

Poetry Series

**Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2007

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch()

## 10: 12 Pm

10: 12 PM

and my cellular phone  
awakes in the night  
opens it's eyes  
and turns on the light  
and starts shaking  
in muffled vibrations  
which rouses me from sleep  
and interrupts a dying dream.  
Before reaching out  
blindly toward that blinking light  
I know what i'll hear  
even before i finally  
bring it up to my ear-  
And I am Dreading it.  
In 10 min i know  
I'll be falling asleep  
to that loud-proud voice  
continuously talking to me.  
Half i don't understand  
Half i don't care to  
Longing only for simple silence  
to return to.  
But in the stead  
I can only pretend  
to be listening  
when really i am whispering  
intimate insults  
under my breath.  
Circles in confusing conversation  
Caught in compulsive lies and  
empty obvious observations  
and every night it's te same  
annoying argument  
and every night the same  
shallow subject.  
So around an hour later  
hanging up the phone  
with a stifled moan of final relief

and a deep yawn  
as i'm finally falling back to sleep.

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch

# An Awkward Lover's Reunion

So, wet met-  
unexpectedly  
in the very last place  
either of us would ever  
want to be seen:  
Right in the midst of modern industry.  
And in mid-sentence  
Abrupt- I sensed him  
like a subtle scent  
sitting softly on the wind.  
Yes, I knew it was him.  
From the deep wide-eyed stare  
of unblinking magnified eyes  
And the funny fashion of his hair  
reflecting all of those insecure lies.  
Stopping where i stood  
just to get a better look  
at the once-lover i once forsook.  
But all i see are the memories  
of all he used to be  
to the other me.  
The boyishly beautiful quality  
of new testosterone and acne  
in awkward adolescence  
where somehow mohawks are 'trendy'.  
An engagement ring  
pierced through passionate  
wet woman's lips  
so much softer than even silk is.  
Disrupted-  
by metal restrictions  
and cruel convictions.  
Ears lined with orbital entries  
those i haven't whispered into  
in centries  
and feel you shiver  
and quietly quiver  
...beneath the covers...  
-Caught-

A deer in headlights look  
you looked  
like you were shaking  
where you stood.  
And i peered into him  
but never past his heavy lids-  
those once-warm wooden windows  
Decieving  
Cold, withered widows  
Absent of soul.  
But somehow-  
somewhere in time  
i thought he made me whole.  
Only for a second,  
I swam in his stare  
just to see how much  
...anything...  
still lived or lingered there.  
And i saw everything  
in that grinning grievous glare  
all of that stifled love  
and self-corrupted care.  
But no matter how much we try  
it's so hard to hide  
the part of ourselves we shove aside  
since that is all behind  
us now...  
I remember  
I thought that you had really died  
and despite severed and newer ties  
know that i did cry-  
just like you left me  
for the second time.  
And right there-  
I almost shed a tear:  
I hadn't seen you in one whole year  
and the last time i ended up in your bed  
Coincidentally:  
As we always did.  
I wanted to smile,  
maybe talk for a while  
Something maybe everything-

anything.  
But i just couldn't think  
so with one wink of a lazy eye  
i dashed off w/o a hello or goodbye  
and we went our ways  
but in silence  
we knew we stayed  
and saved  
at least one memory in our hearts  
from that one empty encounter  
and quick deliberate depart.

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch

# Aurora

She stands with her back to the wind  
and her shivering silken skin  
a placid pale porcelain.  
Her heavy hair in hues  
of whites, silvers, and blues  
reflects the face of the full grey moon  
lovely it's loosed from the bounds of her braids  
which laid- lightly fragrant.  
Her empty eyes were as still  
as the sleeping sea which starves upon the shore  
And inside of those eyes  
I drowned in my lies  
I've swallowed once before.  
They're as clear as a cold septembre night  
where stars pollute a blackened sky  
She blinks back black saline tears  
and she wipes them dry.  
Her lips moved in muffles  
screams and statements  
whispers and wild whimpers  
and there was no way to escape them.  
Blood-filled and blue  
Pulsatory and paralyzed  
in the way her mouth moved.  
And she- stammering- said to me:  
'We are everything...  
Everything... and Nothing...'  
Her voice was a void vibration settled on the breeze  
ebbing outward unto meet me  
a web entangled around me.  
In angular repeating patterns and pictures  
where moribund memories there linger  
and slowly turn and fade away.  
As i hold dearly to the memory  
of what it was that you once said to me.  
And only an innaccurate recollection  
only a collection  
of divers delusions  
and corrupt constitutions

by which to measure our lies  
and examine our insides.  
She fell to the ground  
with her heart in her hands-  
empty echoes resound  
from beyond the glass- falling grains of sand.  
Counting all hours  
and knowing all days  
til the day of our deaths  
when we all fall away.  
With her last breath  
a choking gasp in her chest  
the rattle of rhythms  
slow to their rest.  
She screamed her depart  
and fell to her knees  
Her final remark:  
'We are the dead...  
The diseased...'

