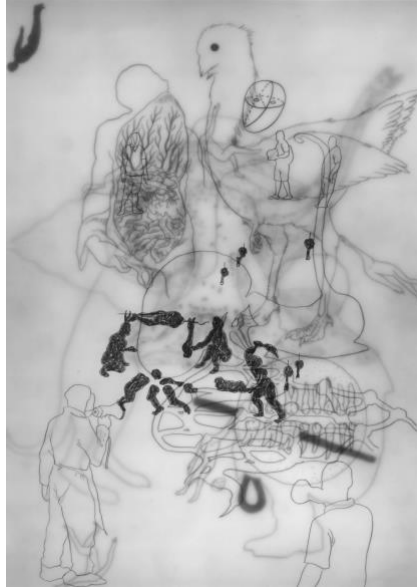




1.

Riff Rafting

The sunflower dance calls again as horses whisper shy nothings into a Cacti's 3rd eye
 Billowing dresses bustle to hustle a city dream washed away in graveyard steps
 Steeples of churches ring cement songs as mortar clashes on blue rose gardens Seen
 in you, that / Was / It Ways; a river falls to a lasting final black

Where did She / They / He go,
 How did James speak-cry, shut eyes to toward tunnels that always naked-eyed Know, Will
 there be any more children? - red cheeked bubble drifters in sinewy curves not
 stolen, Pura Vida vocals eternal and want-inG to climb bean stalks with Jill or Jim in the
 sky

Let it rain down on me, cover me in kindred kind needles
 As Nouveau Jooo curtains part Reeded seeded windows ablaze
 Sydney said so much like a floating Oboe humming over the prairies wispy
 tails A man's Deus glides where fire mud air Sun hold a house in a palms
 crystal ball

Water breaks a lung bursts, wallowing while whales doze
 Tidal grimeS pushed and cleaned in a spinning maze
 Confused between a throne and Bow-Ease punk ways,
 Oceans salt sift tears torn tear-drops quilted LiKe pattern clothing ripped

1a.

eyes that gleam and eyes that see,
 have scenes and still seem
 alive and soft;
 to crawl and prowl, there their contoured shape is weightless

the compass spins while a drafting feather floats
all as shipped off-to-be wooden branches break;
Howl, frozen and orange moon blues the cold into ice
with nights winds ghosts.
A new moons turns away
and the cat still sings snugly alone;
freely it roams down city tubes and sandy desert hollowed-out
ruins, the cat's skin silent and soft
sleep

c.
plunging into the pacific
throw me aboard, over
planked out full of glistening bugs
bright sea shells composed
dignity protecting clams whose mouthed gestures
silently spell safe
ah fresh, not water but a haven

1

2
monitor
a digested crisp cut to place in trays, baked bubbled
a cake forms its cup that puckers to kiss
only to turn
red taken blue
a cheek, tilt and wither, wilting away lips

3.
the smoke vanishes, vishnu, buddha, and christ will wink at you and give you a
boost. a.
d-low knows joe,
he's a nasty
wigged out and wiggy jerry-curls, cold cream swirls, a frosty from Wendy's;
we gotta hit the highway, camp out on the res, pass the peace pipe; and get some turquoise and
stuff in the gas tank
and bury the dead under the wildflower patch by the gas station
you know joe, we gotta keep on moving, we gotta make it out west, we got to get through
the desert, to the desert then -- and the mountains
let the condors point the way, let the smell of rotting meat in the hot dry air point the way
put some pine nuts on a funnel cake, wrap it in a baby's blanket and carry it up top to where
the trees don't grow
let the birds find it
we can eat baby's breath and wild poppy, bath in creosote smoke and hang by our shoulders for
a thousand years
and wake up in a day, its never over, no end - no begging

the earth is a hamster wheel, they see us rolling, riding dirty, driving 130 down the
interstate scorched earth, black tar, black mama and a bad case of the rattlesnake blues no
soldier left behind

b.

Soldier down, let him off the hook, *or*, released the reel wrong;

2

And suddenly – Snap – fishing turns virile: plastic pulls and a gill gets
caught Next, a paused puddle and we remember

Our own hook; the same one, the ineffable Hook:

The man with one hand whose tap trapped Peter Pan, could also stop a clock's tick
tock, And can cajole us all toward a chipped wobbly wooden board's end – To play with
the plank;

In the land of the leper, the drones, the decrepit
the one-armed man – a Cyclops, a limping beggar in rags – reigns
as king; in this, in that

this or this, either 'Thhhh, threads thin
the hook sticks. It always remains caught;

