

## **Brazilian Landscape**

The houses on top of the middle  
checkerboard hills  
look out to nothing  
from the window sill  
except kept grass flecked  
unwelcome with dew.  
Perhaps a kept chicken  
in the yard, a dog, a duck or two.  
The horizon this side of the valley  
shows the mountains not seen by you  
farmers on the inside too small for sight  
from here, a tree, your land,  
the range past that a cyan view.  
Finally the dawning sky causing your pane  
to also be relentlessly flecked  
with dew and inside breath,  
perhaps pointed to a circle  
veiled by our scopeless eyes,  
a drawn smile from the child  
waiting for our sun to rise.

## **Good Advice**

You said I was an asshole and I would pay the price.  
I said, "thank you dear, please grab me another beer."  
Looking back, it seems like good advice.

On your birthday you asked to eat dinner at a nice  
restaurant. I refused and you unamused  
said, "if you weren't an asshole you'd pay the price."

For my birthday I suggested bourbon on ice.  
Top shelf, not something else, I was specific and I yelled  
when you failed to take my advice.

I was forced to meet your parents not once, but twice.  
You said I must lest my sex organs rust.  
I submitted, an asshole forced to pay the price.

You asked to move in; your old home overrun with mice  
I replied, "get an apartment, they're cheaper." You smiled  
and said, "I told you, one day you'd pay the price."  
Raised your glass. "To the future, I'm taking your advice."

## Luppen-steek

a dropped stitch

on the theory of the road...

that goes

and goes

and goes

a gig,

a train,

a moving train!

here as transportation

to fetch us faster than our feet

can change our current location

The cat on the side of the road was dead for days, then hours, then minutes, when the milliseconds approached life three set, and I swear I saw her hop back to the highway and get hit by another car.

a light,

a match,

a lighted match!

here to start your smoke

to slow the beating of the drum

sending vibrations up your throat

The cat inside the cargo was a person but I heard her purr, saw her sip on milk, and play games with yarn. I wanted to know what life she was on; it couldn't have been one unless she was that safe for she wasn't that young.

a word,

a sentence,

a ceaseless sentence!

here to ensure you listen

then send a source of sound

through the rear of this transition

The cat in my brain gone to bed awoke with an anxious heart. Feline ramble on and on, past flares of being bound. How much time was spent inside? Only out in stealth or mind. In return what retains the end to start

## Minutes

I left the world exactly as I entered it. Said goodbye  
with cold words in a coarse voice and  
a swift slap of my left hand.

Went to work washing windows where  
every pane led to the naked frame  
of a soapy woman emerging  
from a lilac-scented bath.

I followed her  
to a long grass lawn  
with dogs, children; others who cared  
to listen, endless notes of a happy, sad song.

You shook me— the scenery  
gone.

Neither place is real,  
I say.

You ask,  
could you be real  
in this state?

I would like to be set free.  
I would like to create my own catastrophe.  
I would like to see what lies beyond your pearly gates.

You whisper not to worry,  
I tell you not to wait.

## **The Pull of Pulp Pales in Comparison to Your Shampoo**

I sleep next to a copy of Howl  
but I would prefer  
to its fiftieth anniversary edition  
the comfort of your body next to mine  
sleeping through everything while  
I watch  
the subtle rise and fall of your breast  
or on your stomach the still of your back

I would play you the piano quietly  
a soundtrack for dreams  
which is all that you have become, silently  
to me