

**Dearest,
Christian Scheib, Capital University**

I lock myself up and place you on my lap.
This familiar feeling that helps me mend my moans.

As I rub your neck, I hear you moan like
the moon's lunatic, looking, lurking.

It was many a moon that I spent with you.
Carving calluses as I caressed you, the best

you were—silent, no. I shattered glass in my room.
Oh, the towels I could have thrown.

I bent for you, and you bent for me.
Watching sand slip with every handgrip.

I didn't mind, no. I knew that with time
on my side, and you in my palms

the day's problems and qualms would
slip away like sand in the dunes.

The way you were at first, stiff as a board
of course, but you made my world

something I wanted to keep locked up
in a whirlwind that sent me spiraling.

I never wanted to stop it
was the best when we could get along.

You just took so long to come through,
and just when I thought that I knew you

would turn me on to something new.
Not one could translate the love I have

now, and it will always remain.
I strung you up, and strummed you down.

I was strung out when you couldn't
come around with me.

It was never long though, our separation.
I would get home and shred you to pieces

as if I had introduced wheat to cereal bowl.
I wanted faces to melt, to embrace myself,

to let emotions I felt flow stream of
conscious like lily-white mallows.

Our days are not yet spent, like
children's candy machine quarters.

Languidly I lilt along your body,
but there's nothing to fret about.

I'm still all about your frets,
still lured by your luminous looks,

your effervescent evocation,
and beatific beauty.

Your years of wailing won't come to a close,
as I cradle you close.

No six-string sadness will ever get me down.
I've made it this far, and we've nowhere to go but up.