

## The Deal

I traded my insides.  
I took my guts to the pawn shop.  
I laid them on the counter.  
The broker said  
“They’re not worth much.”  
He placed them on a shelf marked  
NOT FOR SALE.  
I was gutless.  
There was nothing left inside.  
I filled up the hole with bitter beans.  
A small beast grew inside me.  
Some days it would grow and try to escape.  
Other days it would curl up and sleep.  
Or it ran around in vicious circles.  
It ate the beans and was satisfied.  
The pawnbroker called me.  
“Come and get your insides, they’re taking up space.  
You’ll have to buy them back.”  
I paid for my guts with wonder.  
How to replace the beast and get my guts back on the inside:  
I stopped eating bitter beans.  
The animal left in the night.  
He promised to come back for visits.  
I choked down my guts.  
When I was full,  
I vomited.  
Up came my pride.

## Moon

The moon  
A crescent  
Rolled over on its back  
You could toss your hat in the air  
Land it on the chin of that moon  
To say hello to me

## The Bender

Bent on hell, fresh out of the white wing, loony bin, looking for love, meaning to sin, curse my fathers who twisted my mother, knowing the shape I was in, seeking fresh flesh to press against; you won't know me and I promise to never recognize you nor find you on Facebook, piss that... I just want to hook without pay and wake up the next day and not have to look and be jacked by another and the nurse who bothers to get me my fix if I jump the fence and pledge my tricks to another. The bar you set was the one I slid down and your tongue was my cheek; the bottle made me young again and I. am. the. technique.

## Marie Colvin

January 12, 1956 - February 22, 2012

Marie Colvin was the kind of woman I wanted to be.  
Married three times,  
twice to the same man and once to a dashing Latino, who  
was said to write like an angel in his native language.

Marie Colvin was an Ivy League girl who jumped right into life shortly after she tossed her mortar board in the air at Yale.

I loved her.

She was tough and brave and immensely talented.

Her writing, speeches, reporting; inspiring  
to the point of humility. "She was not interested in the politics, strategy or weaponry;  
only the effects on the people she regarded as innocents."

When I read Helen Adams in the Lotus Eaters,  
it was easily Colvin I imagined,

without the eye patch. But Helen was  
fiction and Marie was  
not.

Helen walked down a long road into the future.

Marie is gone and remembered today. I heard the news this morning while I was  
driving to work and  
it hit me like a log. Like a deadhead in the water, unseen,  
till it's too late.

The grief I experienced over  
journalism's loss of Marie Colvin wasn't something I could share;  
I kept it closed in my chest  
like a ball of heavy smoke.

I Weep for the Marbled Murrelet.

I weep for the marbled murrelet,  
mollusks, brown pelican, the cutthroat trout,  
and southern sea otter, least tern, red throated loon...  
an infinite list of  
Innocent, defenseless life that swallows elixir of death  
and then is gone.

We insist on constant exploitation of endangered habitat  
With no concern for our stewardship  
Oblivious to  
Extinction by numbers, perishing in bleakness, desperation;  
For nothing but lack of concern,  
gluttony for money.

From the ether come the screams of John Muir, Rachel Carson, Farley Mowat,  
When a tube buried deep within the earth  
Burst  
Its contents slithering like a slick venomous serpent and  
Allowed for Mankind to be engaged, once again, in the decimation  
Ten by ten,  
Thousand by thousand.

Score for casualty, score for excess, score for greed, score for ignorance, score for suffering,  
score for death, score for oil, score for tragedy.

Zero for the mother.