

November, the Realist

Scrapped leaves, the orange the gold the crimson,
scratch along, clump, stop. Crumble. Rot.
Blow off where it all blows. Aaannd are gone.
Goes, too, the wide green tight green ends in,
frou-frou for debleaking (Ablur? Ablur)
stark stonescapes that never otherhow were.
Boughs, stripped (check); ground, scraped (check); skies, lowdowned
and spilt-milk scrimmed (check, check). Sight skimmed.
On view, brushstroked in rust/bone/ash/coal
and signed “November, the Realist”: Behold
your merest is, minus your not.

(Baits?) Yeah. (Taken?) Yup: nothing-worse winter,
spring ah-worth-it-all, why-worry summer.
Worst, last week a hue staggered you: “Use—
you there, sarcasto!—for once *le juste*, ‘glorious’.”
Then this. Gray air, sheer, non-swag. Brutal.
Concrete and brick. (Phones down!) Asphalt and metal.
Trust such to stand when plant-plush dismantles.
Sure, it’s just until. But until until,
be sombered. Attend, figure, to your ground—
once back-, now fore-; more lack, less more—
where with withs nothing, without without.

The Warthog

01/20/17

Bowel-born grunts rumble up and out of him
bulking squatly there, paunch-cumbered, plaque-haired,
bludgeon-snout snuffling damply twixt tined tusks.
The mouth pouts till it gets to sneer or bellow.

He stiffens, slackens. From under the rump, lumps
drop softly, disturb not at all his nonchalance
that sewers us, nothings who stare stonestruck on.
At you, maybe, a sludge-tinted eye side-flicks
contempt like acid, scalding now, worse tomorrow.
Take care: at too-long lookers and touch-close crowders,
with out-of-nowhere quickness he'll lunge and gore.
Even the gutted's last gout of blame blames love.

Once oft-snubbed, now alpha, this boar would be feared,
and these days it's his zoo we back-forth through, his
slop we guzzle, his whelps we coddle and long
to wallop. Go ahead: be abased. Abashed.
Abandoned, even. Gorge on rage. Rebrand hate
as a duty. Perorate. Plot. Only this:

The numbed grip nothing. Instead, bear your shame, stab-sharp,
against all piggery in the long pig-days to come.

Domesticated

You've never built a house.
So in raising these walls, you just
bank them round like a nest
with stray chipped bricks you found.

Then for title to that house,
you trench a line around it
and withdraw, crisply bounded,
to such peace as your moods allow.

Some nights you pace your house
behind shut blinds, and cheer
where decay or disrepair
preview its tumbling down;

come dawn, no grander houses
ask your keeping, so you rise
to paint and plaster and reglaze:
nothing here for neighbors to doubt.

From the crates its crawlspaces house
in a brooding closeness, these rooms
draw a force to hold, like a home's.
Even the view belongs to you now.

Choosing Sides

This one studied, smiled,
Chafed his wits, and crimped his style,
Just to get inside.

That one scoffed, and seemed
Too austere to climb or scheme,
As if still outside.

Next strode one disposed
To no cut, of coif or clothes,
But a winning side's.

Last came one who claimed
He alone is free, whose name's
Prized by neither side.

Some chose crooked. Some chose straight.
Some know why. And some can't say.

A Dialogue

*This was promised in our stars
Nothing taught you trust like force
These are ours and that is yours
Talking only makes it worse*

Whatever you take from us, you soon leave gutted
Hacking away the whorls our dead palms printed.

*God's own sword can work no crime
You were shiftless till we came
Do not step across that line
We still mispronounce your names*

Like flesh chewing on a lodged arrow's barbs,
Your memory calluses tightly around our loss.

*All we mean you contradict
Like claims like and that's a fact
One look at you makes us sick
Get out now and don't come back*

Our riddance still promises you peace, as if
The goad of your fierce unrest were not our grief.