

SPRING PATIO

Silk pajamas and scissors.
Wet leaves left to cut.
Her fat cat follows, sniffing.
Purple blossoms fall
through gray mist;
moisture covers all.

Bend and cut, snip.
One hand holds up hair.
Cat on its back haunches,
laps from the lotus tub.

Warm winds suckle.
Green and pink preserved,
readied for nurture.

NATURE, FRIENDS, IS BORING

The heavens refract
into blue tongues of fire
atop the white chop
of the rough lake waters.

The stealthy rat scuttles
along the base of the batture,
trying to sneak past
the unwary duck mother
to snatch one of her eggs.

The cottonmouth swims, patient,
beneath the wood deck,
hoping the crippled duckling
will make a fatal misstep
and topple in,

and the blasted red cork,
forlorn, forever bobbing,
stubbornly refuses
to go under.

SOUNDS

The snake in leaves
nearly knelt on.

Child Rahsaan blowing
on the garden hose.

The curt slam
of an angry door.

Scotch on the rocks
with a splash.

A cathedral pipe organ
played in German.

Quail bones crunched
between strong jaws.

A lazy cypress swamp
passing gas.

The spatter of rain
on a volcano.

Ellis going bongo
on his F-hole.

A mullet jump.

Fizzie Time.

DUALITIES AT DAY'S END

There's just one catfish in the cooler,
but what a fine afternoon it's been,
partly cloudy, warm and breezy,
a leavened slice of early May
snuck from a February freezer.

To the west, a weary sun slips
sullen into sheets of gray,
taking his leave with a angry wink,
a warning of what is to come.
The low bed starts to glow, and turns
into a crouching dragon, fire flowing
from between the scales of its skin, then
the sun reaches rest and explodes,
sending a crescendo of vivid hues,
pinks and purples, orange, reds and blues,
to splash against the walls and ceiling.

To the east, the baby moon peeks
from beneath her fluffed white blankets,
then lifts her head to look around
her early evening room of blue.
She sits up in bed to catch my eye,
her pretty round face full of smiles,
as she is the river's daughter,
and reflects down on her mother,
for she knows she is golden ascending.

"Dear God, what glories have you sent
to please my non-believing eyes;
a hot, magnificent sun in set,
and a beautiful, warm moon-rise."

EAT, EAT

I will block your senses.

I will make you eat
the ripened pond lotus
risen high above
the basin mud.

The broadleaf oaks will bear
silent witness
in the blinding sun
of fall coming.

The fig will bare its fruit
in an attempt
to distract you;
let the birds devour
its bloated purple ware.

The lotus will cry quietly
as you take her in,
her tears clear marbles
rolling down
on the pads below.

Chew the pulp slowly,
and crunch the seeds.
Place the long stem
to your cheek,
and make a wish,
but don't tell me
what it is.

When you awaken,
there will be a new cat
to climb your lap
and kiss your lips,
and you will hurt
no more.

Now eat, eat.