

oh lord, can you hear

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do you hear, the poets
are great at work today
: on the radio :
“ he said, ‘ i will be blown
by a mine, sit beneath
a mortar; i will not
wait; i am no
prisoner.’ i pray
he won’t, instead of prison.”

imagine deviating
do you listen, lord of poets
to this special song
another war
sudan is black by smoke
the people need help
inevitable worldly conflict
is the sturgeon caviar
on the poet’s cracker

listen, people suffer
that is the truth
oh lord, it is
your command: “Remember
them that are in bonds
as bound with them; and
them which suffer adversity
as being yourselves
also in the body.”
listen, lord, do
you suffer; or
are you above
listen, we clack

do we really think a
letter is a bullet
pressing the key in
our own smoke

the smoke off a cigarette
steam trailed from the
corners of our lips
after a hot latte
the smoke slick
off morning dew
easy, risen vast

lifting to the
benevolent sunshine hole
as if the word
is a pulled trigger
while angel's laundry dry
on the clothesline
in a garden of spilt
coffee, budding sunflowers
in plastic pots, fresh
lemonade, and dirty laundry
the poem survives but
not without natural
instinct, valor, a
militia's might, womanly
grace, the threat
of nuclear warheads
and another war
to loot the words
from dead men

SURPRISINGLY

, the black ants had not found
the spilt crunchy natural peanut
butter jar spilt all over
my corroded oven vent

(no oven attached)
the base bolted into the vinyl
broken through the roof
the vent is an entrance
for vermin
the exterior exhaust mesh
moth eaten & eroded.

but the butter knife
i had left at the
closing corner of the screen door
a smear of butter, a single
dimpled peanut, laying
in oil- ravaged with
all & every ant
pried inside from out
in the midst of the crescent
diligent into dawn-

the black ants took
the butter knife
not altering the smear of butter
the single dimpled
peanut, laying in the oil,
surprisingly.

so, marx
what do we know about the masses?

cultivation

mown grass/
trimmed trees/
a sidewalk/
is cultivation

the monkey cymbal stung
before the birth
of our ancestors/
an unripe pecan
tree, the nut hatched
by an awkward
extinct bird/
the wind/
is freedom

the vines in our heart
tangled and tangled
again and over
until an ultimate end/
a motor deep
in our lungs, the exhaust
a great pour over
our lanky innards/
another
mortar hidden,
a child's missing
left foot
blown right below
the ankle
is cultivation

lord
did you see
the first fish breathing
their wild walk

did you look
when they began
to blink, lord

did you grant
freedom to only
the holy
or is it holy
because they are

granted freedom, lord

answer! we try
to walk civil
but bombs are
beneath the debris

and some wait
inside their doors
for the tulips
to burst

silence: could you imagine?

the weight of breath
slow to drop
to the nude dirt
ravaged with the moon's
dropped linens,
a deep honey
that sticks our beings
to the earth
that ridicules our love

oh, honey- we gulp
in presence of
a sore throat
or in lust-
one more kiss
from those lips,
i yearn
that bloom-
precious perfume blossoms

the petals continually
tickling the inside
of my ball
hide tongue
as your beauty trickles sweet
down my throat
like the sap that dews
on the pine
which harden against
the bark
before it becomes
one with the body

everyday there are beetles

on my yellow sofa
in the morning i find them
belly-up in the cushions

the sofa is good
a blanket is draped
over it to hide
the upholstery

yet i keep finding these beetles
golden exoskeletons
nature's coins
crawling, flipping, fluttering, clicking
off the walls
sporadic in the
starless night, here

after work we returned to the jobsite
because we left a red thermos cup
and the client
shortchanged us \$180
she came to the passenger-side
of the truck
w/ \$180 in one hand, a bud lite bottle in the same hand
wetting the bills

her double chin chihuahua
wearing a v-neck
buccaneers jersey
under her other arm

“smack her butt! smack her butt! smack her butt!”
the lady exclaims
throwing the dog into the window
“this whole block hates me, you know.
they say i get too loud when i drink.”
the chihuahua's ass is wagging against
the grain of my chin
the poor mutt's bung angrily

winking at me

the ride back home
took two whole hours
i napped most the way

when we returned
the roommates prepared dinner
and i stripped nude
in my airstream
skying my socks
out the screen door

after finding my
bjørson novella
i recline in my sofa
pick another capsized beetle
and curse rage
“you god damn
sick bastard.”
before flinging the beetle
out

i come back to recline
and my empty caymus
bottle winks at me
and i think
‘how lucky
am i.’

i have my beetles
and her neighbors have her