.  
There it would take your breath away to hold down my eyelids

and now putting my fist through a mirror,  
my eyes are plowing me under.  
I just cannot believe she is giving her breast  
to a drowning throat,  
and aims to get some of her blood back from this mosquito.

gregory collins

# My Pathetic Velcro Mind

Struggling hard, i beg for freedom.  
Like i stepped in line to walk among the angels.  
Like i could bore a hole through the crowds  
and go far away in the last light.  
But sadness still comforts me,  
and maybe Heaven is just dumb.  
Hanging out on clouds and not making much sense,  
now that my pathetic velcro mind  
knows accidents will happen:  
Whether God is disturbed  
about nothing or everything.

gregory collins

# My Prayer To Toss My Wallet Out

My thoughts touch me on the shoulder, and tell me  
to rise from where i have been sitting. They tell me

to get up and for good reason wander outside to  
where the stars have gathered strong: A full sky

bursting with one after another, each just sighing  
like a mirror carefully puts on its silver in silence....

and my thoughts tell me to wish upon one. To make  
one good wish and let a star carry it away, and i do.

I wish and then follow its predestined path into the  
darkness. Rising slowly without saying goodbye;

without the earth being touched while handing it over  
to the purchasers. The plowing and building we will

regret terribly, like becoming upset is a one sided love  
that only brings more tears and sighs. Because then

somewhere, outside, up there in the fresh fixed sky.  
A sweaty moon silently puts its hands together

and prays. The tenderness makes me weep like  
what are in your dreams besides fragments of silver bells.

Silver the gate of dusk gone without a bending sound:  
Silver that licks the fire drying along the surface of already sleeping tears.

gregory collins

# My Sister Verdi Cries

her tongue holds her down inside her head,  
it's as if she might cry cause the rain has ended in heaven

and i drag myself along with a patriotic sound.  
the way the knees call the faithful these chains

and i don't mean to hurt you by rattling my bones.  
but the world outside this room is no city of angels;

our little world making soldiers out of someone's eyes.  
our little world holding my last breath.  
our little world allowing children to give grandchildren away

and i've seen the coming and going  
from the cradle to the bleeding daylight of the grave

and sometimes our values cook all night long without knowing it.  
sometimes i remember the day i stopped dreaming

and now the little birds don't kick me out of their songs.  
now i am celebrating at sunset in a house made of crickets.

gregory collins



# Nature

a swarm of bees  
can take me higher  
than the element of surprise.

gregory collins

# Nourished By What Makes Others Hungry

In your hand i've been looking for my hand  
so we can kiss the flowers as they're waking up  
bringing forth life for such a short time  
it reminds me to always be a poison rather than a cure

and you tell me why no one is better qualified to cry  
as you think we are going to turn Heaven into a Big Hell  
but i have never thought like this before  
and i don't need to know the reason why

the children of God cannot stop what is coming  
secure your fears in every breath and every word  
the hole we are pretending is not there is getting deeper  
and we work and pay for it with minutes that never change the hours

with living beyond our means because we are used to being confused  
we are used to being nourished by what makes others hungry

gregory collins

# One Color Missing Helps The World Rust

Frank Stanford under the Missouri sky,  
where down the road of death the walkway widens.  
If you should shed anything now, it will reflect those being born:  
As every leader's heart somehow makes us curious.

Are we the fish at the very bottom  
that have suddenly stopped moving as if we were dead?  
An entry in my diary drinks the water dripping there,  
my starlit sky has even aged beyond recognition.

The universe is unable to turn over even once, and no one  
can assure me they will not look at me with a judge's eye. I am  
all by myself staring at the sky that pays absolutely no attention to me,  
and from all these philosophies the sunrise is still squeezed out of the grass.

With destiny and rebellion equally enchanting at the same time;  
with me on a rainy day riding down the raindrops on the man's cheeks,  
hoping i don't get arrested for not owning an umbella.

gregory collins

# Only The Smallest Bones

i dream with only the smallest bones.  
Those still in the quarry above the clouds,

and in a prarie mesh of wire racks,  
i hope i am banging on the wall of little bird hearts.

Taking the stars as my only prisoners,  
and letting them dry in the sun the next day.

So i can trace my fingers deep down inside,  
like you breathed me in unconcerned about what others might say.

gregory collins

# Out Of Hiding Places

The cracks and lines on my face  
make me an easy man to read,  
and it is relaxing  
that i have never had to think before.  
It is actually soothing  
that the sun always sets nice and slow;  
Like memories tell me what went wrong  
without fooling around in an embrace

and i invite you to belong anywhere with me.  
But that is not that easy,  
so i will settle with knowing what it means  
to use the fingertips of a poet  
to search for everything but fortune and fame;  
Everything the lines and cracks on my face feel,  
when they look me straight in the eyes with my soul in my mouth,  
and i can't make the pieces fit like the way i love you.

gregory collins

## Panic For Some Peace

at nighttime, in the bars that never give in to the streets,  
i'm jumping in the cracks to get lost,  
or until i hear my heartbeat grab my keys,  
and like the wind that knows me broken in pieces,  
i find the words deep in my soul might save themselves,  
but i need a reason why to change the rules again,  
to throw the drowning man tons of suggestions,  
if it means i can sleep again,  
and dream of what we are missing.  
dream of keeping my clothes on in the shower,  
like sunflowers in the sun,  
that look at me come on the wind,  
even when they know they are not,  
they know what's what when sound and color are getting bored,  
and we are missing when everything starts to go wrong;  
Like ignoring our grandparents advice cause we couldn't stand their kids.

gregory collins

# Pill Shaped Skeletons

in the hour before dawn  
hand me the sunlight equally  
feel my eyes breaking when you walk out of the room

now i will never get tired of turning leaves in paradise  
or being broke or broken -  
scissored by the calm that we are all not alike anymore

but we were yellow in the sun once  
dusk still difficult to say  
kind of like the future had been removed  
by a man who swore he could take care of it

and i also used the stars as blankets  
the final pattern of dawn tugged from your arm  
when your eyes wake up  
and the ceiling breaks open into the sky

and this turn of events has a counterpart  
confirming what my teacher Rimbaud says'  
Beauty can come from an ugly past,  
and gossip has always been sort of a password in my ears.

gregory collins

# Plant A Seed And Raise A Flower Even If It Is Stolen

I have seen people around my head  
walking into the sea.  
I think that was the day  
when we were kids beating on the edge  
to hear heaven groan.

