

On the breeze

she sits
on the rock wall
of a garden
and tilts back her head

she sits
sunglasses perched
on a delicate nose
like a blossom on a twig

she sits
under a jasmine tree
its scent mingling
with grey smoke

she sits
pulling on a cigarette
as slender as
she wishes her body was

To the Jester

To Bart and Calvin

Never the valedictorian
measuring worth in grade points
Never the burnout
slumbering safely in the back of the room

Praise be to the jester
who rises for first period
and plans the escape
from boredom, to whom silence is unbearable
and whose giggles are uncontrollable

who is countered by disapproving glares
down condescending horn-rims
and is lectured about disruption
as if this time, it'll be different

who tumbles down long tiled hallways
past Masterlock tapestries
on the way to the office
of the executioner

who thrives more in detention
than beneath the weight
of rules and regulations and codes of conduct

who straddles the perilous line
at the precipice of
showing off and underachieving

who aspires to entertain
as an answer to obsession, an inability
to endure the mundane

who denies the routine
and challenges the silence
with laughter and mischievous smiles

Praise be to the jester
who wakes to carry the sun on his back

Fall Together

In late September, Boston
becomes a shade
of autumn
with which
California
can't contend.

We were warned
that to eat fruit
from the tree
would be to die.
Now birth is painful
and we must sweat
to earn our bread.

Shivering bodies
nestle, that November night
when he whispers
Watch the stars drop.

There's a place in Yosemite
where, in the winter,
gallons tumble over,
dropping from high
cliffs overhead into billowing clouds
of mist which crystalize
in the air
before reaching the bottom
in thick drifts.

I'm doing my job
so well,
thought the umbrella smugly,
as the rain
changed from
pitter patter to pounding

against its taut hide.

Galileo ventured
that gravity worked equally on
a brick and a feather both

White Noise

Nonstop raindrops
a stream of tips and taps
against a window
splatter, punctuating
breathless moments
between lightning's birth
and thunder's cry

Echoes in the Void

Shards of memories

like stained glass: bright

tumbling apart

into the gaping abyss

into the hollow within people

all wearing black

surrounding a hole

in the ground

Emptiness

echoes

echoes

echoes