

Theory of the Deluge

Dying is a wild Night and a New Road
—Emily Dickinson

A flood is a practical application
that severs old evils from new light
 making first principles
a cage that captures nothing

but wind.

All the elements combine into a myth
of the soul as hero, a figure
of sticks and mud

travelling toward progression
 or somewhere else.

We press for the way things were
before the world wished it all away.

“Can you positively identify this
as hers,” or should we just not ask?

I myself wouldn't recognize
an Adamic event
 from a goat
run astray. Because animals

have their senses too, and this one
 is laughing.

“You should eat something,”
says the paramount leader

a tall-torsoed individual
not prone to closed eyes.
The spirit of each person
 is compliant

when it comes to funeral dirges
and the actions that might be taken
 to fix the issues at hand.

A one-armed man stares

aimlessly at the flickering scene.
 He is a photograph

of the brain on nature
or religion

or something else altogether.

Growing into It

Mind-body is said to be one and you could go with that, but for the vague pain that begins in the hip and moves up to the neck. Sometimes you forge ahead and sometimes you slip back to worrying about the difference between me and it, the picture of yourself as a fulsome being for which no answers are found. It's a growing diplomatic crisis, of sorts, where you remember the crash of the organ on grounds managed by a "century-owned" organization that denies you coverage. A warning: everyone is distracted when it comes to walking on gravel and the paranoia that comes with assembling for a wedding. You might be right about looking in the sky for a god holding a hammer or the late-summer bees acting to bring things down to earth. When you work for an algorithm and this is its event, there are no longer common minds in the paddock but only twists on where you stand on individuality. Don't ask what comes of sharing but ask what you can do for the culture of the community, loosely understood.

In the Market

Our contact agent
Is an alchemist
Tracking storms
And ebaying wick caps

She sweeps the region
For sloped landscapes
Healthy amenities
And family-friendly spaces

The Buddha has served her
In staying open to
Wax-filled ears
In her mother and an

Unholy alliance between
Money down and speculation
A kielbasa sandwich
Helps her to hold her ground

She's skin fresh and resistant
In a field of ticks
Welcoming us back
To watch a deer in fear of us

She doesn't hate our reaction
When we abjure the prospect
Of checkered kitchen floors
And way ineloquent spending