

The Triplets

I. word-ache

I can't write, scribble, scratch.

The letters stopped. My hand
clenches, fighting for feeling.

Devoid of reality?

No.

The paper is vacant—destitute,
corners folded, ripped. Crumpled
without book, folder, notebook.
Pinned into a wall, cracks darting through.

II. tears

Your throat aches, coated with slimy
anxiety—and you distrust
me? Clouds scream for sunshine
while you wade in the rays of doom,
ideas lost.

III. migraine

Why did you shatter?
I crumpled you into a ball, hurled
into the trash bin. Smashed down,
walls folding in.

Sestina for the Language Poets

Why wander along the starved, bruised sky?
In the future you pluck a cloud from the current.
Lean into the bloodied dreams of chaos,
the earth was tattered, fraying at the pages.
Erase this revolution from your sins, whilst
the undertaker sleeps under the moonlight—you scream in grief.

Gather the future from your mind, lean into the grief!
Turn by the dreamland and erase the moonlit sky,
follow the curve of the earth's screams by the current. You
starved this revolution while we slept in the chaos.
Why did you tear the moon from the burnt pages?
You are the undertaker—where are your sins?

Melt into the ragged sins,
the undertaker has sought out the grief,
plucking at the earth's burning sky.
What revolution follows a moonless current? Can't
you dream of chaos, quivering in the wind,
like the starved pages of this book?

The undertaker gashes this page, but
you yanked the sins from the future.
The moonless earth sleeps with grief,
a bruise winds across the sky.
We forge onward without the beating current,
wandering into the earth's chaos.

Disregard the chaos, treacherous and whimsical,

listen to the laughter vibrate from its pages—
every revolution has sins.

You are blistered with griefless future,
take the ache from the sky, as it
wails under the current's tongue

The current drowns the undertaker,
its curve leading to fluttering chaos.
Whose blood stains your pages?
Each dream does not forgive a sin,
the bend of the earth's grief continues
to bruise the moonlit sky.

Why ponder the dreams of a bruised, throbbing sky? Pages
of sins and grief fan the chaos, scattered
into a current, winding around our doomed earth

A Kansas City Ars Poetica

trickling tears glisten

as lines form

letter

by

l e t t e r

drip

drip

PLOP!

Stones pile and creak, stacked as decades babble by

flip a coin, a wade

ripples through

while our wish sags to the floor

Squint—

what poet could

define a city?

rustic, heritage, cascading jazz floats

reflections of memorials. Poetic slabs

smacked into rock, a fantastical glimmer of

H o p e

The city of fountains

cannot stifle the

r

I

v

e

R

of

skipping stones of

w a t e r

A Kansas City Ars Poetica

the rising
writers
cannot stifle
the

F
A
L
L
S

of Kansas City
My City.
where my poems dance—twirling
across the ponds,
nymph grinning
as her students rush by, *writing of her*.

No.

Inking, chalking, scribing
every drop
of her magic
on the page.

Home without...

A brush against your skin awakens

My mind; purrs erupt when we

Rollover, our kitts rummaging through

The sheets; fiddling with my hair

While the water runs across our backs;

The water is scorching, you say; while

A smile peeks through the soap;

You turn it up for me every time

This pain, distorting

the way your

Eyes caress me; slumped over, the

Couch swallowing me whole; a

Dystopia running amuck in my uterus;

Empathy dropping down your eyes,

Wet on my face

Home without...

Centó for the cats of e.e. cummings & T.S. Eliot

Words and phrases picked and poised by three cats, one who was playing with the pages of Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats (T.S. Eliot), and two more who discovered Etcetera, Xaipe, and The Enormous Room (e.e. cummings).

A painted wing has sprung
A white shadow shone
From a basement, looked like a field of war:
A hostile world from one forbidding eye

The heavens took a peak,
Through a sluggish, stinking sky,
Lifting the particle of perfect dark
You shall sing my songs, O earth!

Our two lovers sang to
The balmy moonlight while
'round sleepless bodies

The danger of their lives
O'er the mornings'
Wistful corpses of
Stars.