

Geology of the Soul

If it were possible to build a diamond-headed drill capable of penetrating the surface of the soul
And encapsulating samples of its substance, right down to the elusive core,
Upon arranging these columns end to end to read the story of our formation,
Would we recognize the origins of “the way things are”?
Could we pinpoint the scorch marks and telltale chemical signatures
Of the first meteor blasts, the ones that in an atmosphere devoid of oxygen we learned to absorb?
And would we observe, with clinical efficiency,
Just how our foundations have been infinitely moved and shaken
Our disparate pieces jumbled up, rough edges aligned against smooth,
Every crevice firmly packed with the sands of time, resembling something like a unified whole?
If then we dared, curious, to dissect the materials at the base of our ancient mountains,
The ones pushed violently up from underneath the ocean floor,
In tapping gingerly at them with our tiny hammers,
Would we find that the elemental granites, once thought unbreakable,
When exposed at last to open air, dissolve beneath our probing fingers?

Cat/Brain

Aimless, the engaged, assiduous brain
Trains its tenacity on the inane:
Masticates cellophane packaging tape,
Savors the crackling racket it makes,
Crinkles its snout, smacks its lips in distaste
And spits up bits of the bitter membrane;
Or it hops right up on the tabletop,
Swats at tchotchkes and knocks them all off,
Gawps at the slaughter it caused as they drop,
Then stops for a compliment on its chops.
Sometimes it dumps a brimful rubbish bin
Winnows through tissues and chicken skin
Comes up covered in scum, a puckish grin,
And bloody triumph dripping from its chin;
At times it hides where the sun doesn't shine
Silently biding its time, occupied
With asinine designs, dissatisfied
It sighs, desiring ripe flesh to bite.
Finally, when a shiny idea alights,
It strikes, incisors slicing through insight.

Fire Sale

FOR SALE:

Clergy shirts, men's,

Size 16.5: black, gray, and church purple,

Polyester/cotton blend, short-sleeved, perfect for summer

Two clerical collars included

(Also willing to throw in attractive collar buttons,

An unopened pack of six);

Peachskin pulpit robes (tall): one black, one ivory, one baptismal white;

Stoles: gorgeous Book of Kells; reversible wedding/baptism; black with gold crosses

(Selling individually or as a set);

One filigree brass altar cross, two brass candlesticks and candle lighter with bell snuffer;

One box of 24 unbreakable sanctuary lights;

One collection plate and gross of tithe envelopes ("For God loveth a cheerful giver." 2 Cor. 9:7);

One hand-embroidered banner ("Do This In Remembrance of Me"), and one

Thousand communion wafers (expiring soon);

One NKJV Preaching Bible, durably bound in premium calfskin leather.

All sales final—everything must go!

Meatsuit

Chill out, meatsuit; know your place—
You're only my machine,
The sentimental burden
Of a living human being.
See, you're not so important;
You can't tell me what to do.
It isn't you that governs me—
It's me who's working you.
That itch you feel, it isn't real
And neither is your pain—
Don't even get me started on
What happens in your brain!
Your "reason" is a party trick
It's not the main event—
Truth is, you'd be inanimate
If I'd never been sent.
No, I don't know your mysteries—
But I don't need to try;
Your only use to me
Is as the universe's eye.
And once I've mastered everything
That you can help me learn,
I'll take my business elsewhere—
Give another suit a turn!

critic

i stand outside my skin
 such a thing
 as too much
 perspective
frown
 step back
 wrinkle
 and sigh
to my eye
the pointillism of pain
 something like magic
 (i could never see them
elephant or sailboat?)
 imagined
maybe that's not the point
 maybe
 it's
 the silence
the
breath
 the
 liminal static limn
not parts
not whole
but something underneath
 sinking
 i see
 the mirages i box with
nothing more
than the pulse
 of my own blood
 inside tired veins
the motion shaking follicle roots
 scintillating
 fear
 sets a fuse
 controlled burn
 in
 spaces
so long
unobserved