

## Journey #1

He bought love from a dime store  
and a ghost of a woman  
she'd smile and offer him red hots  
but he always took the lemon  
heads on a rack in the back  
low to the ground behind the sugar  
to watch her bend over  
to a thirteen year brain  
it was heaven

at fifteen he was in a truck  
with luck and fate to Colorado  
snowy white with peaks of real  
color browning the steps of slush  
he forsook for a lodge  
and hot bath in the back of patrol  
cars whistling up a highway  
back east to refuge and smiling  
skyward at a night filled

with laughter at seventeen stealing  
cars blue black and red needle  
drawn taught across pinched skin  
for the drop from highway  
to apple wine crash site  
a winter night dark and shining  
stars piercing cracked shell  
of car and silence musical  
in its musk of blood and heroine

twenty-two times they cut him  
open on the table  
stripped flesh from the hidden places  
to replicate the smoothness of health  
and happiness seized the scars  
with the help of honed silver blades

and a mother of fire  
made him whole

to let him go.