

Familiar Songs is a collection of poems that use metaphorical and allusive language and asks how one holds onto hope even when faced with immense change and uncertainty. These ideas flourish through themes of music, literary, and religious connotations. The poems pose the question of what it means to live a life with love. This collection explores intimacy, imagination, and renewal as stages of relational becoming, arguing that attention, play, and honest reckoning together remake the self. Together they move from ecstatic encounter to playful cultivation to sober transformation, claiming that love's labor—performed, imagined, and endured—is how individuals become anew.

And I Danced like David

You danced with me and I remember you,
Not the boy who refused to
But the man who wanted to, and would again.
As the straps of my dress kept slipping down,
Like the smile that kept creeping out of my mouth,
That only you could coax while I was
Drunk on your authenticity.

And I didn't hear it
Between the swings of Sinatra staring
At us like we were stupid,
And I didn't see it in the grins
That I grew on you when I
Walked in a room.
But now I do.

Say my name again.

Remind me again.

Rattling the cosmos
With your voice and noise.
Experiencing you is a beautiful reason for being alive.

Imaginary

Come and do the jouska with me
in our own private rooms
You'll play Fitzgerald and I'll play Ellington but we'll both
Be listening to blues
Lit up like we're under the ocean our
presence exploding into fragmented light
So frequently that the darkest sparks are a little too bright

Make believe with me for awhile
I won't keep you too long
I just want to waltz in the garden of love
To that old familiar song that makes us
Wonder if we'll do anything wrong
Or if it's meant to be all along.
God, I pray we keep growing strong.

Tap dance with me through conversations
More intimate than thin lingerie
Let us trot along the river
To a bench by the bay
And when we do, you'll turn to me and say
A divine thing I couldn't think
And only love could weigh.

The Becoming

Bleed— let every bruise, scar,
And need be met.
Allow ourselves to sprout around
The destruction that wet
Another ocean for Chopin to drown in,
Another soul to grieve and vet.
Climbing a vine, patrimoine sweats out my palms—
Yet we do not forget.

So we'll revise Edith's swan song,
Non, nous ne regrettons rien
Saint Therese de Lisieux
Saw every offering sent.

Why stand behind the silent lines
That hold nothing but love's debt?
When all the feathered, sequined, beaded
Saints say we're just beginning again.