

Restless

It's a knee-cap crack kind of day.
The jalapeno poppers sputter in the microwave and you wave,
Two-fingers-to-eyebrow cool-kid wave
The party crackers are snapping and we're all wearing crowns
Of colored paper, called Teenage Confidence.

Praise Him fire and hail, snow and ice, blasts of tempests that perform His works.

The fireworks look better in your eyes than they do in the sky:
What are we supposed to do on this wind-whirled bluff,
When our bone marrow tells us that we have invisible wings
That we should jump, careening towards blue
Skimming waves --

Their words are smoother than oil and yet they hold darts.

Your words are running at an easy cantor,
Romanos with the honeyed scroll (but a little more devious),
Your words are running at a canter, canteen's open
Dripping dark onto red clay,
Your words are dripping from your lips but all I'm thinking is how much
I want to kiss you right now.

Come, let us build a tower that reaches to the heavens, so we may make a name for ourselves.

Hanging by your legs from a tree with your crucefix askew,
It's tax season and you're claiming
That tree as a dependant --
"God," you say, watching
Professor Geezer with his chunky white
(dentures, tennis shoes, scalp dust)
"God!
I hope I never grow into an old fart!"
And I say,
"Why do we assume God speaks English?
If you really want your prayers heard,

Say it in Aramaic.

Does Google Translate have Aramaic?"

And I said, "Who will give me wings like a dove, and I will fly, and be at rest?"

Restless fingernails at 2 AM,

When all we want to do is rip off the earth's crust and dive

Into molten metal (the metal in our blood is humming),

But the only way to go is up, up, up,

Forget the hair we've got static electricity in our brains and Oh!

How it longs to be free!

I said, "You are gods; you are all sons of the Most High."

When you bite your lip, your teeth are so shiny --

Do you think the corner store is still open at this hour?

Because I could eat --

Yes!

These streets are ours tonight --

Let's steal them, before the morning light

Shows us that our crowns

Are still made of paper.

Indian Summers

Hang a crescent moon in the sky
Hook it through blue silk, cover it with dark wool, and tell me
You'll come home.

I've sent the birds away -- they were never good company.
I've squeezed the days until they agreed to shorten
I've decorated our house with blood-red berries and tongues of fire
And the cells in my body are cracked, too dry to weep for you.

Did you know they burned down our favorite forest?
Flattened it for the house of someone I don't even like.
Now when I find myself drifting through an empty sky at 2:56 AM,
I don't know where to look for you.

*Yesterday I was carrying laundry and the stair under my foot creaked and
I thought it was your voice and my heart, leapt and I grinned ear-to-ear and
then I remembered and my poor heart dropped and bruised herself on my
ribcage because of course, it was only the sound the stairs make when they're
too dry.*

You were always my first love.
When I was a child, you ran kisses from my lips to my toes
And covered me from the shattering Blueness of the sky.
I felt if I let go I may tumble into it,
Newton's fourth law of motion;
Everything that touches that blue will never come back.

My love, my love, why have you forsaken me?
The blueness is making my head throb and everything is so dry
Someone shouts, "Quick! Name a cause of death!"
And I say, "Spontaneous combustion, due to the lack of the love of rain."

Puget Sound

In the Plant Rehabilitation Zone,
Where the moon-faced bluffs have been shown to be
 In critical,
From under her salt-tangled hair,
And eye-to-eye foot-to-face with a wood-smoked mountain range,
And through a fish-eye lense,
She

 is stunning.

She, the cold womb of lifetimes and digger of graves,
Who with a gentle touch wipes away houses built on sand,

She *screams*

And ghosts slip from her crested foam.

I peer into her yellow-green depths,
Hoping to find the answer
 to some question or another,
But her glassy surface shifts
And I see only my own ghost staring back at me.
She calls to me with a gull's voice,
Moaning that I left her here in a lemon-iced mirror so many years ago

And I never knew.

Traveler, be wary when you peer into these rippled waves;
They will drive you mad with beauty.

Sebastopol, CA; Or, Self-Love in the Time of Global Warming

there's a guy with a guitar biking the wrong way up Highway 12 no hands no shirt no shoes, and no service 'cause "where two or three are gathered together in the Lord's name there will He be also" but this guy ain't worshipping, it's just him and his guitar and a big sky somebody ought to take a duster to since i'm pretty sure it's not this color naturally. one time i drove alone in the passenger seat of the car with a man that never loved me and he said, "Fuck it, let's drive toward that unnatural sunset until we hit a bump and fly right into it and burn pink and peach, stripped of skin by sunrays glancing off the sahara desert where time is only a distant relative." and i said, "Instead

let's stay here and philosophize with that tree. he looks like somebody hooked a pair of jumper cables to his nose and turned on the car engine and the electric current made all his branches twig out and now he'll never recover from the shock. i bet if we ask him how the hell Cool Whip is dairy-free he'll change our lives." and the man next to me looked at me like he'd never met me before and didn't rightly want to, and then he almost crashed the car and because i was stupid and in love i thought it was all my fault. but as it turns out i'm not the unnatural sky or the tree with ringing ears. i'm the guy on the bike with no shirt and i finally, finally finally finally finally finally need only Myself

to be loved.