

In the Middle of It

I think
therefore I've been
doing this for so long that
I can't even remember
why they turned the lights on
or if I called you or you
called me but
I've been grabbing
on to whatever I can get a hold of and
each time the song changes
I lose track of what
we listened to before
but I know we've been
going along with it
for as long as I can remember
and maybe if I could only sit still
I wouldn't feel like I'm falling all the time
'cause truth be told
most days I can't even remember
what it is we're all trying to do here.

I see constellations
in the way we spill brightness on each other
like bubbles slipping sideways
in tight spaces
like the soft edges painted
on your event horizon
like you breathing back to me
like we never run out of hydrogen.
It's hard to see the stars
with all these lights on
so maybe
I'll sneak away
to that grassy place
between the Milky Way
and the mosses
where the oldest tree in town
straightens his spine
and breathes starlight
knowledge through
porous skin.

It makes sense
to ask the people that have been here
for a while
if there was ever once a boundary
between the atmosphere and empty space
and whether I can find a place
free from the city lamps
where old light
whispers in from distant heavens
and ripens roots
sneaking softly
into the softest
ecosystems I can settle.

So lend me your backbone
Guru
and let me look up for a while.

I look intensely for outer-space
but can't see past the black dress
she wears to keep me honest.

I am a fish
breathing salt
desperately trying to find the ocean.

I am held up
by each branch
I hit on the way down
and it's difficult to make out
the sunlight reflected in the water
with the rainclouds
casting shadows on the subject
with the wind rippling
patterns in the stillness
with you shoving my root
network into boxes
so I wake up not knowing
if I'm sucking water from
the soil
or I am the water
is the soil
spinning closer to guru
stands straight and
clear the picture
in my face

reflecting you and dust
and mountain
dancing for the oldest tree
until I am different from the other things
like space is not the blackness
like the ocean is not a salty drink
like Purusha watches
a million sick children
pretend to be dancing
on the edge between
oceans
and we give each other names
like we've ever gone missing
or ever been broken
but I've been breathing in and out
enough to forget the difference
and everybody knows
what an orgasm feels like
because I am that moment
before words when
Gatsby's Dutch sailor
held our collective breath
and I am transcendental
like Walden in my lonesome
over opposites
sifting in the sameness
betrayed us
with false names
of title waves
and I don't need to find
the edges between you and I
and the estuary
because it's all been swimming
in something more subtle.

Call me a snake
and I'll climb your trunk up
to the branches
with a thousand petals
blooming Shiva in the body
like growing up inside this nesting doll
to bigger bodies
pressing bubbles
tight enough to stress the filament
and slip into the air around my skin
to fill lungs of smaller

Gods across the galaxy
until the universe is my body
and I am perfect
shaping atoms
to rework the
entropy balance
I've been mistreating
like my tendons
but Guru
I've been trying so hard
to press against you
like your soft bark opens
to my patient supposition
of your flowum map
imposed in my veins
spitting chloroplast
minnows for a softer
swell and I know a lot of people
that cut themselves
because it's so hard to remember the rules
but let me tell you here, dandelion
that I've been blowing softly across
your seeds in the hopes
that I might spread unwanted beauty
to unsuspecting places.

I spent way too many life times
trying to fill the world up with *Om*
before I started listening to
what's already there.

There's an old joke sitting around
and if you can remember it
you smile
and everything feels okay.

Insomnia

Midnight beckons in December's breast;
oh petulant sleep! You pitter away my
day-mare. Oh dark December;
you shimmer my glimmer to dust.
January always seems to rust
and the full darkness is a raven
and I am a crow and I can never
remember the difference.
Resonant whispers in Winter Winds
will out – and I am victim to
the voices in my head;
the crow is better dead –
born always now forever
with a bullet in its head.
Lest my wings be engulfed in fire bright,
I will not go gently into that good night.
Lusting blackness; I go thrashing
into Winter and plant land mines
in the snow to watch them grow.
I stay awake to Spring
and the lovely robins sing
and I of blackness bright
and holy night
seize and rapture
and fill with laughter –
How foolish I have been!
The seasons come,
the yugas spin,
and here I am again.

Government Sirens

Government sirens are the fuckin' worst,
I'll tell ya, goddamn.

Man you mind those mountains
a-bustin' up the tree line
like sandcastles bifurcate
from her tank top (goddamn).

Man I'll tell ya, goddamn.
I mean I was up in the trees,
I was, one time.

Booze got me real good
right then and the sky
all crusted up and red
and got me real good,
so I went right on up in
the trees goddamn it.

I went right on up
in the trees
and broke the crystals off
I'll tell ya. Well,
them of those
that would chip off
right how you like it
so you can fit in your pocket
yeah know.

Yeah I was up in the trees
goddamn it, in the trees.

Booze got me real good
and the sky got
some kind of real good,
goddamn I'll tell yeah.

But the trees told me
you should
mind the mountains
a-bustin' up that
soul you got,
they did.

They said it's like
sandcastles
or women's breasts
or somethin' –
bifurcatin' out of nothing
to bust up your
trees.

I can't see nothin'
no more,
goddamn.

The Echo

the staccato pitter-
patter-rain-drops
and the echo off the far wall
from somewhere far away

the amber glow
window and the
dust between the fan
blades blowing smoke

the empty temper
churning to the silent
light hollows of the
coming darkness

the echo
the dust
and the amber
and the glass

So many places to be
and we're in the past.

So much brightness to see
when the clouds are rolled back.

Now is not the echo.
Now is not the past.

Vulnerability

Giving yourself to another like
a parachute in a wind tunnel
ripping away seeds from your
dandelion.

Being naked like an angel
in a fountain spewing
water for passers-by.

Screaming at your mother
like the crickets drying up
in dusty spaces.

Running to the Sun like
everything breaks up
in the atmosphere.

Cutting grass with scissors
like your father hid himself
behind your father and
lost who he was for you.

Singing in public like
a nude model
popping pimples
in the limelight.

Occupying bleak spaces
like moonlight.

Seeing hatred like
dreams of Hiroshima
pick at your senses.

Climbing inside a cocoon
like bed-sheets tearing
off your clothes
to warm only you.

Dying in the snow like
Om echoes off forever
and drags dandelion
seeds and fallout
to the periphery.

Finding beauty in it all
like I find beauty in you.