Now i am holding on to a shadow on the wall,  
holding you in my arms  
to put an end to the fire who cannot remember rain.  
Yet i am out this morning  
among the flagstones in the wind;  
Thinking i asked again  
if the future is young without you.

But i slipped and tomorrow's fall knows what love is.  
It is independence day  
that sends me to the ocean tonight,  
and nothing is invincible in her fingertips of angels:  
Nothing when you are young  
and the twisting of fate is bruised;  
swimming like midnight  
as the lights go down black and blue.

gregory collins



# Preachers And Tramps And Forgetful Faiths

There is no escape from God anywhere.

I don't care if your t-shirt is kicking the stalls beyond all recognition,  
or if you invented silk, or the fear of sex.

I don't care if your the mother of a prostitute that recognizes fast,  
or if your dreams and visions are cheering church on a Sunday morning.

I just don't even care if everyone in this world is close to becoming Buddha's,  
or if i have boils and rashes on the beriberi of the arms and legs of my soul.

Because just wait until they count the dead with no forgiveness,  
and find a way instead of an answer.

Kind of like first we were boys and girls obeying,  
now we are just a sun that sinks low;

written in a charcoal sentence instead of the other.

Instead of searching our friends that must think we are acting.

gregory collins

# Rehearsals For Bereavement

'Have a proud soul and gush irrepressibly between the rocks of life,  
dripping down with a balance that has no scale in all the cries of the world'

estwick nash

I think some of my poems are plotting against me. But what poem  
watches a poet! I mean i dare to be poetic, and know why the soul

does not argue. But poetry is the thorn that produces stickly roses,  
and if you spend a night with my poems, you had better go to the

clinic. Because poetry wishes for peace as it is preparing for war.  
Poetry assigns a fox to guard the henhouse of your soul: and I do not

think i want the wolf looking after my sheep when i lean against  
the way you hanged yourself; Peering a century ahead like there

is no other use for me. Like someone else who lost hearing and  
sight, but still will come to your side and care not about how the

roses on the tomb were thrown: By those who love, those who  
are loved, or those you are trusting to kiss for a reason.

gregory collins

# Rules

Regret can be your pet.

Our brains have a beautiful taste.

One more problem makes all the difference in the world.

Maybe i am only homesick if i don't want to be a runaway.

Maybe a 1,000 you's can dream at the shadows in the wishing well.

Then again these eyes are not safe when playing dead.

They smell like reverse pyschology and a big lack of education.

They, like reality, are hidden in the last choice you will ever choose.

gregory collins

## Said Prayers For Safety

Fathers, sons, and boyfriends. All our mothers tears.  
I shorten the distance between us by getting bitten

by butterflies. Remember the Scarlett Scourge. You  
should always kiss tomorrow until it is on fire.

The great western sky wants to be hurt by love.  
The hours chime for beauty and it looks like freedom,

and now and forever i will be re-discovering your soul.  
Grandpa said, Two hours of bayonet practice and God

isn't worth a dime. He said there must be a crack in my eye,  
if light can still get in and pretend to understand all.

gregory collins

# Seasons Of Emotion

I haven't seen clouds lately, i wonder what must  
be wrong. But not knowing where to go to sit

face to face with the sun, even if i am all alone  
in Heaven with a wish to give a kiss to Hell; like

a couple of angels ready to listen to what i want  
to talk about. So i just use the grass as a pillow

and dream about no more tears or sighs, or  
no time when i am too sad to see your soul.

Maybe the trees change their colors more than  
my thoughts. Maybe because they get their clothes

wet, and, my dear, i am used to sleeping there.  
Passing out because i get so drunk i am unable

to be near God. I am thinking you do not cry  
cause precious life is coming to an end. The mirror

i own i have held in my hands, and i have let it fly  
away as now i am my own bird and for me,

getting wet is where my mother might say. She  
is suffering seriously from drinking a cup of my tears.

Because she just might know I am as close to you,  
as i was when i was inside her; intermittenly dripping

my tears inside her, and i know she must have felt the pain.  
She must have felt helpless as this is the way of the world.

This is the way living things beg of the gods in the end,  
this is way parents prohibit and protect the way i would

like to spend my afterlife. Writing poems in an infant's grave,  
and yearning that the girl with your wings will go unharmed.

She will have stories on me smelling of the spell of love.  
She will bring all the money from the banks of the rivers,

and drink nothing but memories. Nothing but the brown earth,  
where i had nowhere to sleep, and less place to dream

gregory collins

# She Says

she says  
i'd wipe the spots off the mirror  
but i would not know what it means  
and i say  
truly care, human race  
truly care

but i have never met a wise man  
that has pieces of you

and there are no rules  
that have to wait

we have  
divorced the earth  
made her childless  
and have now  
left her unmarried  
forever  
in everyone you meet

gregory collins

# Sleeping With The Night's Seas Cry

Take me on your flight bird of prey,  
float me above the doom of the last poet

reading the last poem. Like the entire sky  
beats off into a fire of night stars with your wings

and touches itself along a cool and swollen highway.  
Where we are driving into its dark womb.

My ears what you soul fights to explain. My eyes  
the tides of the moon to their fullest,

and your heart having that opportunity  
to mercilessly crack and break.

As i include it into my dreams, where i am going  
into the dark side. As i have just seen the bottom,

and i consecrate the copulation of the sky  
with my soul slightly open, unafraid if a dead person laughs.

Unafraid as my salt wind goes ashore,  
and dawns sun rises up holding herself with her hands.

Wearing out after one glimpse this child of mine.  
This man that is begging the gods, to spend

the whole day hopelessly gazing. Tears shed  
in large drops, and that divines retirement.

That that descends from heaven, and doesn't follow my heart.

gregory collins



# Smell The Clouds Feet

Smell the clouds feet, a dingy waiting room for rain.  
A useless pasttime. Catch snowflakes in your head,

the same day comes every day of the year. Nothing  
is different. Not even the dream ready to rot, or the

scar of wind swept hearts. But joy and suffering peek  
across the wire netting of our souls. They are looking

for an inmate that uses the nightengale's songs to  
rustle against the stars on the rooftop of a church;

Where the Milky Way reminds me of my sister: A  
thornbush in your eyes as tender as a grassblade,

and the moon is transplanted near the empty crown  
of dusk, like i tiptoe skyward mirrored in the water,

Where like a sad memory, i can stand on a single  
breath of the wind. i really can hear the heart on fire

and hug anything that has burned down and suddenly  
forever. As suddenly the river runs, doomed to vanish quietly,

poetry a walk across the ocean, but not the sky

gregory collins

# Smug

for Karla Gachet

Now that i hold your hand  
and a butterfly net  
that is smiling crazily.  
Let us run through the grass  
and call out unknown names,  
let us drift with the afternoon clouds  
and not have a care in the world.

gregory collins

# Song Of The Contemporary

Rolling in and out of where flowers wilt.  
The weight of grief in this wilderness,  
remembers there is always such beauty  
that is about to vanish.

