

THE BREWMASTER'S POTION

A church key of precious metal
a requirement of entry to my amber salvation.

Children of no consequence await
to facilitate my bucolic transformation,
to rejoice at my temporary disappearance.

They frolic in the transparent wasteland
setting trip wires at the edge of interference.

They are, after all, versatile and amoebic
in their youthful flexibility.

I drift on the amber ocean
as dusk comforts me in silk sleeved arms.
No sail set, no destination, no motion,
uncharted, unencumbered channel of ceaseless drift,
horizons fading on the aromatic drink.
The foreshadowing glow seeps within,
a spider vein circulation,
warming insufficient organs through osmosis.

The anchor sinks, heavy with doubt.
Long line fishing, awaiting dark-hued dream fish,
pulled from the depths to thrash about,
gills bursting red, giving up their spirit
for my emboldened fancy.
Attempts to convey their desperation
are inadequate and juvenile.

Soon they succumb, to be returned
to the depths, food for the faithless cannibals.
My kin, my progeny, in connotation learned.
Exposed to darkness, innocence shocked,
stimulated, teased into recognition.
"Grow up!" I say, "You little shits!"

O faithless sun, giving up sway
with the sky. Only a cold pale shank
reflects from the lurid day
as your distant kin traipse the bounds of heaven,
the icy edges of nothing.

Pulse thunders as Maeve's terpsichorean gambol
ignites my loins. Cogency dusts away on scented winds.
Balance is freely relinquished. A gift to her frisk
and favor. O to touch. I tremble. I fall.

I plunge, limbs twisted, tentacles
beneath the amber ocean,
arriving in a diseased reality amongst jovial derision.

Rust colored bottles, drained of the elixir, fly
below the sound of breaking glass and apologies.

Amnesty is unavailable to such as I.

CONTRAPUNCTAL KISS

I. Assignment

Proprietary indifference provides entry.

Your fascination, alluring, distracting
preposterous madness with prevailing lust.

Bloodstained image of desire, begging
to touch, to hold, to feel inside.

Returned empty and unreal, crusty and
dry like farmer's hands.

What to do with this? You skitter away
and I am left holding
nothing.

II. Pawn Shop

Proprietary indifference allows permeation.

In shadow envelope, I wait, kneeling
behind broken tools and transistors
until lights cease the florescent hum.

The lock resonates in silence so deep
Rilke's message vibrates the air.

Hearts and gizzards, souls and other plastic parts
locked in mahogany trimmed glass cases
dormant and distorted by belt buckle scratches
and children's fingerprints.

III. My Bitch, Oxycodone

Proprietary indifference encourages swallowing.
Years of accumulated grit grinds into my knees.
I can get up now. Can I get up now?
Dank atmosphere, thick enough to see.
wobbles around me. Beautiful porridge
spills from my cranium and splatters
on the spider-shit concrete. Head implodes.
Searching in darkness for my stolen muse,
I trigger the alarm. Imminent arrest, or
escape, or do I just
break the glass?

IV. Titanium

Proprietary indifference allows escape.
Sealed and healed, feeling real,
with superhuman sass, I kick the superhero's ass.
Breaking bones. Breaking laws. Breaking free.
Mean, and oh so unclean, a sheen of sweat,
sweet smelling and slick.
Romping and stomping until the
globe shudders. Eyes burn through the
steel cartilage of skyscrapers, then
fall on you.
I am done.

Invoice #14931
Santa Marias Cathedral

Hanging by a thread, not a thread really, but a 600 pound test nylon strap.

Not that I need it; OSHA regs.

Still, it takes the edge off.

It's two and a half stories to the ground;

old stories, stories from a century before air-conditioning,

a time when stories were longer, hotter, panting for ventilation.

Dusty or damp, the atmosphere hungered for escape through the spire.

The lawn lies below; the distance between life and death.

From my perfect perch the town rolls languidly into the undulating countryside.

The citizens of the evening have awakened.

They gather below in their isolation.

Those who profit from desire assemble at the oak entrance

seeking their own redemption.

The purveyors of pleasant poisons,

wrapped in *serapes* against the empty chill,

tug at the wrought iron handle.

Young women, wizened faces providing solace to universal travelers,

temporary release to men who have lost the ability to love,

slip into the shadows of the sanctuary.

Tithes are paid.

Accounts are settled.

Sinners, miscreants, transient souls seek her.

This is her house.

She needs nothing from me save my technical virtuosity.

I need nothing from her save the payment of my invoice.

We are strangers.

I find the fixation of the masses fascinating.

They pay their penance to the priest to seek her counsel.

One by one they approach her dank sanctorum.

They light the candle and place it among the burning offerings.

Each wick releases a thread of black soot to grease the ancient rock wall of her chamber
facilitating the liberation of a prayer.

She pities the pleading pilgrims.

Tears trickle down her porcelain cheeks,

moistening her sandals and dampening the hem of her humble garment.

As the dampness evaporates with the lengthening of the day,

it couples with the soot from the candle flames.

Finally melding with the tortured prayers,

the concoction of salvation struggles toward heaven.

There exists a moment in time

just before I slide the final tile in place,

just prior to attaching the antiquated fastener,

one request reaches God's ear.

