

An Overnight Nest

appeared like a package above the front porch.
I would think it best to avoid the porch light.
A back-up incubator, I guess, in case of intruder
or flighty mother, or a bald-eagle-like talon fight
where they're locked in, spinning, falling to earth.
The world at its worst when you're big eyes
and a wide open mouth, before you can fly.

I turned on the porch light to admire the architecture:
long, thick under-sticks for support, breadth,
then thinner sticks, a mix, a bowl of softer stuff.
I'm sure those blue strands were pulled off our carpet.
The world at its best when you're sitting soft,
squished between brother and sister, singing for
mother, who returns with a story, dinner on her breath.

Marvelous

It is, grandfather, it is.
When her slippery face
emerges and her slick
brown hair slides back.

I laugh, like you, I laugh
at her crocodile eyes, as
still as a swimming pool,
floating just above the level.

But I control it, the upswell,
no kickback of sound
or emotion, phlegmy onslaught
of the smoker's cough

that leveled you, under surge.
It is, grandfather, it is,
when her pacified eyes emerge
and her nappy hair blows up.

She's shaken and lightheaded
at being back, sleep a slow
sort of submersion. I observe
like you. It was the first

thing you said on seeing us,
swaddled, *marvelous*, it was
your pleasure word. I feel closer
to you than ever, in position

to be there for her, like you
when you applauded me
and I still had water wings on
in the white hot, high rise

(Marvelous cont'd. Pg. 2. New stanza)

apartment pool, Fort Lauderdale
between the ocean and waterway.
I'm stunned, mesmerized
to be back there, unfettered.

She holds me here as you did.
It came off the top of your head.
I cannot say it out of the blue,
laud as recklessly as you.

And How!

I have an idea of a three-legged dog
and how he goes about it, chest falling
faster than he'd like, sworn in, at gravity,
then chest rising past sweet inhalation, a trip
to troposphere's top, an upset vanquished.
That he coasts on rollers doesn't make it
pleasant, but my imagination can't be undone,
even if I step heavenly, tread heavy when I run.
But there he is, a thing, a being on his way,
black fur makes for fuzzy triangle ears, blurs
his lines, yet he moves with a vicious exuberance,
an eloquence to be. I find him full in the night.
He pauses to look at me languishing in grace.
Then he gets back to it, and I have no idea.

Grand Daddy

A Navy cook
With mouths
More mouths to feed
On Tinian island

Western Pacific station.
On break one morning,
He posed for crew pictures
With Fat Man and Little Boy.

Imagining the fire tsunami
That would roll over the city
The second, third waves
The open air incinerating.

While cleaning up the mess,
Heard the Enola Gay
Rumbling down the runway
Rising like a mother bird.

Imagining the Japanese
Looking up at her with hungry eyes.
In shock, he said:
“We don’t start, we finish things.”

Quietly shipped himself home.
Looked his beauty up, down, up, so
Hungry, oh, what a mess they made
Mouths, more mouths to feed.

Imagining the wild scramble for teeth.
Identifiable piles among ash mountains.
They made more, more as in mourning,
Unable to make up for

What broke one morning.

Glasnost

There weren't stalls, no frosted glass anywhere,
So we showered in our Speedos.
We had some Soviets on our swim team
Who shampooed and soaped up naked, but
They weren't half as bad as Reagan said.
They had run off and finished first so
History couldn't book them.
They were free even from our freedom.

He was little Leonid the Russian kid when
He swam with us, then quit, then he's golden?
Years later my lifeguard girlfriend is training
With the junior college and there he is but
Now he's Lenny and he's swimming again
Toward a scholarship toward the millennium
Toward the gods on Mount Olympus, how
Could they not favor him he was so otherworldly
At work. Years later he shakes my hand and
Remembers me, thank god for transparency.

We couldn't see the worldly in him then
And now he's a local you'll never know.

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