And i was thinking of tomorrow,  
and how i could pin my hope there.  
But i have only one wish of this strength,  
and my love is fading but where does it signal me to go.

gregory collins

# Squeeze The Blindness

One more white boy to touch the man inside the boy.  
One more white boy went with nothing but the word of God.  
One more white boy to be nuetered and spayed right up to the end.  
One more white boy would be enough for a car crash.  
One more white boy you cannot explain to squeeze the blindness.  
One more white boy i tried to destroy on my hands and knees.  
One more white boy likes to stare so gently up the daisies.  
One more white boy looks a bit confused being written on the wind.  
One more white boy will leave the land with no stain,  
as one more white boy knows a dangerous kiss the sky is.

gregory collins

# Steal The Roses In Plain Sight

I want to wish you  
good morning forever,  
broken into a thousand wishes.  
Because what you think  
is without a bare wall to lean on,  
and that dream  
is just a place to run and hide.  
Because you are a house of light,  
and your lonely walls are my darkness.  
Yet you still think  
every corner of the street is the world.  
As i still do not know the difference  
between crying for my mistakes,  
or learning from my mistakes.  
So i guess the deepest cut  
is made by your lover's hand;  
and i will not know until tomorrow.  
If regret wants to be written,  
or if we all must steal the roses  
just in plain sight.

gregory collins

# Sunday Likes To Steal The Week

You open up your eyes and i am in far too deep.  
Sunday likes to steal the week,  
and i am happy i have not forgiven anyone just yet.  
So give thanks for all the sins that will be your judge,  
and open up your eyes and murder  
for a secret never to be told.  
To the fact that is is so hard to find the words to say:  
We thought your cancer appreciates your concern.

gregory collins

# Sunlight Of Thorns

The sunrise went to a shrink,  
said sacrificing nature is bound to take its toll.  
Yet life is your best friend,  
and you must throw a rock thicker than others.  
Because i smash my mind just burning out,  
and now i must choose between a Bible or a gun.  
As tomorrow i can forget, but today;  
Maybe it is starting over again,  
and i do not know who knows why.  
But in the end i think i will learn  
that i danced on my grave my whole life.  
I drowned eating roses because  
Americans have a disease only money can cure,  
and i am weak when i am a dreamer  
and strong where there is no problem:  
When i do not think i like being locked inside  
anyone's last words.

gregory collins

# Take Your Pride And Resist

There is the celebrity porcelain that has begun to rust.

There is a walk through the land of shadows and it is only the river.

There is heat and do not even mention about drowning to save the world.

There is the space between yesterday as today and the past as tomorrow.

There is Afghanastan and its a bunker filled with sand in the final breath of freedom.

There is a government and all the people in it cut a hole in us from the bottom of the ocean.

There is the fear brought into a count of law and some people say what if Hollyweed was never written down.

There is a hope they get rich selling religion in 3-D and peace to the picket lines digging to the center of the earth.

There is a children's Hell and someday your crying child will gutter your eyes alive.

There is a kick coming to the crotch of Chrysler so keep one step ahead looking for warning signs.

There is the taste of medicine just to feel each breath of what nobody says.

There is my poor celluloid heart and how it aches counting shiny bars of Cuervo gold,

and there is independence day in a stolen car driving all night through the pouring rain to rock your boat with a smile i do not understand.

gregory collins



# Teachers Still Torment Me

Meaningless poetry is perfection, because at least  
it is your soul's stain. Maybe thin in contours. Not

written while looking down from ivory towers, or  
learned like resistance to life makes one conscious of dying.

But at least you brought me this gift looking self confident.  
Like when i call out an honorable name anymore, it certainly

isn't Gods, or a photograph of my dismal history;  
Which has the weight of a dropp of water in a funeral horn.

Maybe what i whisper is born and raised like a traveler of the wind,  
like the stars are still there again tonight, and nothing is

more difficult than deciding what to stare at: The moon  
that collects rags or has the rough sounds of being in my arms.

Or the stars that keep the treetops warm like a Buddhist saint.  
They are devoid of all meaning, and like meaningless poetry,

depth multiplies and multiplies and now i am someone  
waiting determined to break the placenta. Because one must

part from one world to have a new world open. One must  
put my hands together more slowly than the sea, and its

rotten blue, like scars from the plague, that i see in the sky.  
Far from my home like the rarest opportunity is memories.

It's the rarest when your eyes can no longer shed anything  
but full length mirrors where i can see the reflection,

but the fire is too remote, thrown in the stove where all neighbors sleep.  
Those fed up with meaningful poetry, from the prophetic few in the world.

gregory collins

# Tear Open The Heart Of Chance

When the clouds stare at the lights trying to justify,  
And the apocalypse is running on faith beneath the covers.  
I' ll have your memory dancing as dancers go;  
No alibis or hard times that will drain you.  
Just all the dreams we have not thought of before,  
And all the formulas that stop us from getting lonely.  
That is all the worlds that fall apart searching for  
Fame, fortune, and no answers.  
All the worlds spinning round and around  
Like a burning heaven makes me start to fantasize:  
Makes me start to look back and know that I lived before I grew old,  
And what is the last thing you want to do before you do not have the chance?

gregory collins

# Tell Someone Of This Dream I Had

You are far away on this night.  
The hot sun seems all but yesterday.  
What matters more is just a little misunderstood,  
like a bucket between the rain is my favorite color;  
and that helps me to stay awake and belong anywhere but in my dreams.  
That lets me know that names of my tears,  
and prowl paradise and her strawberry wilderness.  
Where we are watching shadows dance on the wall,  
and it is not so nice here like winter in July.  
But what am i supposed to do to really reach heaven without dreaming.  
To be the king of a bunch of Heather,  
and make the best of what sings like a song.  
That i someday hope to paint the sky with all the unanswered questions.  
Because every time i think about the soul i risk forgetting to breathe,  
and so much depends of the dreaming done yesterday:  
The dreaming i do when i wipe the tears from my eyes and get no answers.

gregory collins

# The Average Horizon

God! There is a darkness  
when i leave the lights on,  
and i feel the turning of the world  
calling me out.  
But don't put a rope around my neck yet.  
I still got the moon and the stars  
and whispered prayers lifting the veil.  
Because without any fear,  
together we stand precious.  
We are less dangerous  
when we do not regret a thing.

gregory collins

# The Crossing Of Two Paths

A little wind knows better than i,  
that all hope fits in a child's hand.  
Like the crossing of two paths is what i crave

and my heart keeps me standing here.  
Thinking my name will live longer  
in all of the flowers that bring the sun closer.