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch

# Crying...

Crying over your glass  
You glance up and you ask:  
If I were to die today  
by something i couldnt escape  
Please tell me:  
What would you say?  
Id say...  
Dear, What could I say?  
I'd say Im sorry  
for being so selfish  
so sorry-  
but i couldn't help it.  
We both promised- you know?  
I'd say i miss you...  
Ask where have you gone to?  
But inside...  
I would know...  
I'd say a slow goodbye  
But i'd leap into the fire  
just to save you  
just to hold you...  
once more...  
I'd wonder why  
and everyday I would die  
For you  
For the rest of my life.

Putting down poison  
to forget all of the reasons  
and pass by blank seasons  
relieve all of your emotions  
and drown in the deep oceans  
of your own chemical death.  
Smearing the tears on your face  
trying so hard to erase  
the guilt and the fear  
you've been feeling for years  
but you've never quite chased them away.  
So I'll take my place

Carry your burden away  
And refill your cup  
with a liquid love  
I'm hoping is not better than mine.

Cradling your corpse in my limp arms  
Nursing your broken heart.  
Holding my beautiful baby bairn,  
my little boy,  
wounded and bare.  
So softly whispering... whispering...  
shhhh...don't cry... please... don't cry...  
No- I mean  
Go ahead and cry....  
Cry for salvation  
Cry for damnation  
Cry for life and for death  
Cry- There's nothing left.  
Downing the rest of your drink  
So drunk, you can't even think  
When your speechless prayers begin to slur  
And your vision- it blinds and it blurs  
And your soul silently stirs:  
Only fleeting fluid thoughts  
which seem to haunt  
Always w/ their dreams of God  
So please...  
Don't be afraid to dream  
As you weep yourself to sleep.

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch

# 'Death Is The Mother Of Beauty'

Death-

Death she died today  
At least that's what i heard them say  
Crippled comatose choking  
in her humble hotel bed  
holding her  
so heavy with death.  
It was black.  
It was the same black.

Black-

the color of her hair running over  
the blue spider veins  
scrawled over her shoulders  
Wax skin. White snow.  
Shiver stiff.  
Blood still stained  
on her scarlet lips.  
Charcoal ashes still smudged  
On her sleeping lids  
How beautiful Death is.

Swollen with child  
So slightly roused and riled  
Smothered and strangled  
A suffocated dead cry  
from the blue never born baby inside.  
This is Beauty.

We come to witness  
a sacrifice to memory  
A sharing of sentimental  
lying eulogies  
Stories and speeches;  
Gravediggers and preachers  
gether together  
on this wet weeping Wednesday  
to stare and stand where  
our lonesome loves lay:  
So delicately in decay.

We raise the flames  
to drown the blame  
and burn bodies like falling autumn leaves  
in all of our guilt and greif.  
It was grey.  
The same grey.

Grey-  
the color of the ashes that came  
from the crematorium  
and kept in ceramic urn  
atop the mantle  
in a shrine of burning  
photos and candles.  
But now they blow on te breeze  
So stray So free.

But it's the same cold  
as the cement ceremonial cemetery  
it's the same tormenting temporary  
The same burning death...

Death-  
Death, they found her dead today  
At least that's what i heard them say  
How long?  
They couldn't tell  
They couldn't save her from Hell.  
Hell,  
they couldn't even save her from herself...

But Beauty,  
Oh, that sweet blue baby  
torn from warmth of womb  
Survived suffering  
Oh, she'll never feel a thing  
And she'll be alive again.  
And Death-  
Death dies again.

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch

# Early Autumn

Early autumn arrived  
with fresh frost and grey skies  
the arid air,  
absent and dry.  
Though a slow bellowing blow  
brushes through bulimic trees  
decapitated and diseased  
as we shuffle sadly below.  
Beautiful brown and bronze collect  
in lovely dead leaf decadence  
Martyred in malnourishment  
Given to their graves.  
Sun sneaking away to hide  
over the hills she sleeps behind  
where daylight retires  
and darkness comes alive  
In the distant horizon-  
Is where we die.  
Our breath blows like bleach on the breeze  
and our bloodfilled fingers begin to freeze  
We swallow them with our sleeves  
Walking silently down the empty street.  
In some small sanctuary  
An age-old cemetery  
The cold cathedral  
with it's closed arms and doors  
and we're looking past it  
for so much more.  
The surface of the soil is down  
Puddles lay frozen like cracked glass on the ground  
we shatter them with our shoes  
looking down towards our toes  
in this garden of graveyard tombs.  
Buried in their barrows  
the bodies in black beds  
Doctors made them hollow  
Artists made them pretty again.  
Only in words did they ever live  
no longer in memory

nor heirloom to give  
Only on a cement stone  
An address you reluctantly call home  
and no one comes over you're all alone  
What is it like to be forgotten.  
There's a statue  
where a mortar mother cried  
for her child who shouldnt have died  
and she whispering in solemn pray  
'Til day break and shadows flee away'  
Here we talked of history  
and painful past memory  
Sharing secrets and shedding scars  
Sleeping uncomfortably  
on the hood of your car  
looking up at the stars  
Where you stole my heart...

