

Sonnet 1

Flame-charred skulls cried red virgin tears
As the last breast of kindness suckled the moon;
A fever-dimmed star in a room of bonsai stasis
Amid the familiar aroma of plum purple memories;
Souls chafed raw by bristled clouds
And lulled senseless by chanting ghosts;
Vaporous whispers escaped from a silent tongue
Sweetly delivered to the floating flute—

The remnants of departed dreams
Adorned morning's pink triumph;
Sunbeams mesmerized by struggling dust
Blazed brighter than an instant;
A diamond shimmered on the velvet lap of darkness
And a cricket chirped in rhythm's throat.

Sonnet 2

Ordinary obsessions collapsing extraordinary skulls
Like starving hyenas ravaging their own innards;
Catatonic recluses hiding under scorpions' shed carapaces
Grinding to frigid pulp the snow's melancholy;
A low-slung destiny dragging
Like a bear's autumn belly across the frosty tundra
Grumbling with hibernation's ultimatum
"Eat your fill or die"—

Parasites of hope dangle like ancient ornaments
From pines oozing perpetual sweet promise
Capturing ants in mid-step
Which die dreaming of the Queen;
A slug's glistening trail
Scribbling across time's engorgement.

Sonnet 3

A tantalizing innuendo of feet and toes
Tormenting the viscera of abandon;
A tower of red-painted toes wiggling wildly
And his tongue the lonely climber
Dangling dangerously from a kinked rope
Attached only by a tiny silver clip
Of lust and hope,
While he climbing climbing gropes gropes and gropes—

His parched love-battered soul fried;
He asymmetrically grinning,
A slow rise of crispy crinkles;
Daydreaming a fresco of candied candelabras;
Tumble-dreaming the twinkling bottom of bottomless,
Over and over to never and always.

Sonnet 4

A cross-legged Goddess
Weaved a smile on his heart's loom,
Beaded with crystalline limes,
Lasting a brief eternity;
He wished he was a snail to grind,
Sliding along the freeway to love's mill;
He wished he was a brain savage
Having denied himself the addiction of thinking—

He smoldered in lunar embers,
Suffused with moonglow effervescence,
Stung by aerial starfish,
When the gray morning murk
Was blown away by flaming petals,
And a sword rusted on a moist mound of cool moss.

Sonnet 5

Saffron mountains in the distance
Floating along on breath blown by numb gods
And bored giants;
Luffa domes of sanguine philosophies and tart prayers,
A loosely bound canon of nudges and groans;
Hard pressed cider dreams dripping through fluff puppets;
Banana-breathed mongrels howling sweet death
In hollow pumpkin darkness blinking luminously—

There is something nameless,
Even in a tidal wave of words,
Trembling with delight,
Just below the curved bow of measure,
The meniscus of knowing,
An algorithm of liquid silence!