

Oh Leda

Underfoot, the clouds caress,  
Tumbling bodies on cerulean bedsheets,  
Eskimo kisses, breath on breath,  
One breath, bellies rising,  
All hearts beat, endless sleep,  
Perfect dream over a tempting scene.

Among the fecund foothills and crystal coves  
Created for the recreation of creation,  
Marble column cities house secret trysts –  
Fishermen's wives fill in their time,  
The senator's mistress meets a merchant,  
Concubines orchestrate,  
Cup-bearers venerate,  
Orators and oracles speak in tongues.

But the Gods' eyes ever wander,  
Seeking themselves in simplicity.  
Some say, this day One finds,  
Down paths hidden by auburn showers,  
Along the playful bubble of the brook,  
A woman of fruitful mystery,  
A vision of faithful prophecy,  
Majesty in kind.

Here, she bathes – she is reborn –  
Alone in luminous skin  
Droplets lick like the flames of passion,  
Breezes brush with the shiver of a blessing.  
Her choice, her fate, her grace.

His fall, his fate his choice.  
Eyes ocean-wide with thirst.  
Clouds part and sigh to reach.  
Fingertips brush static feathered flank.  
Cool embrace of the Graces.

In a moan of thunder they are one,  
A rolling tolling mass,  
The emphasis in apotheosis,  
A cry of oh, of god, of yes, or fuck –  
The formless form of exclamation.

Tumultuous breath breeds goosebumps.

Vivacious breast burns red.  
White wings of an angel beat.  
Tremulous thighs thrive, toes dig deep.  
A nip, a bite, a treat.

Two figures so separate –  
A king of present immortality;  
A queen of everlasting beauty.

One encounter so pure –  
Full of love undivided,  
Possessive cynosure.

Poseidon, my father

With a view down the undulations  
Of time's sand dunes,  
The crash + break of my father's  
Free fate calls me.

I need not heed the tides  
Of the east ebb beckon,  
As the splash of the flood  
Wash fortune  
Over favored son's skin,  
With eyes where endless sea  
Meet horizon's infinity.

My faith walks on water,  
His shallow billows lend  
My ankles wings,  
I fly like a four-year-old  
On carousel winds.

Waiting embrace of open waves  
Cascade against *joven* limbs,  
Test of strength + Devonian will,  
Eager lessons in presence still.

Underwater Marathon runner,  
Lunar-tracer Argonaut sailor,  
Solar-dancer Icarus flyer,  
All the forms of Proteus  
In a father-god's far-seen eyes.

We swim in an antediluvian dream.  
Grasp foam beard, flick long hair.  
Thrown up high as only dads dare,  
Caught in confidence as only sons trust.

Drowning in laughter, bursting with breath,  
Stagger + swagger of pride's sole witness  
With no wish to possess  
But universal inheritance.

The prodigal sea pansophy  
Teach choice and fierce grace,  
Forgiven by orphan progeny,  
Of all divine mistakes.

Eyes red reflecting sunset west, with  
    Back burnt congratulations,  
I stand tall, tired + alive,  
He lays low, with quiet guidance.  
Poseidon, my father,  
    Beside him, his son.

## The Stranger

Priestly prophecy in the morning may  
    Quench the thirst of poor autotrophs  
But I will dine on the light and sound  
    And touch of the moving ground  
    That spins with each step  
    Of this shell's fate.

I will delight in the weight of the world  
    That bares me with Atlas duty,  
    Like a child upon a father's mythic shoulder.  
I will don the polite smile and candid eyes  
    We will paint upon our electric progeny  
    That they may not spark thoughts of our own mortality.  
I will drink in the honeysuckle air,  
    Viscous and vacuous,  
    Thick with no meaning.  
I will dance, even as I walk straight line modern streets,  
    To the songs of outrage and dystopian soapboxing.  
I will dally, even as I rush with the rest,  
    Down the blood red tape of the ticker.  
I will dote on the fists that rise and shake  
    In the heights of indignation  
    Like upturned flags of desolation.  
I will discern love in the eyes of caged and enraged animals.  
I will dare to stand tall upon the stool of the devil.  
I will deify the man on stage as we were taught in the keen school days.  
I will divulge esoteric secrets to earthworms.  
I will diverge from the apotheosis of ants and annattoos.

I will dandle in my noose.  
I will drop in my basket.  
I will die in my own way.  
I will disappear.