

THE BURIAL

We merge on the one root of cactus needles
and swerve past sixty.
Wind blows our hair
in the dusty darkness of starlight;

And across the median
the sentient beams of jaundiced eyes
glare in our direction,
whistling their humdrum tune of midnight
dressed in black bibs and tuxedo ties
on crepuscular quadrupled lanes.

I wonder who occupies the seats,
how many passengers,
where are they coming from, headed to like
left-over contrails of sea men.

Can they imagine you are my life-savior?
My partner, who holds me
against the maelstrom's seedy vortex?

Your head is cocked.
I follow your gaze to the scraper skylines
and high rises of shiny surface of guillotine.

I wonder how many married beezy men are
making love to their secretaries
floating from pollen to seed,
consuming them behind
glazed windows and locked doors,
spilling their life onto latex rubber
that laps surface oil.

Finally, in a dusty corner,
We get out.
I show you the place
where I buried my life
And cover your dead face with the same
rocky soil that sprouts cheap grass.

I SEE DEAD MAN

With frozen grimace
a man lies face first in the ground,
of three passing lanes, arms
outstretched.

Stationary, he's frisked by bystanders,
glued permanently like an errant
cardboard box.

I'd never seen a dead man before now
as I detour
shadowing a jettisoned bicycle , three
pedestrians pulling over
with opened mouths

the same expression carved in my
mother's face as she asks me, is
he dead?

Look, I tell her, amongst the scattered empty
cans, look at
how Mother Madeline flaps a quilt
eiderdown to keep him warm.

WISHING I'D NEVER MET YOU

Let me die a peaceful sleep
each words becoming razor blades
a slice across my throat spills
memories pumping down my
chest like drapes, red curtains at the end
of a credit, my life rolling with the stars
and violin strings plucking my ears.
I bow to the desperate vision of hope
that we will work, while the head bobs
and wobbles my waking eyes,
roses blooming on the cliff as
my face is upturned, raised up by
the hair, knowing it's safer to be
with her than you; less risk, less
gamble, severed from the neck down,
feeling, wanting nothing but death
as peace.

THE FALLEN SPEARED HEART

I. I keep broken promises as souvenirs
in the basement, stacked high, holding
dying shells in jars; the organ bumps and
grinds against clear glass, graying its luster,
losing the same markings it had years before.

I hear its whispery schlep like snails
gathering in the rain, for a sacrifice
of meringue pie, revolving doors which open and
close for blood flow, a centrifuge for the wounded soul
rotating in preservatives to lay
around and around.

I make deep cuts in your outer whorl
spiraling like a steel whale fin splashing,
ventricles gushing, pumping
lub-dub lub-dub moaning its flapper
of love, sonar sounds shortening
as I draw you closer to my chest
and crone:

give me back my heart, darling,
give me back my heart.

PICTURE PERFECT MEMORIES

I open an album. Ray yaks under my
eyelids, as I run from my
Korean heritage to a place where oysters
and olives insist I open my eyes.

I touch moonlight,
one finger trailing, following
the wooden beam and rocking timber
underneath my weight
a memory long forgotten.

I clutch round orbs, whispering,
stay with me, swallow Naples
with a single gargle as you light
my path. Smile your auto-focus.

When I do, I see an image of my father
working on a new canoe and
I fear no more.