

## Midnight Lily

The midnight lily  
stood in the swirling  
clove scented smoke  
staring skyward  
at the seven sisters.

The ebony flower yearned  
to shine, to gleam—to scintillate  
among the silvery stars  
within the Pleiades  
from dusk 'til setting dawn.

Every midnight  
for eons of existence  
she beckoned  
stellar gods to whisk  
her away to the heavens.

To join with her siblings,  
the Pleiades –  
eternal quarry of Aldebaran,  
as the black blossom  
of the Arabian sky.

Year after lonely year, century upon  
endless centuries she prayed,  
until one cold lonely midnight  
the blue marble beckoned her back  
from light years of clove scented sky.

## Lingering on the Sexiness of a Djarum Smoking Vixen

The thin cylinder balanced between her fingers:  
the filter gently clamped between her lips;  
one carefully manicured hand placed on her hip  
and the sexiness of her Djarum cigarillo,  
caused his immoral thoughts to linger  
on the clove spiced scent of her breathy smoke.

Indonesian spiced smoke  
played through her ruby tipped fingers  
as she reached for smoke rings which lingered—  
blown by her plump candy-apple lips,  
which puffed clove-tasting cigars  
as vixen-like she stood, one ruby-fingered hand upon her hip.

Her faded jeans disguised not the sexiness of her hips  
which curved like the swirl of clove-fragrant smoke  
swirling ethereally from her scented cigarillo  
balanced between the sexiness of her painted fingers  
poised, suggestively surrounded by fellatrix lips—  
begging his eroticized thoughts to linger.

Thoughts of shapely hips and clove flavored lips lingered  
during the involuntary gyrations of his thrill-seeking hips.  
His lip-wetting tongue lusting her candy-apple fellatrix lips  
which appeared beacon-like through spiced Djarum smoke.  
Djarum phallic-splash, moistened by her lips, passed by clove-scented fingers  
the taste and the scent of her moist sexiness permeating the cigar.

Her sexiness embodied by a Indonesian clove cigarillo  
which like clove-scented smoke lingers and lingers and lingers  
upon her slim sexy ruby-nailed fingers  
which when placed upon the swell of her denim-cloaked hips  
ethereally glow through the swirling spiced-smoke  
blown in spiral rings from the sexiness of her fellatrix lips.

Her clove tasting tongue licked her candy-apple lips  
tasting the erotic sexiness of her Djarum cigar  
as un-Orbison-like she walked away disappearing through the smoke

and the vision of her clove-scented essence only lingers  
far too fleetingly as he watches her denim-clad hips  
disappear through interrupted smoke—trailing like ashy gray fingers.

And he wonders, does the scent of her smoke still cling to her fellatrix lips  
and will her fingers, again, caress the sexiness of clove-scented cigarillos  
while his immoral thoughts linger on the sway of her denim-clad hips.

## **John Dean, I Think I Finally Understand Why**

When you died, I cried inside  
but I didn't show it.  
I just muttered to myself...why?

It made no sense,  
an artistic talent like yours  
athletic and intelligent  
snuffed out by your own volition.

Nothing frightened you.  
You rode raging rodeo stock.  
Overcame obstacle after obstacle  
successfully rebranding yourself each time.

Continual wear and tear to the body  
didn't permanently destroy your  
crucible tempered flesh.

The visible scars,  
broken bones  
never dampened your spirit.

Yours was an intangible one  
like the essence of nature itself,  
an island of wilderness  
surrounded by a sea of domestication.

Love is a driving force  
and it quenches us  
like water does hot steel.

But it also weakens us  
when not readily returned.

And wild nature  
cannot stand to be imprisoned  
by that which it cannot control.

And you loved your dog  
as I love mine  
with an atavistic quality  
like London's love for Buck.

And you couldn't  
make *Her* understand  
anymore than you could keep  
your best friend from dying.

You had had enough.  
And when a man of your nature  
has had enough,  
it is enough.

And then you chose  
a similar road as others,  
possessed by the same spirit,  
before you chose.

Hemingway did it  
and so too did Robert E. Howard.

And when Uncle Leon  
spread your ashes among  
a favorite butterfly haunt  
of the Sublett Mountains, praying:

"May your ashes enrich the Sublett-landscape,  
as your presence enriched our lives,"

I believe Southeastern Idaho  
waxed a bit more wild.

## **The Second Coming**

*Mary had a little doll  
its skin was white as snow  
and everywhere that Mary went  
her doll was sure to go.*

### I

Mary Blackstone stood whimpering  
at the foot of her Golgotha,  
as the naughty boys  
disrobed her immaculate doll,  
placed a circlet of briar rose  
upon its ceramic head  
and nailed it to a tree.

Bedraggled, dehydrated  
and weak after fainting,  
Mary stood staring at the square nails  
in the side of the gnarled tree  
where her doll had been cruelly hung  
yet had mysteriously disappeared.

### II

Penitent Puritan lads pled guilt,  
implored forgiveness  
and accepted punishment meted.

Peter and Thomas  
helped un-pile the cobbles  
they and Judas  
had piled upon the doll.

Expecting to find  
a misshapen mangled mass  
of porcelain shards...  
they found nothing.

The doll had mysteriously disappeared  
and little Mary Blackstone wept.

### III

Seventy times seven solstices later,  
myriad discarded broken dolls  
rose up from the city trash-piles,  
the ash-heaps and the long  
forgotten hallowed doll graves  
dotting the New England countryside.

Thousands of dirty violated things  
ascended upon the northern slope  
of gas-lit Boston's Beacon Hill,  
led by sweet Mary's broken doll—  
its skin as white as snow.

Endless numbers of broken dollies trudged  
like sheep behind the Blackstone doll,  
swarmed the streets and haunts  
of Boston's Mount Whoredom  
like exsanguinated zombies  
methodically somnambulating  
with nowhere else to go.

## **Winged Widdershins**

Two whirling blackbird combatants  
locked beaks in mid-flight.

Cartwheeled earthward  
like a counterclockwise pinwheel  
rotating in reverse.

Landed on grassy sward below  
to resume conflict elsewhere.