

Las Trampas

as if by chance
you are drawn down a whisper path
to a forest cove
where a strand of vertebrae and crow dreams
anticipate trespass

and there in a hollow
lie cream-colored catkins
wild rose hips awash in miner's lettuce
oyster mushrooms ripe with maggots
hazel buckeye black oak bay
and ways blazed
by foragers

don't go there

even now, amanita
destroyer of what was and is
craves your kiss

don't go

she will tempt you in twilight
to kneel on a pillow of death and duff
and reap overtures of golden chanterelles

don't

*be still
very still*

still, you won't see it coming

Meme Quarantine

Remember
that time when
I thought outside the box?

That's a great question.
So glad you asked.

Let me help
unpack that for you.

Basically,
it's technical, isn't it!

Not so fast.
What he just said, not so much.

It's like, truth be told,
trending now.

Trust me, you people.
That said, say no more. Right?

Black Bread, Rye

I nearly forgot how sour salt caramel
crust and crumb can lap the tongue
or how caraway and wild spikes
of fennel can seed a grin.

I hadn't savored that black bread, rye
from who knows where
since butter churned, someway
south of Houston Street.

The month after mama died,
my son baked bread that defied gravity,
my daughter rekindled ancient grains
and my wife drew back the curtain.

Winter fell, we took note,
blindly tasted and closed in,
bearing on a collision course
with an elusive bygone hearth.

A good story ends
with sheaves of wheat or slashes
that score the surface, living proof,
maker's marks.

We give rise, break bread
and leave the pointed end
for someone in particular.

Do Not Disturb

Please wait
until rap rusts out,
Reali-TV is wrong, gone
and Cryogenic Relaunch goes 2.0.

I can wait until euthanasia
bears your imprimatur
so don't be a brick shy
- more rest will do me good.

Before awaking me,
cue that Bach cantata
you know, the one
we played, come Sunday.

Best wait and wonder where or when
the here and now became the there and then
or am I missing
something?

Going...

Just as I came up
on the inside
of a fleet-footed thought
a honeymoon of a poem
segued by

going easy, casual as a coyote
vanishing at the crossroads
scribbling something
it chanced upon
along these lines, then

...Gone