

Haute Folie

All life finds its break in the ways haunted still
 by the abbot's mute walks to the carved figurini.
 Crawling along the shores of Rothéneuf, stiff
 days and stiff lines of rhythm with the sea's stroke.
 Every saint finds his face with a hammer and chisel's
 force. Erosion is fighting its battles, but the art has been made.
 Grindstone's pathway from Saint-Thual to a seminary's
 halls. The color remains in memory's cheeks.
 Isolation breeds brilliant cause in the cast-aside, a pointe-to-pointe
 jaunty sea. He could see what we couldn't in the ocean
 knights. From the great seminary in Rennes to the classic
 lounging figures attached to the pensioner's peaceful place
 mirrored then in the garden's-stained soldiers and saints maze.
 No newness of culture can replace the works of the lantern,
 ombre and radiant in warmth, bursting forth from the hand's tremor.
 Priestly offerings provide splendor, and his old Ami,
 quietude permeates the sea's scenic fabric.
 Remembrances of the importance of life and parish
 still him right and seals them to the shoreline,
 though they've indeed become eroded. We've been seeking pleasures
 under the guise of care and delicate bijou.
 Visionary in his striking support, corruption worked its dramas
 whilst silence worked its art between porte and beach.
 Xenial bonds with cleric and curator. Echo,
 youth is eternal and just steps from the shore's cusp.
 Zeal and zest welcome their place at High Madness, pure.

Three Days of Cultivation

“If you enjoy the fragrance of a rose, you must accept the thorns which it bears.”

– Isaac Hayes

Three days of rain fell, and the swollen ground rose.
The soft earth saturated became soaked sound and cradled the rose.

The resplendent light returned on a winding Good Thursday
to find a marble tomb wreathed by the righteous, white-crowned rose.

Nothing remained for us; we picked up weighted legs and ran to
a biting sting left all the more vicious by thorns around the rose.

The inflamed joint found root spread wider still in the
deepened leaves of the petals of the decomposed rose.

We flee from the cultivation. Deadheading and pruning,
but a restrained hope yields itself to the training of the year-bound Rose.

The Brilliant Staring Blind!

His work is the brilliant blind!

Solitude is never heaven.
Full eclipse fool isn't fruit.

What if there was wrongness?
A gentrified meadow drying.
The grass was browner than the calf.
And everyone's dancing - shaking.

Solitude is never heaven.
Full eclipse fool isn't Jerusalem.

The cough consumed the little man.
His eyes closed, and he drowned
three inches deep into dust.
There's no treasure behind the sun.

Solitude is never heaven.
Full eclipse fool isn't tongues.

His advice played out on Victrola,
But he was the passion grooved.
It came out by the post on shaky ground.

Up and out - the fences.

Solitude is never heaven.
Full eclipse fool isn't ascension.

He couldn't help but find nothing
in creating the shattered glasses.
Brilliantly spoken languages- utter
fulls udder brilliance by post.

Solitude is never heaven.
Full eclipse fool isn't rapture.

Piety and a lack of presence.
It's the consumption. It ate.
He looked up, blinded by lines.

A child went without a life.

Solitude is never heaven.
Full Eclipse fool isn't returned.

What if he was wrong?
It's cat acts and cataracts.
A wasted life and a beautiful
slack eventually pulled tight.
Pulled right!

Picnics are ever heaven.
The eclipse full-fooled isn't alone.

His work is the staring blind!

Hemingway

I never cared for Hemingway in my youth.
 War held little appeal for me.
 I should have liked him. The simplicity in his lines,
 drives, and the complexity of emotion.
 The only thing I understood then was the shotgun.
 It was a lighted ambulance and old injuries
 deepened in the flights and falls.
 Cradling it was shocking familiarity.
 There's a hue in each unwrapped loop.
 I lived in the darkness of one hundred forty fathoms.

There's this "Turnover" song that speaks
 to me. It's salted and tells me
 that it's fine when "I want to smash my face
 until it's nothing but ears." I get it, Austin.
 I was born there. Life didn't coil up on me,
 but it hasn't been friendly either. When I'm not
 thinking about Hemingway's shotgun, I'm thinking with it.
 It seems like there's nothing left but the shells.

I made strips of "The Old Man and the Sea" like a tuna.
 I fed on it, the struggle pierced me like a harpoon.
 The old man's brown, cramped hands cut open and dripping.
 The sea speaks like a friend, and the marlin is more worthy
 than the pangs of hunger and the days of loss.
 A sharpened distinction to the tenderness of a boy with his teacher.
 The tranquil care that returns luck. It would seem
 that the struggle itself is the victory and not the lashed catch.
 We batted back those teeth together, Santiago.
 Dimaggio was with us and pulled an oar.
 The proof is in the remains, skeletal though they are.

Hemingway finally reeled me in, or maybe age did the reeling.
 He unfurled me like a patched sail.
 He's gone, and I've considered the zaps that led to the
 shotgun. Sometimes your only friends are a sharp blow
 to the head. It's just the once though. Then the sea
 folds over us all. We're directional; north to south and east to west.
 The trade winds blow, but we don't all get old, do we?
 It seems that family plays a role in whom we choose.
 I pray that at the end of my third day,
 the shotgun won't seem as familiar as Hemingway.

Stars in Waltz

There is subtlety weeping through the stones
 Walking transparencies haunting wails
 Small-town grocery stores

Gas pumps churning out more than life
 Directions forever to the south
 Dung beetles losing sight of objects and hurtling
 With a resounding metallic slap through whipping underbrush
 Day breaks needles over thighs, eyes of sightless virgins
 Evolving into stars that bow to each other
 And resuming the waltz, they waltzed before

Oh, sweet ape, sweet holy child
 I want to remember you in Darwin's line
 In the past, when fleas picked themselves
 I picked you from the soot
 The ovens baking babies and pushing
 Stolid regret in the shape of loaves
 Care to see the future through the eyes of those that will never be?
 Never be one of the children

The stars, precious balls of glass
 Fueling the equator and a way of wearing leather
 Gorging the selfish until their belt bursts until nature's dry waves, swinging and undulating
 In Iowa, give themselves up

Where the men see potential
 As direction
 As the way to connect to gravity on the ground
 Trampling baby's breath in parade
 Feeding the coral snakes
 No friend indeed, but the snakes know the end
 Know how to write
 Marking stripes, diamonds, and scales since before the fall

With its weathered old men, had forgotten the green
 We have forgotten spring and the tree's eggs
 Cracking beneath frostbitten earth
 Premature
 Having no way to crash through the hardened loam
 That second shell
 Henry, you're lucky you didn't know
 Couldn't have

There is rhythm in our self-destruction
It has destroyed me
I know you believe