

## **Stupor**

After hopelessness, a medium feeling come,  
Your name, even a simple X will do--  
Phone calls returned, emails read and passed on.

The choir is actually here to hear it too,  
Nothing is wrong with agreeing with strangers.

After the signs have become recyclables,  
Earrings left on the bedside table,  
Purse left open on the table, so many yups.

Me, too. I do. Faces lit and re-lit by screens,  
My face, too, is bluish-green. Like like like.  
I am keeping good notes, main ideas and supporting details,  
Keeping receipts, waiting to recommend.

Shoveling the driveway like a stupid movie sequel,  
Little victories, little setbacks, big setbacks  
Like the snowplow driving past again,  
Big victories like the path to the mailbox.  
I wish the credits would just roll, the snow climax  
And then the final cleanup and the letting go--

## **Finding Fault with an Old Fashioned Funny Gal**

Reading the fake news:

All the fish swam out of the net

Reading the fake editorial:

A good idea but, sorry, a shitty execution

Self-talk, positive:

You here-and-now weaver

You have to ask for what you need

Self-talk, less positive:

Just come out with it

You neurotypical fool

Watching a small screen:

Beeping birds with their batteries

Wearing out

A crow in a dress, a basket of owlets

Ah! Duh! So cute! What's next?

You're not a real crazy: never lit

Your sheets on fire

You are sheer content

A self-content provider--

No pay in that baby!

Sinner here and sinner there

The jigs are up everywhere

Jog you say? Sure I'll go

Here's a compliment:

What busy lungs you have!

## **What's the world anchored to?**

This is a stamp from another planet. A stamp on the back of the hand.  
You can go inside now. You can go far away, like another galaxy far away.

Set a timer. Look at extended forecasts. Catch yourself on the edge of sleep  
then on the edge of waking up. Try to imagine your spinal cord. Can't yet.

Wait for the per diem nurses to sign in. Call the furies to party yet no one volunteers  
to drive and we all stay dry and unhappy. Fresh pasta drying over a broomhandle?

Wear an exoskeleton, a rugby skim. Surround yourself with other people's children.  
Drop a bucket into yourself. Spinal cord and nerves maybe like a ragdoll's yarn hair?

Drop an anchor down into the abyss. Imagine the empty space of your head.  
Imagine a jellyfish, a screensaver. Imagine the jellyfish is an anchor that swims away.

Are you willing to give away one of your two sides? To be off balance? Ice breaking. Maybe.  
To stop things with your mouth? Follow the root of the flower through the water to the mud.

What do you have that's branching? There are ferns everywhere. What do you have  
that's empty and yet not empty? Lotus seats and lilac clouds. Sorry, those are only 2D pictures.

## **Place your Bets**

Shuffling, the house is a character.  
The table is too. Invite the table to the table.

A staring contest can force  
The hand. Little spade, little hole.

Brain, you're no computer.  
Don't be so ornery, get back  
Into your corner. Accessory.

Back to shore. Place your bets. Make the call.

The plight of the hands to be unbelievers.

Yet the cards are good ghosts,  
Distant but likeable like penpals.  
The cards are barely before and barely after.

Next up, the shell game again,  
Counting waves, calculating tides,  
(You're useful here but no computer).

But what a drag to drag the brain around.  
The palms up, the palms down, around and around,  
Eeny meeny miny moe.  
Touching, too, is a chore.

## **Ditties of No Tone**

There is always wordless weather underneath  
There are silent cd players housed in the trunks of cars  
Alarms waiting to be pulled, layered floor upon floor

(The long dumb driveway of childhood  
Watching the mum house painters  
Moving from side to side)

The actor thinks she is just a jacket  
An old-fashioned barrel with suspenders, the visible

Outside barcodes being scanned  
Outside the transfer station green light red light  
weighing the car before and after

After the ticker tape parades  
After the cold plunges, people sitting on curbs

Invisible organs listing slightly  
Left and right in the bowl of the pelvis

The molecules that spread  
from your lips back out around  
Lily, sickle, mountain, rose

Running in the cemetery  
First lap, facing the stones  
Then counterclockwise, facing away

The out breath (molecules)  
The in breath (molecules)

This is what lasting looks like:  
The fish dams in the Ashuelot River