

## Crabs

Oh you wonderfully upsetting monster,  
crawling across the floor  
    of the sea  
    of my haunted memory,  
grazing slow, insouciant and easy  
on all that fits in them delicious claws.

Oh would that you were easy  
to catch  
to clean  
to love.

But you may be thankful  
for your epitome of protection,  
    that shell of your home,  
also for the maze  
about your precious flesh's cage.

Such taste!  
what inconvenience.

Man is lazy.

So you may wander and graze  
with easy quietude.

Tis only us of indomitable appetite  
willing to strive through strife  
like blinded, starved, addicts  
for mouth-fulls of all that fits in them delicious claws.

In an awful way,  
I love you,  
for being  
difficult.

## Nature

Formless as the sea that forms well a boundary about me and encompasses all I see.  
Constrictive as the ocean, beneath whose waves live commotion with atoms devoted to entropy.  
Without who I dream to be one of two; the latter me, the former you.  
Unbound by physics, unfettered parole, without need or heed for fantasy,  
Such are beings as I admire to be.

Silken slip of a tattered sail she lets fall on a tiled floor,  
A libido unconquered rages up from within, first begging then demanding more.  
She is too smart to be bought and she conquers with ease  
The wretchedness of so impure thought,  
As I sink slowly to creaking knees,  
The scent of woman, a woman in heat,  
Brings blood to boil, I'm a wolf mad for meat,  
Light headed from the everest action of the head that's mine but not me.

Bound up in bedsheets, such are beings as I admire to be, in memory or reality.  
So goes the tale,  
So go the lies,  
So I go sliding between clutching thighs,  
Within whom I feel to be two of the one, the former goddess, the latter - you.

## Jack-O-Lantern

Its autumn,  
We hunger.  
Slaughter last of the holy lambs  
Dig up tumescent tubers  
And feast.

I pass a pasture of golden sustenance.  
Decorative, colorful & rich,  
Soon to rot on suburban doorsteps  
-thick yellow meat turned brown  
with odors of decay thick as their orange skin.

I asked him if he ate the pumpkin fruit,  
*Only in a pie*, says he,  
He shouldn't sully his hands on such sun kissed flesh.  
He places a votive light  
In a hollowed corpse,  
Grinning wastefully  
at autumn's sacrifice.

## Ode to the Lawnmower

Are you *my* dream  
nature's carpet making machine?

As I fill you up with gasoline,  
prime thrice and pull to start,  
bringing life to a crude, smooth, spinning blade  
present for a class that can afford  
*the law*, and lawn maintenance.

Antithesis of the red question,  
the proletariat scare did not ask  
What freedom has a Man in America  
who may not cut his own grass?

Hot and shaking you poor mans Harley,  
ridden across plains so young men can go home  
with numb knuckles and a trail  
of mulched blades in their wake.

Do not measure a man by the measure  
of that man's measurements, but by the measure  
he sets to his lawnmower and to what measure  
he has employed such measure  
to measure himself.

A cold machine lies dormant  
in the drought conditions  
and the sprinklers do not go on at oh-four hundred  
but the green-spray-paint-machine  
makes a dead lawn alive again.

You maker of the American Dream,  
bound only by white picket fences  
and the price of gasoline,  
I offer you my hands, my lawn, my time,  
mighty grass cutting machine.

You

Caryatid holding up the crumbling house of me,  
    antiquated decay  
unlike today  
when I let seep in bleach too cold,  
tough your hands hold on,  
bad and badly circulation but a good and goodly heart  
such affection unyielding,  
    confusing as smoke,  
in an instant, you were mine for an instant  
    my visceral associate.  
I wish for such instance again.

