

bastard blood:

infinity placed in the bottom of a cookie jar

pitiless darkness

in a disgusted disguise

raveled wrappings

uncovering all the trappings of wisdom

missed while napping on top

of tossed aside college tassels

calculators compounding hospital bills stacking into

castles, empires

reduced to simple empirical formulas fill

the stiff space between unforgiving galaxies

summer ice cubes:

I don't want to be the poster boy
for stalin sunrises of east coast boroughs
backed up oppression burrowing deeper
detestable splintering words that don't mean what
they were meant to to mean
dictionary pictograph draws a well versed
choreographed restful wake

extreme to extreme
patronized, a needle, thread, a need
squeezed from pin cushion fruit
battle lines drummed up
within the air of bands of flute
detoxified playwright plights

consolidated communications through
newsreel feed.
all the while
i forgot to feel
headlines appeal

victorian fountains:

birthed from boredom

wrapped in moses linen

folded in an origami swan

set free

on tranquil golden pond

Reflecting destinies for coppers worth

from the soft caress of your

hand you lowered me to poseidon

's careless watch

sailing upon it's serene surface

dissolving into a

wet abyss

engulfed in it's endless pit

I floated down to the

guiding sunlight drowning the midnight summer sky

placid muscles still reaching out

hoping for you to grab hold

anchored to this sacred

burial ground; I waited

cemented arms reaching

to surfaces of love

eroded into a grain of sand

a noble tribute to a host

that invited me into her arms

somewhere deep in my distress

I envisioned a dress blessed

by your wholly shimmering spite

tore to shreds by the demons that bite at you at every turn

Conservative Christians and Landfill Landmines:

conservative chorister in the clutches
of constipated clutter found around
the bowels of this old house
built in 1844 I say burn it down
coming around to the idea
a part of me or you coursing through plasma
metabolic waste spent on
dancing around your flame
sailing ships sinking in a sandbox
the glass half and half full
dripped into tea
hit off brave transient transference
time a relative incest
infesting with daydreams of
metamorphosis into a modern man
if we keep following through with
the things uncomfortable
we can get used to
much hasn't happened
all at once
if it did I misunderstood
it's smoke signals staring
out California house windows

Radio Station Labyrinths:

I see you clearly under

My magnified past.

All roads you chose leads to the

Vacancy that perches itself

in smug neon by the porch swing to

the right of the

swaying screen door of

My Heart

the cold baron's space inside. Me,

you fill with the turn of a Key (

in this very moment I

realize you've always held a part of

Me.)

You hold me

still

sensations I've had a burning thirst for

For lust saturated eons

secluded suspicions and

stale beer overflowing the cup

snuffing my maternal sunsets

plot ebbing regrets

drip by drip

seep into

morning coffee inquisitions