I'M WITH YOU IN WALLED GARDENS

ocean avenue plays to us like
a crust punk on an artsy street
poseidon sings in radio static
the yuppies fumble from bars
into the stupor of twilight reveries
but we speak in stanzas, as if
the words from our lips are sigils
that we charge under a gibbous
moon; you say you're looking
for a flame to light your path
& I am all matchsticks & brush
a wildfire, I can torch the fields
but I hope you pray for rain
I've only ever looked back & seen
smoke, the universe brings us
to the party but we choose to dance
or to wallflower or to follow the calls
of divinity & devils & swan songs
we both have people waiting home for us
walled gardens still catch the sunshine
the plants still flower, they bloom
they wilt come the harsh winds
& moments do indeed last forever

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Damian Rucci is a poet, performer, and organizer from New Jersey. He is the author of six chapbooks of poetry including And Even If I Did, So What by Two Key Customs and founder of the NJ Poetry Renaissance. Damian is the official Poet Laureate of every 711 in New Jersey.