

where we fold for the night

what would come of me
if i could walk past flowers
faster than a goat can graze them.

would i not pause to touch you
either – not notice or respond
to where your hair begins
behind your ear along your neck.

to the pulsing within
your petals and your luxurious kiss,
to colors bright as bird songs,
soft as whale songs, brash as a donkey's bray,

to the milky center of our eclipse,
to butterflies that quiver
feather-thin wings and balance the breeze,

to our eye lashes nestling briefly,
smearing beyond
where our temples tremble together.

pedaling whether

cool canadian air comes down
wiping snot from minnesota's wet hair.
cumulus clouds bask in warm rays
above, blown by cooler breezes below.

i watch a boy ride his ten-speed
up a hill, i have to wonder,
was he raped. would he climb the fence
on dupont bridge and jump
to the wheels and windshields.

is he stoned...stoned
enough.

does his heart swell
into a head
big as a hippo's
bulging against his soft pink
lungs so breathless, the shame
he chokes like barfing desert sand
and heat like barfing up the sun onto
the sidewalk along the fence of a bridge
at his feet...someone's dirty, sticky
stepped-in gum.

early sobriety

can you recall the barren years within
every minute without
booze, as the heat of it
held your child in interrogation, red faced
trying not to get caught and knowing
they are only asking, *how's it going.*

how do you say in german,
i'm afraid
the air is trying to suffocate me.
the sun is broken, water
has no taste...a stale taste, my skin is
invisible and buzzes like a mosquito
in the dark. when will my eyes see outward.
how do cactus mate.
where do i put my hands.

bucha

an old bear ambled upon a kildeer nest,
not fooled by bird dramatics...sat,
picked one chick at a time to chew
and swallow as if at a table with friends
snacking on a bowl of jelly beans,
squeaking pink and chewy jelly beans.

there are soft and beautiful things
in this world – please find me

i long to feel your whistle
wave through me and flush my feathers
into a quivering display
rolled one way then the next...unless
you intend to lead me gently
toward your pollens, nectar,
your bliss...my vacancy is yours to fill
and yours, mine.
you're free to bathe in my ebullience,
my mind, my mouth...wrestle
my tongue at your ready.

if you tremble the cavity of my life
with silky bat wings and plinking drips of water,
please answer the kadydid's call before you enter
and please plant hollihocks near the entrance
so i'll know you were here...kiss my ear
if you wish to wake me.

right now i'm dead
as you read this. my hyenas hunted me.
they don't go for the throat but the bowel, they eat
as they drag a man down...you're shredded,
consumed as you struggle. you see
your innards and organs
before you bleed out.
your spirit watches your bones carried off
for marrow and remaining meat,
to be gnawed in peace...you're leftovers.

soon i'll be ready to reassemble.
i can feel the coalescence
mounting in a swarm of winged ants
that have chosen this evening
to begin tomorrow
a new panacea.