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch

# Fragility

To believe:

The fragility of the human spirit

To believe:

at any second

one could pass away

and be forgotten

To believe:

Death must have some purpose

Or else

Our fear... is worthless.

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch

# Going Home

There is a place i see in my dreams  
and i only dream to see this scene  
to immerse myself in uncertainty  
and the calm clarity  
i find in it's confusion  
I find peace in my delusions.  
And all around for miles is only a vacancy  
which proves to be quite comforting  
in the solemn silence and solace  
of quiet.

An old house stands on a hill  
Its shattered windows  
glaring green eyes  
which overlook us as we die  
It's structure streaks shadows  
across tall stalks of grain  
as the amber wheat  
huddles- hewn  
against the red-hued  
horizon.

An old tree  
stands strangled and diseased  
w/o leaves  
supporting a singing tire swing  
w/ it's noose all loose  
and frayed  
every strand breaking singularly  
as it swayed

I waited for it to break  
in one moment- one eternity-  
but it never came-  
So i walked away.

I approached the front porch  
not so sure of what i was looking for  
and not quite sure of what i'd found  
On the splintered cement ground  
were clay terra cotta pots  
filled with ferns begun to rot,  
the cold soil- a layer of permafrost.

In it's depths  
the roots at rest  
become a feast for nocturnal things  
as writhing worms begin to feed.  
Next to there,  
a squeaking rocking chair  
cracked but standing,  
still.  
The door stood wide open  
beyond crumbling crooked steps  
entreating an entrance,  
holding my breath.  
And inside lingers scents  
of mold and oldness,  
dust and damp decay.  
In the foyer  
old battered boots still stand  
bitten by moths and filled with sand  
in a semi straight line  
where spiders spin webs of fine silver twine.  
Couches are cluttered  
facing each other  
and covered  
in dusted linen sheets  
while a white covered mirror  
helps me see clearer in sleep.  
A tiny table is set for 2  
in the quaint green dining room  
2 candles w/o wicks are unable to be lit  
but wax pours and stains the tablecloth  
where our 2 settings are.  
Our 2 stark-white plate  
still cluttered w/ what we hadn't ate  
(what waste)  
but now it's far too late.  
Rings left around wine glasses  
still partially full-  
fermented yet still cold.  
Creases in our chairs from where we sat  
in longing stares and silences  
I wish now i could go back.  
The lonely words we'd exchanged

still echo, lingering on lovely lips  
Gone now- to only miss.  
In the kitchen  
shards of glass scattered on the floor  
and blood stains from before.  
Growing on the ground-  
linoleum roses-  
also rotten now.  
The silent still-hum of the refrigerator  
draws me so much closer  
but the stench shoves me away.  
On a plate,  
A holiday platter,  
a turkey carcass from a X-mas dinner-  
still being eaten.  
In cabinets: contamination  
and outdated cans  
unopened and untouched by the hand.  
Insects infest and inject  
unopened inedibles.  
An old wooden staircase  
leans against the 2nd story  
for some supporting  
creaking as i climb,  
rails thickly covered in dust and in grime.  
Coming to the colorless hall  
7 windows line the wall.  
the first door stands ajar  
but inside it is empty-  
only filled with broken memories.  
Yet in the corner is a ragdoll  
tattered and torn  
I think that i remember her from before.  
Her hair is yellowed yarn  
and her eyes blue-black buttons  
her dress is a mess  
and smells of mildews and musks  
But still we carry her on with us.  
the next door is locked  
yet we know all that's inside  
It is exactly the way we left it  
before we died.

