

DELINEATIONS OF DREAMS

Insomniac Vigilance

Like running blood
The sextant of lights
Outside my window
Stick into white
Walls with a flickering
Life

Dancing fires estranged from
Entropy burn coldly harsh
Like a winter's flood

Plastered eyes
I've not the time to
Decide whether I've been
Shut blind like

Windows at the edge of midnight
For the creeping sleep
That never arrives
Teases darkly upon my lids

Every texture awake
Is washed out
With cinematography
From rough AM rituals

Flashbulbs of
Dreams
Than true color
Of fantasy.

Born out of calm delusions
These shuttered escapes

An utter contrast
Of tightly grasped ground --
Tightly grasped air --

Lost it once more. The understanding.
Is there time to sleep again?

Distilled Dreams

Takes the absolute breath from
My lungs to speak at any
Given second like
Torrential waves
Engulfing land

No Earth stands resolute
To take
The rays of heaven between my eyes;
The planet is a trembling dream
Beneath my boots.

In the frigid streets
Every exhale is a Rosetta slab:
Every memory is calculated
In the ether of winter
Like the last reaching
Digits
Of a fire

A child coughing up
Smoke –
An incalculable vision
Seen once in a movie --
Sputters weak
Without
A
Melody

A Dance with Distortions

The owls watch from the
shadowed tops
Gold eyes blinding

In the hazy breeze
I'm swept from finding
My breath
She's two steps

Ahead is the house I live
In fear of a daybreak
where I haven't seen
My soul stir once

Upon the time I caught up
She was two steps still
My exhale in the silence
We were two shadows closing in

Doors trap everyone
Until they're knocked
In to say hello my friend

my love

Again

We meet

My heartbeat

has a ways to go.

I do not know
if this dance I take
will lead to sleep
and morning bloom
Or if I am
the prophet starved
Banging against
The hermetic tomb.

An Elegy Forbidding Death*(Movement One: The Cave)*

Striking a match in a cold cave
for speckles of hyacinth warmth
dripping purple blue hazes
over the black orange walls.

Sudden fantasia of fragrant blooms
springing from forlorn stones
spreading petals open wide
for droplets from old stalactites.

An ember flickering rapid, liquid
casting light in disparate patches for a nocturnal quilt –
slowly dying and dying till naught
and the smoke rising skeletal
until the dark is fully illuminated.

No sight resting against the solid stalagmite
Wet and cold breathing out into the dark
for minutes until breath bends into cloud
black breaks into night
and sleep slips into waking.

(Movement Two: Awakening in a Dream)

Love, walk with me beneath the elms
gilded radiant like the inevitable sun
and rest nestled in the ambient wind
rose-eyed pristine in dreams.

There's the moon: a white ocean all over cratered
by meteorite like names carved into benches.
There are ships beneath its harvest face
skeletal, once ethereal --
prime and primrose dripping with grace

But that sibling to an immortal Earth
bearing the bones and tides of his brother
lacks light for himself.
Yet it sheds serpentine slabs of water
and light for a drained hollow
so that there may be bloom in fields desolate;
sight for masses blind;
illumination for an obsidian existence.
And what is submerged but not forgotten
in perpetually flowing rivers
indifferent to bodies whose tributaries have ceased:
These hands hung up on the grandfather clock;
these hands etching the storm of a thousand pasts.

(Movement Three: Lowering the Casket at Sunrise)

Awaking in a daybreak-lit cave
the flowers bloom against the rough stone
like lovers emaciated with hunger
in a fruitless plain
wholly emboldened by reciprocal melancholy.

A white casket unadorned
held by closed-face men
and stern-eyed women
lowered with a labored bend of the knees
and a squint of eyes
and a wavering of a veil
in the light autumn wind.

Man holds the shovel firm and digs the dirt
till the casket white sleeps inscrutable
and the Earth bears a new tomb.

And with the last notes of the dirge
The gathered disband silent to their homes;
The sunrise and then the sunset;
The moonrise – new, halved, full;
The rains relentless storming rejuvenate;
The fields in bloom.

In The Alcoves of the Thermosphere

These tendrils of
Silk fading through
Each cold breath
Like statued smoke
Are the sounds of
An indelible memory
Softly spreading
Its wings in the
Chill of the
Winter morning.

No heaven above to
Roost in
the winged
creatures create nests
In the alcoves of
the thermosphere
Each convinced of
Their nearness to
Divinity.

But not sedated by illusions
Calmly fetal in pose
Each watches the world
Unravel like a careful secret
Excited by how little they know.

Even as the sunrise and moonrise
Have made their rounds the same
As before their auras are
Become more ethereal
And unreal.

Aloft in a dreaming sky
Time is the same
But different
The mind a gathering storm
A song to the inner eye.

