

a brief history of Grief Nebula

February 20th

maybe this poem was found
buried in a field and

maybe it's bones were the bones
of daffodils or dandelions

maybe we were sitting up in bed drinking coffee at 5:30am and
maybe winter was waiting outside like an axe murderer

maybe Kurt Cobain was born 48 years ago today and
maybe his ghost was born 21 years ago on a Friday

maybe I was in the cemetery and
maybe I drew his portrait with invisible ink,
a ghost for the light to die against

maybe the words for this prayer
were found floating face down in the river
and maybe Royksopp was looping: "What Else is There?"

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for Franz Wright

(from a hotel room in Boston)

a giant spider of petroglyphs and
stars half dreamt

greetings, hallucinations
from my test tube home on planet Smurth

this is it!
my breeding song
moaning its fake-ass bullshit
into the fake-ass ever after

the Galaxy 500 murmurings
whose lamp-blood. in the park

there's a smiley face kite stuck in a tree

you appear in my dream as the Flying Nun
it's Saturday

I apologize for America.

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For Jim Dine
(for Petrushka)

Jim Dine made a ten foot sculpture out of straw
in the shape of a heart

I'm looking out the window. Petrushka
whose yellowed sky. yellow
meaning everything blue

sky like fumbling hands
between everything blue with
everything painted red. a cerulean

that opens the yellowed sky of the body
with hands that built a home from the ribs
with everything painted blood red a blue
that opens the yellowed sky
for Jim Dine

for Petrushka

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cinema veritae

are you fucking deaf?
when you look at his last canvas, don't you hear it?

a crows voice
smeared across fields of wheat
a black that swallows the sky
a green that can't be
named. light that can't be
measured

in the asylum
he shit his pants

and wouldn't you know it?
yesterday, I found his severed ear
in a box of Cracker Jacks

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ghost #13 (in four acts)

I.

lamp with remote happiness

II.

I fished the curtain
for a lamp of summer

darkness with an artificial grin
ringing the window

our #13 lamp of house
silent as a bell jar

III.

lamp-light that opens spring
a right angle bend in the flux of space
room by room
the kitchen and the table
are a summer and a lamp
 one blue, one yellow

lamp of black wire
that runs from the light
is a lamp and a curtain
 one yellow, one blue

IV.

because winter also runs from the light
a ghost that chimes the curtain.