Down the hall a little further  
the room of a mother and father  
w/ the bed unmade in silken sheets  
fragments of drywall underneath.  
A single ray of sun rests upon the bed  
where a murdered mother laid down her head,  
strands of light brown hair can still be found there  
In the indentation of her pillow.  
Late, become a widow.  
I can imagine her delicate frame  
and feminine form  
on the mattress where she laid  
still in her cinnibar braids.  
Her tensed lips  
poised into a kiss  
and poisoned with a last goodbye  
where she sang us a lullaby  
and we both fell asleep  
into this eternal dream.  
And down the hall  
the last room  
is the broken bathroom  
where our mistakes were erased.  
The frozen porcelain tile  
is craked and fragmented  
formerly white pigmented  
but now is brown and grey.  
The pedestal sink  
rusted and fractured  
drained dry and clogged w/ hair  
I remember once  
mother's wedding ring had fallen down there.  
the bathtub attached to the wall  
still filled w/ water in the stained showstall  
and in that reflection i see not my face  
but only remembrances of what i cannot erase.  
Through an open door  
poured bright golden sunlight  
filtered through the shifting shadows of the screen  
Out onto the porch  
which scoured  
the palms of my feet.

Over the balcony draped bathingsuits  
of previous use  
stiffly sitting still  
and an old stench which makes me ill.  
And in the distance  
a blaring blue creek  
cold and glistening  
where we were put to sleep.

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch

# I Am...

I am the sleepy setting sun, shining down on everyone. Still bright and bloody, bending behind the hills horizon, retiring readily low below . So exhausted of fulfilling, unwilling, this monotonous existence; expected to edify without any resistance. Rising and falling... Rising and falling... Just waiting to expire. In an explosion- a spontaneous explosion of fire.

I feel like the waves- the same. The never-ending undulation of the ocean tides, which only fade but never die. Collecting corruption and devouring debris in the ocean, the wide-open mouth of the sea... of me... Reflected on the surface, shining and sleek, is only a large lonely oil leak. I too feel i am buried beneath and no one can see me.

Like a grain of sand settled on the sea shore- there among about a million more. Blown around by the balmy blistering breeze with no control over where it leads. Helpless. Hopeless. Powerless and pleading that the pull of the warm wafting wind oversee me - leave me. The cavernous holes hollowed into my heart, like sand dunes- a natural art. The dust, the dirt, and the dead discarded like a snakes skin does shed.

I am the whispering- no whimpering wind- so free, but so discontent. Always willing to leave- with no goodbye, no reprieve. Never connected to anything. I stay alone with out any definite home. Wrapping around every towering town like a sinuous silken gown. Always displeased- always another sight to see. But you'll never see me...

I am a soul bound within a body. So like being captured in a corpse- regurgitated, raw and rotting. Like a sigh locked inside, like a secret you can try to hide. Trapped inside a mortal machine- so numb yet i feel everything. I am a spirit somewhere inside- i am a being waiting to die...

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch

# I Watch Her

I watch her  
Cram herself against the front board  
In stiff strangled movements  
A chalk-covered cadaver  
This- her posture  
Elbows elevated- angled  
A perfect precise 90 degrees  
Spine straightened strung taught and tight  
Unmoving-  
Catatonic awkwardness.  
Fingers firmly formed  
around pink sticks of dust  
Dissolving into Ashes  
Blush(Like the color absent from her cheeks)  
She scrawls short,  
Uneven, unlevel lines  
Unparallel. Unplanned.  
Her jaw moves  
-eating the air-  
With her words  
Confusing sentences  
In jumbles and jargon  
Roll off of her tongue  
As her teeth click in foreign languages  
Unfamiliar to me.  
Stories of modern romanticism  
Storm through our ears  
Dulled by boredom and fear  
(Most likely of enlightenment)  
Attached to our past  
Our previous preconceptions.  
Unstable in all of our understandings  
All of our learnings  
lean and lay collapsed beneath us.  
She wears clothes  
at the front of the classroom  
like a professor- a professional  
In a tailored suit  
which really doesn't suit her.

Her bland beige heels  
converse with the tile floor  
As she stomps  
in her variant version of stilhetos  
On the catwalk by the chalkboard  
Seemingly a stage  
For her type of timid beauty  
Beaten into submission- seclusion  
Hiding her face-  
Facing the blackboard.

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch

# Laura

It was through folded notes we spoke  
Through long letters we wrote  
we got close.

I thought i really got to know  
all the secrets you wouldnt show  
to anybody else  
Even if i couldnt even  
Approach you all by myself.

We laughed through written expression  
How you recalled a contrary impression  
but i understand now the conceptions  
which led to those conclusions  
No- There is no confusion.

We spoke so delicately  
Of the rift and the rivalry  
between your conditional family  
The loves you've lost  
But have you left your lovers,  
Laura?  
Are you still sleeping w/ girls  
Underneath the covers-  
Are ya?

You recorded all of your fav bands  
On a blank CD  
Grasped in shaking nervous hands  
across a field so soggy  
Taped to a tiny love letter  
You handed it to me.  
I would listen everynight  
laying in a low lamplight  
just singing along to the saddest song.  
And it's ironic really,  
How well it fits the feeling  
and how the story  
fits ours so fully-  
Oh, who am i fooling?

It's the same damn melody  
It's the same damn tragedy.

I told you i would meet you there  
then maybe we could talk  
It wouldve been the first time  
I wouldve seen you as you are.  
There you were across a crowded room  
behind a velvet veil of smoke and gloom  
But i couldn't get to you.  
Kept back by a boy  
Latched to my lips  
But really...  
I'm just laughing at him...

Musicians behind microphones  
there's no where to be alone  
but i wanted you....  
Oh, I wanted you....  
to know....  
I was sorry.  
I am sorry.

So it's just another hidden glance  
back at a ruined romance who stands  
By the theatre door  
she looks just the way i remember her:  
Laura-  
Just like a little girl.

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch

# Lay Me Down

Here we are: You and I. Just a newer promise of the same old lie. Sleeping in our awkward silence over retired rumors of God and science. So it's just another far-off glance filled with soft-eyed forgotten boyhood romance, staring down one cliché command w/ one misplaced knobby hand. W/ pink lips of quivering pierced passion you're pouring out velvet verses in true gentleman fashion. You're spilling out cute compliments but i've heard my fair share of them - Oh, I've heard ENOUGH of them. And as i'm laying listening know: no, i don't believe anything you're whispering b/c we're just repeating everything we thought we used to mean but it doesn't mean anything- at least not to me. I'm glancing over all there is to offer and i have to say whatever i saw before was better (but i can't say it's completely charmless- we are both here after all) and whatever desperate plea made this sound good to me- well, it's gotten me this far.

So here we are: back where we started just like so many other times before. We've been so many people w/ so many faces but i guess we'll never forget those semi defined places we've set as our safety from the start. Coming back where we left off so many times after lift-off they said it was over but we said 'Nothing is over until it's over.' But whay bother? this death was a lullaby but we never quite fell asleep; just another reoccurrence in this half-conscious dream. We're laying on secrets we never let die- they're so idealistic but we know they're all lies. So we keep stifling our voices w/ rotten remembered old kisses just to avoid disagreements in the mass as i'm saying to myself: we should've kept this in the past.

I'm not looking to uncover graves just a little something to help forget the pain. It's not even you I'm after, my broken heart loves another- but you'll do for now- something to get by somehow. It's no Prince Charming on white iron-clad horseback galloping into an oblivious orange sunset. It's no fairytale ending b/c those are just stories that havent ended. So im just waiting. Anticipating. Nothing is worth it but so bored now everyone has it if they just know what to say- it's just a trick of the tongue and I'll ask you to stay.

So here we are: wrapped in the sheets of our own guilty defeat, wet w/ the washing of the waves upon the shore and we've been in this place so many many times before. We're gasping for air and heaving in the heat- it's just another memory we'll have to keep. 'where is this going?' we ask half-knowing. But we'll see where it leads on the same beaten track we've never escaped, going over and over making the same mistake as always.

Someday I know we'll really die and I'm almost afraid- I'm not gonna lie. But you and i are allies, however much we rival, come once again in our secret arrival to mend the scars that never end b/c we just keep opening them. But for awhile it appeases our own passionate diseases and that's all i need- right now. So Lay Me Down.

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch

# Libby Lou

It was there-  
In the darkness- unaware  
I pictured it:  
A little girl in a story book  
Everyone forsook,  
Lost and look-in for love.  
Dressed in her easter best  
Blonde pigtailed and a yellow dress  
It was there-  
next to her teddy bear  
On the unmade bed  
She'd never forget  
What he had done to her.  
In the shadows  
He stole her virtue  
And she became a silent statue  
swallowing a scream  
Like: 'What have you done to me? '  
I was hopin it was just a dream  
Which visits me quite regularly  
But i know it really happened to me.  
I know:  
He was never sorry.

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch

# One Passenger

'All aboard' cried the conductor  
Not knowing the danger-  
of what lay ahead or behind;  
lost in the crowd of nothing and no one  
Only loneliness at her side.  
Then one little boy  
approached the scarlet machine  
Roaring and whining and blowing steam.  
'May i buy a ticket? ' he asked.  
The jovial conductor  
just threw back and laughed  
'Why sure, All aboard, and come inside.'  
Inside she knew it would end like before  
but who wouldnt adore  
just a bit of attention?  
From this...  
One passenger, One ticket, and one hopeful smile.  
Inside it's toasty,  
so warm- so cozy  
So here's your false sense of security...  
Sign a waiver  
(Here, borrow my pen)  
Just in case you should never,  
ever return again.  
But even so he says  
'Wow, it's so beautiful  
Wow, it's so perfect  
I bet nothing...  
Nothing...  
Could even come close to it.'  
And  
'Wow, it's so lovely  
Wow, it's so flawless  
almost free- almost lawless  
I haven't seen anything  
Anything...  
Anywhere as beautiful  
No i can't say that i have...'  
Innocence and ignorance