But what we have done to ourselves,  
and how we have let promises never be kept.  
Has eternity too drunk and the clock stopped.  
It has the tears in my eyes drowning in everyone's life.

gregory collins

# The Fire That Tests Gold

I want to be the fire that tests gold.  
When noon is on the flowers,  
and the sun floats along shaping what it wills

and i think in secret,  
like the rain would rather die  
than let me dream it true.

That the planet's curving cannot teach my hands  
the sunshine burns and always doesn't mean security,  
and moonlight has plans but those are not promises.

So please answer me this:  
Am i a twin to a thorn, or  
just a wet and wild cousin to the rose.

gregory collins

# The Freedom Of A Corner

At any given moment,  
without the chance of selling blame.  
Your fate hopes they will remember:  
All for years of my own shadow,  
and every night until you are crazy.  
Our demons know or abuse her.  
Like Los Angeles widening the gap to re-think  
their standards we carry around inside.  
But forgive me if their madness is all around.  
I want to dissappear without a trace of those heavy brows.  
So be careful of times long ago,  
and pull slowly to drink an equals given rights.  
Because if just one of those books in the tower of knowledge  
seems to overlap, the city of angels  
will come unglued rolling back the days,  
and i want to stay away from something in the way:  
and again her voice and not enough sky.  
The freedom of a corner.

gregory collins

# The Ghost Is Still Breathing

You might prefer to pray  
like a branch of the willows  
with its humanity dying  
and getting into fights at the roots

and i think i hear the creaking of the earth  
as my soul, who craves advice,  
took myself without paying much attention  
to questions no one could answer

about how inside my heart you are the breasts of the wind  
which i wish to tickle like rafts on the sky's tide  
and not before this day have i been full of daring  
to untie the lace of beauty and never grow old

gregory collins



# The Hitchhiking Butterfly

I stretch a new sail for a beached boat. I pick a blade of grass  
and tie back your hair. I even lower my wings and think of their  
footsteps of nothingness as if nothing ever happened sadly.

Now a frenzy of fears creeps into my fever, and i remember your face.  
I remember setting fire to the temples that are filling my chest with song.  
I remember being moonless and impregnated by the hunger inside my wrist,

or the wrist inside my hunger growing every root of our hair. But where  
did you curl up at night lost in play. Where did you put on your clothes  
with nothing but memories, where does the sun ricochet and rip heaven

and earth apart. While the side of the highway falls onto your bed,  
left wet by hugs, and kisses that will wrong you for the rest of my life;  
with kisses that crawl through a hole behind every blade of grass.

Where the sun rolls her tears, and she sits and smokes. She is rubbing  
against my cheek, should i blame the breeze? Should a place the Bible  
a thousand fathoms deep, and let my soul get more entangled against its wish?

gregory collins

# The Knotted Cries Of My Tongue

When light looks me straight in the eyes,  
and says you are no son of mine:

and the years are not a healer, but hiding places.  
Then know with my heart on which you sleep,

like in summer's past, that i am still in love with a time  
when the world wasn't changing. Was not changing

its large stained glass windows of perpetual daytime,  
to the final chambers of tambourine plastic darkness:

and sacrifice did not have to believe everything made of light.  
It was like the mirrorettes were words written in cold perfume.

Because colors have mastered geometry since the ocean  
only gets drunk on oil anymore. All the while begging the moon

for protection, like one day i am going to come back for my wings  
along the roadways of the winds. Along that double chin of the sky

and those bright blue pupils spilling music, like a ladder stretches now:  
from sun to flower and now towards the quicksilver that shatters. Now

even faster the heart feels ice-cold like the moon in a bow string  
and that unbreakable spoon with its thousands of faces alike.

gregory collins

# The Life That's Inside

Buried in the mother's lap of a book,  
like a violet i once got from an island on the Seine.

I was once in heaven, keeping track  
of moons who cannot speak of their travels.

Like faith drank down whenever you get your way.  
To ask someone if that smooth mattress i am dying on,

is really clouds we shall drink from;  
To be young from hand to hand,

and know about heaven from listening to roots  
and not the lifetime of our tired eyes.

Which can only look and watch  
with suspicion a single kind word.

gregory collins

# The Mirror's Lips Are Set For Drinking

There are tombs of light nobody knows.  
A land without music if you are not deaf,  
and the time in the lifetime of an angel  
is crying for an interpretation.

Like the middle of the road that left her nest.  
Where streams go dry over tired buildings,  
and a train of the wind is derailed.

But don't look now, my heart is smiling.  
Reflecting the face of genuine trust.  
As these things can be explained,  
even if the journey is untimely

and confusion is stained by the ink of change.  
Maybe beautiful, maybe immortal.  
Maybe these eyes from the rose went to a city,

where anything can happen but tomorrow will never be.  
It cheats like my memory getting no dust,  
and i don't see myself in the mirror anymore.  
Do i mean nothing to it?

God! Culling the cycles of indulgences bring rosaries to the children within us.  
Don't even lost poems keep chewing away at a sinner's parts,  
or are remembrances strictly about the preparations.

gregory collins

# The Moon's Prow

The dream i had is getting late,  
when i talked to you for an hour in a bar.  
Sipping beers for a little peace from God.  
Our laughs seeming to overlap all those lines and circles.  
Where i felt like just a few witches burning and an angel,  
remembering to share it fairly and get nervous.  
When this needle is an inch from her veins,  
and i start right now on her tongue.  
Quietly making noise like tiny holes afraid to blink.  
Washing the moon's prow with wishful hopes  
reaching out for something: Finding their own shadows  
the old owners of light.

gregory collins

# The Rejoicer Of A Drawing

I made a sketch of the sun behind the clouds,  
of the world that descends far beyond our sight,  
of the waves that prepare to gnaw upon the coast,  
of the roses from countless gardens that offer welcome,  
and i painted you, undying by my side.

