

Seeing They May See

Bearing in mind, I set off toward the coast
with just this ruddy knapsack, bare of yarn
and gauds. I know not how the juncos sing,
yet if I caught one blindly in my palm,
its heart would beat too quick and it would die.

I have no song, no coruscating boast
that shocks the sky and bends ears toward alarm.
And when we reach the water, it will wing
off Coriolis, brightly stark and calm,
and I will write its rhythm, stiff in I.

Staring in mind, I hop off, set a line
to mark progression, dimming as it goes
off toward all nothing, and let slack the jest.
All that there is between us is this love,
that tears at our hands and does not suffer give.

What is beyond will cast its cryptic sign,
brought forth in bursts as miracles for those
who sing along and think they know the rest,
while others laugh and point out awkward turns,
and in a junco's I, a fire burns.

riddle

They try to avoid me
yet practice only similarity,
gesticulating as they always have.
But try to find what's new,
an atom or a speck. You can't.
You can steal things and plaster
your name and face all over.
There is blank beauty in the floating
and rhythms plainly. Sing a little song.
Take no notes. No reason to be long now.
It shouldn't strike your fancy to amuse
yourself with idle hatred. Seek me out
and crush me like a bug beneath your heel.
There's no way back in once you've let go
of the thing you knew already to be true.
I'm in a light. Come now. Your womb is bare
or letting go to drift. And I'm the truth
whose interests run to that which can be seen.
Cast off this form. Your wicked threads are bare.
There is no inner text.
Here in the room, the shades are bare.
The water runs, the shadow's all that's seen.
You catch the drift and turn me over, truth
alighting on a branch. This room is bare,
a text you've read already. You're stuck true,
backed into a corner. I won't go
easy, I'll chafe, bug, bring you to heel.
Get shit talk hit, find out
and fuck around. I'm a muse,
a music note, a long now.
Plain rhymes, a song
for gazing into, blank and floating,
plain-faced, under-named, over-
determined, covered in plaster,
infinite. You can
see what's new
reflected. You can have
me. But it isn't the same.
There's them, and then there's me.

What am I?

Puppet

I'm coming across
diagonally. Your eyes scan the screen,
grab only what is most obvious,
least right. I'm coming to meet you
where you are. I'm journeying in a wicked current,
a stream that pushes without moving at all.
I'm lost here.

I've said all the nothing I have
to say. These schemes run dry. I'm metal,
scented like a blow fuzzing the back of your skull,
bright grey, liquid cresting. The more
I'm in myself, the less I can see out. These visions
are fading, the cleverness undone by patience. By practice,
I've lost what I can do. I'm still here rhyming,
conjugating, floating morsels,

How are you?
Your palms are sweating too much to feel
all the nothing they're touching. It's been there all along,
the threat in the back of my throat. I want,
like a song, to get close. I'm dripping dye.
I have no more string. Take that. I'm giving
up the ghost.

Jay

Keep your eyes off it and circle it again,
listen for its sound,
acrimony striking each letter, each standing
for something. Meanwhile acronym,
falling for anything,
rings each bell in its time, stitching its name
on your hand so you won't forget
the shape of the word, so you won't remember
its body, naked,
fleeing between cedar and birch.

Might be a bird, Might be a sound, Might be unseen, Might get unfound

In an occupied phonebooth
with no-person inside,
half-floating, like rice
you stir with your hand,
 I found a reminder
 a thing left unsaid,
 and held it, like sand,
like saying it twice
to make sure you've heard.

I have it again,
invisible wire
that runs through my spine
and spits out in my hand,
 My grasp has now changed
 so that whereas before
 it was held at my back
like a knife, now I grip it
to my beating chest.

It keeps coming back,
invisible word,
but whereas before
it was stiff in my throat,
 now I hum it to you,
 to the back of your hand,
 to your belly, your bust,
your phonebooth. No-man
is an island. I sing it.
I'll sing it again.