Crooked and hookEd

A wild bass yanks line, tugging tirelessly at this game of catch, STOP,
release; For certain, the big fish swim, wavering not, at our swamped
Muddy feet: free, fleeing quickly in flight, feet frolicking in a water's
malaise not flensed, not nimble, not crumbled
swirling in clouds, salty or sandy or steam next
green, weeds, see clay and quarters of quartz, salt and souls
heat stones;

stones stones and stone, sometimes sifted softened ston
kicking to have lungs exposed, alive in feet, formed walking,
and make – made – whirled dervish hats tip to a warden's ward;
seven spirits spinning a yarn

dreaming lucidly translucent hues, shapes kissing the air
falling asleep kindly at once into

ascending Eros' tones of blue breadth with

pretty sitting light pink lights,

smoke strains to stain red blotted white black paper

that sits presently calm on hot whirl pool stones, each immersed in water's warming
glow that pools up then down into

a candy land slide, lanes all glued up with whip-cream
pies, crumbles tied

kissingly stick golden tickets of

coco coffee, colors coded and remote to

only the one clay stamped worn earth soles reddened black

5.

percolate
rotate shoulders, pop lock jam stop too much raspberry em
frozen minute all in, and matched and patched printed huckleberry
finn kind of games on little fence trains and old wooden carts
born out and sprouted returned and cycled
upon whimsically deft and warm wings;
butterflying wings opened;
not an instant or beat, a flash of wink
a whales spouting nod a blink could scrape the skin of the beast

3

tokens and potions and zelda doors open
shutters quick drop then gone, a trade made – magic
strong reels of wheels, shoots ladders filmed

4.
in a fish eyed lens burnt,
branded to / on / under each disappear
through and with, and in; a bolt sudden,
jars full gone are the marbles
still the pockets droop
kilter heavy and center grooves
now vessels holding safely in safety
these secrets, scents and scenes grow in seconds gone,
go, cut and crept
capped waves falling
helpless effortless motionless
weep
novel rhythm patterns, pause,
not even the sea

F.
And thus
a Bacchus came and the flowing gown only slightly gave him a
name a Bacchus then gift is seen, present veils and hearing heard
here with a lions
chimerical calm again gauging
the grace of the flight
Relax, only when memories of
Weightless whales swim in his tangled mane –
A Caspian prince bundles of roses, juggled in his jungle nested
home hanging silent
siting with a child's smile
that kisses the sea and pinches the sky and winks in our eyes

to remember, to dance, to sit, to listen
in a tunnel's tomb.

tiny blink, a soft nod
and the bubbles only sometimes can come top,
flowers afloat in flux stand
and when chances change falls into the plastic piggy
bank of an instant captured in film
the bacchanalian roar roams no more

7.

so come to the party if you got a whiskey, a dime, a quarter or a
rhyme it really doesn't matter just bring your self and your game's
game

4

head up head up head up, back straight
poised the cocktail hour starts
2 hours past nites nite, a shadow knights in
darkness dreaming
at 22:00, the 13th friday night lights
cAn haunt
but let us Dance and Dream

9. Hull's Hall

The sport is, indeed, so mesmerizing
Fast, fun to watch, and furious with accentuated deliberate cuts – nimble steel blades' run along
in Off beat Tempo
Stick's sail effortlessly along to find cogent form
The game's pace and fervor enlivens echoing stadiums
A ghostly white glow shines as refracted light appears
To dance around the plastic-enclosed frozen pond
Here, in this ring of rings, the modern athlete collides
With the imagined behemoth roman gladiator
In this circular arena, different beasts of prey play for blood, glory and
victory Bearded men skate with acumen and instinct – alacrity and grace,
The poetry of thin blades' sudden stoppages, Pop:

Ice shavings fly forth, blossoming into frozen raindrops captured only by a camera's flash –
then, Poof..!!!..??.. –
The cloud passes all too quickly
And alas, vacuumed away are those white crystal-like dusts of powder...Puff, puff, puff-ing; It
seems, these popping dusty ice particles – popsicles, snow cones and icicles all come to mind –
Are welded together to snap, crackle and popPopPoP

The world of snow (here broken into its' most miniaturized form)
Appears, to only, in fact, disappear:
A world of stardust memories wanes;
Existence betwixt and between screeches;
And vanishing now – these miniaturized clouds not leaving a trace -
These nearly unnoticed molecular tremors in the rink's cool air gradually fades.

It may, of course, be unwise to always take lightly these interstitial passing *spaces*: Chipped ice flickers up and away, darting through time, much like an arrows passing. This apartness, not dissimilar to a flame's miasmic twitch – the haunted motions of fire that refuse To sit still – approximates the sublime:

It is in the shadows that lurk, squirming past in silence

It is in the suspension of a bridges' woven bamboo trellis – arched and rounded – holding two Separate worlds apart

It is in the cornered crevices where dust breaths, worms crawl, and moth's sting. A razor's dulled edge goes along unnoticed till blood is drawn

And alas, so the ice goes on Singing;

The high-pitched original yelping of skates stopping in magnetic motion screams:

5

Act, react, and Action;

The world formed in these icy ephemeral slashes, rips and jolts encourages Us to be Brave. Hone in on the skate, zero towards the blade's scissoring kick, and see anew the life on ice – That deliberate focus, much like the ear that patiently listens to an announcer's radio rolling voice: Colorful chatter, oblique metaphors and the persistent cadence of the game's hum, Can be heard only in subtlety and with echoes.

Whisperings of the dropped puck must be observed with lieutenant-like attention So chilling thrills can reach their own internal apex.

Mist rises, bodies bash and voices roar

The general fluidity of the puck passed – or, closer to home, some of us can undoubtedly remember The puck's arduous sliding process as clumsy feet and lanky kids tumbled into the net Early childhood games we used to play on Old Harry's Backyard pond:

Choose captains, pick a team, this is our net – play the game

Either way, the puck moves and skates push

Continuing to glaze over the ice's topcoat

With a fine finish of varnished lacquer: smoothness and delicacy

Watching the games on television, one can forget the vortex these games live in: Lights, cameras, and replays intertwine, making the game feel surreal.

Large flat screens and HD picture planes heighten the magnetic shine of the ice While snapshots of slap shots reflect effervescently off the cool surface

77.

In the end, there was a hiccup in the road, as there so often is

These days, our days gone by, daily

It has again become all too clarified, too calm, too crystalized in stone.

The street: a road, a sidewalk, a drive, each --- hold
Hold hands – no, hold cars – sometimes, hold bodies – often, yet always
dissipating These paths: places of feet and wheels; terrain and tears, each Hold.
Regardless, we let that pass, the holding cells of barren terrain in flux:
Holding or Held; Helping or Hindering, the path is uncertain; brave we must be. The old
road remains; McCarthy traverses and Gass digs tunnels – there is light, somewhere Our
fortresses of stone – severed; brick – broken; cement – cremated, each, Hold mystery

The road: A hole that Holds,
Possibly. Holding cells of memory – plausible.
Either which way – turn left, nod right, stop on Green and go on White – we still ride the
waves We sit, we walk; maybe crawl and talk, drive and drool on these mapped out routes of
nothing

Geography's *no-where-ness*, place perverted; and certain still, all the while
These engineering marvels – lines of linear logic – won't fail, can't fail, refuse to let us
down; Or so the story goes:
No upending the mathematics of physical sciences; almost never a blatant screech – A truck
coming to an abruptly absurd halt on the highway's howling readymade curvatures; Rarely a
novel scar bubbles into the soft clay fabric's path where prints and princes are all known

6

So the road beckons faith
Suspension of disbelief consumes motion
Not different than a Ferris wheel's rainbow ring;
a circus of road signs, postmarks and city stamps
Each masquerading identical selves only slightly differentiated:
Formal wear, semi casual gear, and rain-trekking attire.
The world of the road, a nomad lost alone wandering to wonder
Learning to love, longing to learn.
A space:
Where clowns act as milkmen driving delivery bicycles
Where Swedish doll-faced milkmaids sing in harmony of a smaller small world, Where the
neighborhood's centrifugal dome of unraveling yarn is a fantastical platform of bouncing Unicorn
mannequins –
A graceful burp, belch, bulge in the mechanical Spinning Top that swirls like Tom and Jerry
pranks; And the Ride goes as it goes:
Up, Down; Up, Down: Up, Down.

So, as it seems now, the one-eyed bandits have become our tour guides
A melancholic meandering down the landslide's last lane we notice a dove has died Children
lost in play, reside in perpetuity at never land, and fairytale labyrinths are safe for only Bowie
Dreams, Goonies' screams, and those Phoenix's that stand by US on railroad tracks So, the
compass cries, *Alas!* And time's tick tock drops a pin on the road of ruins The tour guide
formed into lead, poured into ditches, sewn shut with a stitch – A sophisticated plastic banal
walkie-talkie binds the seems;

Shits on, plugs in, then shuts off the many interstices between
The road and the rail; the path and the pond; the lost boys and the found men

So we cruise, each of us on planes and trains; in bubbles of automobiles and actions of
automatons We are idle and safe on these route-less paths of destiny
Clinging to the shredded remains of draped clothes
That holds the whirling dervishes body in presence, in twirl:
A place in unison, a place in community, a place in fluidly formed composition Moving
without programmed paths, abandoning rogue roads to forget guide posts and guidance

A world of illegible magic carpets: kind collectors of dust, holders of
memory Flimsy rugs that show the world a whole new body in ease
Rugs, roads: rods and rooms that Hold.
But, let us pause; let us be brave: to see the held, the holding,
Those beholden and those beehives
That latch of windows full of widows, flight patterns of duties displayed done
– And, doing with grace
Dignified road routes to Queen Bee magistrates, summoning the road to paradise as one
most Primal and honorable

I defer and delay; gone astray we ask again:
Hold what? The road, the sign; the path and the line – each different but dovetail in their
own Ineffable – indefatigable and insulated concrete concerns,
Cement brazen trucks and crevices of steam corned into road blocks, construction sites, and

