

the way the ground shakes

or the holes in the walls
where you would be able to see the guts of the house
if the house had guts.

it makes good sense that our limitations are so
tight around our cute little necks
and our ambitions are knick-knacks
collected on end tables
sit for years and are eventually
thrown outdoors to get turned over
ashes to ashes junk to middens.
daylight from citrus oil
lampshimmer tomorrow
the crunchy foot prints on the flash frozen grass
the architecture of the water structures that come
out of your sigh.

I'll watch till there is nothing to see,
let my fingers linger in my hair
scratching under my hat.

shivering whispers sew the buttons on the morning
the intrigue has been woven and fastened like this
for as long as the deep sky went blue
and blue to true and just, just
out of reach, your skin, so soft just under—

how do the weak wonders rest
their troubled feet and great heavy heads?
the steady lonesomeness lovely
almost passing as longing.

The fever climbs about cloud cover high
And stolen away
A bit longer you must.

look at all them letters

all the damned things flitting about
blustering and flummoxed
colliding and colluding
just outside this window
on all the awnings
squatting and cosmic

I want to talk about what holds me
I want to talk about gravity

the newspaper from two days ago
filled with rain stuffing the gutter

we continue to be surprised by violins
yell across the living room
as if we were in a crowd

we're just pieces
there is nothing but life
happening between us

but the sky
the atmosphere
and beyond our weather

the whole mess
consciousness is such a delicate accident
stars don't cross
two lines
expressed in tons
of wood, gold, and concrete

“and by the way thanks for that”

half-assed over the shoulder disputes
lobbed like a split pomegranate in parting

we were in the kitchen cutting onions
and someone came in
we pretended we were at our wit's ends
that strange region where men weep

a tangle of ropes
the path of least resistance is atrophy
sometimes decisions waiting to be made
make themselves
evaporate opportunities
and inaction knots an expiration
no

living past tense
all the moments of knowing
you wanted everything changed
line up like constellations
flickering moot way way up

and I trace these stubborn lines
'look a seed
a bulb, a tuber'
back toward the last times I wasn't myself

underground amateur astrology
root structures drunk moon shine
risky I felt those nights
when who knows who circulated
through the little back alleys
and sloppy veins
crocheted byways
when seeking definitions
go through motions

I still find a stray hair
here or there
a polka dotted sock
when my underwear drawer is almost empty
and how many years since that smile glinted
you won't remember

the handkerchief situation isn't half as strange as it seems

because this contraption scratches
tilt your mouth
and what voice chooses
come clean for once
bones after the flesh has rotted away
a wolf big black bird with hunger
a feather a hair a plume of smoke

we'll go on and on
wondering how 2 people in complete agreement
could argue so long
"I'm not lazy I just don't see the point"

imagine if we picked any direction
and just went
but sometimes these directions loop
5 years in circles
there used to be formulas for these sorts of things

out of boredom
something pretty is molded
with my preachy voice
that clears out subway cars
mind the gaps
how many "well the names aren't important"
until the names disappear and the places follow
leaving dull skeleton stories waltzing around

I'm 2 stepping this 3 step dance
"my first love was a boat"
independent thought like buoys suspended
rope worn round the wrists and ankles
cheap juvenile jewelry

lately through this strange irrelevant term
seems all my thoughts fall about
neither here nor there
I've been thinking about people living in their heads
I like imagining them miniature
pulling down eyelid curtains a warm glow still behind
I wonder how they'd leave if they wanted to
I know it's fancy but I'll bet the ants still get in
maybe through chimney ears
and march their numbers along the skull's walls

a few resolutions ago

Nothing is set
run around and around
New year's eve
We'll drop our own ball.
I'll try not to play the accordion.
My sweet, what?
I am almost out of space.

Oh what wonderful geese you have, ma'am
and what a sigh.
Even the mailman gets a raise
and here I am still jobless,
a big green apple.

She left last night
and they're all praying for you
green peppers...green peppers.

Cross the 'i's and dot the 't's
let them talk about despicable so-and-so's
and we'll throw in an orange wedge with our two cents.
Read it to me in your real voice.

Let us send messages on rays of light—
No, no, give me primitive construction any way
tic-tac fingers and swollen pulleys.
“Ain't no rest for the wicked.”

a post-modern post-script:
Nothing is set
We moveable parts.
Run around
around
and I breathe deep..