

Minutes

I left the world exactly as I entered it. Said goodbye
with cold words in a coarse voice and
a swift slap of my left hand.

Went to work washing windows where
every pane led to the naked frame
of a soapy woman emerging
from a lilac-scented bath.

I followed her
to a long grass lawn
with dogs, children; others who cared
to listen, endless notes of a happy, sad song.

You shook me— the scenery
gone.

Neither place is real,
I say.

You ask,
could you be real
in this state?

I would like to be set free.
I would like to create my own catastrophe.
I would like to see what lies beyond your pearly gates.

You whisper not to worry,
I tell you not to wait.

Against The Precipice

The moon rises swiftly while crests of water hit.
Softly at first till clouds condense with
the setting of sky.

The sky is close to midnight blue with lightened shifts of purple from rumbles that do not break out of the cloud. The wind picks up causing waves to hit in higher crests and rain begins to fall.

A constant with no calm crashes in allegro beats.
The background drizzle of wind,
a crescendo in drops.

It goes like this against the precipice below a shack atop the rock held against the relentless...
pick the word: breaker, roller, comber, boomer. Or turn a phrase: big kahuna, white horse.

Pummels of water and more water, spray rises, pellets fall
till every plant (the shack has a garden) upon
the precipice sings.

The Letter

She gave me the letter at dawn. Rather, I found it at dawn. No exchange of words between us, no last touch of her hand pressing what may have been a love note into my palm. Would that have been better? I can only imagine it would sting like the smell of her on my pillow. It told me in her matter-of-fact voice, or manner of writing, that she was leaving... she was gone. What was left. Not simply her toothbrush and book of Robert Frost, but her haunting smile, whispering voice and lingering scent. After placing a match to a trashcan of wood and lighter fluid, I took that toothbrush and burned her smile. Then threw Frost to flames with her smoldering voice. Next, I'll wash the sheets, and she'll be gone... again.

Belletristic Entropy

Deserted eyes above a loch at dawn,
so oblivious that it's breaking. It breaks
off a day so mischievous it shakes. Shook
a wind rippling though water. And that water
once so still the lungs refused to breathe. Breath
held long enough to match the face to view. A view
that overflowed, dried, and all that is left. All that is left
a desert at dawn.

Luppen-steek

a dropped stitch

on the theory of the road...

that goes

and goes

and goes

a gig,

a train,

a moving train!

here as transportation

to fetch us faster than our feet

can change our current location

The cat on the side of the road was dead for days, then hours, then minutes, when the milliseconds approached life three set, and I swear I saw her hop back to the highway and get hit by another car.

a light,

a match,

a lighted match!

here to start your smoke

to slow the beating of the drum

sending vibrations up your throat

The cat inside the cargo was a person but I heard her purr, saw her sip on milk, and play games with yarn. I wanted to know what life she was on; it couldn't have been one unless she was that safe for she wasn't that young.

a word,

a sentence,

a ceaseless sentence!

here to ensure you listen

then send a source of sound

through the rear of this transition

The cat in my brain gone to bed awoke with an anxious heart. Feline ramble on and on, past flares of being bound. How much time was spent inside? Only out in stealth or mind. In return what retains the end to start