Then i waited.

Looked peacefully but with an eerie eye.

I had not painted the love that grows between us.

The reason why we have meaning under the stars,  
and why the heavens fully understand  
and allow us to experiment with shedding so many tears.

Then i remembered,

my heart needs no picture to be placing its burning coals.

For their privacy would burn up the dream i tried to sketch;

Their privacy believes i am still barefoot in my heart,  
even when i have to walk over thorns.

gregory collins

# The Roots Of The Waterfall

Whenever i hear of unending love, like an ancient tale  
when half the gods are tomorrow, and the other half are

forever. I require courage to obey my heart: To control  
the bouyant sea of the all renewing soul. The fact that

i could be the roots of the mountains or the roots of the waterfall,  
and i would still think the only thing that vindicates my cause

is to play like the branches; and leap over suns, sit on  
flowers like chairs, and watch the movements of a woman,

and know the warmth there has no beginning or end. She  
is what she is - whether in wrong, or beyond wrong. All the

world is just a day, and what can be known inside the unknown.  
Maybe feel the light of a whole life, and the shadows deep there.

Maybe love the sorrows under some other moon, but then  
how false this poem would be. Because if there was no sunlit blue,

who waits and stares from afar, and desires me. Then what is this day  
when peace and oblivion gave me a rose who thinks the same thoughts

as me, but knows it is a dedication for others to read: Exactly as we see  
each other, attached by one premeditated silken strand of thought.

gregory collins

# The Same As Any Other Day

The same as any other day,  
i want some help from growing cold at the end before me.  
I want the air filling my chest to be where you wait to wash your heart;  
Like the less i know the more i learn about the soul

and i am crying like a boy to defend the sadness.  
But all i can dream of is light that will never see the sun.  
That at the close of day the sunset is just outside the door,  
and in just a whisper it will be gone

lord! it is less dangerous if i don't know anything perfect.  
It just seems that i am not sure if there is an afterworld inside me,  
and for this gift my eyes are now dry. My eyes are calmly evaporating  
without a sound: The same as any other day.

gregory collins



# The Shadow Of You Sleeping Naked

Your father's eye,  
where does it lead?  
Listen to the ground,  
the earth can't afford anything it wants.  
Death like a signal ahead full of warnings and regrets.  
Will anyone pull a fast one and get out of here alive?  
Can anyone get the best of death?

Out of the grave your loved ones once walked.  
The sound is so quiet you had better take a deep breath.  
Imagination is like the first day of love, it can have a spell.  
The way evenings are heading home with a shovel.  
The moon now comparing my love to a war for peace.  
Like i would really be ready to betray.  
Like there are flashlights looking for me,  
and they have been there for such a long time,  
i have an ache in my neck from looking up at the stars.  
Wondering what is sunken deep there.  
What dark water is near the same place i was born?

Where in the shallows you build your little raft,  
with candles that have really long wicks  
so i can tie your hands together with shadows and cracks.  
Let you drift by the dark of the moon, not saying a word.  
Listening to where the ashes are hidden in your dreams.  
The fact that you will sleep like the middle of the night,  
without ever looking at it. The sounds of my nightmares  
always like danger without an escort.  
Like sitting beside me in the mirror.  
Watching so many suitors even the dead will be recognized,  
and they only intend to stay for a short while.  
Maybe just long enough, to try on each other's thoughts,  
like glue for the past but not for so many dreams.  
Those nailed to the evenings and advertising to the constellations;  
An elegy that will be forgotten, but will long remain.  
A fate that knows all the answers, and is still always guessing.  
That any son or daughter belongs to the sky,  
and yours has made it mine, and i thought it was the end.

When no one cares who will live and die again;  
When i lost my way out inside your head,  
but i will keep on trying. I'll be there  
with hopes to remember.

gregory collins

# The Sign Of The Cross A Million Times

The sign of the cross a million times  
and God apologizes for the mind inside my brain.  
It says the hourglass fills in the Devil's skull.

And i am like lovers that lead you into quicksand untouched.  
They whipped the mule of your soul crazily with sledehammers,  
and on someone's grief we huddle outside a man's mouth;  
Waiting to be healed like the soft piano solo of your soul.

gregory collins

# The Sky In Liverpool

There ain't no telling  
if the clouds know about  
the rooms behind the sun  
or if underneath a leaf  
i will one day tell someone  
i love them  
like euphoria  
learning how to kneel  
and now entertains us  
falling off  
when you hit the ground  
like an angel.

gregory collins

# The Sky Isn't A Headstone Upon Which To Place Flowers

It is two-thousand and eleven and just like before,  
i read the news that the lights had changed.  
But i always knew i would die alone;  
Afterlife been waiting to give me a taste since feeling lonely is predictable.

So there is much to do like visiting a nearby sunrise.  
There is climbing to the top to feel less sour,  
as i will throw myself beneath those people who dance.  
I will be happy waiting for a second chance past so deep

and i will follow the river to know where it goes.  
I will figure out how many seas can a man walk down,  
and i will discriminate against the drunken face of gossip and drool.  
Because now alone again with the permanent scar through the constellations -  
  
there is a heaven that if you say goodbye to me nothing else matters.

gregory collins

# The Sleepwalker With The Shame To Threaten All Freedom

The jewels are in a mine where i will lie someday. Where  
i will blow the oil lamp out and make light weep.

Fluttering in the grass like a butterfly, to see how small  
i have become: To see how small the tender skin of the earth

is when getting pregnant and stretched. But like the last flower  
in the distant misty fields of summer, i sometimes

wake up with the wrinkled heavy breath of dreams.  
Like crying with summer during fits of coughing is one side of time.

I mean I even try to wash my face without the sound of my sobbing,  
but i just threw away all my milestones for the dark of the sun.

Where the naval cord of the moon is still uncut, and i,  
like a defeated soldier changing their song to someone

waking up a widow. I move my footsteps to where  
there is no doorstep. I cut the tongue of the sky off

with a sharp knife and wave that flag so the other side  
is not the one who is laughing, but calling. Asking me

to slip through the shaking fingers that await no acclamation.  
No stars sleeping together many years later filling my chest with their sadness.

