

Selections from *Echoes + Loops*

Everything is an echo or a loop

Everything's an echo or a loop

Microscopic difference

Between the 2

Swan is white

The dove is white

And the sometimes black, or yellow, or red

Sky blue

The hermit's home

Is too well known

And she's a baroness

In hiding.

Chemical bounce

Or a shot in the head:

Life as it unravels.

The man who created fire

Often discussed
How fire was discovered
In the woods
With a chance,
But there was still the first man
To build a fire,
Hold a spark in his palm
Red magic
Did he share it with a friend?

Wouldn't have.

Hellen was there to see
She was scared and hot
Like the first built fire
Easily extinguished.

Iao

God's axe smacked earth
West of Wailuku
Everything dripping
Everything wet
Lining the winding drive
Cats cast judgments like rods
—dripping and wet
Stone melted 1,000 feet in the air
Turned back stone again
Reach upward towards hell
Dam of flesh and blood
Dirt pregnant with kings
Today breathes silence
Pumping cessation through gallons of cool stream
Bubbling off as echoes
Cling to rocks, grass, green,
And my face, and my hands, and my tongue
A magi gift
Struggles bring me order.

An echo cannot be born out of time

Confidence is an unraveled knot.

A day in Dallas

I finished
Another poet's collection
On her couch.

I don't remember the poems.

Instead:
Sunshine through curtains makes
Stained glass of her skin
Drifting hair
Light body
Poised and bent
Watering succulents
Holy and peaceful
As a cross
Or for her a star or
Polarized
Tadpoles