

Ghento

Saw something wild,
rolling
on two backs.
After the avalanche,
her legs trembled.
Apples poured from heaven.
Every flower picked
for a cat.

A narrow circle of her existence,
false and true,
the humanity of physics.
Without my glasses,
I'm no more tolerant of gods.
Phantoms of hope transcend
our isolation.

Do drugs you can die.
The record will stop
this fantasy.

Cycles

Before, we would use quarters
to wash all the clothes.
But in the new house,
you give all the spare change to me.
I was too young to grasp
the meaning of a bribe.

A laundry basket consumes hours in a day.
I throw shirts and pants somewhere close to your hands.
My job is to match socks
of the same size and design.
After several tries, I discover
how to meld two into one.

The basket is light enough to flip.
I pretend I'm trapped underneath.
If Angela's there, my concern is sincere,
too tiny and volatile to understand it's a game.

The jail cell becomes a desk.
On the surface, I sketch with a pen.
I draw over and again
roller coasters and girls without arms.
I plan to start a business and replicate them.

You say I can be an artist if I
don't jump on the bed.
I thought my argument valid.
I'd rather die jumping
than sitting on the floor.

I know I scared you.
Maybe you saw
that I truly believed
I was right and you wrong.

Options

I am growing
a garden where
there is no sun or sky.
A field of untamed grass
that sprouts more
nimblewill
than prize winners.
Dreams grow in disarray.

The seeds don't come with graphics
depicting how they will turn out.
Buds often turn brown
before they have a chance
to evolve.

Today I tended to a daisy
that hums pleasant melodies
to itself.
The daisy sings about
dropping out of school.

The cheiranthus
with snarled roots
devours vitamins, drips with sweat,
and swears it will win
a beauty contest
soon.

I set up cover for
a vine of zucchini, that is
overly sensitive to poor weather.
The zucchini warns me to
think carefully
before I speak,
lest I wish to lead
a life of humility.

How I'm tempted to
poison the poppies,
mute them, cut out their tongues.
Their pop-
ular music and ignorant jabber is
only bearable when I'm stoned.

There is some dirt squared off for a rose,
not yet planted.

The rose will
complement me perfectly. Together,
we'll look forward
to Paris, grandchildren, monotony.

And I remember, miraculously,
to water the violets.

The very plot
that started the garden
and kindly inflamed my psyche.
The violets insist
I do not call home enough.

In the garden, time is immeasurable
and the fog comes and goes.

With dwindling patience,
I guard the pumpkin.
A colossal, juicy Frankenstein,
the ideal vision for the fair.
The pumpkin is my ticket
out of here,
far from these haunting chores.

Density

Elevators instead of stairs,
a birthday with no cake.
I wore a stoic face
to match yours.
The date ended without a kiss,
and you said that was my fault.

I used to laugh mid-commercial,
off road snort from the script.
Except now you don't scold me,
"How attractive."

By tomorrow you have a new trick,
immature revenge that shook the earth.
You dug yourself to Shanghai,
when I told you I'd be in Osaka.

You recycled the songs
once dedicated to me.
Shameless plagiarism.
Risking your license.
I've stopped praying for you to get well.

As for what you've picked up,
at least I'm not her.
That knitted hat is too tight
for her inflatable head.

Goodbye Idea Man

I am done
with it.
Done with it.
Done.

I hold onto your face
as the only good part.
Your words and your style
are completely corrupt.

When you waltz back
to my mind,
I start cursing out loud.
You're like some goddamn ghost
who needs to
haunt a new town.

I won't say goodbye
because I can't say anything.
Besides...
that you were...
a lovely idea.

You've proven yourself
poisonous in my atmosphere.
So I must cut you out,
letting you bleed.
Too much silence these days
to stay in my dreams.