Almost like the sky picks the tune of the last music for its fire,  
and walks into hell carrying a gasoline can like a comb for time;

Like i am hurting bringing me back to bore a hole to sail through the river of  
sleep.

gregory collins

# The Smallest Harp

My open hand holds a gift.  
I made a small harp out of your hair;  
the hair i sucked the rainwater out of that day.  
The day i told you i would like  
to tag along with a rainbow.....  
See what it is like.

But like the stars my dear,  
one day you might find me misplaced.  
Because if i am going blind,  
I hope the colors ease the pain.  
If the hours chime for beauty and it looks like freedom,  
wake me with a kiss and a sip of wine.

gregory collins

# The Soft Showers Of Her Bright Blue Eyes

The sidewalk is curved, like  
my childhood's faith,  
is an understood thing  
between my parents.  
But it leads me to you,  
even when i am stunned;  
Even when i slumber along,  
like the firefly awakens  
age after forever age.

Pillowed upon the moment,  
i should have stayed concealed.  
I should have expected  
justice and mercy were in  
confusion and fright,  
and it is my time for bliss  
to have a thousand eyes.  
It is my soul that has made  
and re-made a God you must see.  
A bed of our arms  
and candlelight that assumes  
the sun has a personality.

That the birds survive long enough  
to make the leaves a fence  
upon which poetry leans:  
Upon which, is it even worth a penny,  
sitting sadly upon  
our millions of thoughts;  
My old griefs inside the soft showers  
of her bright blue eyes.  
My deeper understanding of a gentle fate

gregory collins



# The Spring Inside The Middle Of Autumn

Who is it you long for? Is it that good blue clay you dreamt  
comes alive in the sky again, day after yesterday's day.

It is the cutting of trees that roll toward each other having that opportunity,  
like the years past wonder whose supper she will be fixing.

Or maybe when you leave my hair like the many inlets of Lake Atlantic,  
like when we sleep back to back like beads on a string.

Escaping to spring fields that have fallen on their wings,  
or running away from the riverbed of autumn's eternal heaven.

Where my heart is so unmoved, there couldn't even be  
greater torrents if i pushed myself along without a trace.

If i was a burning flower that stung your hand more than blossoms,  
because it is beautiful when you thought you were in this world

with or without my soul. When you stared at me in the firepit  
of realities dreamy illusions: of a poem that gets stolen for pillows.

Of what one forgets when dreaming it is a butterfly  
brought home from the market, like i bought the roots of the moon in fall.

I buy an old pond and threw worship in like a frog. Because this  
is the heart, no better than barbarians and how grateful i am to be that.

gregory collins

# The Stars Come Up To My Porch

The stars come up to my porch with their ears alert.  
Then morning comes with a clock and washes the sky blue,  
and i am someone sipping liquor from a glass that stings the outside world.  
I am ceaselessly destroying myself through the wilderness inside.

While your coal burns brightly but not from an empty heart.  
Being thrown endlessly in silence,  
and i still describe it with an indescribable loneliness,  
and that sharp blade pierces through me in a pastoral joy:  
that is plotting something on the bones of my pocket whiskey flask.  
It is leaning on the boards of the coffin  
and do you know why candles take fire onto themselves to burn out?

gregory collins

# The Torture Of Yesterday's Voice

The stars of our national flag  
under a heavy sky,  
blowing the quivering stripes  
that are aged too.

It leaves a lonely smile  
behind every dream i have,  
and i humbly sing small songs for us children  
as our parents did  
through the door opened for tomorrow.

As even a little knowledge  
is rejected by my sad imagination.  
Now that my hard working soldier is disappearing  
into the trench of my soul for the first time,  
to the torture of yesterday's voice;  
Not afraid to start a big war out of a small cage.

gregory collins

# The Words I Have To Tell You

Hold my hand and see a new world,  
beneath this meaningless graveyard of different reasons.  
Have strong shoulders that always smile,  
and walk towards what Heaven knows  
with a promise not to sell your secrets.  
Because the words i have to tell you  
can survive between the lines,  
and i am free if what's for sale releases me.  
If i am only dreaming when you hold my hand;  
And i am just a little more than summer rain sent to bed early.  
Maybe like the sunset draws its sword  
and makes a shadow out of you and i.  
Maybe like faith ain't no dancer when the future dries up.  
But don't get lonely to comfort me.  
I found out my heart is trying to get out too,  
and the unanswered question if each of us  
is what to do with one heart.

gregory collins

# There Were Once Angels Gathered Here

There were once angels gathered here, dreaming  
of your face soaked in the smell of candlelight.

Intoxicated with the morning dew stretched tired,  
like how i have been dreaming tear-dropp by tear-drop

and my useless locks of hair are grown from a fault ridden body,  
anxiously anticipating a chance to forgive your trespasses.

But your eyes are remembered in unison, rolling in and out  
of sleeplessly spent hours where my voice cannot reach you

unless forty wishes come true. Like where am i being carried to,  
now that these tears fall trying to catch your eyes gutted by fire.

gregory collins

# There's A Hole In Eternity

You are alone once again,  
like the first dropp of the night sky.  
The moon will be awake too,  
it will kindly speak  
as the room spins around a big city

and it is so strange  
when you start believing life is just a game.  
The way i am a mile above you,  
collecting the tears that you will cry;  
daring to ask the right question.

Can you be protected by what you revealed?  
or am i pretending that is in the distance.  
Like i don't know where you have been,  
as you were meant to meet someone to die for:  
To fill the empty heart with a beat forever in debt.

gregory collins

# Thinking About Tomorrow

Dawn brings to life  
the wonder of understanding.  
That it is not my choice  
to pray like a whole mine of silver.  
But with the sun at dawn,  
when you stare at the sky one last time,  
and think of how grateful you are  
to have this feeling welling up inside you.  
Know that i can put this no other way.  
We must know each nick and scratch on the heart.  
To be strong and rare and assualt  
the castles of the horizon one by one.  
Because i feel my heart wants  
to surrender to battalions of wild flowers,  
and if the breeze pardons me  
with a future that will be enough.  
That will be what i cared for most:  
what you dream and what is it that is coming.

gregory collins

# Throwing The Seeds In The Flowing

With time addicted like a knife edge,  
Who else can rip heaven and earth apart?  
Nothing with feathers, they crumble when hugged.  
Nor anything fragrant, as it will keep silent in the end.  
Not the blood that drips into the soil, calling anyone home.  
Or someone who can write a poem right out of the womb,  
still wet by the waters of endurance

and now wondering why,  
the soul gets more entangled and wakes up my heart.  
How could i even know if i am cut out for this world,  
just like a cloud is doomed to vanish silently;  
as i judge what is mirrored in my stubborn dreaming.

gregory collins



# To Die In Dublin With My Sweetheart

As for my heart, darling, know it will be forgotten.  
I might be able to kiss my hand with it, and touch

your lips that remind me of my grief; But on all sides  
it is an ocean addressed to you. So, should we stay

near it, or run. Run like, maybe, back to Dublin.  
Exchange summer, winter, and fall for four seasons of spring.

