

About Poet

Fraudulent garden;
mouth of rotten roses.
Thief, joker, and sage
all breaking bread
from the fragile body
of our laughing
dead lord.
Strung up on the
altar: photographs of
bathtubs, backseats, bare feet
stepping on petals--
The broken stem
frothed white
at the lip.
I knelt
and caught
a drop.

We Insist

Baby said, *The door is in you*, and we corrected it:

“The door is in its frame. The door is locked. The door might as well be a wall.”

Baby said, *The door is in you*, and we corrected it:

“The door is there. The door is white. The door is the size of a whale’s heart.”

The door is in you, Baby cried, and we soothed it:

“So silly baby You will learn Look at baby Funny-talking Hush now baby Hush”

Baby said, *The door is in you*, and we insisted:

“The door is carved elephant bone. The crack under the door in where light comes from.”

We told Baby: “The door is our Father, is our Mother.

The door protects us from the Enemy.”

The Enemy is in you, Baby said, and we corrected it.

I am Joshua

I understand myself. I am painted by vitiligo. I am a window into your secret watercolor. If there is a song in this ugly shell, it is mine. If there is god-stem, not religion but the sap, I will drip and quiver beneath the golden cube. I will stand before the fountain and I will become a blue light and I will hover on the water. A color, in the dark, is the dark. I am the color your lover stands in for. I am cutting the air into thin strips of paper. I am a cathedral's erotic architecture. The black candle still makes me pink even though my spider died. The fish still push toward death. And I understand myself. I am compassion. I am the violin. I am the voice in the shell you wished on and tossed back.

rabbit

i built your house.
i paved your drive and swept it
when leaves fell. i shoveled snow
while you slept,
dreaming of rabbits.

i wanted you to dream me
so i got small.
i burrowed
under your house.

when you finally woke up,
you stood in the doorway
calling to me. but by then
i had forgotten words
and i slept through my name.

When the Clock Strikes Itself

There is no one in this house but me
No fire but my tongue and I lap at the shadows
like a cat laps at a broken egg

There are no phones in this house and ghosts exist
and we smoke our bodies crushed
in a pipe's bowl

There is no mother in this house and it rains indoors
and when the clock strikes itself
we wear the bruise

There are reflections in the mirrors without faces
There is honey in this house but the mouths have fled
There is blood in this bed but no visible wound

This house is bread made of crushed bone
This house is a small stone tucked in a raven's wing
This house is a horse's heart beating under the floorboards

Here is the light switch
Here is the key
Here is the name
of your loyal dog

This is your house
Turn your searchlight inward
and come home