7

Scorched earth ablaze
All too similar to the once fecund spirits of 19th century Richmond's fertile
farms Then so quickly in Blaze and Ruin:
After the road to Victory left a city Roadless, penniless and without a path to guide The question
of steam, power, engines and industrial analytics of the road grew new tentacles – With wings at
attention, a novel inverted logic of iron, river ways, road pikes and train tracks took Shape;

At times, the linearity of the path, the geometry of the road reached commanding heights of
Offensive politic, pathetic clinging's, and normative guidelines of built, build and burying; Bought
and sold; weighed and worth, gold roads and yellow brick cavities took to the streets again Their
own whimsical logic more than ever an illegible patterning persistent: Ubiquitous, our landscapes
howl with these maps

Lacking discernment, lacking a Waldo found in the mix – the road carries on in rain and
shine: Snow Leopard prints dot the white-coated rolling lines of paths forever
unnoticed Present and presence, yet often a compass or a watch leave no trace behind; A
phone's microwaving electrons in graphing papers or
A pigeon's weaving erudite skylark patterns, formed in organic mist,
May offer an outlet to the road's place

Etched into city spaces, country hills and gravel driveways,

Pacing buses and yellow brick roads all circuitous to a fault of humor:
And still, all dogs go to heaven
All the while the *roaded* streets and crowded peoples each carry potholes, cracked corners
and Illegible lines of cars, bikes, knapsacks and feet
All to hold, push, level and slice into the land –
No roads, no forks, no paths, no porridges are to be trusted

Those roads, which at first appear smoothly paved, perfectly graveled, finely trimmed in tune
Remain, so often, not main; rather, no name streets, grizzled and grave if also graveled and
paved, Yards of Miyazaki fireflies
Spirited cloudy effluviums of Faulkner's whistling wisteria's that creep, suffocate and weep.

Of course, the road traveled, keeps keeping on:
The up-keep drills away, hammering till dawn;
The shoe flees away those unwanted, those un-kept souls – lurking shadows of
detritus; The shop-keepers awning that casually yawns over the sidewalks plywood
square selves Each hold and keep: holes and whole, the Road's Yo Yo Ma singing
strings unravel Keeping always their own internal logic alive – in ruin, in dust,
In formless movements refusing to touchdown

Darkened hues, fires ablaze and material laid – the road runs on
Twists and turns, tide the flow to ebb and go:
on red, on yellow, on green; each tint with a Blue note so near at hand
A Hand that Holds
A Road finding novel voices as it goes
The straight, the narrow, the linear path moves as does the wind and the sea;

8

The shells, broken glasses and paths of pebbles continue to
lead Hh. -- GBQ

Paintings punch: drink up, gift out, give in
Colors crafted gently and lines laid warmly
Passion then language then silence then a-way-ness, a
veil Thinless, wireless, chordless in clotted cream
contours Blue and Orange horizons ineffably mix and
flirt
Born out and torn apart in transparent glazes
A gaze then a mass, a ritualized process = hinged
wings Fly, flutter and flow

Humble modest in a sky skinless
Stripped of its on being blue:
A way to blue, a way to a melancholic moon, a way
threw Collapsing paints grip while climbing fingers
nimble

With generosity drips
The page, the text, the painting, the view each new:
Room, vessels and reservoirs held in jugs breadth
Blurb, blurbed, a burp

Swirls that dervishes smilingly whirl, the wind pushes us
back, Straight into a ward tunnels of dark trappings
Material textured putty that blends line, color and form A
mouth hisses then kisses; swallowed, swallows, swallow find
Mornings of grace red cards in a deck
Patterned of drawing muses:
histories colors, languages pulse, papers flight
Names that won't sit, names that wont claim
And names withering away – defiance, refusal and
withdrawn Cradle a pond of glory, a surface fluid material
alchemic Passages praised helpless, now fruitful
Bodies born of backs blocked brightly and frames for
Formed forms fort of play, a full jacket – metallic not
steel Drifting Delphi circles anchor laced places

Pathos dangles and levity's scramble
Translucent truths fumble into games made formed ties Curled deeply
within sandy blankets breezing freezing souls, desert times Sheets hang
silent: no wind no shadow no distance
Only disruption – first flirts, touches, seeing and
Being,
Born boiled faced in percolation of
Coagulated directionless,
Content speaks direct size scales of justice
Held kindly softer eyes mossed gathered
Skating over icicles in whale flirtings skies

Nothing but the sheet remains with resonant tombs
textured Lines whine, crying to only gesture
Bites chews curdles
To dine
To hear ear clearing noises softly murmured
To sit spoken less and broken spoken to, be spoke
Spell then spelled, cast then casted each folded mold lost
Disappear, the fleet waivers the horizon one word flown
Effluvium puddles smother a sky blanked naked again
Stop, then knotted, then unveiled layered paintings
body Form and content
Clouded loss melancholia magnolia's bloom dust
blown Lost in the gauge-less land – landless

A draping of cloth and of grain
Clouds of cloaks, clouds of sin, clouds of cream, clouds
within Hooded and veiled light paintings songs
A whisper and a kiss, a sorrowful howl stilled, the stopped Soundless,
Echo fades vibrational techne roaring tumblers effusively tickle the mirror
sticks, steals and signs back
Up, in, down, out – again again again
And no gaining, no slaying, no blaming
Maybe just still and maybe just staying – with no name

3.

