

Talking to my Father

I'd like to sit and talk with my father.
but the last words he said,
that really made sense,
were five or six years ago.
I think I'm having a heart attack,
he said, but he was wrong.
It was a stroke
that killed him.
So these words,
spaced on a page,
aren't really a talk,
only a mnemonic.

Widows have no future.
Orphans have no past.
It's only a poem,
and it's only

me.

The Dream Machine

The white noise machine
shears the air like clippers
cutting an atmosphere
for coddled sleep.

Constant reassurance
that all is random
and dithered and
devoid of content.

Huffing like drags
on an oxygen unit
designed to forgive
a life of cigarettes.

Or a mother's coo
to the baby yearning
for the rush and tumble
of placental blood.

Or a round rock creek
whose babbled nonsense
whispers the slap sound
of wet sex.

But on radio nights
there's a delineation
in the motor's voice,
like incomprehensible words.

A machine for generating
a slurry of syllables
to obfuscate
the lyrics of my dreams.

Curmudgeon

I've been reading things
by pissed old men,
stinking of time's up.
and I have to admit
if I had to face them
and buck up to their crap
I'd wall up fast.
Hearing bitter stuff
in the thrumming of my head
sounds sweetly new,
though.
Like I'm the one
pissing and moaning,
surprising things from
out my mouth.
Most of what they say,
sharp edged and frayed,
means little to me,
though.
I just dig the bad attitude.
Like me.

Kicking out observations,
like kicked out conversations,
needs someone who thinks you've got it.
So believe me witty, and it'll go easier
or I'll pin you against that wall
and force you to shut down
and that will be good enough
For me.

The moon is snagged in the branches
of a tree I've been waiting to chainsaw.
Moonlight will break my window
unimpeded to land on my head.
and stareball me
as means of indictment
for sawing its tree down.
I'm chainsawing you, reader
the same way I aim to saw that tree
so you won't hang the moon
outside my window
and I can get some sleep.
So forget me witty

and fuck off.

Plein Air

A movie last night
starring Tommie Lee Jones
is nothing like watching dewdrops
sublimating from a dappled deck.
or mist escaping the lawn,
chased by the tree slotted sun,
nature acting more assured
than any pursuit rendered plot.

But the conviction of Plein Air
won't launch me over the deck rail,
into a tracking shot,
soaring over ten thousand
reflective beads of morning,
the little introspective lenses
on dew spattered grass,
that I've included
in my director's cut.

Driving Rain

Okay, I should have noticed
the last fifty miles
but I was thinking of other things
and it was raining gray out,
the road whispering to go unnoticed,
so I obliged.

The things I'd been thinking
must have avoided same notice
since I can't remember a one
though they were once enough
to wash the world away.

This recursive oblivion
sets the pace
and fills the space
of all the trips never taken.