In perpetual bliss  
In awe of something  
not worthy at all.  
Lost in images  
hopes and sweet wishes  
Something unable  
to be fulfilled or forgotten  
By this...  
One passenger,  
One passenger, One ticket  
One passenger, One ticket, and One hopeful smile.  
Sitting silent for hours  
passing down passing trees wires and flowers.  
The sun shining down  
lit up his face  
a lovely ghost in this lonely place  
along with the others...  
they never escaped...  
(No, they never got away...)  
Darkness drowns  
and raindrops begin to pound  
this little boy, alone,  
in this sea of sound.  
It started to storm,  
it started to thunder  
hiding- the boy crouched under  
a seat and cried for his father  
Frightened-  
alone but enlightened  
facing life as:  
One passenger  
One passenger One ticket..  
and One hopeful smile.

Screeching sound of metal breaking  
Sound of all compassion fading  
Full speed ahead until we crash  
We're already gone-  
There's no looking back.  
So tell me...  
Tell me you've enjoyed this ride.  
Come back-

Babe- just come back to me..  
if you're still alive...  
Crash and burn in blazing fire  
swallowed by our own desire  
It's so perfect  
So perfectly clear  
I was never ever perfect dear  
No amount of betting will do-  
You will always lose.  
I was not lovely  
I was not flawless  
I am a captive...  
Far from lawless.

I'm sorry you saw  
more than was there.  
I'm sorry you saw  
Babe- I'm sorry cared.  
My...  
One passenger  
My...  
One ticket  
My...  
One hopeful smile.

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch

# Only Replacements

I've replaced all of my words with my drawings  
Since all of those short severed scrawlings  
Of seemingly senselessness  
And even deeper depress  
can't seem to express  
myself-anymore.  
Something about the geometry  
I favor over the reality  
of sentences and sobriety.  
Only the abstract can express  
these emotions i possess  
since it is easy to understand  
B/c there is nothing to understand  
(And that's how I am)  
I've replaced all empathy  
for all apathy  
and it's so hard to care;  
all ambition for ambivalence  
(and are you even there?)  
I've replaced all of my feeling with thoughts  
since a crippled conscience  
leads to logical callousness.  
But something is to be desired  
in this emotional numbness  
A vacancy  
which bothers not to fill  
and perhaps it never will.  
Soon i shall replace  
breathing with smoking  
eating instead of sleeping  
and perhaps some excessive drinking  
Just to cope...

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch

# Red Rose Romance

Resting in a bed of red rose romance. Swallowed whole by a silent symphony of a smothered starlet slow dance, engulfed by an eyeless dusk; the soft smell of muslin and musk. Warmth wrapping around us like a woman's womb. Caught in contractions ready to be birthed soon. Held in the heavy arms of humidity, the darkness, damp and quite comforting. Beneath the bedsheets: this is you and me.

Pressed against the dampened flesh of a stranger scarcely met, the surface of her somatic shell shaking and soaking wet; so salty... so salty... like the sea. Buried into her breast with ear to rest upon undulating chest- there- a heart beating slow rhythms somewhere in the dark. Soaking in the sickly sweet scent of sprouting summer innocence which sinks so deep into your silken skin... I breathe you in.

In a sober semi-drunkenness, our vision a blackened blurriness where shadows snake around and strangle silhouettes. Running my fumbling fingers through tangled tawny yellow ribbons buttoned back by broken brass barrettes. A faint fragrance fills my nostrils with one familiar feeling fume- the synthetic scent of an apple orchard and cherry blossoms in bloom- it must be your shampoo. It takes me over. Her fingers linger, lightly, laying limply in the possession of my swollen sweaty palms. Her handsome hands so slender, her spider fingers so long. On them she wore metal rings from the second-hand store and on her pointed fingertips painted a hue of blaring electric blue. Spelling out the circumference of circles on my skin- chills crawling up my spine as the sensation climbs.

Batting her big big blinking brown eyes, drawing me into drown within their dirty depths- those terrible tumultuous tides taking my last breath; this feels so like slow suffocation- this feels so like death. Brushing her blushing burning bright cheeks, seduced by the sheepish smile you smuggle beneath spoiled sheets. The way you lightly bite your lip when you're feeling nervous- well, i noticed- you're doing it now. I can see the wet white edges of your teeth when you bite down. Fine french feather pillows, warm, laid out by the window. Subtle sighs escaping, 2 lips parted shaking. Slow breaths. Panting. No Rest. the breeze blown across my face, damp and delicate, the strong smell could intoxicate- i know it does incapacitate.

