

Lucid

The Man in My Dumpster

The man in my dumpster keeps to his own
business, so I keep to mine. Staring
at passersby, blowing on my coffee,

I wonder – are you married? Does
your red and brown pickup truck
fit two, or is it you and the cans

found in my dumpster? What a morning,
I think while you peel a used condom
from a Budweiser and toss it

into the bed with the others. I wonder –
are you saving up for something
special, or are you taking it all

in, moment by moment? The stench
of rotting trash ferments and mixes
with the memories stuck in your

nose hair. I think about the 70's -
a possible life – a story about somebody
I never met, but maybe have always

hoped to. I wonder – were you alone
the first time you met God? How did
you handle all the wonder? You've got

no room left in your truck. He'll have
to ride with the cans, pressed down
by his winds, clunking against the scrap.

Tyger Tyger

If you dare sit with me, still and selfless
as stars, you might see
I am not what I seem.

My petals unfold when beckoned
by the sun, my grasses run
violent in the seams.

My heart beyond the gates
of none, my roots deep
in the twinkling sea.

I am golden leaves falling
on cold stone; I am foxes
lurking in the melting snow.

Sharpened teeth and ancient grin,
stardust, quasars, sunset skin.

Sonnet #12

I think we could use a new ceremony
To induce Lucid Dreaming. We might
Need something you would never see
Here, like a man who doesn't blink.
I've never met a man who doesn't blink
So, if I met him in a dream, all open,
Gaping at me from across the table,
I think I would grab hold of him by
The edges of his iris and stretch them
Wide enough to fit my shoulders through
Because anything you can get your
Shoulders through is wide enough
To bust out of this god-forsaken jail
And meet lost lovers on the other side.

Sonnet #16

My dreams always take place in the same
Place, a big cathedral amalgamed from
St. Paul's and the various carpeted basements
With Styrofoam panel ceilings where
I went to Sunday School and tonight
You're teaching the class. It's Judas,
Again, that you've chosen, so I sneak
Out into the sanctuary, beams of
Variegated light hung in clouds of
Dust. You're every voice in the choir.
The harmonies get better every night.
I crack open the hymnal in my lap,
But every page is in Braille and I can't
Recall the last time I was blind.

Tadzio,

my beloved,
staring into the watery depths
of my empty Heart,

young and glistening
as Spring buds
draped in gossamer dew.

I am lost in you
as beasts cawing at
the Moon.