

Beginnings

This pond is dying
There at the source
You can see it being eaten by the earth
Every year
The leaves tilter down
Look at themselves in the water
And fall through that glass
Every year the grass wades in
And lily pads clutch stiller than before

The fish must feel a storm about
To see the surface
So laden with land
Some crazed sort of storm
Without the singing melt of rain
But soft decaying thirst

Yet what would these fish know
Not those whose leaps

Scotched the yellow water moon -

These are the tangled brown leaves

That hid their color in the earth

When the green was but a fringe

Bordering to sweeter blue

The whitetails came

To wallow in the shallows

Fawn legs jointy as the grass

And great blue heron

Stepped down from the air

To carve the sunset for flesh

Then I would swim between two skies

That drank the night

Then paused upon a hill

Would hear the beaver

Thumping in the dark

There are no beaver more

To excite the night

With a slap of the tail

Rippling dreams
Into the pond's flat sleep

Perhaps some deer are left
Too much like man
They would tame their tongues
With city salt

But the great blues
I know they are gone

So should I have been too
Better to sleigh swiftly
Through an elm tree
On a white wintergreen night
Than to stutter at life
With this so domestic poison

But like a foolish October leaf
I fled to the water
Where everything began
The water

Turning into land

And watched all beginnings

Falling to one end

One end

Then hid inside the water

And helped the pond to die

*I wrote a computer program, badly, to search for patterns in complex data
- and left it running while I slept through a night of New Orleans rain.*

An Infinite Loop All Night

Fup! Plirp! Fwop! Banana leaves speak again!

Within monotony of August heat,

The sudden irrepetition of rain.

The program's done, the boxed, relentless brain,

Ready this night to find the pattern's pleat,

By changing, sifting, and shifting again.

As the machine ran its logical chain,

I lusciously aged on my rice bed sweet,

Amid the irrepetition of rain.

Next day I find its reckonings remain -

A: goto B; B goto A; - repeat

The loop again, again, again, again.

I had coded this eternal inane,
I'd starved it of time's rampant mortal beat,
That fresh, old irrepetition of rain.

I shut it off, relieved its lack of pain.
O lustral nonce, original, replete,
I'll not loop and loop and loop round again
To mar the irrepetition of rain.

At the Verdi Marte

crimping the Stop sign

hail the size

of colossal olives

slippery steps toward home

bearing chicken creole and jambalaya

across a sea of knuckles

Spring Haiku

Rough Rain

too crass to stay aloft
hear the hordes rush back
stepping down leaves

Spring Fiesta - New Orleans

such noise this hot spring
night! Débutantes bellowing
at the Pléiades

May

in the sheets
in the bed in the morning
a maple wing

Meadow

the snow melts

the tracks melt

the fine, busy trail

disappearing

into the angle's fierce percuss

disappears