

## Baptism

It's been a long time  
since this head has fallen off,  
holding flowers between my teeth,  
choking on motor oil.  
And this winter hasn't buried me,  
but taken my fingers.  
It's taken my electricity,  
and bent this neck towards this machine,  
towards this drainage ditch,  
on the side of the gutter.  
I've been reborn now.  
Baptized in battery acid,  
wrapped in power lines,  
stripped bare,  
and still each morning  
when the birds wake me up,  
and coffee pumps through my veins,  
there is a quiet hope,  
I want no-one to see.

## Down the 287

People want you to save them  
from themselves.  
The cashier, the husband, the retiree;  
they're all bored  
of themselves.  
People want you to be them.  
They want to know  
you are there to tell them  
what they would tell you.  
And not that they're weak, selfish,  
vane.  
My car sputters down the 287  
passing chunks of deer, and raccoon,  
and the occasional golden retriever.  
It takes the clean up crew half a week  
to get all the roadkill.  
I drive by everyday  
waiting to see a human lying on  
the fog line.  
Waiting to see if anyone stops then.  
People don't know why they do  
the things they do.  
They can't even tell you  
why they kept driving.

No Name

The Art of words can be  
stolen, and given as a gift.  
They can be clean and interpretive  
and yet,  
When the clarity of a soul springs forth  
it is suspect.  
And people worship  
muddled charlatans  
with intellectual interpretations  
of the great promise of human potential.  
And so the simple will perish  
as the intellectual  
is shelved in a bookstore  
on W 10th Street  
next to books written about books  
written about books written  
about a book.  
When pretension is the underlying force  
of Art,  
then the world will be guided by the madness  
the lack of Art creates.

## Through the Mist

Stories are not meant  
to be told  
by everyone.  
Some have to keep their stories  
tangled in their own lives  
for there to have  
any meaning at all.  
There are not  
legends inside us all,  
only opaque, half-smithed visions  
of our future.

The headaches are from  
not following  
whispers through the mist.  
A plant can grow inside,  
but will never be the forrest floor.  
It can never be the favorite  
of the Fox,  
or the envy of the Oaks.  
There's no telling  
which way the river winds  
when you plant yourself in the Earth  
and spend years forgetting

all stories  
all together.

## No name

When the clouds  
crease the sky  
and looks like mountain ridges  
in the distance.  
When you're alone at night  
and feel that weight.  
When a moment passes  
peacefully,  
or a day.  
When the sky  
doesn't try to convince you  
of any hope,  
and the stars  
forget you're there.

It's these moments,  
and none else,  
when we talk ourselves  
in or out of  
this Gambit.

These are moments,  
when we rise,  
or stumble.