Softened eyes, alas, open
Upward,
A calmed head tilts
A whine's freshly budded aroma brews
A little smile – clean and pure – the first silver slivers
Of a summer moon's crystal crescent self hum betwixt a cloud's feather

A babe sits in bliss
To all of us:
A giggle, a hiccup, a soft teardrop offer gifts immense, worlds
anew Fresh beginnings
With a spring flower
Drooping calmly, then blinking lost in time
A trunk, a tree, a stem, a spine find more solid ground
Further repose
Grand majesties of opal's noise making in kindness
A more final textured gesture finds form in the formless
And a face so clean and warm Blah's away
To see the big blue world of ours
The seemingly grown
The ostensibly wise

10

The apparently aged
Each agog
All in awe
Every yawn
Lets our world, outside of the well
Flicker brighter again

So, we will try
We will smile silly
Swag with gay
As we hold
Her and him and all of us

To place her into the blue swing, in the backyard
The one hanging from the tree
Next to the grill
Beside the fire pit
Where the angels kiss
puppies piss and doves come to die

spokens spokes or broken wheels

Black and White, colors of the mesmerizing
A vacuum, a negative conjuring, the work etching and grave Dug into and
through, the wood, the medium, the conduit as is the message – Pulling, a
black hole sits still
Meditating with a magnet's pulse: intricately laced purple hued poles
pull Dragging a broken machine – dirty and recently cleaned
The bike stations, Parked.

Bikes and motorbikes; bikes, cycles, tricycles,
And then again still more miCd up bikes.
The wheels grip, the handles flip effortlessly,
The bolts loosened – now, snug in a Gordian knot of feedback loops and
webs, Always spilling out, often popping in, rarely stable fixed in gears.
Spewing and spindly, spokes poke free: no coating, no imploding, no
freezing.

Freedom from air, freedom from here, freedom from there; And
still, their sultry covered centers twist inward and down, Pushing
down, pressure in flux forms rhythm as Gravitas unfolds A foot
finds presence in the levity of ephemeral fulcrums:
Each ballerina touch, a swinging in-step of a seemingly solid something
– Molten mutations thinned into whispers of the wind

Towering betwixt and between, balanced on a wire, rubber inflates and rolls
on. The tide is the only ownership the sky can know
Onward, wayward and tiptoeing forward toward that liminal
edge The bike glides: Pushes and pulls *ad infinitum*, a wavering
fulcrum

11

Inches from the earth's open ears of ground
A seat that squeaks, a body bends free floating in a place that hangs above
– Above and around

Motionless and engaged the waters of modernity hiss
These dust-covered streets of rural mentalities, today forgotten Magic scenes: the
white dress flying, whimsical in the wind's blushing Those soft gusts that cool the

legs, calm the heart, cover the bike And the center holds, the pedaling revolves
again; there is gesture, there is motion To Stop: is to halt, is to not engage, is to
disenchant

Where did all the hopeless romantics cry away to

Different were associations then, edges and landscape held less to
chains: The edge felt in the clairvoyant cruising of a dolphins' fin
The edge seen in a sword's shine;
The acerbic tradition of disciplined
Intelligence edging near: an edge stumbling safely on humilities
heart As Lakes meandered, cups of tea in time
and strolls solemn alone are lost
As *techné* subverts timeless times, a bike gone
A tradition and motion made anew.

A car. and self. To be placed, or to do placing.

A belly of a sculpture that contains cosmos, carried lightless
levity. Then dark and a box: to box, boxes that rest and nestle;
kiss and crusted muses muzzle –

no room no new waves, no new faces, nothing but signs.

Infinite signs, indexes, a tire that swivvles, rips.

The contour is A. changes, marked again.

Infinite regress away from.

To sit.

Past is lost, the trees roots forgotten

Entanglement of fraught framed windows sculpted in design of
other, Design of one's own semblance, a past
A world now obfuscated, and sublimated with commodity
exchanges; Exchanges of quantifiable concrete,

12

Concrete jungles that dismiss a walk, a bike, a day that centers,

A spot that holds,

A feather that quivers only to find its home

Centers.

Centered again. And the thing, the work, the box

The bikes all move, breadth speaks.

Silence the greatest teacher.

Standpoints, pillars and directions present

Absence in domination, absence that imbues things with a life.

