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INFERTILE EXPECTATIONS

Fragrant burnt sugar stretches through corridors
empties the room and taunts.
Cravings ruined again? Palpable ineptitude among prevalent procreations.
Why does Home give that sweet pain so much of the time?
No shelter when life is sour and emotion cuts deep.
Burned into reality where a spoonful of sugar
can't force it down below the surface without bubbling back up
until it is all solid and brown and black and bruised.
Like my ego.
There's nobody so sweet as I imagine you will be.
Tiny prodigious fingers to compose and amaze with resilience you'll need.
My extension though, I wish better for you,
away from this place away from this version,
to where my love is your mirror,
my ink, a riverbed to your dreams,
my arms, the safety for your vulnerability.
Go to sleep on your lullaby with compassion from tears
and float on such feathers as conquer all fears.
With the power of my universe, I give this sweet grain of sand.
Go. Build us a castle in a musical land.
Through your travels we'll join from the grace of a dove
that carries me to find you,
at home, safely here, my Love.