

Windbag

She lifts a handful of hair and pulls it straight back
to illustrate the effect of her friend's "wind"
when discussing politics—his force-field
magnetically charged emotions
propelling his opinions.

She stretches her cheeks' skin
like in those old jet acceleration test films
to emphasize her point
and I forget which politics her friend's is
so charmed am I by her physio-metaphorical adjuncts
to the verbal story-telling, like mime or dance
nods and elbows of ah-ha moments
more persuasive and fun
than her friend's forced didactic rhetorics
all that hot earnest air, all
those bags of wind.

Far Out

On a whim, I looked up the phrase “far out” in the 1998 Oxford Dictionary. There were only two entries: 1. distant 2. avant-garde, unconventional. However in hip jargon circa 1960’s-70’s, it could mean depending upon context and the speaker’s inflection: heavy (as in profound); cool (as in groovy); wow!, sad yeah (as in I hear you, man); all of which and maybe more I heard in one sitting from the hippy Farm’s gateman on my first visit in spring of ’73. He just couldn’t seem to hear it enough coming out of his mouth, like an informal subconscious mantra: far-out—yada, yada—Faaarr out—yada, yada, yada—FAR OUT! And I thought if I heard it one more time I’d scream and begin quoting something from Shakespeare or T. S. Eliot’s *The Waste Land* if I’d only memorized parts of them, which I hadn’t.

Later, I got to know the gateman.
He was far out.

Elegy for a fat friend

tired of being fat
failure at diet
she got drastic
gutted her gut
cut most of it out
but it didn't like that
it fought back
it had a mind of its own
stronger than bone
a biblical appetite
it burst out
broke her dam
how dare her
hem it in
in the end
tummy won
belly beat her
her stomach
killed her

Timeless

Naked we lay
 in a huge white bed

luminescent green sea
 at our feet

but tilted up
 like a Cubist painting's table-top

and teeming with opalescent waves
 waves like almond eyes

opening and closing merging
 and we together

mesmerized in immutable
 unfathomable calm

 or so I thought

for when I turned to look at you
 you
 were gone

Van Gogh's crows

hover
above yellow-orange fields
of thick daubed paint
and are just brushed
black zigzags, cawing
in a fire-blue sky
their indistinguishable feathers
moored in a torpid wind
and below them
a green rutted road
disappears...curving
into a different
color