A congress of confusion. Conclusions subject to diffusion, and difficulty in denying how we really feel- though the simple thought of it is somehow so

surreal. Inside my chest i must confess is caught and constricted as the consequences of anxiousness are afflicted. And burried in my belly are those butterflies, i can feel them flying- flailing- around inside.

I don't know how it happened- it just did. But i can't say that it was an accident. After all, it was contemplated- now, commemorated. Our necks stretched like swans on a frozen pond. So graceful, like we've done nothing wrong. Our lips pressed against another like artificially altered cherries in a jar: crowded for a time but eventually left with an empty heart. Though it may abide a long time, soft and static, the energy will eventually end- eventually become erratic.

Resonates a taste of alcohol honey and incense, sweet and smokey, stuck to my tastebuds. It navigates to a nostalgic notion, like drowning in the omniverous open ocean. In a gorge, a gutter of guilt, immersed in all the new emotions that i had never yet felt. Lost and confused i don't know what to do so i decide to resign and give myself up to you.

Staring at you slumbering, a lovely lullaby i am muttering into her empty itching ears, somethings she's dying- She is hurting- to hear. Something somewhat like: 'I love you dear'.

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch

# Reminicense

I fell asleep with your lovely name on my lonely lips. A sweet soft whispering into my folded fingertips. I could dream nothing better than this- holding you somewhere deep within the darkness.

All we were was a lie, where we stifled and strangled all of our batting butterflies. We were a flirting fanciful infatuation, dancing in our own immaculate imaginations. We were an ideal too good to be real, something we just never let ourselves feel. Still bathing in your beautiful brown eyes, recalling all of the secret ties- all of the time. I still remember everything; every resounding resemblance of all you've ever said to me.

I remember where we met, in brief blooming summer innocence, surrounded by a young audience we came to pretend to befriend. Our late lessons, over, but the melody of the strumming chords still linger and the imprints of strings still fresh upon our fleshy fingers. Sheltered together, surrounded by shower pouring from storm clouds which devour a grey sky. It was several misty musty mornings before i knew your name but only several seconds before i knew of your isolated fame. And every year we kept coming just the same to the polaroid pictures we just forgot to frame. Walking on trails through trees where whimsical wooden creatures sleep; we came to watch your tribal dance- caught in such a mesmerizing tricky trance.

Summer faded and all welcoming warmth evaded- i came to know you then for all you are and all you've been. Coming early to auditions for our ample positions in this disasterous play we've been given. In our costumes we've created and paraded to perfection, but still, our contemplated characters are a misconception. It's all a stage to us. The act and the lie the only things we can trust. But behind curtains tied there is something there we did hide- behind closed doors there's so much more.

Like our crowded room conversations, spilling over old philosophies and obligations as we sat on old molded furniture forgotten in a forbidden room; like a ceaseless silence sealed within an ancient burial tomb. So intently are our eyes connected in glimpses of understanding- the gaze- malignant and demanding. No, i couldn't turn away. So enthralled, so enchanted by everything you'd presented. It's the giggling whispers of two girls gossiping in the night and she's sorrowfully stammering- 'He likes you alright? ! '

It's the same blushing walk we're taking someday and you're handing me that

small white flower bouquet. We're warming by the window sill sleeping and i'm wondering what dream you're dreaming and i can't help but want to be so close even though the faithful answer is 'no.'

We're in the empty old house of our past where we made our ambiguous attraction last. We've been here before behind closed doors, creaking down half-lit hallways and gracefully descending down the old wooden staircase. It's the smell of ripe autumn apples warm and wafting on the breeze as we go to take our leave. sneaking away, breaking away into the bleak blurry day, the fury of the fierce wind blowing my breath away (but you already took mine- don't you realize?)

I can still hear the laughter and my heartbeat pounding faster in this jumping jack game we're after on the expanse of cold wet black. Called after play to display our humble art on plates, wrapped sloppily with colored cellophane. Stalking down shadows and seeking out patterns standing out in the rain.

You're standing only mere inches away and i'm trying to find all of the words to say but you wouldn't understand anyway... so nevermind. I couldn't have possibly said all it was that went through my head- but i tried. The letters all wrote themselves, i never lied about what i felt. I admit maybe i felt too much- but there is a difference between feel and touch.

Where are you in all of this? You left me in such a long awkward silence, no answers to confused violence. I just wanted closure- to tell you so you could tell me 'it's over.' But it's all the same cuz it never came.

I caught a glimpse of your grinning face; the burning brown eyes i still can't erase but it's okay. I don't want to. I want to remember this- i want to remember you. Staring at pictures posted on pixelated pages i'm still staring at after all of these ages. I didn't notice, i didn't know this: your effect on me. But remember every time you breathe- everytime you bleed- smile knowing you were my fantasy.

