

## **A Hudson Portrait**

Moving between close quarters, when at its tipping point  
The chrome metal arms release their capacity  
Spilling whatever water back into the larger pool to begin again.

Here at the front of stone and brick the offices sound hollow  
Against the moss covered facade, drink the fountain  
Given by some kind person who sleeps now in some other room.

For this reason the bare can be tolerated in its quiet—  
Hopefully warm and curled into the momentary moment  
Where all those, afraid of change, are learning to love the sound,  
That brings them back into the field where choice is still possible.

In every instance there is some kind of pivot or shimmer  
Or arm on image held in the peak of these morning apparitions  
That trail into the shadow besides a lit window  
And makes the admirer, admire past the encounter.

## **Dinner Table**

It doesn't take much to start abruptly—  
A banal sunset, a dog on the promoted lap, asleep,  
Laughter among the gathering processions,  
While the child is found perforated by indifferent steel.

So now, as the columns shed their ornamental paint  
And the old image of the monkey, lined up,  
Who hears not, sees not, talks not,  
Is led by the hand of the promising to be beaten in the alleys.

“Oh, but what about humanity?” They chant in choir,  
“It was for the best” solemnly remark those who patiently wait,  
But the best find their words traveling short distances  
And the worst, as was said before, fill the cheerful stadiums.

Take to the dinner table then, where all ordinary tasks proceed:  
Passing of butter and feed what talk concerns the domestic.  
He was, after all, a family man, who, like us, wanted better—  
And so the pardon granted, laws pardoned, and the dead remain dead.

### **Water Threshold**

Sketched in caverns beneath the Louvre  
Where cars in smog pass unabridged  
Hangs the angel of memory

There I searched for harmony  
When he called me from his weighted brow  
With eyes that turned towards Paradise

The winds restore their lung, he said  
And from his beak began to draw  
The water threshold of my memory

Upon the ground the granite rushed  
In heaps that grew out from my back  
I must have searched a day, 8 months, in vain

He led me to the water's brink  
Where dunes washed out to meet the moon  
I thought I saw his face was Greek  
The nymphs fragmented tune

In fear I ran to him and cried  
The obscurity of the ass is clinging  
To the essence of the possessed  
And with a shrug he laughed amused

Below this city, pardoned and pretty  
Kneels the angel of memory  
And upon his cardboard sight it reads  
SOS, this was my inheritance.

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Nearsighted, I watch the amber sun approach  
From the grotto where all things reported  
By category and documents, feel a sullen breeze  
Pass by the mausoleum and into the hills

From the hills the shepherd is crying  
And ring in pieces down to me as words  
The blue shadow of the sun fills the basin  
The sun is blue in the amber shadow of the grotto

What is the difference between irony and silence?  
In the grotto the blue woman is crying  
From the hills the shepherd is watching  
A landscape fill with gaps and streams

The sun has lost its shadow in me  
The words take on their own shadow  
I am watching but do not see the blue woman  
Only a grotto amber from these blue silent hills.

**Addendum for a Cantata**

Archimedes point can not grant the alphabet  
In us, you see, it was a great mistake  
Among authors and authoritarians to conclude  
That words do not breath beyond our breath—

Silly as it might seem to think that words  
Have a life of their own—it's language  
That lasts, in the buzz that remains in residue  
A flux that opens up a space between

Here we inherit the gift, the responsibility  
Of what glue is left unsaid, the pause:  
The vast oceanic gulf of choice, not between

But of, the ways meanings become a web.