

A Healthy Revolt

Death aside,
it's the loop
that concerns me,
the fuzzy inertia spinning days
to static enjoyment,
endless revolutions
of encrypted achievements
haunting every meal.

I'd like to escape,
step over the electric fence
in my chest,
roll past the hard-won garden
into foreign neighborhoods,
and end up in towns
I don't remember,
but my unease keeps me here.

So I stay
and make lists,
organize personal mandates,
postpone passion because
we have so much time,
and sit
in my impromptu space,
watching the crows band together
and the leaves shake
in a windless mutiny.

We Strivers

The running fog guides us —
wrapped in its damp blanket —
to the center
where the trees are fine,
and we can lay vertically
like the hedges,

where we can see the scales of sequence,
feel the touch of last
before a season of study
and card-stock convolutions,

before dim light is lucent
and the cold radiant,
before we strivers are spread
like the disease we can't catch,
before the pressing ruin
of what lies ahead shapes us,
and forces us into dry corners.

The Thing

They don't want me
to write around the thing;
they want me to write
at the thing
so they can know the thing,
explain to their friends
in the quiet
what the thing is
because they understand one thing:
that no thing
is real.

The Head

These days
I'm all worry
and fear,
remediations
and undoings.

I'm all head
stuffed with fantasy
that portends the past
and washes the page — shocking any movement white —
keeping stasis ready.

I'm all interior,
since no one exists outside anymore;
there's nothing but flares and shots,
assaults and cracks,
reparations for all that will be done.

I'm all spent,
persisting to persist,
used up by the breathy fight,
the original struggle —
clinging to what could have been.

At Rest

The wall of brush outside my window
requires a simple mind to read it,
but I can't
rest the casting reels,
the skipping rocks.
I can only plumb the matter,
grasp what I can taste
or fight

and so I sit fervently,
ready to examine a thousand sides,
the charged nights
and hanging days,
ready to follow the feral cat
to her lair,
losing sight if I can,
infecting my wounds if I can — skin pocked, head unmade —
waiting for the call to reconfigure
by knife or air
or bite,
preparing the holy revision —

when I'll walk barefoot
into the trees, through the leaves,
down to the road
and kneel.