

**Chasing Through to Dawn**

These seeds of poems  
demand my consideration  
before they return to obscurity  
in the chaos of the monkey mind.

My wife sleeps in the quiet—breathing,  
her leg astride mine.

I weigh the chance  
of waking my love  
against the risk that these thoughts  
will never come again.

Can I reach to pull the phone  
under the sheets with us?  
Her unwanted intruder.

I concentrate on the fading words.  
Are they important enough tonight?  
So many lines lost.

Even such moments of indecision  
shift my emotions out of focus.

I become the drowning man  
batting away a life ring  
dropped by some god  
into the ocean of lost thoughts.

I hide the dim light of my mistress phone.

Not seeing what my fingers do  
as spell check makes gibberish,  
slaying ideas, their graves  
discovered the following day.

*Now, Ozymandias sits with me  
in the Dresden Gallery,  
a dreamscape of fields  
fertile with such losses.*

*These shattered statues,  
half-buried under the sand  
remind us of our arrogant audacity.*

*We find again,  
that we are only  
two more futile stone breakers.*

**Just Write**

Plunk down the flour and butter; Add as much salt and sugar as you dare.  
You're not going to make any real dough at this anyway.

Roll out this lump however you want. If it gets too sticky, add more flour.  
If it gets too sweet, add some sour. Maybe spaetzle it across the cutting board.

Feed it through the pasta maker, or hunt up your favorite cookie cutters.  
Make strips with the knife you love to feel in the grip of your hand.

You may need a spoon of vinegar or fine wine.  
It will knead you back if you give it the right kind of love.

Toss it against the wall of your heart to see if it sticks.  
Feed a bit to your friends and watch for their mouths to pucker.

Drop a surprise in the middle, something like Freud's dream  
Or the Far Side Cartoon about Cow Poetry.

Put yeast in and let it rise overnight in your lover's bed.  
Let a cup sour for a week, so the starter blooms through your keyboard.

If you don't like it, chuck it out with the other failures in your life.  
Start fresh and just write until your muse saddles you and rides you home.

## **Fulfilling Requirements of Love**

I gave her the kiss,  
because  
love required it.  
My lips were not moved,  
  
so, I moved them.

**One with the Gang**

Orange soda in draft beer glasses,  
Saturday morning sunlight plays on our backs,  
while my brother and I play at a kind of manhood.

Grandpa and the guys of his age sit adjacent  
along the long edge of the bar reaching deep  
into the darkness of the room.

Our legs don't reach the stool's rungs,  
but we are included,  
allowed on the edge of the gang.

Their rules include us even if the law  
says otherwise. We are learning  
the ways of men.

**From the Widow Walk**

The soon-to-be widow  
of the young whaler prepares,

before she knows for sure,

to step up to the place named  
for her walk of tears.

They will dry on her cheeks  
and a bit of shirt she saved  
with his already fading scent.

Impatient hunter, he killed a calf  
with his harpoon hand when  
she did not follow her mother deep.

He drowned  
in the twists of lines  
before that witness sunset.

Who says that the grief  
of a mother humpback  
is smaller than those  
of weeping whaler women.

After all, isn't that how the sea  
got salty?