

Held

You are the family oak by the two-doored garage
my progress-poisoned father broke an arm building
a hundred years ago.

Our fields were snowed over then,
and not the gutters of new houses
now homes.

You endure wrapped every Christmas
in what will decompose on land
to what remains of stars, the wished upon
compost the generous developers covered
so that we could stay and I
hold on.

My skin will fall like your leaves
into soil for your seeds
just this year, before my successful son,
who I've suffered to love, sells especially this spot
where you will decorate me for centuries alongside
your lover.

Home is where my son's blood-victim fell,
with a playful push, from the family tree.
He tried to tell me the truth with words
I didn't understand, hoping for signs
of mental degeneration, to beautify
the horror.

What I've lived through, uni-demptive,
will give back, when I'm forgotten, climatically,
as if I was a once-in-a-lifetime season concluding.
Like you, I would have preferred, per year,
small bangs. To be even a haiku, just not
a universe.

Senescent legs didn't helicopter-twirl into billowing hay with each collapse,
imparting, ensanguined.
Sundered hands didn't breeze-dance above new driveways with each loss,
inspiring, putrefaction.
Spheroid eyes didn't nestling-plunge into boundless air with each tear,
investing, moribund.

Under the tyranny of biology,
I think how your family will drink me up,
through root-straws, as I remember
children, another annoyance who fought ending

in hiding-care.

I think how with my blessing,
out of dark matter will explode alive
not my daughter,
but yours.

In your heights, your lover was addicted to beauty, feeling safe,
as if you pressed blankets against my daughter's limbs
and ran rough fingers over her eyes, innocently basting
a meal.

I like to think that your stick-stitched progenies, old as fate,
make you—present—adorned against a snow-filled
canvas, untouchable,

that I am turned into a scene by what's behind me,
that I must only lift my arms and keep them

held.

My Cup

You touch my lips more than my old wife,
but how could I love you? With a red-handle knife
from the shed my Honey painted teal,
should I slice open God,
the natural fabric felt as zephyrs and grass mites,
and kneeling next to my toolbox with the loose latch,
rewire the laws binding Venus and the Higgs boson,
and risk short-circuiting the sun?

You promise a way to move on,
and when I touch you with these coffee-brown gums,
you never speak. I held you
on sands by over-poetrized waves; took you
on ergophobia-spreading commutes; drank you
after early lovemaking with my Sugar.
Heart-attack do us part.

I use you in quietude as I please.
You hold my addiction: without you,
I could not have started what I cannot stop.
And if I hurled you into the bricks I laid,
sent dripping pieces of you air-dancing,
I would sweep you into the trash indifferent.
If the police stopped by at lunch, we'd chat
about Michelangelo or the Miami Dolphins
as Sweetie, salting soup, shrugged off the mess.

See the protruding veins climbing
fingers along brittle bones under
a gold ring?
Of course not.
If I broke you, and sliced skin on your
shards, what came out would be
what can never come out of you.

Faithful cup:
what is not alive
is what I can only destroy.

Saw

Responding to Ode to Spring by Frederick Seidel

Intercourse—of course—
you(r) will forever stand(s) on the surface
of what you saw but never face(d).

What you saw you split in two.
Intercourse takes two,
to bring together what-is-apart
(forever).

Married-metal
saw(s)
(u)(s).

Beautiful intercourse—
over a course, as we face(d) each other—
would have gone deeper.

the present

you
refuse.

It—
before you—
present(s).

Not all gifts are received.
Take the present:

Kaizen

One step
no less
(no more),
to live and love—

so teach those assuming tomorrow,
those like us.

Step
one:
forget
everything for

now:
the temptation to look ahead.

Resist
thinking, traveling that road
of there(s) ever-turning to here(s),

ever-lost

Step
two: