

Breaking Glass

A doctor once asked me why
stones should not be thrown
in houses made of glass.
They should, I replied
I said, they should how
Else would one get out?

(Or think of Alice reflecting
at the core of mirrored shingles –
mind-menagerie, jungle of fragmented selves
ogling, or smeared leers
and everywhere eyes with nothing
to wipe away
distortions, but bags
and bags of broken stones)

But he was not amused
and scribbled and smiled and conjectured
with his eyebrows. I glared
through raging eyes glazed with fear
and darkness all the way through
the Rorschach blots
building beaming rainbows to castles
and castles of refracted logic.

(Tears are constructed of such rainbows
And rainbows of such glass)

Fingers pressed to the window-pane
with the world whirring wide and past
I wept cold as any stone trembling
all the way to the facility.

Amelia on Her Birth Day: Take 1

Your mother cried through the laughing gas—cried
biblically, "Get it out of me!" and you
flooded out, long-head, wild, and alien blue,
a sluice of mucous and blood, new eyes wide
open to a chilly ward with strangers
beaming at you, like cannibals, in joy.
"Overcooked," one nurse chimed. And not a boy,
we knew, when Ann shrieked, "A niece!" What dangers,
we are, with our love, you'll know all too soon--
molding you to a sad, misshapen need--
but, for now, we'll let you be: urgent, freed
and piping your fair, obstreperous tune,
swaddled, tucked into your mother's arm nest,
voracious, sucking her still-milkless breast.

Amelia on Her Birth Day: Take 2

Your mother cried through the laughing gas—cried
biblically, "Get it out of me!" and you
flooded out, long-headed and alien blue,
Jaundiced in mucous and blood, new eyes wide
open to a chilly ward with strangers
beaming at you, like cannibals, in joy.
"Overcooked," one nurse chimed. And not a boy,
we knew, when Ann shrieked, "A niece!" What dangers,
we are, with our love, you'll know all too soon--
molding you to a sad, misshapen need---
but, for now, we'll let you be: urgent, freed
and piping your fair, obstreperous tune,
'I am, I am, I am, I am, I am.'
Now free me from this milkless form—*goddamn!*

A Fantasy That Nothing Matters

Picture time gone

and a world turned to glass.

Here, a blue glass man holds a white glass

handkerchief to his red glass nose

in a blown glass park where the brown glass boughs

jiggle red glass leaves and dwarf

the green glass blades of grass.

In the distance lie enormous glass turquoise mountains

where waterfalls of silver glass stream over black glass rocks

while the jagged wings of crystal birds hang overhead.

And all the colorful glass people in all the glass towns

look on and look on and look on.

Suddenly, one marble statue topples.

The glass world buckles and shatters

and the stained glass sky comes crashing down.

And in the ensuing silence the smashed glass world

shimmers like a dangling neon jewel

under the gleam of a midnight sun

while the face of a marble nihilist statue

stares out coldly from beneath the rubble

of what was.

Picture

a gull shrieking
to cancel his aloneness
framed within
a postcard sky
that cannot be
delivered.