

Melancholy the Mighty

The taste of this dreary day dull
The laze of haze
The grayed out of the browns and blues

Am I out there in this fade
Of bus stops back streets bandages
On a city and roof tops
And beat cops adolescence
Dogs drain down-spouts
Alley garbage felines

They can gather shelter
As easy as a paw lick
As I sit here half sick
Itch its apathy of arousal
Look up head long
And read the sign

“Everyday is a Gift”
Like a mother’s back rub
Shoulder squeeze
All to be at ease
With the mighty melancholy

Calling Walt

To go along the avenue and witness
The morning movement the bustle
The women with push carts
The children with school books
The men side by side with talk
And to continue along by street and road and alley
The thoroughfare the freeway the bridges
And to remember Walt Whitman
The spires the roof tops the big buildings
The bricks of houses the metal of structures
The equipment the fences the cars
The gravel of blacktop the cement of sidewalks
And to witness the clouds the sun
That rise over above us all
That are so since before
The women with wild animal skin bags
The children tossing stones
The men with clubs and fire

The Naming

There is a naming of things that holds comfort
The cream of mid-morning
The moon of darkness
And the little grains of sand and seashell
Washed off feet before the evening

There is also a counting of teardrops that heals like sugar
The four of a family gathered
The two of us at a table with dishes
And the one hand as it holds this pen
Printed words on paper

But there is no shooting of holy
No demeaning of politeness
And once the naming and counting are complete
There are absolutely no refunds

RIP

Tighten the tourniquet she bled why
She tried to identify the obvious
Tried to pass into the fertile blessing
Apply the ancient artifice
Open the tiny tunnel of breathing

Alone the blood swimming on marble
Cold swirl like cones of soft serve
Dripping sweet raspberry disgrace
Then she laughed or cried Lord thank you

Lord of the ever-after
Shadow of the valley
Cup runneth over darkness
Empty vessel horror

Her calligraphy ran down streak
Her happiness distaste upended
Aloft the cumulous dissipate
Alone her blood baby innate
Alone her innards out of reach

Requiescat In Pace