

Creation Lake

spawning fish
 lash bicep thick bodies into the shallows
fat females dribble nudes
 millions of robust Renoirs
 perfect as tiny pearls
 into hollows fanned in the gravel
smaller males in droves
 their sides flushed rose
 flushed gold
ravish water
 ravish rock
blurt Hercules into the egg beds
the shadows grow cloudy with it

I turn on the faucet
and golden fish eggs flow into the sink
 filling it like a lake of baby suns
turn on the faucet in the tub
 and the flaming caviar of a billion songs pours forth
the first fingerlings of a galaxy of begins

Hard Core Pieta

the billboards of your face
the twenty foot cheekbone that decodes into curved space upon closeup
the apostasy
before you I abandon all faiths
the blowups of your breasts
the blowups of those soft-focus sfumato nudes from Lesbos in The Star
 of you fishing my decapitated head from the water
your nipples like bullet holes
your pudenda criminal
 a delta of nothing
 of bruised smoke
to find the real you, darling
 is a problem in the Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle

beside the pool
in your Gucci pumps and one way shades
that reflect our karma and open your road
on the aluminum lawn chair having a light lunch
three pomegranate seeds
maybe a garlic crouton or two
 flown in fresh from Paris
you drop a so-so bon mot and it gets a larger reader ship than my sermon
 on your Mount of Venus

weep for me
weep for me
while I undo the buttons of the Botticelli
 your body hard from riding the little Arabian
 your billionaire bought for you
weep for me
 no obscenity is beneath me
as you whisper of nowhere
 your breath cinnamon scented
 spicy as a good first degree slaying
 you smile a track in the cloud chamber
new to the physicists
weep for me
 while we do it like a \$30,000 shopping spree
 or for free in the Oval Office on videotape
while the flashbulbs of the jealous paparazzi
 make us blind as sightless fish

Six Fold Poems

I'll be your Eli

your slave

we'll ride the meat truck together

while the death squads paint the town

your hip bone describes the curve of a dune

the prophets have sought

your name slides in my mouth like rare oil

the way you do it

my hard core pieta

burns out the stars

Jonah

my wife goes out for a walk
bored by a hard winter loving me
 she finds
 the beautiful adolescent maple
that's been
wounded by warmth
 sweet sap
 stains the young trunk
she touches
the tip of her tongue to it
 thrills
and remembers her dream
 the boy who put his hand to her breast
touch
like a juvenile wind
he hadn't even found his name yet
she wants him
 while he's still fresh
bare
supple skinned as the maple
 no beard of experience yet
she wants
to stumble upon him
 naked as light
his hot dumb blossoming inside he
white flower
 from the dryad
I've released from the tree

Resurrection

I was hoping
it was slowly
my shirt first
while you sang a little spell

then
you'd chew the petals of wild geraniums
kiss me
passing the purple pulp into my mouth

while you said things like "lyre"
and "rise"
"surprise," "stag," and "smell"
undid death like butter

I was hoping
you'd sing the alto's song from Alexander Nevsky
search the field of the dead
for your lover
caress my bruised chest with your long red hair
make a poultice of tears and puffballs
to salve my wounds

put your lips to mine
breathe Green Bay inside
all the beautiful Door of Death things
that make my blood root rise
as you undo the zipper of death

I was hoping
you'd be Mary Shelley
put your had down there in the book
undo the Frankenstein things
between my dreams
peel back the bark so that Nature might be generous again
Darwin discover the fathering path

I woke
with you astride me
sliding the bud of the peony
into the glass slipper of Genesis

The Love Beads

Lying awake on a hot, still night
the Whip-poor-will chanting its unneeded advice
whip poor will will will
I need the will to let go and drift in the sap of humidity
I start counting lovers instead
like the rosary
I can still remember all their names
I am not so old yet they merge into one humid memory
one body
one hot night

I loved them all & that seems amazing
I can recall each & will go to death recalling each
the smell of each
the feel of each
each of them away from me now
some married some divorced
some in pain some ecstatic
some healthy some with cancer
a potter, a teacher, a dancer, a psychologist, a poet, a housewife, a maid--
one of the best

certainly the bravest--
children, many children
& many other lovers
more than I could count or possibly savor in one night

all of them
all mine multiplied by all of theirs
the husbands, the young men, the green boys
times all theirs again
and so on and so one
call it a web or a net or connection
call it the rosary of lovers
side by side in the night
I have loved a woman who loved a man who loved a woman who loved a man
who loved a man who loved a man who loved a woman who loved a woman from Tibet
it is better than politics, anxiety
& by the time I reach the Sacred City on the high plateau in Tibet
beneath the snow capped mountains
I fall asleep into the arms
of the beautiful dark skinned woman
with grey eyes like a snow leopard's