

FIVE POEMS

Pan's Handle

You talk like those books
stacked on shelves nobody looks at anymore.
That stagnant pool murky with age and absolutes;
it's there because you're here.
It lives because you feed it.
Spare a dollar, don't make me holler.
We may be born from different gods,
but we are all children.

The needle points without waiver,
so sure the medicine is pure ,and society stretches
like a dirty rubber band that just won't break, and
these cities are packed with humans demanding
perfection – the price is always right.
The metal suit is union-made – one-size fits all,
but my soul's too fat, and I'm not going on a diet.

Sleepers

I like to imagine death like a nap with blankets,
blue blankets, cushioning my tired bones –
drifting, dreaming, in a dark boundless bedroom.
But I've never thought about being buried.
My friend Zach has – said he wants eternal rest
inside a baby blue coffin with a stork painted on it,
exclaiming “it's a boy!”

I drove all night to see the sun in the windows
because your eyes were tired and ready to sleep.
Sat on the couch next to my mom and told her
if I ever get cancer I'm moving to Greenland.
I visited Greenland's website last summer and
their main industry is fishing and
sometimes the sun doesn't set for months.
Sometimes it doesn't rise.

There wouldn't be a lot of people around so
I wouldn't have to worry about people being *around*.
How nice to fade into the ice, a background of blue
to sink into, where the only sound is the sea around me.
The gulls will be the mourners. They're good at crying.

When is My Velocity?

If the night sky is a big umbrella
what is it protecting us from?
Is the rain any bigger in outer-space?
On the earth the darkness moves left slowly,
shadows shading sleepy cities.

Newton doesn't think that time can be traveled
like spinning a new reel of film.
Billy Pilgrim heard from the aliens
that time is like a range of mountains.
I have a lot of clocks around
all talking different times
because I forget some times to wind them
or their plugs get pulled out—
I like to think I'm un-stuck.

Thirty-two thousand years ago
people told time by the moon.
Soon they started staring at shadows.

For G.

Sunday spiders along and I am covered
in seed. The air sinks and stinks a fine gouda
gone wild. In one hundred years all that will
be here is this Georgian style manor house,
with its strangely beautiful toilets
and secret staircases that lead nowhere.
Do animals think buildings are beautiful
the way humans admire a landscape?

If I die with an apple in my back,
I hope they don't pluck it out when they dig
me down. I never liked worms, they remind
me of disembodied blood vessels.
But apples remind me of my mother.
At least my carbon will have company.

A True Account of the Lights in the Sky Over Glen Gardner, New Jersey

Billy, in Haiti they think that the witch doctors
take dead bodies from their tombs
steal their souls and bottle them up in vials.
Your soul would be yellow,
like the bandana you wear biking.
But don't worry – they don't actually do that...

When the zombies come for us
it's not even gonna matter
whether you can stall a foot-bag
on the arch of your left foot.
Even a freestyle foot-bag pro
can't kick zombie ass.

But in the zombie apocalypse
you would survive at least
fifteen minutes more than me
so when the hoards of brain sucking bastards
leap on our backs and bash in our skulls
will you try and save me?

If the aliens come, speak in hieroglyphics and
teleport your body through your bedroom window
and you end up sending me interstellar messages
scribbled on paper planes, I promise
I will believe you.