Bear Spotting

Weeks now I've been in Moscow peeking around corners taking backroads surveying the whole city. Even from a hundred floors up in an old soviet tower where nothing could possibly escape me I haven't seen a single bear.

But everyone keeps

talking about the bears, asking if I've ever seen so many bears wandering around a city.
No.

Yes, the streets are filled with bear talk reminding me in a roundabout way of the Japanese poet who, even in Kyoto, longs for Kyoto.

One member of the society of attractive Russian waitresses brokenly explained, *You're just not looking good enough*.

Bears for the beautiful. For the rest of us, the beautiful.

Wedding

The ceremony over, every room becomes a changing room

and the new suits are swimsuits. A bell tolls so movingly, it's clear

something unalterable has occurred.

The dock dives and recovers from boys jumping.

The plain sun includes a black strain—an excess of directness.

From the shore, splashed and squealing, the girls feel

unharmed and steal buds from the branches.

A Somewhat Chirico Weekend

I drew toasty breaths on the beach as one draws a sword, with Kendra in short sleeves, the two of us tossing our thinned sandals down starting from a green plausible log sticking down into the sand. What was pronounced was not done so all that sexually, as we know the difference. We uptook a small search ending in finding the final sandal hidden in a coral bouquet. Years suddenly went by earlier Kendra mentioned on the slow second-heavy morning and it was added to that winter is a secret no one knows today. She was carrying on about the living of life and there was no way around it we found within the enigma of the hour. I lifted a board into the black window of a bad fortunate house with and without charm and furniture respectively. In a color puddle empty coral shells showed off and water snails crawled over rocks wondering what they can and managing.

Lucky

This is where I stand in the yellow grass knowing of death what only a living man can.

Please do send more warm clothes on the other hand, keep them, forget it I am warm enough as I have noted above.

To be liked is really asking more than to be loved. And cheaper. Two cars pass—colliding gusts of nothing and something.

- I hoped he wouldn't notice me up on the deck right away so I could admire his gentle steps
- his careful hooves lifting and planting on the uneven ground of my woody backyard.
- I hoped he would behave as any sophisticated elk should introducing himself and telling me his business
- hovering through the weeds and upturned sticks, having the pointed teeth
- of the sun brush his coat without a word. I'm glad he didn't see me facing east
- and waiting for his address after such an entrance. His glassy eyes kept their distance, the stare
- of blindness rolled over from a past life.

 When he began to speak, he spoke about nothing
- hopeful, only some verses on his elbowy antlers, how they're as ancient as love, his eyes
- as blind. I didn't dare to yell.

 I combed my hair with a brush
- I produced from the inside pocket of my jacket and must have scared him off with my busyness.
- He leapt step by step into the wilderness, graceful as if his antlers were tied up with invisible strings.