When God, if she wishes, will let us look for wine and  
smells larger than anyone's. Where thoughts and starry skies

touch skillfully, and what is it about you that i thank goodness for.  
Is it bicycling across our minds when we are together, or

is it the last good-bye in the quiet garden bed. Where i write  
with an honest mind, that to die in Dublin, with my sweetheart,

her eyes looking at me as if sorrow, and sin, and death  
did not return or answer. Like all pain forgotten turns to dust.

Especially when i hurt in little ways just enough to almost touch  
heaven: To never become tired of imagining us all longing.

Imagine us all still together, whispering such a spell of kisses,  
it furls the skirt of the sky with something for others to read;

With something the rest of the world will likely not hear.

gregory collins

# To Have A Drink All By Myself In Paris

What if i want to be the fingers of Jim Morrison  
over a glass of bourbon. To travel like thoughts

that swim in the sea while thinking of walking  
on land all the while dreaming of flying through

the air. Maybe what the soul is, the wind blows  
away when they drown us at birth. When i am

greeting the sunrise because she takes care  
of the lobby after the stars. The sky always

mirrored on the water of my paper vase eyes.  
Because the sunrise suffers from severe insomnia,

maybe jet lag is when i looked out the car  
window. Saying seriously, i think when my house

phone rings, loneliness wanders aimlessly around:  
An avalanche playing a grand piano, and what courage

it took to have a drink all by myself in Paris. Who also  
has a supertime of waterdrops from their eyes, and the slowly

beaten wings, as if many angels were crying in unison. As if  
i truly know nothing about all the volunteer fire-fighters,

that scramble down destroyed realities to destroy reality.  
They let my heart be daubed like a volcano plucked from

a grass flower. And it is the hug i scent the wind with, it shows me  
the unending flow of the greatest beauty. The arrival of being

locked inside a search for her; Helen's jaundiced unpolluted eyes.  
Another soul that gets more entangled, hiding carefree up in the skies.

gregory collins

# Twentieth Century Mediterranean Postcard

A large pale moon enters my mind;  
A mind made of shadows speaking out in their sleep,  
and the evening sun has sunk to its bottom;  
which floats away like a twentieth century postcard.

and in fiction that is perfection,  
and that can certainly certify a human life.  
But my ears are shaving off an old man's full head of hair,  
and after trying philosophy from those who have no god,  
and smashing beer bottles in the golden dust by the gate of a church.

I will choose you with your hairy legs around my ribs.  
No longer out of my mind as you are in a prison uniform and well used by me;  
An abandoned silver mine seductively being tender:  
A little town who married a man on the wall of the sky.

gregory collins

# Tying A Knife Around My Wrists

Death chewed your fathers' eye for supper. It  
combed its hair like a train on the tracks; Like

light takes a deep breath from the sky of your  
belly, and makes a bed for a stranger: My soul.

Now every dawn creates words for music, arrives  
like the lonesome deep breath of the past, and

i spin like a wheel and tell you everything about  
love is true. That while you itch like golden rings

itch, you break ice from calling out my name in a dream.  
You are just the exact same place where i died, and

the souls of banks are like screwdrivers. They know  
the lost road and the same place where i die: The

lieutenants of tears, and the regret of those unborn.  
The regets that make me weep, laughing the light

of a sharp knife. That the last thing to believe in, is  
sleeping into darkness. The crying that grinds its

teeth, laughing in your stomach. Telling you these words  
creep into your soul; a place of no examples.

gregory collins

# Uncertainties

to believe anything in spite of evidence  
you will find you will be fooled

Lady Liberty's skin  
My favorite color is the patina of copper  
Irrational fears lead to all our problems  
All i know is i know nothing  
but to fight the corrupt government  
and look up at the sunset  
going to where there is no address

gregory collins

# Waking Up To The Care Of The Fire

Hold back the tears  
for all the wrong reasons,  
and fall through the cracks  
that are built to last

because if tomorrow is without a roof,  
then how in the world  
can the last beat of my heart  
not know what it means;

How come i remember so many things  
i will never see again.

I guess the old boy inside me is like everyone you meet.  
I guess what is on my mind is too numb to feel.

No doubt the meaning of success is lost in our little world.  
No doubt desperation can't keep up with ambition.

Our memories always remain behind us,  
and some nights there is nobody lying next to me  
but the moon: and i say a little prayer before sailing away.

I say if you keep on drinking,  
you will be shackled to the shadow where no light can sleep.

gregory collins

# Walking Towards Autumn To Rake Up The Leaves

Imagine autumn leaves,  
cheeks and arms red.

Only a breath for miles around.  
Blue with wind inside no matter where we are.

Our newborn something no one else can see.  
Is is so hard to remember if you have cried about them?

Or are you willing to become the example of what happens to someone,  
who looks at the clock and those that drowned there;

Those who know life and death have worked well for centuries,  
those who follow the tracks of the angels into a darkness i do not think of  
lovingly.

gregory collins

# Walls That Surround Us

My heart skipped a beat and here's the truth.  
My soul is an empty church inside a crowded jail,  
and i would cut my belly open to give birth to an angel.  
But the stars are melting on the ground,  
and i am caught on a barbed wire fence miles above you.  
So like a Phoenix rising i want to rent a room inside you,  
and manage to not say anything about history, the ages, and all creation.  
Because lies are unconscious all the time,  
and she's a true love of mine  
and why deny myself moving on to higher ground.

gregory collins



# We Slept Under The Stars Trapped In The Miles Between

I get a little worried in your dreams,  
and i have been wondering what you are thinking  
inside that little lost girl;  
The faith getting wet cause i cannot imagine  
all of our dreams want to be alibi's.  
Because the memories we made would last forever,  
if i help you stay awake and look into the future.  
But wishes are funky, and i see my walls will never be lonely.  
I see the shadows bringing me back without a sound  
cause i tricked them with the way i carry light.  
Like time bursts into tears while saying please don't cry.  
So i hope the hole you are digging is getting deeper.  
Reflecting the heavy heart going around through my mind;  
Those lonely days talking in my sleep through teardrops.  
Those questions that tell me why:  
We slept under the stars trapped in the miles between.

