

Jangles of The Midnight Jungle Grunts

I will heave heavy admiration
into a thick wooden wheelbarrow
and I will let my opulent gifts
overflow from its top,

I do not care about the mess.
The cork wood will creak
loudly as I trudge madly
through the jungle of obsession

to your soft tapestry apartment
with crimson curtains draped
from the low ceiling, and I will
decorate your living room with kiss.

Recognition

I sat in a café,
and opened my book,
and drank from its page,
and ordered parfait.

Spoon dipped in mouth
like a deserted phrase
or a glass of champagne
failing to be raised.

The scrawny waitress
noticing my eyes change
as I chaptered forward
whispered in my ear:

*Your face has gone blue...
are you reading the book
or is it reading you?*

You Wake Up In The Morning Trying Not To Think of Me

Cream and sugar cross each other
fingers laced in tiny round mugs
sitting together, still and calm
before the monsoon of coffee comes.

Sugar comes from cane they coo
and cream is the cream of moo.

Cow and cane are at it again
and at it they sit on a clay cliff
sitting together missing the young,
cooking themselves a strong tiger balm.

The mug from which cream was drunk
holds the spoon whose cane sugar is from
and this empty room holds both spoon and mug
and it holds so much more than spoon and mug.

No cup of cream or dribble of sugar
can sing the spark of these lonely dreams,
no drink can whisk away those brittle glittery gleams.

A Beautiful Woman Jogs Towards Me In The Park So I Avert My Eyes

and study the geometry of my wristwatch
as though it were once worn
by an aristocrat in a distant era
and that if I look away from the bezel,
the puppet strings of the past will snap
or that time would somehow undo itself.

I pause by the bark of a tree
as I circumnavigate the reservoir
and look up from my watch
to glimpse the beautiful jogger
whose beads of sweat
drip down her smooth brow
and collect on her plump lip.

Now is the third time I've seen her
so I clip on a bow tie and start smiling.
Blinking over and over again!
Blinking, all I can do is blink.
And when my fit of eye shuttering stops,
we're both naked, her in great breastful glory
and me, jogging beside her, my penis
galloping in the sultry breeze.

But this is a chase ended and gone,
time has rung its thundering gong.
The lovely jogger jogs on and on
like the hands of my watch on and on.

Sixty Seconds of Peace

I pass the plate to the right in sweeping gesture
before a dinner table of children ready to sleep.

The light outside drives away all our hunger
the red sunset hangs in the crepuscular ceiling of clouds.

Sixty seconds of peace perturb our platters,
in the neighboring home, a quartet is rehearsing.

The red sunset gleam ricochets against the dark
steel building seen from our narrow window.

But as the sun reaches its mother horizon
our food grows colder than the busted heater.