

“Boys with Guns”

As toys or ways to catch their lunch.

Rumble of hand and arm

Trekking between line and can

Sonic boom, clapping ear drums

Paired with doubt.

Sure mixes up the dust.

“Some Lovers”

The trickle of cats tongues grooming  
Curling neon cursive; the only language I learned  
Soft shocks of light and wind chill  
Override the comings and goings of left  
Ear; stuffed up with gems from shuddered  
Kisses, music playing in the background so sound  
Cannot escape through the date and time that  
Secretive lives play themselves out like Shakespeare.

The weariness sets in upon sinned skin and  
Still do not feel a twinge of ill-will, at its poisoned  
Apple core some eruptions of flight cannot be  
Interrupted by loyalty and social norms; Self  
Serving is not racing cars and legitimate money laundering;  
It is embracing every spectacle of light and the way  
It bounces off of some lovers better than others.

“Two Thick Thighs”

Was home found between

Two

Thick

Thighs?

Came from a more deserted climate

But this place does the

Wet, Gravity Doomed leaves more Justice;

(A favorite, right?)

A trillion film stills captured in

Five years of eyelash tickling's

Against the rain spotted glass

Can't see what's far in eyes

Or near in heart

Always floating by:

Wrongs ever enduring.

## “The Dangers”

Born in school-house, baby blankets of poster paper;  
Higher halls were home, lower halls had root knowledge to devour.  
The college rested between blazes of airplanes, lost atomic bombs,  
And the Pacific, in its glory, slowly eroding the sides and dragging concrete  
Foundations out to sea; How long have we been floating?

Between the college and the adjoining public library, learned to walk,  
Mothers and grandmothers taught to read, helped me grow old,  
Then older. Old enough to talk to strangers.  
In the safety net of educated heads, well-planned events, and the seaside breeze  
I shook hands with death: didn't see him, he didn't see me.

The evening news described him as between twenty and twenty-five,  
Possibly Hispanic(wasn't) fleeing from Interstate 5.  
Hands that for a minute fraction of time  
I had shaken and thought nothing of him; He thought to spray bullets  
In the middle of a Macy's department store; Killed five innocent lives  
The police swarmed like their queen was inside the mall's glass confines; saw drops of red  
On the waxed, white floor. His footprints melted where life had once walked;  
left blood splatter in ornamental flowers we all have planted.

The dangers of living anywhere is  
Either home will be shared with a murderer  
Or you will share head and heart space  
With the murdered  
& sometimes it's both

“The Spider”

Every year I take the time to gather the seeds, spit, and soil,  
In order grow nuclear-diffusing sunflowers.  
I sew nothingness into being; turn stocked shelves into  
Fields of light and yellow magnets for birds and bees.  
This year, a white-banded crab spider took up residency  
In one of my varieties of sunflowers.  
Every day, as I watered and walked and thought about how  
Easy it is for humans to create other living things,  
The spider hid between the petals,  
Waiting to leap  
At some unsuspecting insect.

When her first flower died, I thought she would leave  
And go to another field, somewhere farther from my sunflower lines,  
But she packed her small spider-bags and moved on to the  
Next sunflower; of the same species.  
I watched her suck the blood of a fly,  
As she had another dead fly next to her in her lair.  
How many flies does one spider need?  
Did she enjoy tasting blood, causing death,  
Or did she just need to eat?

I checked on the spider every day  
To see if she was still alive.  
I wonder,  
If she does the same for me.