gregory collins

# We Will All One Day Feed The Flowers Roots

The night will come,  
embracing me in its mirror.  
The teeth of its iron protecting no one,  
not even the learned.

and my stomach is empty,  
only a stone out of place.  
Yet slowly, deeper and deeper down.  
The stars cannot not be beautiful.  
They face the world, hands in pockets,  
born under the sign of ecstasy.

and now that i know about scorching my body,  
and boiling my thumbnails  
as a perfect, textbook answer.  
I'd have to say when i am an old man  
drunk again in front of their fire.  
My mud brown eyes will be an ambulance,  
and the nurses will forget to sleep all night long.  
Taking anyone's side against me;  
of which no one has ever come back,  
sure of their rightful place.

gregory collins

# What Is Made Better With Weeping

What is made better with weeping. Not fruit,  
or flower, or the earliest of birds that sing

there flows the Seine under the Mirabeau bridge;  
Where kissing surpasses all expressing. Not

searching my eyes with your hand, or touching  
me once i am left behind. But maybe, what is

made better with weeping, is a star hid in the  
branches above. The fact that beauty should

be blind, and forgotten. Beauty just seems to me,  
to be drinking the same cocktail that she presses

into my hand again and again. Beauty always  
slashing and eating with not a glove or a handkerchief

in sight. But maybe, that is just my memory. Maybe  
she is the rivers and waves i am smashed against.

Maybe the Milky Way has written this poem, and i am  
in the footpath of oblivion forever. Where all on sides,

years have the lucky choice to lie open to me: Those  
far reaches of your life that complain against what you

want: Complain against my soul that shakes the house  
with restraints, of what is remembered forever with farewell.

gregory collins

# What The Sky Smoothes Out

Forgetting beauty, will break you in half with  
the right look, like light cauterizing darkness

and spinning my soul like a top on mirrors  
that sob away in pockets of time. And if i had

only the courage to crawl out of her eyes  
dreaming, maybe remembering the stars are

above billions of lovers; Billions like the sound  
of purple was invented by love: Because of

what is happening. The earth has rolled her  
shirt into a little pillow like a good, unknown

poet. Happy that she can rest comfortably after  
rolling joints by the thousands. The fact that

the sky could rip an abyss to be carried along  
by anyone; To be torn into pieces and have a

compass that actually can grab hold of the  
silence. Actually smothered by what the sky

smooths out, and what this dream thinks  
about your soul, and the great rose that won't

sleep: That forest i saw in your eyes, that let's  
me paint the night and its silver entrails backwards.

gregory collins

# Where The Moon Melts On The Ground

Under the ocean i want to set foot on its land.  
But how many more tears would it take  
to make a reflecting pool out of my dreams?

Must be because these hands feel my own shadow for the last time,  
and i weep for the moons i have played across,  
And the thought that you would be there too.

But my words love someone who has never loved before,  
and when night falls on me i simply push it off,  
And see the light others can only imagine.

I see my whole life lying on a grave asleep:  
Is it the ocean or just my wet bedsheets?

gregory collins

# Where We Dreamt Together

The black of the night sky adores the paralysis of my eyes. Like a mirror told me birds cannot reach where

there are no walls; Like i sometimes look for mushrooms so i can be the thread that goes through the needle.

But in tall grass, where light is so heavy i finally forget to wake. It is just a matter of time before we realize the sky

is just ponds of sleeping planets, with no desire to stay concealed. Like the way someone grows old for you on

the fire escape, or in the safety deposit box of sleep: Like the way thorns set the table for the rose, because its color

will never wear out the scabbard of its scent. It will always remind me of where we dreamt together, and how my eyes

had better get going before your hand approaches, and the four seasons start believing the world is getting smaller.

The world is a cobweb folding up the petals of a flower, because the spider cares little about the stories of color

or the fact that we dreamt together without ever saying goodbye.

gregory collins

# Your Eyes In Tears

Death awaits, breathless in grief.  
Where sea and seashore dance,  
like a dancer with no hips.  
Looking at what flashes golden  
and strikes me speechless

and in every mirror,  
the lights hold her hair,  
and her naked body repeats itself  
by being punctured through and through:  
The darkness wet to the bone with tears,  
looking at me playing games forever

But the moon does not drink with its suitors,  
and i would have not suspected a choice of sunrises  
must be eaten in the mirrorettes inside her;  
A choice to stir suspicions like praying to someone  
you might not love anymore

and i always slip and start counting over.  
While remembering to ask questions they will not hear,  
when lifting revolution's veil above the thin waist at my doorway;  
When i gave up on fame cause i do not need another lover.

gregory collins

# Your Sky Is My Horizon

Every day the sun sets fire to all that i love,  
and i do not think time will do you any harm while i am concerned.  
Time just a little bit of a daydream when the world comes in desperately  
breathing,  
turning around and around the earth's worst troubles;  
Knowing what it means to say love is just dreams and go barefoot on her tongue.  
But to the world where you are counting from,  
from the streets like swollen stomachs locked in the womb.  
I have a ring of confidence and know the reason not to cry.  
I hear you think and the words are always light around a corner.  
Where it is true what they say: Freedom is spending without a care,  
and every day the sun sets fire to all that i love.

gregory collins



# Your Tears Choke My Throat Like Smoke

If you think tears dry on their own. Then you  
probably think the dark side of the sun sleeps in

my house. That the sun has yellow wings  
and crawls through the forest of your hair,

like its seizing darkness with a fishhook.  
But let me tremble before your lips and doubt time.

Crying is just to creep through the ears of the eyes,  
and i wonder where do we come from

and where do we go. How do we wait  
in the late afternoon in soft warm clothes

and still feel cold? How is the ocean  
waiting for us from the leaves, and how does

the sap rise to the highest branches as it is like a fever.  
I guess i'll just lift me into this cart of my soul.

Take my young body away to where others died at midnight.  
To where the smiles of a gun turns away and cries;

and the bullets squeeze the trigger,  
and the threads of the sky snap on the distant horizon.

The soul looks up and laughs dreaming the names  
of every drop. It knows about the pocked face of shamelessness.

It knows what stifles the breath example after example,  
and rotting leaves even apologize to the clouds like exhausted darkness.

gregory collins