

Storm

Blackberry clouds spin and it is Sunday  
The swings stop and my milkshake's straw quivers  
Father says to go inside to wait out  
Stop signs sigh with the evergreens this night  
She reads her essay out loud, each word six  
To ten syllables.  
Does this sound okay?  
Twelve cows thunder when the lightning strikes  
and Power leaves.  
Is the generator on?

Everything Short

Pleasure outside the elbow and ankle  
or stretching the arms – never familiar – releasing.

Though my head is clean I shouldn't exclude  
The jumble of negativity that a low

Bridge or two of my hands support, lengthening  
Me. Long Legged, thin, dispersed,

My bones and stillness stare together: even.  
I don't notice the steps backwards.

If the hand of that arm were square then I  
Wouldn't be overwhelmed with dissatisfaction over

The same quality: and, masked, then the  
Arm lengthens to a high arch,

Away and completed by the consequences.  
Nothing continues. I knew the causes.

Solitary, I can't spread a cold case,  
Or follow a simple, sedentary recipe,

Or comprehend that direction which drones a simple  
Syncopated frequency: everything short.

Breakfast Revision

Egg daydreams on the turquoise plate  
The tree nearby remembers the sun on that mountain trek  
When a sign muttered to beware of the track  
Or land of the midnight sun where they say *Tusen Takk!*  
I know your Tuesdays, your frying pan and poster:  
Eat toast, go back  
I'll make it tomorrow.

Deliver Us

“I feel death going: having thrown up his hands, for the moment.”

- James Baldwin, *Amen*

Endless coffee and  
Cigarette tricks for an enemy  
That types. Time to watch colors  
And pick up credit cards and remember  
Next Friday's haircut

No thoughts, head empty

All-nighter discovery: sunrises are more stunning  
When already awake, mishaps at 7/11  
and misplaced origins as our lazy laughter circumnavigates  
Long beach days. Further thought sparks the realization that  
Necklaces protect, further thought introduces an unexpected and  
Potentially terrifying analysis, so we sing strawberry pancakes.