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch

# Sarah

And he said  
maybe he loved her still  
that once he had  
and perhaps he always will.  
That though it's past  
love finds a way to last  
torturing  
-already broken-  
hearts.

And he said  
she only needs... a friend-  
someone she can just talk to  
then someone she can turn into  
then turn around  
and fall into...  
Trying to fix herself  
and fit herself - in.

And he said  
really-  
maybe it's only sympathy  
and a tad... of pity  
but all alone (with me...)  
she's really very witty  
it's like she  
'Really opens up to me...'

And he said  
she looks half-dead  
in her emaciated way-  
a very fragile weight  
and such sadness written on her face.  
Contemplation in her eyes  
as she struggles to psychoanalyze  
in her Freudian- Vonnegut  
sense  
which doesn't really make much sense.

And he said  
she smokes weed  
just before she sleeps  
which is only-what?

Once a week?  
A few hours  
every few days  
But he said  
(other than that)  
she's okay.  
And he said  
she really  
reminds him of me.  
He said  
'yes, she's just like you...'

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch

# Summer. Fall. Winter. Spring.

A soft summer security  
hung in the hands of the leaves  
loosely living in the trees  
where in that shaded covering  
we crafted and kept our memories  
and in tall grasses we laid our heads  
disrupting ancestral insect beds  
where they breed and feed  
where their poor forefathers bled  
In pheromones we swam  
All along with them  
And lost our hearts decades apart  
Where and when we settled in.

But how warmth does quickly fade  
like life to death again  
as on an early septembre day  
when the sky goes grey with rain.  
So is autumn's breath  
Icy and intimate  
Only feeling malcontent  
Yet not so quick to utter it-  
No, not so easy to admit...  
And we left each others' rooms  
trying to find our own forgotten tombs  
In which to hide our eyes  
From ours and others' lies.

In our winter hibernation  
we were hidden  
when it seemed  
all affectionate advances  
were forbidden  
and our faults went unforgiven  
even in our sleep  
where we betray ourselves in dream.  
Our days all grew shorter  
And longer grew black nights  
So far away were both shoulders

and both fists so quick to fight.  
Even in our blankets  
We were as cold as Ice  
B/c we never held each other-  
It was only ourselves we sacrificed.

Then showed signs of spring  
like death to life again,  
pure white snow recedes  
to show a fertile field and flowering seed  
where previously were only thorned weeds.  
The birds hum their harmonies  
and mangle in their melodies  
as we stroll along  
swimming in their songs.  
And summer is in our sights  
one could see it in our eyes  
filled with sweet new love  
and re-kindled fires.

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch

# The Art Of War

You can try  
to Fortify  
you Fortress  
and yes,  
you can build up your borders-  
cause some chaos and disorder  
But no, it won't matter.  
And you can try  
to hide behind  
your defenses  
But dear-  
You are just as defenseless.  
I... I've got you surrounded;  
My soldiers on all sides  
and dear,  
I decide when and where to strike-  
when the time is just right...  
Oh, I'll feign a faint  
flaunt false flaws and fears  
and i will pretend to be  
Just as vulnerable as you dear.  
Just so i can bring you near.  
Then i will surely bring you... to tears...  
and we can wage our war  
on the battlefield  
of my broken heart  
and i'll make you feel  
as if you've taken atleast some part  
of me  
but really  
it's only  
familiar territory.  
and while we were engaged  
our platoon enraged  
in the heat of battle estranges  
in the utter midst of it-  
while i had you distracted  
i tore your country... apart...  
like what this war

shall do to your own heart.  
It is my own art of war-  
what i feel-  
you'll feel more.

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch

# The Lost Room Of Memory

Slow silence pours  
Through lighted keyholes  
Carved into closed locked doors  
we press our empty eardrums  
up against.  
In echoing emptiness  
white static whispers  
enclose encompass our death  
and reflects the grey ghosts of our breath.  
Through holes in the rooftop  
used to fall raindrops  
which would splatter- shatter  
on hard wooden floors.  
But now only stale sunlight pours  
floods fluidly  
illuminates- disillusion  
what was hidden before.  
Opening itchy eyes  
we see micrand red particles of rust.  
Dangling suspended  
on invisible strings  
and we're breathing them in.  
As the linings of our lungs turn black  
And our arteries harden with plaque  
from breathing in  
secong-hand smoke  
from my mother's ciggarettes  
I remember,  
I would climb carpeted steps  
Just to escape them.  
Playing hide and seek  
during dull summer weeks  
They never found me...  
I'm still hiding...

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch

# Yesturday There Be No Tommorrow

They may say:

'Hey-

Tommorrow is another day'

But dear,

What if our tommorrows

Ended yesturday?

Elizabeth Jordan Heinbuch