

Hedonic

It hurts not to
combust. It hurts
like love. This
body, the icon,
the carrot, the sylph.
This body, this
seamless slug.
It hurts to be caught
in history
on one glossy page
in a magazine. It hurts,
it hurts that this
is what you will like.
It hurts to stop
the momentum of
bodily love. This
little vortex. It hurts
to cry nude to the
jugular hum of the
universe. I fear
the odd pitter patter,
that I will never escape
the body, the freedom tease.
A sunset tucked
behind my ear.
I am insane and only
my bones, only the
weight of my bones
is real. I promise
the melting world.
I promise it hurts.

Who's not who?

I stayed up to touch the irrational, like you.
Above me floats a used body book

I purchased to learn your body,
as I am to be the scholar of all bodies, yet

it is the irrational body that makes
the poem I wish I had written.

-

The body hoards itself;
packaging foam, packaging foam.

The body is a listening bell;
Jesus chrome, Jesus chrome.

The body is an urgent message;
vibrating phone, vibrating phone.

The body is penny wise and pound foolish;
crafty gnome, crafty gnome.

-

My body is comfortable
with the nonsense of waiting

because I was in love with a planet.
Ah, yes, I was in love with the far away.

We dated long distance.
He sent me frequencies.

I was a fool in love.
We never really ended things.

-

The body is waiting made flesh;

dappled scone, dappled scone.

The body is a pharmacy of emotions;
injection zone, injection zone.

The body is forced into maturation;
long toothed comb, long toothed comb.

The body gets some channels and not others;
radio bomb, radio bomb.

-

While the paper walls in my brain sop with dopamine syrup,
prayer enters the nostrils and exits the shoulders and knee caps.

The flower petals change
into cheeks of old women in my hands.

-

The body is an icon of all dogma;
rose pour l'homme, rose pour l'homme.

The body is a married couple that never talks;
mushroomy loam, mushroomy loam.

The body is a fecund theater for the performing arts;
retro home, retro home.

The body loves a matching set;
clinging om, clinging om.

-

There is a cottage-core phantom buzzing
around my Disney mind, lost as a rainbow at night.

There are dances waiting in the painted trees of heaven.
There are beliefs I can pluck and fondle.

-

The body is a nipples torrent;
lone rhizome, lone rhizome.

The body is a capitalist redux;
buffalo roam, buffalo roam.

-

All bodies descended from the first predator.
All bodies descended from the first predator.

-

The body hoards itself;
packaging foam, packaging foam.

The body has three choices: possess, destroy, replicate;
deepening gloam, deepening gloam.

The body is not finished;
vast biome, vast biome.

The body is a lightning storm in a pita;
love poem, love poem.

Flipbook

With my life
I want to make
you laugh

musical and primal
colors escaping
the flipbook

where poems float

in the air like moss

pluck shaggy
handfuls for you

some glamorous

night bloomer always asking

did anyone see
me at my best

or was my timing always

irreverent maybe I agree

when we try too hard we go deaf

now I wish

had I opened the window to you often

I wish I had spent my time
with abandon I wish

I carried you more

and quit my job
at the opinion factory

it is hard for me
to wrap my mind
around

this gift I want to give to you

words

can only point
their long shadows

towards
the feelings they hedge
all this life

in me now

check the mic

the feedback is heavenly

Wandering Vertically

Today I am a good listener
which makes me feel
a kind of blushing
pride in the small
victory of waking up
and being available
a yellow finch outside
looks like a candle in a tree
perhaps I look the same
from just the right distance
at a certain angle
on certain days

I like to go wandering
vertically
the stars feel closer
than my list of to do's
find a healthcare provider
bathe the dog
grade papers
write a poem
that I will surely not understand
a blank map of transcendence
can be read on its side
like rings of Saturn
reveal great cities
or scenes from Footloose
at a certain angle

on certain days
the squirrels in my ceiling
make their God-
awful noises again
their God is a perfect nut
my God just gave me another hit
of some celestial pituitary opioid
to keep me writing
line after line
like a muscled star
or transcendent dog
with star crossed eyes

at a certain angle
I like to walk into a river's
irreverent embrace
Pocahontas' song
stuck in my head because
everything comes with me
my whole life
everything I own
suddenly the river owns
my life of little ducklings floats
through the absent minded world
there are rivers waiting for me
there are fish transcending
there are planets pulling
my next breath
whooshes around my heart
at a certain angle

distance is relative
to the combined eye
of a fish and a bird
my God anonymous
watches me run
in the toddler Olympics
I fall down go boom
there is that pause
of shock then maybe
one of us laughs
one of us cries

Miss

the dance should have ended by now

I should not be rising up dragging the others

they are right to resist me, a bride bull

facing the end, boots moored

in the sinews of earth

the end is coming slower and bigger and slower

I throw myself onto a trampoline

and get thrown back up into defiant ballet

weaving and turning ecstasy

of flight again and again

it is what violins do and clouds, believing

we can live like this forever, and

when the end comes or we come to it

we don't quite know what it looks like

so we miss it