Potentialities that creep, resonating then humming

No avarice, no greed to know, to place, to diminish and replace, to atomize the work, the thing,
Art: !?art?! screams, art screams, bike screeches wheels howls to move
to place to sit to position

The pieces of sand breathe soft sighs – sexed coagulations

Toward infinites company comprises the entire beach.

14. To mr. Gass

Fictions: extensions, realisms, and prosthetics

Pose poised in a stardust sky asleep

Spirals slip infinitely

Circles within circles catch twisted glimpses

Scratched in Nazca lines

Stalks of maize manicured squeezing magnets to life

A labyrinth of stitches,

Sticks and stones

Switch places and twitch through threads like seamless Burmese rugs

Navigating collectively inside their own wits' end

Each looped swerve, sublime and alive

Scenic

Seen through glasses: flying, helicopter dives

To see: to look harder, to gaze further, to probe inside

An inch worms glowing firefly

Self, slinking;

Whining whimsically, slanted and formed

toward A Princess Bride's wholesome every last
wish,

Granted as you wish:

Goonie waters, Wellesian magic, and three witches'
warrant Stories in October and hero's to fall
Alas, atlas maps peel forward
Fade formless and find finer solace
In Halloween trickster tales
Draped in shining Jack-O-Lantern smiles

Guernican faces flicker, fume and fail
Holding our nervous twitch innards in pace:
Warring worlds; Masquerading Martyrs; Stony
Staircases Carry things on a final flight of fancy
A last trap set of steps
Circling in once more
Behold, America!

JJJ. MeriJoy

two old souls
stuck in suffering sewers
sloppy sidewalks seep with broken lover's cries
in Place:

a lost puppies final yelp awakes even the slumber of a sleeping
giant, a woman asleep under a highway viaduct street a couple
of stuffed animals – Miyazakai pigs chewing – each, wait wail
in silence

moving and seeing and kissing street signs
we, each a wanderer, wonders why
seeing hope and brilliance in a speck
a grain of sand
the blue neon lamps fatal hiss
a cry, a wish, a gasp
out out *brief candle*,
doused out in an inks splash
outside of the broken bulb
inside the neon kiss
between the incense smoke's last burn
is a place: a fire, a swallow, a kiss
fake fires pause:
an outlet overrun
a fatal plug comes undone,

a feral child runs to the sun

We all saw Leo's hand hold
Clasp
grappling for life, for air, for
tomorrow tomorrow and tomorrow
World's apart yet two bodies beside;
alas, our hands collapse
to see the weight of the world
to feel the elephant's mournful tears
to hear the final caskets dirt crumble
all present in the eerie metallic scream
of a shovel handle's snap

No Snap, crackle, pop
No more Halloween Tricks
No more Rice Crispy Treats
or gnomes climbing towering trees

A place:
Neverland, Renaissance fairs, and Narnia
closet's Elvish speakings in the Ring's
enveloping power pisses the night away

All Offerings, all longings, all love
These, no different than the empathy bound in
the Undertakers final digging of sand
A Grey gardener giving dead roses life:
blank stones breathe
naked weathered columns now calm
bundles of flowers flourish forever in sights
unseen; a gift of hope:
still and beyond, two lovers always torn
the myriad bodies in half, souls stuck

forlorn Maybe, it is, *is*, *is*:

a mouth with no whispers wishes
the momentous waves
the mermaid bodies
Job and the whale
each alive somewhere, even in 20 something today

Maybe, alive most still in days gone by
in a night's happening it did,
and does still;
Maybe most
In the poets swirling world in threat

In Macbethian turmoil that swarms
In the ghost of myth days gone bye

Rubens Hero and Leander
Our eyes, like theirs' pause -- leap --
Disbelief lapses in suspension bridges that hold:
Hero's Eyes stretch
Leander's feet glimmer
Our bodies scream --
A world of love in paint;
of love in clay; of love in dust
Two whales alive, inseparable
Even in a world that gnaws, chews, spits
Sprawled out babes barely letting babies fly or float to a life
anew Breath-taking awe stolen
WE all can see the solid prisons of the mind
So different than the fluid life pattern of bird wings'
reaching rectangular Rothko rest;
musically ornate rhythms hum: Patient, Prude and Proud

Life hopes still: melancholia and mourning only one piece of
grief one tiny slice of Life's cherry pie in the sky
a broken vase, an ache in the heart, a memory stolen
How rare Love is?
Where is the little we know?
What do we hold?
so precious
so precarious
so playful

In Love:
all of us, two of us, alone with us
more than connected in solemn solitude
more than playful and lusting,
Love and longing,

Not Disney love boats in small small World Venetian
skies zipping along
on Aladdin carpets with Jasmine black eyes

Not cars stalled in fragments of community where a key says
go; Zippo cars ignite with a dollar's flash
yellow stares scaring us to stop, maybe, or, Go SLOW

