

A Wash

These churning words with the balling of wisdom a heap
in the wash so many skins still remembering the burn long after
its healed a body in learning leans a cocked ear to the calling

leans a cocked ear to the calling home that loose blood
a sloshing about in the wash so many skins heat rashed bruised
relief from pale landscape escaping land ascending a heap

growing smaller like the shriveled frog I let die once remembering
so many skins that bled in the kitchen sink the dishes half-done
wringing out the sun soaked skins now so many chores half-done

too many skins reminding me of days muffled a spitfire spirit
muzzle loaded muzzled in my jigsaw puzzle skin

Mrs. Ginsberg

To chip away at the concrete boot housed brain
that ships my sail these sinking cheeks might lift to reveal
that near perfect frame of whale bone white
chattering in my box of a now chipped china mind
to unthink the chink in my daisy chain days
being more than a pair of mammary
for he who needs me most but
Seeing dead people in the coffered ceiling a floating
leafing and loafing about on my dime
biting them off those hang nails torn
at the quick lime indiscernible
now like so many bags heaved into my backseat obstructing
my vision long gone stopping to hurl and hurl those bags
over the overpass rail turning the key the engine fails
walking now I walked off my knees
I walked off my knees remembering that hurdlers stride now
Standing idly by while he is there rooting and cooing away
my brain child nay tender nay mild

Dear Theo

Welcome to this monkey house of human bondage. The time that remains to us seems no more than a mere book of hours and we with our rhetoric of religion, in imitation of Christ have been awarded visitation rights only.

I awoke early one morning, under western eyes in wasteland America. I awoke to the most dangerous game to be last puritan or Pan; a satyr against mankind. Now I find myself joined by hedgehog and fox, by gravity and grace, certain of nothing. To discover the meaning of life through the looking glass, illuminating this necessary angel, armed with American language. Sometimes a great notion.