

Briefly, A Suspension

Chambered tightly  
The dark fluorescence of  
A morning flight  
Over the sleeping Earth

The hours engage ice --  
Seconds crystalline  
Snowdrops --  
In the advent gasps  
Of January

Briefly  
A suspension  
Like photorealistic sketches  
Between living and  
slumbering

To allow the quiet  
Collection  
of  
Our discarded time

## I Am No Longer

I am no longer bent by the cold  
Although my hands are numb  
I stare straight ahead  
When mighty water freezes

My feet are forward motion  
To my modest home  
The tips of my locks  
Are penumbral ice

Invoked of destinations  
In my time  
In winter jackets  
Razed to blight

By German churches  
Pensively froze  
With garish shoes  
In a covenant of booze

My winter jacket  
For intestines inclement  
For the longest seasons  
Of snow that should be known

Not a December day was my bone  
A refuge  
For gilded dreams  
But a cage bespeckled  
With frost and cream

In home or in town  
In bed or by teacher  
By desk  
By streetlight  
Crawled the gray  
And the white

A pervasive inconvenience  
Bepopulate with faces  
And meters  
Rhythms and signatures

It tried to write in my own hand  
To write, like me it tried to  
Know

Warmth beyond the season  
A season of mist  
And fog

I try back  
To see  
These characters  
Hidden in the snow

To not be bent by the omniscient cold  
But in hand, along, grow young and old.

A Merrie Melody

To be animated  
Means to hit the ground  
From a great fall  
With mere frustration  
And a great deal of pain

To walk away

Not to die  
In a colorful flurry  
Of bones and brain  
Like bunting flowers in  
Expedient bloom

To let go

And recollect a day  
With limbs at peace  
Iris-out  
To a celibate scene

To accept

Your immortal  
And discolored way  
Nearness to  
Death  
And tasteful doom

## In A Blue Room Full of Outer Space

Why is it that  
The last thing I remember before  
Waking up is how safe  
It was to be  
Nothing except  
An idea in the mind  
Like fish behind glass  
In a blue room  
Full of outer space

With open eyes like  
Careful dolls  
Exquisitely peaceful  
In schools of quiet  
Intention

Two-dimensional  
Movements  
I used to make as a  
Child with a game  
And a joystick

This world of 3-D  
Is an angular proposition  
Too full of body and  
Gravity

The weight of which excites  
But like fear  
Drains the blood of  
Rose and rancor

What we'd give to be  
Lines and rays  
And circle nets  
Geometry free to  
Be at the mercy  
Of dreams

Wished up by mathematics  
Obscenely keen  
To the limits of our  
Arc length  
As a character in a  
World

Written  
Left to right  
But up and down  
On pages we cannot see

The spine of which  
Invariably  
Is a figure eight  
And a double zero

You Think You Know

It was not what I intended  
To be after all this time  
You think you know  
You know how to be

But then out of nowhere  
The right way becomes  
An incalculable sign  
Mended and  
Gauzed  
It is not made fair

You think you figured  
It out  
How to act and speak  
And then you've done it again  
You've outdone yourself  
This time

The very gymnasts of  
Human existence  
Have suffered an injury  
Requiring assistance

Executed, to exquisite  
Perfection  
Every time  
How

Could it have gone  
Wrong  
How you ask

Can you have so much to say  
And never breathe a word