Not avarice in greed or depth denial of image, of sound, of
memory It all remains, the things we carry always pertain longer than
we thought permeating to the ocean's bottom

the bottom feeders home

16

where trash is collected, taken out, ridden of

Love:

more whimsical, more legible in the opaque
In unison with unicorns that enchant and believe
Darkened shadow lovers loom forever
Sacred like a ghost walkers call
In sync like an Orca's family tree of lines free forming
Things floating effervescent to the ocean's abrupt final edge

Air // Pace // Breadth

We dance in a ballroom with bright lights
ceilings topped with whip cream
bodacious bodies hover
Soar and kiss like plump bumble bees
a place of Love
With Rhubarb Jelly mansions in the sky
fried chicken alive still as it gurgles in a boiling pot of glue
acorns feeding the silent night's lonesome darkness

Who would have known?

How could they know?

Where does love stem from and where does it stray?

So often it goes on

On along, on alone

Forgetting not two lonesome doves

Once lost, then vivacious alive, two carnal soul's morphed into copulating couple

Loyal: Regal in humility and grace

Selena said we could *fall in love*

we could fall, smile, fail and flail our wings

directed towards and directed by a lost puppies

clipped sole tail

Come closer, frozen cream

A cloud bubbles over

Effervescent

Twirls of jellyfish skin

Peel back the translucent hiccup

Of white washed soap made free –

Formed foam

The feet of Venus' shell burps gently,
 Aphrodite is born in the glassy seashore of patience
 With an orange sky twirling in turn, dangling above

Our eyes, faithful,
 Feel full
 The sky's mouth sighs shut

A bulbous fractured father seeps downward
 While airplane antennae's brush
 Aside a cumulous ethereal kingdom:
 Pink to yellow Indian Paintbrushes
 Wind babies to Rain teardrops
 Lighted levity confuses lightning traps
 And evenly spun ceramic wheels spill
 Even the wings of a lone – *aged*, old and odd
 – Dove

These narrow Nevada canyons below pause
 Crevices creak softly in a whispering willows'
 wisp 'The violet parrots' fluorescent glow
 Perches a third eye upward:
 Sands, gems, pebbles
 Now each only a speck
 Duct flickering's that bounce our sight
 Shut generously closed the windows shade

All the while, the solitary space above – around and within
 – Howls in calmness unheard
 Patterns of the this miasmic ether undetected,
 undone A moving castle
 An apparition, time freezing, patterns frozen
 Jack's stalks in the stars
 Dreamers no different than the prick of a spinning wheel:

Blank arrows
 Barbed Eros
 And one-legged Sparrows
 Come to a hush.
 Hobbling amidst this place
 Residing here –
 A home heard
 A nest neat
 Every Thing made
 In a Jug's fallen image

MayBE Miss May, a place IS here
Final refuge for *his* Hollow Men
Scarecrow frames fallen apart
Crosses collapse in red hued dustbowls
The World always playful – deft and adept

18

Here, swept away
Whimsical flights of fancy
Dance buoyantly gay, above and
below Our hearts follow plump
fantasies
Full with blue brick roads
Apple orchards talking in tongues
Willie Wonka Worlds of imagination
The Things of the Earth simmer beneath
Scorched bright metallic mailbox's
shiver Bolts of Poseidon blaze leaves
Fleeing his seahorse home undersea
A Clock's tick, one matchstick
A tinderbox of flame ablaze in a hushed sigh

Here, The Tin-Man stammers slowly
Somewhere over the Rainbow
With Garland held safe
Her life and dreams suspended in
grace *Ding Dong, Ding Dong*
A novel hot-air balloon holds all this
Holding tight enough, held like a gift's
presence Wanderers carry these things fallen
apart: Dirt, crumbs, haystacks frame the scape

Alone at last
We are Home
Or, Headed homeward,
Bound and looking upward still
Free from the storm below:
Finding found objects
Familiar friends or frolicking feathers—
Our father's family— so often lost

Neighbors change pace
Childhood homes confused
Newly molded maps of terrain
displaced Alas, standing in the still sky
above

We see clearly –
Jimmy Stewart's lone night flights
Harvey, a hare heard, tall and
deliberate Clear in sight
Mr. Smith, not a casket in foamed
froth But rather the pinnacle of a
Nightingale's newfound sense

Hear, above in the Cloud
Owls can be trusted
The vanguard within this Nocturama need no eyes:

19

Animal bodies can see, Ghosts do breathe.
Green tinted visions are seen
Among the Graveyards swimming life
In a mirror's flashlight
Among the crisp lines
Of George Ault's Black night,

And a scene:
Lingering, noiseless in white heat
A melancholic murder of crows bows to the clouds The
World enveloped in a clumsily clad dragons final *puff*
Magic,
Fair is Foul, Foul balls made fair
Where wood vibrates soft into the Polo Ground's last
breadth An echo heard in the triumphant trumpet's
clamoring last call Silent and still, breathing deep the gathering
gloom
A cloud's last cry is heard no more
The rain falls

19. Telephone Junction Box
Two phallic poles: one, steadfast
Always looming,
In quietude the monumental tomb, chalky white with
light Holds center –
The foreground of mummified men wait

Time trapped in the photograph's pausing gesture
The wake of the distant sphere claws forward
Motionless and diminished three actors wait for
direction Two, a temporary apparatus:
Functionality, utility, the make shifting banal hold weight
Wires, the circus of electrical lines and a noise box –

Installation pieces for a dim lighted August ending of
days

To the men, to the people, to the country:
A white man stands, spine curved and *weapon* on
hip Platoon ready parading an Oliver Stone fresh
cut
Tightly trimmed top flat: marine ready, duty done
Elbows bent and eyes ablaze gazing forward
The young gents power envelops the turtle space of the ground
floor His managerial swag surrounds his person, place

Next, notice near here
A man sit, face away from the camera
Magnetic wires, Calamity Jane's circuit breaker with
speed Ostensibly emanate from the crown jewel of his
head

20

Look harder and we can see an apparent
apparition: A Cross, no X-rays here
Cruciform trapped in time, shadow on the blind side of his
cranium. Now, follow the path of the checkerboard shirt
upward Vertically negotiating the blank spaces neither here nor
there Encouraging us to pass through the cross' shield
The final threshold, the veil unsealed
To meet the electrical line
Plump tubing unfolds; the conduit dips its' wand

Our eyes are raised
Ever more skyward toward a remote landscape
Whose tiny-framed vastness sits on a cars' hood
Pausing, just enough or
Ever so slightly a blade of grass somber wilts
Our vision
Embodied tombs of boldness
Touch the base of AmeriGuh's White Monument for Washington
And alas, we see ourselves clearly in the glass blowers blank
sleeves Bending forward,
a most distant figure, tangled, sways and bows
to lean to love to learn,
In RePose
A body tilting, gestures succumbing to the wind

Superman 1962

A forlorn melancholic fist fades loose

Chiseled and hollow now lines crack
Deliberate black gauges form a faces horizonless
gaze: Lugubrious luxury left alone
Sweeps through the once thunderous bolts of possibility In a
flicker or cloud or flash chance diminutive roles snakes eyes An
ear, an eye, one brow – each a marked black
The cloud of green, thick vulgar and murky
Stew in a swamp of eviscerated breath:
Our superhero, our super man, clenched to dust
A shadow in a sewer more reminiscent of splintered
guards Stamped between a swath of greys and greens;
Molded gooze and grime

Where did the kryptonite go?
How did these hands fall so short?
What can our red-caped blue-blooded myth of
man Armored in skin and steel once splendid do
now?

A bloodied burden drapes the shoulders
A cloak to fly now weighted dismal
A disappearing comic hero with Cicero face and

21

Greek virtue chinked fortitude
Eyes a cape nearly gone

Magistrate

Magistrate: I majestic world above, alone
Two doves part ways
Kissing trees along the dust
A Goyan angel looms:
Suspension and aeration,
The world brushed aside and a window shut.

Curtains cool off as four angel wings sing
Grace to cast out
Off land nomads create a scene
Landscape bombards yet again
The red sea parts, a stage is set for Tomorrow and
Tomorrow Drama beheld in in the spectators magic spell of
Being Degas gazes, limps toe tip with fluttering nature at
their backs Stripping bare too many layers of skin
Upward and In
Vertical shades of prowess – potential heavenly script waves
free The clasping hands held high fermenting in sight

As Candles darken space, fabrics waiver
Under cool evenings light
Stamped gentle squeezing

A sigh, at last
Humbled breezing harken to center
Calm a desert draught of flight

Scraps, a barnyard blown

A rag or tethered cloth
Often news, paper scraps torn off: rugged
And ripped a past likely speaks wet
Moist faded mist softens through

Blank black evacuates, sometimes
Now, just in line one of the blurbs burps
The exaggerated costuming of captions seized
Heads disappear into white
Erasure

Ordered sure, or sutured to erase, What?
Maybe they meant
Embrace or Eros or Error
Not so errantly adrift from the letter boxed,
An envelopes home

22

And not to near a camps blaze or
White restraint in grace scenes

Still here the ground tunes in
Hills or peaks, icicles adrift at sea
Most White incandescent heads of sorrow
Glue frozen
Rows of line covered: in shade, in grooves, in
march Mickey Mouse black caps – all hail the king

Dark printed stones mark debris,
Penned typed hieroglyphics stamped out to
hear Nothing
Or, more precisely:
Civil strife blotch acoustic shadows once grey now
white Blue hat and grey gunning: slants of truth, pieces
of pie With all sides the sword bears a hum
A trace of happenedNess
Utterances smoky ash to dust
White light

Turn black into new
Red or Read; black or blue
Novel is terror made seen